

THE SABBATH RECORDEE.

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WHOLE No. 2979.

**Laborers
Together with
God.**

WE seldom realize the honor which God bestows in calling us to be co-workers with him. It is natural to measure the development of Christ's Kingdom by the standard of human ability, forgetting that the important member of the firm (to use a comparison from the business world) is God. It is a comforting truth that God takes every obedient soul into partnership with himself. In his Word and by his Providences he gives the necessary plans by which the work is to go forward. Our first duty is to learn what the plans and methods of God are, and to adapt our work to them. A builder follows the plans and specifications of the architect. When this is done the architect, and not the builder, is responsible if there be failures. If we follow the plans and specifications of Christ, the Master Builder, there can be no failure, even though we see not how all the parts will finally come together. The divine plan and the divine wisdom cover all things from foundation stone to turret top. Every obedient child of God does something toward erecting the building. Duty and wisdom require of us obedient service, patient waiting, if need be, and unwavering faith. Thus we are successful builders together with God.

They who tread the path of labor follow where My feet have trod;
They who work without complaining do the holy will of God.
—Henry van Dyke.

**The Test
of Fruitage.**

HISTORY emphasizes Christ's words, "By their fruits ye shall know them." This test applies to theories quite as much as to men, for men's lives are theories put into action. It is easy for thoughtless or interested persons to say: "The old Sabbath was Jewish, and since Christ there is no Sabbath; all days are alike." Such statements are now fashionable; they are thought to evince breadth of view and great wisdom. In fact, they evince great carelessness and ignorance concerning the verdict of history as showing the fruitage of the wide-spread theory of no-Sabbathism. The present state of the Sabbath question in Europe, and the absence of any really sabbatic observance of Sunday throughout the Continent, are evils beyond measurement or contradiction. The facts lie everywhere abroad. Europe has not simply put away Phariseism! it has buried Sabbathism. In the presence of such a harvest, the question ought to rest forever, as to some better form of no-Sabbath theories. There is no better form. One might as well talk about getting a better kind of tares to

sow in his field—a kind that would not interfere with the wheat. As well petition the seed department of the Patent Office for a thornless bramble, or a thistle that would give a crop of figs. In Europe or America, England or China, no-Sabbathism means irreligion, animal enjoyment, debauchery. Fifteen centuries of experience have shown this truth in many ways. The essential dishonesty which leads a man to commit forgery or theft works with equal virulence in New York, London or Calcutta; in a man with a white skin and blue eyes, or in a bronzed skin and almond-shaped eyes. Let the dishonesty rest in any heart, and you soon get crime. A new kind of dishonesty, warranted not to steal, and protected by letters patent, would, perhaps, help rogues by creating a monopoly in some forms of wickedness, but it could not be relied upon to promote uprightness and virtue, however highly recommended. There is no practical question in religion and morals which history has shown to be more truly an evil than no-Sabbathism. Its worst effects do not appear in a moment. Virulent poisons are often distilled slowly. Some things are settled beyond the necessity of further experiment, among which are the evils and inconsistencies of no-Sabbathism.

IN the address of Dr. Lorimer, Dr. Lorimer's published in our issue of March Prophecy. 17, are these significant words: "I have no fear in saying that at the present rate at which we are living, in fifty years we will have no Sabbath. And the saloon? It will no longer be a question of opening them for a few hours on Sunday, but they will be open every minute of the week." The true prophetic vision can see no less than the Doctor suggests. Every effort made to displace or check the growth of the saloon power, and the holiday Sunday, reveals the power and permanency of these allies as sources of laws and police regulations; instead of driving the saloon out, and lessening holidayism on Sunday, are controlled by them. The growth of these things within the last twenty-five years has given them an impetus which must produce the results suggested by Doctor Lorimer as soon as he thinks, if not earlier. This is not because evil cannot be overcome, but because the methods adopted by its opponents are not adequate. Civil law can do but little, if anything, effective in these cases at the best. While the absence of any religious basis for Sunday-observance, and the low ground occupied by its friends in

its defense, makes failure doubly sure. Hence our insistence that a return to the Sabbath, and a pressing of Sabbath Reform on religious grounds without reliance on civil law, is the only road out of the present morass of failures. Delay on the part of Christian leaders increases the evil. The situation has come, not so much through the actual strength of evil, as through the weakness of the friends of righteousness in abandoning God's methods in Sabbath Reform.

THUS spoke Henry Drummond. "Live on the Top Floor." It was a good thing to say, a quaint way of embodying the opening verses of the 3d chapter of Colossians. Among farmers we of ten hear the expression, "as pale as a cellar-sprout." A potato sprouting in the cellar where there is more darkness than sunlight makes a weak effort and fails without attaining vigor or growth. In many climates people dare not sleep upon the lower floor of their dwellings because of the malaria which covers the surface of the earth. By a similar law there can be no satisfactory spiritual growth on the lower levels of life. On such levels there is intellectual stagnation and enfeeblement for the mind, and spiritual poisoning and decline for the soul. There is strength for the body, invigoration for the mind, and spiritual uplifting for the soul only on the higher levels. There is a double demand that the soul dwell in the purer atmosphere where God is. Spiritual strength which comes from living on the top floor gives communion with God, a clear consciousness of what duty is, and vigor and firmness to all religious convictions. Spiritual victories are easily attained from the heights, when certain defeat rules the low lands. If you would think noblest thoughts, do the worthiest deeds, speak the most helpful words, and live a true life in Christ, take permanent rooms on the top floor of your soul.

SEWING-MACHINES are now too common to provoke remark, but their history is one of the most interesting of all the inventions of modern times, and the results of their introduction upon family life and society in general is exceeded by few, if any, of the changes of the last century. Needle-work is as old as humanity; but the first attempt toward making a machine for needle-work was by C. F. Weisenthal, a German tailor, in 1755. The beginning of the "lock-stitch idea" was by John Duncan, a machinist of Glasgow, fifty years later. About 1790, Thos. Saint, a Lon-

don cabinet-maker, took out several patents for inventions connected with leather-work, one of which was for "quilting, stitching and making shoes, boots, spatterdashes, clogs, and other articles." In 1830, Barthelmy Thimmonier, of France, invented a machine for stitching gloves. About 1832, Walter Hunt, of New York, produced a machine for the lock-stitch; a similar machine had been invented by Joseph Madersberg, of the Tyrol, about 1814, but Elias Howe produced the first really practical lock-stitch sewing machine. He was born in Spencer, Mass., in 1819. When twenty-one years of age he was married and worked in a machine-shop in Boston. His wife "took in sewing" as a means of adding to their little income. Watching her work and noting her patient weariness inspired Howe to develop the idea of a sewing machine. A rough model of his machine was produced in 1844. After serious struggles with poverty, he secured money enough to develop his machine in a rude way three or four years later. Finding no opening in America, together with his brother, he sought a market in England. The enterprise was a financial failure, and he returned to America, penniless, having pawned his machine, to secure passage-money. Success finally crowned his efforts, and in 1863 his royalties were estimated at \$4,000 a day. From that hour the sewing machine was not only a success, but it has become an indispensable feature of our civilization; those who are familiar with it can scarcely realize that only half a century has passed since it was an assured success.

Who Wrote
Shakespeare's
Plays.

PROBABLY few if any of the students of English literature have doubted as to the authorship of the works of Shakespeare, although so much has been said about the Baconian notions as to their origin. On the 19th of March Sir Henry Irving made an address at Princeton University on "The Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy." Irving's ability to discuss that question is beyond question, he being a life-long student of the plays and the most eminent and able actor of them of this or of any other time. His address was marked by that clear and incisive style, and tinged with that caustic humor of which he is master. It was also thoroughly scholarly and scientific. No student of literature and of the historic art reading Sir Henry's address can fail to be convinced that Shakespeare was the author of the works bearing his name. It buried the Bacon humbug too deep for resurrection, embalming it in its own folly.

Sugar.

"THE World's Sugar Production and Consumption, 1800-1900," is the title of a monograph just issued by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics. It discusses the sugar production and consumption of the world during the past century, and especially during the last half century in which the burden of sugar production has been transferred from cane to the sugar beet, and in which the world has so largely increased its consumption of sugar. The world's sugar production has grown from 1,150,000 tons in 1840, to 8,800,000 tons in 1900. During the same period the world's population has grown, according to the best estimates, from 950,000,000 to about 1,500,-

000,000. Thus, sugar production has increased about 650 per cent, while population was increasing but about 50 per cent. Coming nearer home and considering the United States alone, it is found that the consumption of sugar which in 1850 was only 22 pounds per capita, was in 1901 over 68 pounds per capita. One especially striking fact shown by the statistics presented in this study is the rapidly increasing proportion of the world's enlarged sugar consumption which is supplied by beets. According to the figures presented by this study, beets which supplied, in 1840, less than 5 per cent of the world's sugar, in 1900 supplied 67 per cent of the greatly increased consumption; while cane, which then supplied 95 per cent of the world's sugar consumption, now supplies but 33 per cent. Stated in quantities, it may be said that the world's cane sugar supply has grown from 1,100,000 tons in 1840 to 2,850,000 tons in 1900, an increase of 160 per cent; while that of beets has grown from 50,000 tons in 1840 to 5,950,000 tons in 1900, an increase of 11,800 per cent.

THE problem involved in this theme is a tangle. The Negro has no part outside of barbarism and slavery. A vast continent belongs to him as a natural home, but thus far the civilization which has come to that continent is the product of alien races. The purposes of such races, whether identical or antagonistic, among themselves have often brought evil rather than good to the African. He is an infant in arms. Imitation is his chief characteristic. He has nothing in character, history or national life which can for any length of time resist the domination of a stronger race, be it Arab, Boer, Portuguese or British. He is a man in the flux, and the shaping of the mold into which he is to be cast is the work of to-day. America owes Africa an unmeasured debt, and the problem as to how that debt can be paid is not yet solved. The final solution seems likely to come in Africa rather than in America.

THE MESSENGER.

Rabbi Ben Josef, old and blind,
Pressed by the crowd before, behind,
Passed through the market-place one day,
Seeking with weary feet his way.
The city's traffic loud confused
His senses, to retirement used,
The voice of them that bought and sold,
With clink of silver piece and gold.

"Jehovah," cried he, jostled sore,
Fearing to fall and rise no more,
"Thine angel send to guide my feet,
And part the ways where dangers meet."
Just then a beggar as he passed,
A glance of pity on him cast,
And, seeing so his bitter need,
Stretched forth his hand his steps to lead.

"Not so," Ben Josef cried; "I wait
A guide sent from Jehovah's gate."
The beggar felt, thus rudely spurned
Where gratitude he should have earned.
As day wore on the hubbub rose
Louder and harsher to its close.
The old man, weary, sought in vain
An exit from the crowd to gain.

Jostled at every turn, his feet
Stumbled upon the ill-paved street.
Once more he cried, "Jehovah, where
The answer to thy servant's prayer?
No angel, swift-winged from thy throne,
Has hither for the helping flown."
Then came a whisper, clear and low:
"My messenger thou didst not know,

"For in a beggar's humble guise
His outstretched hand thou didst despise;
Nor cared beneath his rags to find
The heart that made his action kind.
See now that thou the lesson learn,
Lest he whose face thou canst not see
Should prove a messenger from Me."

—American Israelite.

Prayer-Meeting Column.

TOPIC FOR APRIL 11, 1902.

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Theme.—Duty and Ability. Luke 9: 1-17.

And he called the twelve together, and gave them power and authority over all demons, and to cure diseases. 2. And he sent them forth to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick. 3. And he said unto them, Take nothing for your journey, neither staff, nor wallet, nor bread, nor money; neither have two coats. 4. And into whatsoever house ye enter, there abide, and thence depart. 5. And as many as receive you not, when ye depart from that city, shake off the dust from your feet for a testimony against them. 6. And they departed, and went throughout the villages preaching the gospel, and healing everywhere.

7. Now Herod the tetrarch heard of all that was done: and he was much perplexed, because that it was said by some, that John was risen from the dead; 8 and by some, that Elijah had appeared; and by others that one of the old prophets was risen again. 9. And Herod said, John I beheaded: but who is this, about whom I hear such things? And he sought to see him.

10. And the apostles, when they were returned, declared unto him what things they had done. And he took them, and withdrew apart to a city called Bethsaida. 11. But the multitudes perceiving it followed him: and he welcomed them, and spake to them of the kingdom of God, and them that had need of healing he cured. 12. And the day began to wear away: and the twelve came, and said unto him, Send the multitude away, that they may go into the villages and country round about, and lodge and get provisions: for we are here in a desert place. 13. But he said unto them, Give ye them to eat. And they said, We have no more than five loaves and two fishes; except we should go and buy food for all this people. 14. For they were about five thousand men. And he said unto his disciples, Make them sit down in companies, about fifty each. 15. And they did so, and made them all sit down. 16. And he took the five loaves and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven, he blessed them, and brake; and gave to the disciples to set before the multitude. 17. And they ate and were all filled: and there was taken up that which remained over to them of broken pieces, twelve baskets.

While ability to do always measures duty, duty often passes beyond present ability. Our ability to do must always be measured by the addition of Divine help. Christ's requirements upon us never exceed the amount of help he waits to give. The lesson this evening is full of instruction along this line. The ability of the disciples, measured by the food they had, was as nothing. The added ability which followed their obedience represented the infinity of Divine power. It is always safe for us to calculate that whatever God commands us to do he will enable us to accomplish. We are likely to fail by underrating our actual ability as measured by what we already possess of power and opportunity. Our failure is made doubly great when in addition to this underestimate of what we can do we fail to add the waiting blessing of the Master. In the duty which pertains to the service of the evening, as well as in all the duties of life, our obligation to do must not be measured by the ability already possessed, but upon the added strength and help which always attend the performance of duty.

THE PREX PARTY ABROAD.

PREX SENIOR.

IV. MALTA AND ATHENS.

There was unusual interest among the Celtic's passengers, as they drew near the shores of Malta. For the first time they were approaching the sacred land of Bible story, and every one was on tiptoe of expectation. As the shores of St. Paul's Bay hove in sight, every available glass was made to do its best toward revealing all the points of interest. The monument erected to St. Paul

stands near the bay; and when this spot is compared with the story of his shipwreck as told in Acts, 27th chapter, there seems to be no doubt about this being the real spot. Valetta, the capital of Malta, is a fine city, and makes a beautiful picture as seen from the sea. The Governor's Palace, with its fine museum of ancient heraldry, and the famous Cathedral of St. John drew forth many expressions of delight from all who were so happy as to visit them. The people of Valetta are fine-looking and cultured, speaking the Maltese language, which is a mixture of Arabic and Italian.

Six hundred of our company were doomed to disappointment, and compelled to stay on shipboard, on account of the extreme roughness of the sea after the storm.

The two hundred who did land had some thrilling experiences before they were safely on board at night. It is a perilous undertaking for so many to go on board ship when swells roll twelve feet high at the foot of the gangway stairs. But this was accomplished about 8 o'clock, and we set sail for Athens.

The Prex Party was fortunate enough to be among those who landed, and they will always cherish the memories of this day. Two nights and a day of sailing over historic waters, past the island of Crete, and into the Arcepelago, made memorable by classic heroes of old, brought us to the shores of Athens.

It does not lie within the power of pen to describe our emotions as we approach this land of ancient story. Every foot of it is eloquent in some story of classic gods and heroes. Prex Junior and Prex Senior find themselves in a transport of such wonderful charm as to hold them spell-bound, while they wander through this maze of monumental ruins and try to realize something of the story they tell. To the right, as one looks out from the ship as she enters the Bay of Piæreus, can be seen the ruins of Ancient Athens towering above the fine modern city which lies at its feet. Here to the left is the Bay of Salamis, where Xerxes, "seated in his golden chair," saw the utter rout of his mighty army by the Themisticles, whose tomb is shown in the rock near by. We are carried back to our college days, and for the moment feel young again while with the class-mates of long ago we, in memory, review the story of Marathon and Thermopylæ, with Miltiades and Leonidas performing their deeds of valor. Once again we peruse, in company with fair school-mates of old, the wonderful story of Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens; then the sad story of the Persian and Lacadæmonian invasion, with the garments of Athena trailing in the dust; and the heroic efforts of Demosthenes to rally his countrymen against the invasion of Philip of Macedon. Oh, what a flood of memories does come to make this land of Socrates, and Homer, and Pindor, and Pericles a living reality! These cloud-capped mountains are indeed realities! And this must be the land of Olympian Zeus! In a beautiful dream, that will evermore seem real, we ride through this far-famed plain of Attica, amid fine gardens and olive orchards; with here and there a Greek shepherd tending his flock in fenceless fields, as of old; and soon find ourselves wandering beside the Temple of Theseus, the first ancient ruin that lies in our path. We scarcely realize the earth beneath

our feet, as we now approach the Acropolis. Every step of the way is strewn with heaps of marble and broken fragments of sculpture that once adorned these temples. The Acropolis is an uplift of limestone, 200 feet high, 1,100 feet long and 450 feet wide. Upon the top stands the Parthenon, devoted to the worship of Athena, whose image in gold and ivory once graced its walls. The wilderness of pillars and temples upon this summit cannot be described. It was a real study to behold the look of amazement and the signs of awe that came over the multitude as they found themselves in the presence of these relics of ancient civilization and grandeur.

Just at the base of the Acropolis we could see the ancient Theater of Dionysius, and the Odeion of Herodes; and a little distance away stands the Arch of Hadrian and the immense Corinthian pillars of the Temple of Jupiter; while in the background, just across the historic Ilissus, is the old Stadium, where the Grecian athletes won palms of victory.

Near by the Acropolis, on the west, lies Mars Hill, where Paul found the altar to the unknown God, and preached to the people Jesus and the Resurrection. Our feelings can better be imagined than described as we climbed Mars Hill, and stood where the Apostle preached, while we read his words and the story from the 17th chapter of Acts.

Modern Athens is a beautiful city. The signs on all stores and business places indicate the language spoken by its people; and they have a charm for us as reminders of school-days in Alfred. The Greeks seemed quite as much interested in us as did the Americans in them. The morning papers had glowing accounts of our arrival, with cuts of the Celtic.

Never before had so large a ship entered their bay, and people from Athens came by hundreds to see her. The King himself was one of the interested visitors. Four o'clock was our sailing time; and, after thirty hours spent here, we had to tear ourselves away from Athens with many regrets, in order to be on board. Several tugboats, with flotillas of twelve or fifteen boats in tow, loaded with our people one way, and with Greek visitors from the ship the other way, flew back and forth for two hours until all were ready.

Then, amid waving Greek flags along shore and in the boats, with the dipping signals of the flags on shipboard, and with a thousand people beckoning from the shore, while the Celtic's band played beautiful airs on our upper-deck, our good ship set her prow toward Constantinople. We watched the glorious scenes of Athens fade from view as long as our glasses would reveal the outlines, and then turned our faces toward other climes.

SEA OF MORMORA, Feb. 28, 1902.

WHEN LINCOLN AND BEECHER PRAYED TOGETHER.

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.

(Mr. Scoville is a grandson of Henry Ward Beecher.)

During the year 1862, the hopes of the North were at their lowest ebb. It was in that year that the second battle of Bull Run had been fought and lost, McClellan was entrenched before Richmond, and the strength and resources of the nation seemed to have been fruitlessly wasted. Henry Ward Beecher was then in Brooklyn, and was perhaps more prominently associated with the cause of the North at that time than any other minister of the gospel. He had preached and lectured

and fought its battles in pulpit and press all over the country, had ransomed slaves from his pulpit, and his convictions and feelings were everywhere known.

Late one evening a stranger called at his home and asked to see him. Mr. Beecher was working alone in his study, as was his usual custom, and this stranger refused to send up his name, and came muffled in a military cloak which completely hid his face. Mrs. Beecher's suspicions were aroused, and she was very unwilling that he should have the interview which he requested, especially as Mr. Beecher's life had been frequently threatened by sympathizers with the South. The latter, however, insisted that his visitor be shown up. Accordingly the stranger entered, the doors were shut, and for hours the wife below could hear their voices and their footsteps as they paced back and forth. Finally, toward midnight, the mysterious visitor went out, still muffled in his cloak, so that it was impossible to gain any idea of his features.

The years went by, the war was finished, the President had suffered martyrdom at his post, and it was not until shortly before Mr. Beecher's death, over twenty years later, that it was known that the mysterious stranger who had called on the stormy winter night was Abraham Lincoln. The stress and strain of those days and nights of struggle, with all the responsibilities and sorrows of a nation fighting for its life thrust upon him, had broken down his strength, and for a time undermined even his courage. He had traveled alone in disguise and at night from Washington to Brooklyn to gain the sympathy and help of one whom he knew as a man of God, engaged in the same great battle in which he was the leader. Alone for hours that night the two had wrestled together in prayer with the God of battles and the Watcher over the right, until they had received the help which he had promised to those who seek his aid. Whatever were the convictions and religious belief of Abraham Lincoln, there is no doubt that he believed in prayer and made that the source of his strength.—*Sunday School Times.*

THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMAN.

The address of Commissioner Carrol D. Wright to the students of Smith College on Washington's Birthday deserves attentive consideration. On the basis of his statistical studies he has reached the conclusion that the employment of women in commercial labor has resulted in adding to their mental attainments. The establishment and opening of so many institutions for the education of women in this country bear the closest relation to "the industrial prosperity and the stimulation which comes from active remunerative employment." Col. Wright condemned as absolutely false the statement that the morals of wage-earning women are not up to the standard of the morals of women under the domestic system. He asserts that his studies of this question in the United States, in great Britain and on the continent of Europe show that the morals of working-women are upon as high a plane of purity as those of any class of women in the community. But Col. Wright believes that the industrial freedom of women will tend temporarily to a decrease in the marriage rate, and an increase in the divorce rate. This is exactly what might have been anticipated. For the industrial independence of women relieves them from the necessity of looking to marriage as a freedom from the bondage of some kinds of labor.—*The Watchman.*

WISCONSIN LETTER.

Wisconsin sometimes boasts of her public school system, which, though not perfect, possesses some admirable features. Its first great promoter was one of the pioneer organizers of the state, the Hon. Henry Barnard, who came to Wisconsin from New England more than 60 years ago. He had been School Commissioner of Rhode Island, and had organized high schools, teachers' institutes, and a normal academy, and had reorganized the school system of Connecticut, and on coming to Wisconsin took the first place in her educational work. He was President of the State University from 1856-59. In 1851 he founded the *American Journal of Education*, which he conducted to the close of his life.

From the impetus given it at the outset by Prof. Barnard, the Wisconsin system has kept well at the front, under the leadership of a series of able superintendents. Among these are four men furnished by Milton College, each of whom has been honored by a re-election for a second term. These are President Whitford, Prof. Edward Searing, Prof. J. B. Thayer and the Hon. L. D. Harvey, the present incumbent, who, in addition to other honors conferred, has been President of the National Association of State and Municipal Superintendents.

The Wisconsin system now embraces three distinct parts: the district and village school, a series of normal schools for the training of public school teachers and the State University. It is chiefly the first of these of which I shall speak in this letter.

Like that of most other states, the Wisconsin's public school system in its earlier stages consisted of little more than the establishment of districts, each having its school house, built without much regard to convenience or sanitary conditions, with its three months of school in winter and about the same in summer, taught, or rather "kept," according to the notions of the teachers in charge, little heed being paid either to what had been done in the past or to what might be attempted in the future. The evolution of our present system from this crude early form has been the work of many hands, but its main points owe their origin to the labors of a few. It was Superintendent Whitford who really started the movement which resulted in a uniform syllabus of subjects for study in all the low grades or common schools of the state. This syllabus is arranged in three grades or forms, each form embracing work sufficient to occupy the time of the average child for three years. Thus the child who starts at six years of age and continues in school with a fair degree of regularity and carries on the work with an average measure of diligence will, at the age of fifteen years, have acquired a pretty good common-school education. This education will embrace a good many things not contained in the text books—observation studies from nature, writing exercises from conversations, etc. This prepares the way for the graded schools and high schools of the villages and cities of the state. The full courses in the latter qualify students for entrance to the corresponding college courses of the State University, or of other colleges of the state. But quite one-half of the school children of the state, or about 225,000 children, live in rural communities, and careful statistics show that only a very small percent of these ever get to

the grade, and high schools. Thus one-half of Wisconsin's children are deprived of the opportunities for the more advanced training which the state furnishes to the other half. Is this just to the children of the rural districts? Moreover, careful statistics show that the rural schools are growing smaller and that fewer large children attend them than formerly, which means the cheapening of wages paid to teachers, and this means poorer work and fewer months in the year. These and some similar considerations have forced the question, "What can be done to improve the school facilities of the rural communities?" The most practicable answer seems to lie in the plan of disorganizing the old country district schools and consolidating them with the village or city schools, or massing them in central country districts, where schools of three or more departments can be established. The present Superintendent is working out, with great care, the details of this movement. It is being successfully accomplished in some portions of the state as well as some other states. The saving in the cost of building and maintaining one such school in place of ten or a dozen of the old district schools is more than enough to pay the systematic transportation of all children to and from the school daily, which is a part of the plan, besides placing within reach of the rural communities, as well as of the villages and cities, all the privileges of the graded school, and, in most cases, of the high school. It seems not too much to speak of this as an assured fact in the very near future.

Superintendent Harvey is also an enthusiastic advocate of a system of training schools throughout the rural communities of the state, say one in every county, wherein the courses shall consist largely of subjects of practical interest and value to farmers, stock-raisers, darymen, and the like. The great industries of the state are still largely of the rural class. These, like all other classes of business, in order to reach their highest success, require the best efforts of the skilled workman. Why, therefore, should not the state provide technical schools of this class and place them within the reach of the young people who are to constitute the great agricultural class of the next few years? Already two schools of this character have been founded, and give promise of most gratifying results. The object of these schools is to place within reach of the average farmer's boy and girl the information and experience which the state experiment stations give to the men employed in them; in other words, to adapt to the capacity and needs of the masses that which the experiment station give to the few; much as the country high school is intended to bring to the rural masses the culture which has hitherto been the heritage of a favored class. The experiment, if such it must still be called, is attracting the attention of superintendents of other states; and, should Superintendent Harvey receive the office for the third term, as he seems in a fair way to do, it may reasonably be expected that he will see the plan in quite general operation throughout the state. The increased dignity and value which such a system will give to the agricultural interests of the state is beyond estimate.

L. A. PLATTS.

MILTON, March 25, 1902.

"THE CHIP ON ONE'S SHOULDER."

F. W. GUNSAULUS.

Every now and then some true and affectionate friend engages his powers and puts to service his wisdom and grace in that most delicate and difficult task—the taking of a chip from off some one's shoulder. Love never proposed to strength or intelligence or piety a nobler enterprise. Moreover, it oftentimes seems a necessary bit of surgery or medication in order that freindship shall survive. I say "surgery or medication" advisedly, for about the first thing that a minister learns as to the character of what is called the "chip" on the shoulder of the other man whom he would like to help is this,—that the chip itself is flesh and blood, or at least a part of the man himself. It is covered by the same skin which covers the nose on his face, or the ear at the side of his head. You never know how certainly this is the fact about the chip on your beloved's shoulder, until you try to move it to another point where it will not be bumped against so often in the movements of his associates, or where especially it does not offer itself like a grumbling volcano to be avoided, or a frowning bastion of animosity inviting battle on the part of one's own peculiarities of temper which seem predestined to move in that direction.

That this chip on our friend's shoulder is nearly always the most sensitive portion of his external being is not a strange fact when we reflect that it is organized under the law which makes us more conscious at the unhealthy points on the surface of ourselves than we are anywhere else. It is the mark of unsoundness; it is the testimony that the circulation is not right in quality or quantity; and only dull-eyed people in the neighborhood fail to see that it has been developed out of the man who carries it, instead of being placed on his shoulder through deliberation or chance. It is very easy to tell the man who wears it, "Take the chip off your shoulder," but that is a very unintelligent, as well as an unsympathetic, remark, however much loving anxiety there may be in it; for the unwholesome condition of the man out of which it grew often makes him half proud of it. All his superior wisdom is fancied to have been gathered in it. He takes it to be the point where his frankness or his courage or his extraordinary devotion to a particular plan manifests itself. It is a place where his nature says "No" to the commonplace humanity likely to make incursions upon his self-conscious excellence. He feels that if his most sensitive point goes, he will lose himself. But that spot or growth is only what his best friends know as the "chip on his shoulder."

How wonderfully inclusive and accurate what we call these chips are in autobiographical lore! The whole of a man's history and character, as abnormal conditions alone may reveal them, is made evident. The chip on Peter's shoulder is as different from the chip on Moses's shoulder as Peter is different from Moses, though they have many profound likenesses of temper and method. Nothing so reveals a man as that which disturbs, causes irritation and sets his latent belligerency into action. Too much cannot be made of the fact that as Paul says, "Love is easily entreated,"—that is, it is easy to get on with; it has no chip on its shoulder. A chip on one's shoulder is the result of that bad condition

of the circulation when the heart is not warm with love. It is lovelessness sticking out. It is always ready to be hit, and it never gets quite knocked off. It seems rather to grow by being hit, until at last all persuasion and genial intercourse are impossible. It is the traditional Irishman of us, not knowing what the government is, but being "agin the government, whether it is Liberal or Tory."

What an enormous weight it represents, if we notice how it seems to be the sole occupant of the one shoulder and presses that balance of the scale down until the man is lop-sided, and his other shoulder, like the twin balance with all it contains, kicks the beam. And what inherently weighty things that second shoulder carries! There are family associations, duties and affections; the demands and ministries of friendship; that calm and good sense which are needed in business, and the considerations of scholarship and religion. These and a thousand other things are as nothing, however, on the shoulder which is tilted into the air, while the other shoulder is burdened and prone with a single chip.

Whether the man be a Senator from South Carolina, or a fastidious, brilliant society leader, or even an impulsive gospeler, he makes a bad figure going down the path of life in such an ungraceful and unworthy attitude. His friends might bear with the lack of grace if it were not that for the most part he staggers under the weight which is disproportionate, and he requires altogether too much of the road. If his neighbors have chips on their shoulders, and especially if those with whom he has to deal constantly are thus laden, it takes only about two such people to crowd the highway, so that all the enterprise of human intercourse and trade between souls through conversation are temporarily suspended. Is there no hope now that this condition of things shall be changed? It is evident that you might as well tell the man whom you want to help in this direction to lift himself up by his own bootstraps as to tell him to take the chip off from his shoulder. His pastor may labor with him, but he will find that all teachableness has vanished and his egoism has become argumentative, if not instantly resentful at the approach of life. The difficulty is in the heart; and it is impossible to reform his circulation by getting at the heart through the head. The gospel idea is the only trustworthy one as regards method of reform. He must be transformed. Lovelessness is the condition out of which the chip developed. Love is the power which will furnish the condition entirely opposite in nature and in influence. But no man can start the reaction of love within him; only love itself, only God who is love, creating new life and creating new light, will set things right. Do not try to get rid of the chip by argument, for it is argument packed together and bumptious. Do not try to get rid of the chip which is like a great wen or ugly growth, except by absorption. It is better, on the ground of safety and on the ground of avoiding a bad scar, to avoid surgery. Only God himself, inspiring and quickening and enriching the divine life within the soul, can, by the medication of love, take from your shoulder and mine the smallest of chips. Love—and only love—is "not easily provoked."

FIDELITY is seven-tenths of business success.—James Parton.

WHEN THE GRAY IS IN THE HAIR.

When we see the silver creeping o'er our dear old mother's brow,
And that form which once was upright 'neath long years begins to bow,
When we see the wrinkles deep'ning on that face once fresh and fair,
Then it is we love her dearest—when the gray is in the hair.
When the step is slow and trembling, and the voice is low and weak,
How we thank God for our mother, for her every comfort seek!
For that hand which age has palsied used to lead us as a child,
And those arms were ever 'round us, though we wayward were, and wild.
And those cheeks which time has furrowed used to smile with love and care
O'er the crib where we lay snuggled, and those lips full many a prayer,
In the silent hours of night-time, spoke to One who hears us all,
Pleading for her sleeping darling, begging that he might not fall.
If, perchance, we woke in terror, in the solemn hours of night,
And the room seemed full of bogies, adding to our dream-born fright,
Who was it that came with kisses to our plaintive little cry,
Lulling us to rest with love-words, telling us no one was nigh?
Do you not recall that feeling?—perfect peace and perfect rest,
As to slumberland you wander, with your head upon her breast.
Caring not for all the shadows, though they thickly throng you 'round,
In the arms which now enfold you sweetest refuge you have found.
As before the sweet day-dawning, streaks of silver thread the sky,
Presaging the coming morning, when the shadows all shall fly,
So upon her dear old forehead God has placed his symbol there,
Telling of a life that's coming, when the soul is free from care.
Though her step is slow and trembling, and her hair is streaked with gray,
Help her gladly; she, remember, did the same for us one day.
For when her old chair is empty, home will not be just the same;
Only memory is left us, and an unforgotten name.

—Selected

INCAPABLE OF JUDGING.

There is not a Christian in the world that is capable of judging beforehand the efficacy of any work which he may do in Christ's name for the weal of others. The keenest human vision is far too weak to do this, and I think that it is quite well that this is the case. It is better that the Christian should do his duty toward God and men, however weak he may feel, however unfit for his tasks he may regard himself, with the prayer that God will use the efforts in his own way and for such results as he pleases. One of the editors of the *Religious Herald* of Richmond, Va., quotes the following letter from a correspondent in the South: "You know how great a man Jesse Mercer, of Georgia, was, and what crowds flocked to hear him. Once such a crowd so met, and 'Father Mercer' was about to preach, when he was taken quite sick. He arose and said: 'I am unfit for the service, but,' pointing to Basil Manly, then quite a youth, but afterwards President of Alabama University, said, 'Here is a lad with five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?' Young Manly stepped forth and announced the same passage as his text, and a glorious revival sprang up and hundreds were converted from that sermon. When Dr. Manly was advanced in life an aged lady met him and said: 'And is this the lad with five barley loaves and a few small fishes?' And the tears rolled down her cheeks as she thanked the Lord for that sermon, which had led her to Christ when she was but a little girl."

The editor adds: "There is no telling when preaching is going to do great good. Once Dr. J. W. M. Williams said, after preaching a sermon in Charlottesville: 'Such preaching as this can do no good. I had as well go back to Baltimore.' And he did go back that night. We could not help it, and yet that very sermon was instrumental in the conversion of a great Christian worker." God has often glorified himself conspicuously through the conscious weakness of his servants. The human heart is so much inclined to indulge in pride that it boasts of the good that its possessor has done, instead of giving God the credit for the results thereof. We must be willing to do our work as best we can, leaving God to judge of its efficiency.

C. H. WETHERBE.

HOME DEPARTMENT SUPPLIES FOR OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The Sabbath School Board has ordered printed a quantity of Home Department supplies, and confidently asks that our schools use them.

The Record Envelopes are forty cents per hundred, and the Visitor's Quarterly Report blanks are forty cents per hundred.

The Board wishes to take this opportunity to urge the claims of the Home Department upon schools where this very valuable method of Bible study has not been undertaken. Most of our schools should have this department. Write to Rev. I. L. Cottrell, of Hornellsville, N. Y., for suggestions, or send directly to the RECORDER office at Plainfield, N. J., for supplies.

We wish also to take the opportunity to thank those who have so promptly and generously made it possible for us to make the first two payments on *The Sabbath Visitor*. Our thanks are also due in advance to those schools and individuals who are to send us the money to make the last payment.

Our regular Board expenses now includes the salary of the editor of *The Sabbath Visitor*. We have not a cent of stated income, but depend, as you are supposed to remember, on "one collection a year from each school." Less than two schools have sent us such collections this year. We do not worry at all yet for you have always done so well by us. Then there was the special effort for the *Visitor* fund.

You have seen by the published reports of our Board meetings of the work that we are trying to do, and we invite your co-operation in it. A word to the wise is sufficient.

GEO. B. SHAW,

President, Sabbath School Board.

A YOUNG friend of the Rev. Dr. Ezra S. Tipple, of this city, having been promised a very desirable position, feared his ability to fill it because of serious impediment in his speech. He consulted the clergyman, who advised a visit to a physician noted for success in curing stammering. A call was made, and the young man discovered that the terms asked were beyond his means. Discouraged, but not entirely despairing, he said:

"C-c-c-can't y-you give me a p-p-p-partial cure?"

"What do you consider a partial cure?" the professor asked.

"W-w-w-hy," replied his caller, "I shall c-c-c-consider you have p-p-p-perfected a p-p-p-partial cure when you f-fix me so that I can go to a f-florist's and g-g-get out an order f-f-for c-c-c-chrysanthemums b-b-before the f-f-flowers w-w-w-wilt."—N. Y. Times.

Missions.

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

FROM a letter written by Ebenezer Ammoo received Sunday morning, March 23, has come to us the very sad intelligence of the death of Peter H. Velthuysen, at Salt Pond, Gold Coast, West Africa, Feb. 20, 1902.

The following is the letter received:

SALT POND, Feb. 21, 1902.

Rev. O. U. Whitford, Cor. Sec., Westerly, R. I., U. S. A.:

Dear Sir and Father in Christ:—We are very sorry to give you the information of Mr. Velthuysen's death, which happened on the 20th inst., at 6 o'clock P. M., and he was buried this morning at 9.30 o'clock. We can't write much because the mail is ready to leave, but we must soon write to explain everything well with respect to his death. May the Lord bless and comfort you and us all.

Yours faithfully and feelingly in Christ,

E. G. A. AMMOKOO.
JOSEPH AMMOKOO.

TREASURER GEO. H. UTTER received, Friday morning, March 21, a letter from Mr. Velthuysen evidently dictated, and in Ebenezer Ammoo's hand writing. He said, "I had almost finished the account of traveling expenses when I grew weak and spent much of the time in bed. I made several attempts to be brave and overcome this weakness by exercise, but after some efforts I fell back as if exhausted from heavy labor and still weaker than before. For this reason I trust you will see my excuse for not having sent the account of the traveling expenses and the outfit for the mission work." We received also the same day a letter from Ebenezer asking the Missionary Board to send a hammock to Mr. Velthuysen for his traveling, and in case of serious sickness that he may be quickly taken from here (Ayan Maim) to Salt Pond. Evidently that is what they did that he might have a good physician and good care. The last letter we received from him was written at Salt Pond, Dec. 27, 1901. He had been there some two or three weeks recuperating from his exhausting voyage, and was feeling much better. He and Eld. Joseph Ammoo had been holding some open-air meetings. They expected to start the next week for Ayan Maim. They evidently did so, and January 20, according to the letter of Ebenezer Ammoo, published in the SABBATH RECORDER of March 17, they made an evangelistic trip into the Akumfi district, visiting certain villages. It is feared that this trip was too much for Mr. Velthuysen, not being in full vigor and strength, and it brought on the deadly fever. As soon as we get the full information concerning his sickness and death, it will be published on this page. His unexpected death is a terrible blow to our Gold Coast Mission, and brings great sadness and grief to all our hearts. Let us devoutly pray for the comforting grace and strength of our Heavenly Father to come upon the dear stricken, sorrowing family in Holland, and upon all who are in grief and sorrow because of his death.

LIFE AMONG ESQUIMAUS.

ROBERT STEIN.

Of the United States Geological Survey.

Outside of our own Aryan race, and its immediate affiliations, there is perhaps not a tribe of men on the globe more interesting than this little community of hyperboreans. Living between the 76th and 79th degrees of

north latitude, they are the most northerly of the earth's inhabitants, since the north point of Siberia, Cape Chelyuskin, extends to only 77 degrees and 45 minutes, and is uninhabited. From their kindred in Danish Greenland they are separated by an interval of 255 miles, mostly occupied by the icy wilderness of Melville bay. Across Baffin Bay their kindred in Baffin Land are 225 miles away.

Anything more extraordinary than the mode of life of these people it would be hard to imagine. First of all, they inhabit no ordinary country. The most elaborate "shoe-string district" produced by gerrymandering in the United States cannot compare with the land these people call their home. A mere fringe along the seashore, rarely more than a mile wide, is free from ice. Even this fringe is interrupted a hundred times by the rivers of ice that flow through many valleys into the sea from the ice sheet covering all the interior to an unknown depth. Nor is the fringe a flowery border. In most places it is simply a precipitous rock face, peeping from under the edge of the universal ice mantle. For the most part, only islands and peninsulas show a larger extent of ice-free land. Imagine the Palisades of the Hudson extending a distance of some three hundred miles, while a uniform ice sheet, with here and there a gentle swell, covers all New Jersey within reach of the eye, its frayed edge extending in most places to the very brow of the cliffs, sometimes like a white forehead band, running along their tops; with a stream of ice coming down through every gorge, and in many cases reaching the sea—that is Esquimau land.

If, besides, you imagine that over about half the distance the foot of the rock face is hidden by the debris of a huge quarry, with blocks of all sizes tumbled together in every conceivable way, sometimes to a depth of 100 feet, perhaps 200 feet, you will have a fairly accurate picture of the features that are apt to leave the strongest impression on the mind. Yet the picture will not be complete without its milder features. Here and there a stretch of low and comparatively level land intervenes between the foot of the cliffs and the seashore, and in such cases we may find veritable meadows, gay with flowers and covered with grass a foot high. In many places old talus slopes, with profile as straight as if laid out by an engineer, testify to the former activity of the frosty quarryman in the cliffs above, but for some reason this activity has ceased, and cliffs are black and gray and orange with lichen, and the talus slopes are covered with a soft carpet of moss and grass. In a few places even the tops of the cliffs, 1,500 feet above the sea, present the aspect of vast meadows, with an abundant, though stunted, growth of grass.

How such a land can afford sustenance to human beings seems at first sight an enigma. In point of fact, the Esquimau asks of the land not sustenance, but merely a footing—a storage place. So long as he has a rock which he knows will not move away to-morrow or next year he is content, for there he can deposit the treasures he wins from the sea with the certainty of finding them again. In picking out a building site he is guided by several considerations. His house (iglu) must not be more than 100 to 200 feet from the shore, because the transportation of his

valuables, easy by water or over ice, is a formidable task overland. The driest, levellest, grassiest place, of course, is preferred. It must not be too close to the cliffs, lest a falling block should crush both house and inmates. Finally, it must be tolerably near to some good hunting ground. All these conditions are best fulfilled on the low peninsulas that jut out seaward from the foot of the cliffs in many places. However, where there is a sunny, grass-grown terrace (iglerna), with a breeding-place of little auks near by, the Esquimau does not object to building 300 or 400 feet above sea level. Thus the whole coast is lined with houses built in past centuries, so that there is rarely need of building new ones. At first sight we would hardly call them houses, they look so much like mounds. It is only at the end of a long march, when cold and fatigue combine to render one appreciative, that the presence or absence of one of these houses at the stopping place makes all the difference between comfort and misery. They are all constructed after an invariable pattern. A famous philosopher by simply remarking that "all swallows build alike," thought he had proved that animals do not reason. If that proof is valid, Esquimaus must be included among animals, for except a slight difference in size there is no variation in the plan of their houses. In point of economy of space it would be hard to beat them. The ordinary movements required in eating, cooking, dressing and undressing and going to sleep, etc., may be performed in the inclosed space with perfect comfort, but you must not move further than usual in any direction if you do not wish to run up against the wall. The ground plan has the shape of a horse-shoe with two exerecences at the corners. The walls and roof are of stone, large flat slabs being used for the roof. The whole is covered with peat. —New York Tribune.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF A STATE.

The rapid changes in the fortunes of state at the National Capital are strikingly illustrated in the case of New Jersey, which in a few years rose to a pinnacle of influence, but has now fallen back into the ranks.

A brief while ago Garret A. Hobart filled the Vice Presidency as no other man ever did. He was a power in the Administration, and not a mere presiding officer in the Senate. He enjoyed President McKinley's confidence, and few measures of importance were decided without his aid.

Hobart's *prote'ge'*, John W. Griggs, was Attorney-General at a time when international and colonial questions gave to the office an importance it never before possessed.

General William J. Sewell, the senior Senator from New Jersey, was one of the President's most loyal supporters in the Senate, and Mr. McKinley depended greatly upon his influence in the Senate at large and in the Military Affairs Committee.

A fourth Jerseyman, State Senator William M. Johnson, was called to Washington to the post of First Assistant Postmaster General, to help extricate the Post Office Department from the slough of politics.

All these honors fell to the lot of the long rock-ribbed Democratic state, which Garret A. Hobart brought into the Republican fold, but now New Jersey is stripped of them all.

The lives of Hobart and Sewell have flickered out. Griggs has returned to the practice of the law, and Johnson has returned to his business and legal interests, which he left only because of President McKinley's promise of the Postmaster Generalship—a promise that President Roosevelt did not feel binding upon himself.—N. Y. Times.

Woman's Work.

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

THE SOWER.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

"I had much seed to sow," said one; "I planned
To fill broad furrows, and to watch it spring,
And water it with care. But now the hand
Of Him to whom I sought great sheaves to bring
Is laid upon His laborer, and I wait,
Weak, helpless, at His palace gate.
Now I have nothing only day by day
Grace to sustain me till the day is done;
And some sweet passing glimpses by the way
Of Him, the altogether lovely One,
And some strange things to learn, unlearned before,
That make the suffering light, if it but teach me more.
Yet, from the hush of that secluded room,
Forth floated winged seeds of thought and prayer,
Those, reaching many a desert place to bloom,
And pleasant fruit an hundred fold to bear,
Those, wafted heavenward with song and sigh
To fall again with showers of blessings from on high."

We want to call your attention to the article, "Our Early Martyrs," written by Mrs. D. E. Titsworth, the first part of which appears in this issue of the RECORDER. It is worthy your careful reading and consideration. The paper was prepared at the request of the Tract Committee connected with the Woman's Society for Christian Work of the Plainfield church, and was read at the regular Friday evening prayer-meeting. Mrs. Titsworth read the main part of the article, and the extracts were read by members of the Young People's Society.

We would like to suggest that other churches try the same plan and have this article read either at the Friday evening meeting or at the Young People's meeting. A series of papers, perhaps one a month on different phases of our denominational history, would prove both interesting and profitable. Our young people ought to know more of the truths for which they stand, and the older ones might well have a better understanding of what they do know.

TROUBLE makes the whole world kin. But for Miss Stone's long months of captivity we might never have even known her name; but now that our sympathy has been aroused, we are interested in every detail of her welfare. The following postal, sent to the aged mother, has for us more than a passing interest, in that it is the first approach to a letter received from her since her release:

"SALONICA, Feb. 28.

"My Own Blessed Mother:—With all my heart I thank God for the opportunity to write once more. Mrs. Tsilka, baby Elenchine and I are pretty well, and full of happiness and thankfulness to be free. All of our friends, too, are so much rejoiced that we can but marvel at the strong bonds which make all hearts one the earth round. With love to all friends, your daughter,
"ELLEN M. STONE."

The American Board in Boston also received a card from Rev. E. B. Haskell, of Salonica, dated March 1, which says: "Ransomed captives seemed remarkably well. Miss Stone is troubled some by a knee which was hurt by a stumble the night she was liberated. It does not seem serious, however."

OUR EARLY MARTYRS.

MRS. D. E. TITSWORTH.

"It is so difficult for our young people to find employment that they are obliged to leave the Sabbath." "They will always be looked down upon by people of other denominations if they observe the seventh day of the week."

These and kindred remarks you may have heard not infrequently, perhaps, until it

would seem that we were most unfortunate to have been born of Sabbatarian parentage. I fear parents sometimes let such expressions fall upon the ears of their children, and it is no wonder that the children are not stronger in principle. We admit that it is sometimes difficult for our young people to find employment, and so it is for many a First-day-keeper. It does require a little effort, sometimes a great one, to be true to principle, in other things as well as in Sabbath-keeping. No one likes to be considered peculiar; and yet can we not afford to if we are peculiar in being right?

Of course we meet with difficulties and discouragements, but if we look back some four hundred years we shall find the pages of history illumined with the life stories of those who met far greater difficulties, and in the defense of their principles were willing to suffer persecution, and even martyrdom.

Among the earliest of whom we have record was Carlstadt, 1520, and later, a companion of Luther, and of whom Luther said, "Indeed if Carlstadt were to write further about the Sabbath, Sunday would have to give way, and the Sabbath—that is to say, Saturday—must be kept holy." In Holland, Barbara Von Thiers and Christiana Tolingeren, were martyred for Sabbath-keeping in 1527.

Another early witness for the Sabbath was John Frith, an English reformer, who assisted Tyndale in the translation of the Bible. He suffered martyrdom at Smithfield in 1533.

In Transylvania many prominent persons kept holy the seventh day; among them was Francis Davidis, chaplain to the Prince, the Princess, sister of Prince John; a privy counsellor; a general; a rector; a Professor of the Academy at Claudiopolis, and others of high rank. One of these, Palaeologus, was burned at Rome, 1585.

From the dawn of the Reformation Seventh-day Baptists, descendants of the Waldenses, became quite prominent in Bohemia, Holland, and other sections of Northern Europe. These seem to have localized in England, as we find churches mentioned at Braintree in Essex; Chersey, Norweston, Salisbury in Wiltshire; Sherbourne, in Buckinghamshire; Tewksbury or Natton, in Gloucestershire; Wallingford, Berkshire, Woodbridge, in Suffolk; and three in London, viz: the Millyard church, the Criplegate church, and the Pinner's Hall church.

During the 17th century much was written on the subject of the Sabbath. In 1880 Dr. Jones, pastor of the church at Millyard, London, had in his library 132 volumes on this question, many of them in favor of the Seventh-day Sabbath. Many of those who defended it were men of high standing and prominent both in church and state. Chambers' Cyclopaedia says: "In the 17th century they (Seventh-day Baptists) were so numerous and active as to have called forth replies from Bishop White, Warner, Baxter, Bunyan, Wallis and others. Some of them suffered keenly for daring to uphold the truth. Among them we find the names of John Trask, Theophilus Brabourne, James Ochford, Edward Fisher, Edward and Joseph Stennett, William Sellers, and George Carlow. John Trask and his wife were converted to the Sabbath, and in 1618 he was brought before the infamous Star Chamber and tried upon the charge that he was endeavoring to make "Christian men, the people of God, his Majesty's subjects, little better than Jews, both

in the matter of abstaining from eating meats, which the Jews were forbidden in Leviticus, and that they were bound to observe the Jewish Sabbath." He was sentenced "to be set upon the pillory in Westminster and from thence to be tied to the cart's tail and whipped all the way to Fleet prison, probably about two miles, there to remain prisoner." We learn that he remained there about one year.

Mrs. Trask, before her imprisonment, kept a private school for children and employed an assistant who was also a Sabbath-keeper. Attention was drawn to her Sabbatarian principles from the fact that she would not teach upon the Sabbath, consequently she was tried and sentenced to imprisonment. Ephriam Paggitt gives the following account of her.

Mistress Trask lay for fifteen or sixteen years a prisoner for her opinions about the Saturday-Sabbath; in all which time she would receive no relief from anybody, notwithstanding she wanted much, alleging that it is written, 'it's a more blessed thing to give than to receive.' Neither would she borrow. She deemed it a dishonor to her head, Christ, either to beg or borrow. Her diet for the most part of her imprisonment, that is till a little before her death was bread and water, roots and herbs. No flesh, nor wine, nor brewed drink."

"She charged the keeper of the prison not to bury her in church nor church-yard, but in the fields only; which accordingly was done. All her means was an annuity of forty shillings a year; what she lacked more to live upon, she had of such prisoners as did employ her sometimes to do business for them. But this was only within the prison, for out of the prison she would not go, so she sickened and died. So there was an end to her sect in less than half a generation. 'Tis true it begins of late to be revived again; but yet faintly. The progress it makes is not observed to be much; so that of all gangrenes of spirit, with which the times are troubled, as yet it spreads little; and therefore it is hoped a short caveat (such as this is) may suffice against it."

Paggitt also mentions "one Mr. Hebden, a prisoner in the new prison, that lay there for holding Saturday Sabbath;" also a Mrs. Mary Chester who was kept in prison for some time.

Theophilus Brabourne wrote four books bearing upon the Sabbath question between 1626 and 1659, one of which he dedicated to the king. This elicited a reply from Bishop White in fulfillment of an order from his Majesty. It is recorded that in consequence of a summons before the High Commission, he was prevailed upon to become a convert and quietly conform himself to the Church of England. This seems but temporary, however, as the preface to his book in 1654 contains the evidence of his soundness of principle. We quote his own words:

"The soundness and clearness of this my cause giveth me good hope that God will enlighten them (the magistrates) with it, and so incline their hearts unto mercy. But if not, since I verily believe and know it to be a truth, and my duty not to smother it, and suffer it to die with me, I have adventured to publish it and defend it, saying with Queen Esther, 'If I perish, I perish'; and with the Apostle Paul, 'neither is my life dear unto me, so that I may fulfill my course with joy.' What a corrosive would it prove to my conscience, on my death-bed, to call to mind how I knew these things full well, but would not reveal them. How could I say with St. Paul, that I had revealed the whole counsel of God, had kept nothing back which was profitable? What hope could I then conceive that God would open his gate of mercy to me, who, while I lived, would not open my mouth for him?"

(Continued in next issue)

FILLING HIS ORDER.—"Waiter, what's all that noise like a pile driving machine at work?"

"That's the cook pounding your beefsteak. You ordered tenderloin, I believe, sir."—*Leslie's Weekly*.

ODD WAYS OF BIRDS.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER.

It is not without significance that the Sphinx is represented with wings, for the bird, with the marvels and mysteries of his life, is still a wonder to us. Early in any really close study of his life and habits one is struck with this fact. Years of careful observation and study "without a gun" will be necessary before we shall be familiar with his many extraordinary ways, and still more before we shall be able to understand the eccentricities of a life which appears at a casual glance as simple.

The whole subject of migration, for example, is wonderful, and full of problems which have furnished material for miles of manuscript and bushels of books, and are still unsolved. And Herr Gatke has added one more, having discovered that the birds always travel with perfectly empty stomachs.

The remarkable feat of sinking the body in water to any desired depth, and holding it there without motion, and without clinging to anything, is another unexplained secret. Geese, ducks, sandpipers, and cormorants are all expert in this manoeuvre.

The air would naturally appear to be the domain of winged creatures, yet many of them are almost equally at home in the water. A fish itself might envy the speed and ease with which the penguin and ouzel dash about in their native element. Hardly more than a fish does that strange creature, the petrel, need to come to land; eating and sleeping on the waves, his only tie to earth is the necessity of a cradle for the helpless young. Whole families of sea birds pass their lives in and on the ocean, and come to the shore only for the nesting season.

We smile at the idea of a sea bird who is as much at home on water as on land, needing or wishing to ride, yet the tropic bird is said occasionally to vary his wing exercises by alighting for a sail on the back of a tortoise which he finds lazily floating on the surface. Major Bendine tells of a little owl at the West caught riding on the back of an unwilling gopher with an air of such composure that the observer was convinced that it was a common exploit of the bird.

If it seems strange to think of birds spending their lives on the water it is almost as odd to know of whole families who spend theirs in the air and never come to the ground. In some of the tropical forests where trees are between two and three hundred feet in height, the upper branches and air above them are the home of countless birds and insects and monkeys. More than two hundred feet from the earth below they find not only light and air, but food in plenty, and even water in the various reservoirs of the giant plants and creepers.

Birds have many extraordinary habits, with which all are so familiar as to fail to realize their singularity. The strange habits of the European cuckoo, shirking the pains and pleasures of nest-making and rearing a family, and even in the cradle, it is said, evicting the rightful nestlings to secure exclusive care; the hornbill walling up his mate, with her assistance, during the process of brooding and feeding the young—and many others.

Some persons will perhaps scoff at the idea of a bird's polite manners, and we shall hear again the complaint of those who have no real acquaintance with birds in their homes

that we make them too human, but let me present a few trustworthy facts—explain them who can. Many of our winged fellow-creatures welcome the approach of their mates by a sudden opening and closing of the wings. The several kingbirds, whom I have studied, first flew around in a circle of a few feet, added a note or two of greeting, then lifted the wings with an air that "spoke louder than words." The sea eagle, according to Audubon, answers the note of his mate by opening his broad wings, bending the body in a low bow, and uttering a cry. That we have not seen more of such things in bird life is probably because we have not studied them closely enough. The bows and genuflections of the burrowing owl of the West, as one passes his mound, which gives him the name of "Howd'ye-do owl," and the well authenticated and oft-repeated account of the cedar bird's offering a delectable morsel to his neighbor, in some cases passing it back and forth among several, both call for explanation from the skeptical.

It is certainly a most peculiar thing for a creature with wings to go over the ground on "all fours," yet there are at least two well-known birds who progress in that way "on occasions." One is the common grebe, so illy fitted for land travel that when there is occasion for haste he simply drops to the ground and uses the wings as a second pair of legs, quadruped fashion.

In association with one another, birds show as much individuality as men. There are birds of solitary tastes who are never found with their kind, excepting with a mate in nesting time, and others who mate for life and are always found in pairs. Again, there are species who separate by sexes, each sex forming a flock of its own, and remaining thus except during the period of nesting. Our red-winged blackbird is an example. Still others of the tribe live always in a crowd, not even in nesting time separating from their fellows. This is the habit of grackles, martins, swallows, and others. They are not associated for mutual protection, for most of them are abundantly able to take care of themselves, but evidently for pure love of society. One of these communities is as sociable and talkative as a sewing society or an afternoon tea.

As to the various ways of food-getting in the bird world, some of the large sea birds get it by robbing other birds, and the English sparrow is rapidly becoming expert in this business. He began by taking food from young birds who were being fed by their parents, and now it is not uncommon to see him snatching from the robin the worm he had just drawn out of the ground. He is not so big as the native bird, but he is a good deal quicker.

There are birds on the other hand who confer benefits by their way of feeding, relieving animals of their parasites. One in Africa attends to the camels, elephants, and cattle, and it is very droll to see the businesslike way in which he goes over the big creatures as a woodpecker goes over a tree, examining every part, hanging head down from ears or legs, while the knowing beasts stand perfectly still. Our own cowbirds are indefatigable in their attentions to cattle. Perhaps that is the reason they haven't time to make a nest and rear their own young.

Many birds feed their mates while sitting, but that bird of odd ways, the hornbill, has a

unique way of presenting his offering done up in a neat package. He swallows the fruit as he finds it, but not for his own benefit, for when he comes to the nest he recovers it snugly wrapped in the lining of his gizzard. This is so extraordinary that we might be excused for doubting it if it were not abundantly confirmed by authentic witnesses.

Another African bird has what might be called dinner parties, where a number assemble and by dancing about in a shallow lake stir up the inhabitants, fish, frogs, etc., and then dine upon them. We have often heard of the trick of carrying a hard shell to a height and dropping it to break it and feast on the dweller therein, but one of the clever crow family has a gentler and quite as successful a way. He simply taps on the door of the recluse—often a hermit crab. Of course that brings him out to see what it means, with the usual result.

The shrike is the recipient of much undeserved abuse because he has the curious habit of hanging up his cold meat on thorns for future use, thus emulating our butchers—whom we do not think of despising for the same offense.

There are many strange ways of administering food to the young, from the robin who drops it into the mouth, to the flicker who rams and hammers it down till one is horrified at the sight, but the most curious is the way of a penguin. She comes in from the sea with a supply, then sticks her bill up into the air and delivers a long, noisy harangue as if calling the world to witness. Meanwhile the youngster creeps up to her and waits till the speech is finished and the mother bends her head down with mouth open. Then the infant thrusts his head into her mouth and appears to suck something from the throat.

It has long been known that nature performs wonderful cures in the animal world; broken bones are joined, bullets encysted, the severest wounds healed, and the patient able to live sometimes for years afterward. But it remained for a modern naturalist to assert that the bird himself assumes the office of surgeon. Prof. Fatio, who is indorsed by W. Ward Fowler as "one of the most distinguished of European naturalists," asserted before a scientific society of Geneva, Switzerland, that he had seen many cases of snipe dressing their wounds, even in one case applying splints to a broken leg. It should not surprise us that a species which has been food for powder for ages should have developed some surgical skill.

THE HOME WHICH MAKES THE RIGHT KIND OF A BOY.

PROF. FRANCIS G. PEABODY.

A good boy is the natural product of a good home, and all the efforts of philanthropy to make boys better are consciously imperfect substitutes for the natural influences of a healthy-minded home. The great and overshadowing peril of a boy's life is not, as many suppose, his bad companions, or his bad books, or his bad habits; it is the peril of homelessness. I do not mean merely homelessness—having no room or bed which can be called one's own, but that homelessness which may exist even in luxurious houses—the isolation of the boy's soul, the lack of any one to listen to him, the loss of roots to hold him to his place and make him grow. This is what drives the boy into the arms of evil and

makes the street his home and the gang his family, or else drives him in upon himself, into uncommunicated imaginings and feverish desires. It is the modern story of the man whose house was empty, and precisely because it was empty there entered seven devils to keep him company. If there is one thing that a boy cannot bear it is himself. He is by nature a gregarious animal, and if the group which nature gives him is denied, then he gives himself to any group which may solicit him. A boy, like all things in nature, abhors a vacuum, and if his home is a vacuum of lovelessness and homelessness, then he abhors his home.

Evidently, therefore, when one speaks of the peril of homelessness, he is not thinking of poor boys alone. Of course, there is a poverty which involves homelessness, the wandering life of the street Arab or the young tramp. In a vast majority, however, even of very humble homes, one of the most conspicuous and beautiful traits is the instinct of family affection, enduring every kind of strain—the woman clinging to the drunken husband, the parents bearing with the wayward son—and, on the other hand, an increasing danger of the prosperous is in the tendency to homelessness; the peril of the nomadic life, as though a home were a tent which one might at any time fold, like the Arabs, and as silently steal away; the slackening of responsibility through the movement of social habit to the hotel or boarding-house as ways of escape from the burdens of the home.

I have heard of a mother in the Boston Public Garden who said: "There is my baby in the distance in its carriage."

"Is it?" said her friend.

"I think so," said the mother, "for I seem to recognize the nurse."

The fact is that between some boys of the most prosperous and some boys of the least prosperous type there exists a very curious and imperfectly recognized likeness of condition. Both run grave risk of homelessness; to both the home presents itself as a shifting, restless, temporary incident.

The growth of the boarding-school system is, to a large extent, an indictment of the luxurious home. It is but the admission by parents that, for some reason—often a good reason, but often a mere unwillingness to care for the child—some other place is more wholesome for the boys than the home into which they are born. Such a boy, though he may have many blessings, has missed the fundamental blessing of a boy's life and his chief defense from sin.

If, therefore, a boy is normally the product of a home, what kind of a home is likely to make the right kind of a boy? I answer: There are three marks of a good home, which a boy will recognize before he will think his home good, which, if recognized as marks of his own home, will mark the boy for good.

The first mark is simplicity. I do not mean meagerness, or emptiness, or lack of comforts, or even absence of luxuries. Some good homes are luxurious, and some are bare; and bad homes are to be found both among the poor and among the rich. A simple home is simply a home—not a step to somewhere else; not an instrument of social ambition or restlessness; not a mere sleeping-place, like the box a dog creeps into at night; but a center of affectionate self-denial and mutual forbear-

ance, an end in itself, as though it were enough for a family to make simply a home.

The second mark of a good home is consistency. It is not a place of many precepts, but of consistent conduct. A boy is not easily formed by exhortation, but he is reached with extraordinary ease by contagion. A boy is in many respects immature and unobservant, but one trait in him is highly developed—the capacity to detect anything that looks like humbug. If he observes any considerable inconsistency between precept and example, between exhortation and character, all the well-intended efforts of his home are likely to be in vain. I remember hearing a father say, as he took up his cigar in the evening, that he did not smoke in his boy's presence for fear it might be a bad example; and I wondered what the boy would say the next morning when he smelled the study and saw the stumps.

No greater mistake can be made than to suppose that a boy is naturally inclined to go wrong, and no mistake is so likely to make the boy go where he is expected to go. The fact is that anything is natural to a boy. You can bend him either out of shape or into shape; and the chief reason why goodness does not tempt him as much as sin is that goodness is seldom made so interesting, heroic and consistent as sin. In the Oriental picture of the shepherd and the sheep the shepherd goes before the sheep and the sheep hear his voice and follow him. That is the only way to be a shepherd of boys. They are hard cattle to drive, but easy to draw. There is nothing they like better than a consistent, single-minded, straight-going leader, and when they hear his voice they follow him.

Out of the simplicity and consistency of the good home issues its third and special characteristic; it is that relation between parents and children whose historical name is piety. The word has not only become involved in religious implications, but carries with it also suggestions of unreal religion, of formalism, or ostentation, or pretense. And yet piety in its Roman usage was the original name for the natural, confident intimacy of children with their parents, and came to be a word of religion only as religion became, as Jesus Christ pictured it, an expansion of the ideal of the family. Man is God's child, taught Jesus, and turns to God the Father precisely as the human child turns to a true home.

This, then, is the kind of a home that makes the right kind of a boy—a home where simplicity and consistency open into piety; a home where children think of parents not as task-masters, or fault-finders, or money-getters, or housekeepers, so that the first business of the boy is to keep out of the way, but as companions to whom it is a happiness to go; and advisers from whom it is safe to learn; a home which in later life, as the mystery of experience makes one again a little child, seems to the man the best picture both of the necessary discipline and of the abiding love of God.—*The Congregationalist*.

NEW JERSEY'S COMING WAR ON THE MOSQUITO.

New Jersey is to wage war on the mosquito next summer. Its Assembly decided to take this step this week, and appropriated \$10,000 with which to defray the expenses. The measure is an important one, that deserves

popular approval and every encouragement. There was practically no opposition to the bill in the Assembly; but if the report of the proceeding be an index, the Members appeared to regard the matter as a huge joke, and as affording a golden opportunity for the delivery of humorous speeches. Nevertheless although the subject was treated lightly by the Assemblymen, and although the New Jersey mosquito undoubtedly figures largely in comic journalism, those who suffered last summer on the Atlantic coast from the pestiferous insects will be glad that some steps are to be taken for their extermination.

Experiments were made last year on Staten Island by the New York Health authorities to determine the possibility of getting rid of the pest of mosquitoes and with gratifying success. Petroleum was forced through small pipes to the bottoms of ponds in which the insects breed, and sprayed over damp, grassy places in the neighborhood, with the result that spots previously badly infested were almost entirely freed of mosquitoes. What was done in such an encouraging manner on Staten Island can surely be done equally well in New Jersey. Fortunately, there are no unwise restrictions imposed as to the manner in which the money it is proposed to appropriate shall be spent. It is simply placed at the disposal of the State Experiment Station for the purpose of making scientific investigation of the habits, origin and breeding places of the mosquito and its relation to malarial and other diseases. The experiments are to be conducted under the direction of State Entomologist I. B. Smith, who has given years of study to the subject.

It has been proved beyond reasonable dispute that certain species of mosquitoes are prolific disease breeders, and this fact, apart from the annoyance they cause by their attacks, renders their extermination, if possible, both desirable and important. Thus far three means of at least reducing the number of these pestiferous insects have been discovered. One is by the liberal use of petroleum in waters where they breed and on the adjacent grass; a second is by filling up all shallow stagnant pools, and the third is by introducing into ponds and pools certain species of small larvæ and insect eating fish. Even though the \$10,000 which the Assembly has voted only suffices to point clearly to the best means of exterminating the mosquito in New Jersey, the money will be well spent.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

BREATHE THROUGH YOUR NOSE.

In all kinds of atmosphere the breath should only be inhaled through the nose. An occasional breath of extra pure air through the mouth may be good; but in cars and in most offices and rooms nose-breathing is essential. A second rule is, since so much time is spent in cars and offices and rooms in earning a livelihood, and since these places are overheated and underventilated—the heating and ventilation being out of the control of most of us—we must take in fresh air whenever possible, in order that we may restore the balance. The best times to do this will be early in the morning, when the air is freshest, and late at night, when deep breathing will help us to get sleep. We may breathe correctly while we are waiting in a street, and especially where streets meet. We can soon form an automatic habit of breathing properly on such occasions.—*Chambers's Journal*.

Young People's Work.

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

Revival at Ashaway.

This has an appropriate place in our Department, for it has been largely a young people's revival. On the 7th of March the following message came over the electric wire: "Great meetings; need help; come at once; arrive Sunday." If you have ever watched an old war-horse (who has once smelled gunpowder), when the bugle calls for battle, you have an idea of the effect of this message. We were just about to close a brief series of meetings which were being attended by good results, and it was planned to have baptism the following Friday night. But we could see the veteran beckoning with his one arm, "Come over and help us," and his call meant the call of a pioneer sister church. An unselfish and considerate Advisory Committee voted to leave the question to a pastor's judgment. An accommodating Erie official agreed to stop No. 10. An hour and a half after the close of one series of meetings, the clickety-click of the flying wheels was singing the refrain: "All aboard for Ashaway."

Evangelist E. W. Kenyon, of Spencer, Mass., had been conducting meetings for over two weeks, and the interest was deep. Bro. Kenyon came back again for a few days, and it was our pleasure to hear him speak four afternoons and evenings. His strong points are his familiarity with, and his forcible exposition of, the Scriptures; and (what would naturally be expected in connection therewith) positive and clear-cut convictions along the lines of fundamental doctrine. His work was much blessed to many. We have endeavored to supplement it by reaching after others who had not yet been brought in, by gearing the new forces into practical plans of Christian work, and by teachings upon the Sabbath and the home. A revival to be complete needs a good, strong Seventh-day Baptist finish (does it not, Dr. Lewis?). The Sabbath is a blessing which we hold in trust for the world. One of the largest and most attentive audiences was the one which listened to the presentation of the Bible Sabbath; and one of the clearest conversions was that of one who felt that it must be "all or none;" that a full surrender meant a life-long loyalty to God's Sabbath. Those faces are before me as I write, alight with a new-found love, glorified with a deep and abiding purpose. It was no passing fancy or surface sentiment. There was a struggle before the victory. The tears upon the face were the outward sign of an inward force which has forged the life into a new mold. There are some of these very people, we know, who will never go back. They will never be the same again that they have been. The change is for good and all; and great possibilities are wrapped up in the lives thus surrendered. O, the blessedness of complete surrender to the sweet will of God. The world can neither give that blessedness nor take it away.

"O, the joy of full salvation,
Glory, glory to his name."

Fifty-three candidates have already been baptized, and several others are awaiting baptism. Most of these will join the church next Sabbath.

Read the Recorder.

Young people of Ashaway, now is a good time for you to begin reading the SABBATH RECORDER, if you have not been doing so.

And it would do no harm for the older people to take the same advice. I have given myself the promise to make more of this department than I have been doing. We want your help. Please forgive past absent-mindedness, failures and neglect, and smile this way once in a while. Read not only this page, but also the other pages of the RECORDER. You will need to keep in touch with our work as a people, and you will find much instruction and inspiration which will help you on your way.

A Little Fun With the Composer.

You must not blame the compositor, whatever he makes the types say this week. With the rocks of Connecticut flying past the car window, and the iron greyhound sniffing his nostrils for a race at the rate of fifty miles an hour, hand-writing is not likely to be very legible. The faithful compositor is a long-suffering man (or woman as the case may be), and the few occasions when the trodden worm turns at last are but pleasant diversions from the steady routine of daily duty. Such phrases as "ecce horns", "clawbammen exigesis", and "them asses" are fragrant leaves to be laid away between the sheets of the big encyclopedia of memory to be smelled of in times when we need cheering up.

There are people who have ventured to hint that this editor's hand-writing is atrocious enough even under the most favorable conditions; but like the man who made excuses, we find great comfort in the statement of one of the typos that "Dr. Lewis's is worse". Pardon this light banter. There is a fourteen-year-old boy over there in the corner who heard us chuckle. He has pricked up his ears and is looking this way. If we can get him interested perhaps we can use this wadding to ram home a charge of good sound doctrine. Besides we are too solemn, anyway. Let us be natural. Smiles come easily when the heart is happy. A bit of fun brightens the home or the shop. Why not a stroke of humor in the prayer-meeting or in religious journalism?

And now I see some one getting behind a tree and saying, "That's all right. Your only mistake, Brother Editor, is in supposing that this which you are writing is humor. You'd better get behind that tree." Give me the man who smiles without a cause, on general principles, rather than he who casts a chill over the meeting by inquiring why things are not done differently.

The Bible: Speak It Out.

There are two striking features of the meetings at Ashaway which are noted by visitors when they drop in to the meetings. One is the Bibles carried by the young converts. An army of these young people take the front seats, and when reference is made to a passage of Scripture, there is a general fluttering of the leaves. Sometimes it takes a little time to find the passage, for some of the converts are comparatively new to the study of the Bible (and, indeed, there are some older ones among us who might spend some time in looking for the "book of Hezekiah"). It is a goodly sight to see the Bible handled and referred to in this way, and it presages a growing Christian life, if followed up.

The other feature is the clear, ringing character of the testimonies from the young people. A joyful testimony is worth more than

a lugubrious one; a confident witness has more effect than a doubting, faint-hearted one; a straight-forward word that can be heard is more heartening than a faint rumble like the far-off droning of a bee on a summer day. That is one trouble with many a prayer and testimony meeting. Christian Endeavorers, what we need is not more confidence in ourselves, but more confidence in God and in his message. It is good news; speak it out.

CRIME AND EDUCATION.

The ignorant races are by no means innocent races. Life and property are safer in Scotland than in Sicily, and though race and creed may be in part the causes, still the latter at least must be one of the results of comparative intelligence. Crime, more especially violent crime, seems on the whole to diminish with the spread of education, though it must be admitted that in some countries, especially France, there are ugly breaks in the completeness of the evidence. The stupid are often cunning, and there is in the ignorant a disposition toward violence, which the late Mr. Hutton, a keen observer of mental peculiarities, always traced to a consciousness of mental weakness, and its resultant, a wish to manifest strength in some direction, and so preserve self-respect. The educated are naturally better aware of consequences, and are, simply because they have been trained, less liable to be carried away by those fierce waves of excitement, the causes of which are still not completely traced. A Southern mob, composed of persons who really know little more than the beasts of the field, is capable of becoming at a moment's notice a crowd of atrocious criminals, a phenomenon constantly witnessed in the anti-Semetic outrages. The drunken rough, too, is more disposed toward outrage than the drunken gentleman, because the latter retains more completely some relics of intelligence. The evidence of those engaged in education is, we believe, nearly unbroken in the same direction. They tend, no doubt, slightly to dislike the stupid, who give them so much more trouble, and yield them no reward; but their experience is that of deeply interested observers, and they, as a rule, say that the intelligent among their pupils, and especially that class of the intelligent—it is only a class—which likes to be instructed, are on the whole, morally the better, are less influenced by the wish for excitement, and more disposed to dislike evil for its own sake. The stupid of both sexes have in them, they say, a latent tendency both to vice and crime which is not readily explicable, though we should explain it, as we have done in the case of Goudie, the forger, by dullness of imagination, and a consequent pleasure in anything which makes them feel more fully alive. That is, we suspect, the ultimate source of that sense of pleasure in crime which undoubtedly exists in a majority of criminals, or they would be fewer and much less readily detected and kept down.—*The Spectator*.

SOME DAY.

A kindly nurse shall come some day
To us, with solemn mien, and say,
"Tis time to go to bed and sleep."
And we, mayhap, shall sigh or weep
To leave our playthings and our play,
And pray a longer while to stay.
But she, unheeding our alarms,
Shall fold us close within her arms,
Until upon her mother breast
We sink at last to sleep and rest,
And wake to read in Angel eyes
Our welcome sweet to Paradise!

—*The Independent*.

Children's Page.

STORIES FROM OUT IN THE OPEN.

EDWARD BAMFORD HEATON.

To one who loves birds and the little wild beasts of the fields and woods, there often come curious scenes and traits of wild life. Some are sad, others laughable, and all instructive. As a rule our friends of prairie and forest possess a great deal more sense than we have given them credit for. They think, reason, and very often they are right in their conclusions. One day while at work in the meadow, helping the boys, I noticed a gray prairie mother-squirrel, trying to lead her family of half-grown copies of herself to a burrow of safety in a fence row. The hay was raked into windrows and the mother knew there would be no hiding for the little ones in the short stubble; and children, whether squirrel or bipeds, must play, you know. But hers had been born and raised in that meadow, and they were loth to leave it. The mother would start from the windrow and the youngsters would follow a rod or so and then dart under the hay. She would return and stopping a short distance from her children, sit straight up and give the peculiar squirrel whistle. The little fellows would peep out and finding the coast clear would start and follow mother another rod or two, and then dart under the windrow again. This was repeated a number of times. At last the mother's patience and love were rewarded, and all were safe in their new home. At intervals throughout the day I heard a joyful whistle from the fence row and knew it as that mother's song of triumph.

While on duty as a soldier, after the Civil War, as an officer at old Fort Kearney, I put up with the surgeon of the post. He, to while away the time, had made friends with a pair of little striped squirrels which had their domicile in the great chimney back, which ran up through the officers' quarters. He had gained their confidence and they would come at his whistle and eat from his hand. It was purely the result of kindness, for they had never been in confinement. In a grove to the north of my residence, a pair of fox squirrels had made their way from the little river a mile distant. The grove was dense. The border was a tangle of hazel, dwarf-dogwood, tall horsemint, goldenrod, and the various species of wild sunflowers. Within, the bitter-sweet and wild grape vines ran to the tops of the trees which averaged some fifty feet in height.

The squirrels had constructed three different leafy nests before I discovered them. I was really delighted when I found them, and took steps to win them into staying. This was by thrusting nubbins of corn behind the vines next to the body of the tree. Fox squirrels dearly love corn and soon made acquaintance with the nubbins. In due time they connected my presence with the corn and would peek over the edge of the nest down at me. So soon as I turned to go, down they would come to feast. This continued for several months until they became quite tame; when, alas, some fellow without a particle of sentiment, save for his own stomach, shot both of them, and afterward boasted of the achievement. The lover of nature has much to contend with, but his chief enemy is the shotgun.

While on an Indian expedition, in 1865, in the Yellowstone country, though young, yet

my men knew of my love of nature and would bring me specimens of anything curious they might find. One day they brought me a badger. Now the neck of a badger is larger round than the head, but it is mostly of loose skin. I managed to fasten a strap around it, to which I attached a halter chain. I then put him into the mess wagon. Out he at once issued and was hoisted back again, after being dragged a quarter of an hour. This experience was repeated several times. At last he became tired of it, and actually had to be lifted out of the wagon when we went into camp.

The nose of a badger is long and pointed; the teeth are as sharp as knives. He was caught on the headwaters of Cheyenne River, and by the time we reached the Boseman Crossing of Powder River I had progressed quite a good deal into his favor. I could stroke his back without his striving to bite my hand. The badger will live on roots and vegetation, but he dearly loves fresh meat, and the men generally kept him supplied with jack rabbit. When in camp he was taken out of the wagon and his chain fastened around one of the lower spokes of a wheel. His first work was to dig himself a burrow, and when he had gone the length of his chain, he would turn round and lie with his long nose at the entrance. One day while assisting to lay out old Fort Conner, my men made a match with a company which had brought some greyhounds with them. The wager was that the hounds could not drag him from his burrow. Nor did they. That badger cut the noses of the hounds until the men, to save them, took them away. I have no use for betting, but advantage was taken of my absence. I released him at that camp, leaving the strap around his neck. He presently burrowed out of sight and I saw my badger no more. This animal is, or was, common on those arid steppes, and cavalymen dread their burrows. A stumbling horse in battle is very dangerous.

Some of the small mammalia have the instinct of mimicry to a wonderful extent. To say that a person is "playing possum" has grown out of the opossum simulating death. But others understand this art. In my woodspasture, which is large, I had a pond made in a hollow. It winds in and out among the trees for quite a distance. One fine morning I found a dangerous leak in the dam. I knew at once that it must be the work of a muskrat. I stopped the leak and set a trap. The fourth morning I found him with his foot in it. Nevertheless he opened that hole three times after I had set the trap. Presently afterwards I found more signs farther up the pond where a muskrat had been feeding on the tender roots and stalks of calamus. I noticed while looking around that a piece of rotten wood was floating on the surface of the water. Gyp, our little dog, saw it also, and commenced a furious barking. It was a muskrat playing possum. It was interesting. I saw him at it a number of times afterwards. I set a trap in the calamus and caught a mink. He was certainly feeding on the tender calamus roots. Until then I had thought the mink entirely carnivorous. The muskrats must have come from the river, more than a mile away. There are turtles also, in the pond, which are there of their own accord. They too must certainly scent the water. The muskrat is not remarkably afraid of the face of man. In quite a large town of south-

ern Iowa, one day after a shower, which made puddles on the side of the street, I saw a muskrat come forth from under the sidewalk and take quite a play in the puddles. How he did splash and turn summersaults! He was in a rage of joy. Many watched him, but he was not meddled with, and when his fun was over he dodged under the sidewalk and went his way. The weather had been very dry for a month, and I suppose the muskrat was willing to hazard somewhat for the sake of a good bath.

Every farm should have a far-away corner of woods, either a natural or artificial grove. Let severely alone it would soon become a veritable college for the farm boys and girls where they could study natural history at first hand. Such study would supplement the books; nor would it be long before they could grade "perfect" in the nature about them. Everything would have its lesson illustrated by the objects themselves; even snakes and toads and their congeners, frogs and lizards.

At the siege of Vicksburg, while resting in my tent, I used to lie on my cot and watch the lizards sport along the ridge and eave poles. On the plains out West is a lizard commonly called the "horned toad". I have caught them and fed them flies. They are inordinately fond of flies. All our lizards are harmless, unless it be the Gila monster, of Arizona and Texas; and now there are naturalists who affirm them to be nonpoisonous.—*The Advance*.

A FEW DON'TS.

Don't buy food that has been in cold storage if you can secure fresh food; sometimes turkeys and fish are kept frozen for years. All fresh meat that has been frozen loses its firmness and flavor when allowed to thaw, which is necessary before cooking. Firm fish and fresh meat are essential to good and wholesome living. You will see offered for sale smelts and green smelts, and many housekeepers do not know the difference, which is just this: Green smelts are freshly caught; smelts not bearing this label are frozen. The frozen ones become tasteless and flabby when cooked. Don't buy foreign fresh fruits or vegetables when the natives are plentiful. Don't put celery in the refrigerator just as it comes from the market; wrap it in a wet cloth, then in a paper, and lay it on the ice until needed. Don't depend upon extra heat when you want water to boil quickly, but add a little salt to the water and watch the gratifying results. Don't throw anything away because it is too salty; add brown sugar until it is just right.—*Women's Home Companion*.

A FAR-REACHING LIGHTHOUSE.

A blinding beam of electric light, thirteen inches wide, is a new warning to ships of the dangerous shoals off Cape Hatteras. Diamond Shoal Lightship, No. 71, has been fitted with a 3,000-candle-power searchlight, the first of its kind ever placed at sea as a mariner's beacon, and it is expected to be visible forty miles, twenty-two miles further than the regular beacon lights of the lightships can be seen. The chief element in the effectiveness of the new light is found in the fact that, the lightship never being at rest, the beam of light will sway in a varying angle and always be distinguishable. If expectations are not disappointed, Sandy Hook, Fire Island and Nantucket Shoals will be equipped with similar electrical apparatus.—*Success*.

JENNIE GOODWIN WITHROW.

Mrs. Withrow died suddenly at Coronado, Cal., March 13, 1902. She was born at DeRuyter, N. Y., in 1838. Her father died while she was a little child, and she was placed under the guardianship of Dea. John Maxson, of DeRuyter. In his Christian home, and at DeRuyter Institute, she received both Christian culture and a thorough education. During this time she was converted and became a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church. After leaving DeRuyter she went to Des Moines, Iowa, and engaged in teaching. Here, in 1858 she married Hon. Thos. F. Withrow, a prominent railroad lawyer. He being appointed General Solicitor of the Rock Island road in 1872, they removed to Chicago. He held this position until his death in 1893.

Mrs. Withrow's brother, Hon. Henry C. Goodwin, succeeded Garrot Smith in Congress, and is remembered for his eloquence and philanthropy. Mrs. Withrow was deeply interested in many charities. One of her last was assisting her daughter in founding the School of Domestic Arts and Science, recently established in Chicago. She was greatly interested in, and one of the founders of, the Holiday House at Lake Geneva, Wis., for the benefit of poor children. The Industrial School of Unity church, Chicago, had her loyal support, and she was a member of several other charity and educational organizations. For some time she has been in delicate health, and was in California seeking restoration when death from heart failure came unexpectedly. One son, Henry Goodwin Withrow, died in 1896. Another son, Charles, of Bocas del Toro, Colombia, South America, and a daughter, Mrs. Lynder Evans, of Chicago, survive her. IRA J. ORDWAY.

MARCH 20, 1902.

HISTORY OF SUNDAY LEGISLATION.

In the new edition of "Sunday Legislation" Dr. Lewis includes an account of the Sunday laws passed in the different states of the United States between 1888 and 1902, thus bringing the history down to date from the time of the pagan Roman Empire, when, he says, compulsory observance of Sunday began. The Christian Church, becoming under the emperors a state institution, succeeded to the exercise of this regulating power. The Continental reformation made little change in the mediæval civil legislation concerning Sunday, but in England a new theory of observance was introduced and a distinct type of legislation developed. For the first time the injunction of the Fourth Commandment was held to apply to the first day of the week, and the sanction of legislation was found in divine authority rather than in the right of the state to regulate religious as well as secular conduct. Ever since Sunday laws have sprung from religious sentiment. The prohibitions of our laws are based on the idea that it is morally wrong to do certain things on Sunday. Legislation against the liquor traffic is, however, an exception. It is no more pertinent to Sunday than to any other day, except on grounds of expediency, because Sunday being a day of leisure offers greater opportunities for rioting and criminality.

The author's conclusion from his historical study is of special interest just at this time. He holds that the successful enforcement of Sunday laws has never been attained except

under a state church, that under a state church the "Continental Sunday" is inevitable, and that with the divorce of state and church regulation becomes illogical and contradictory. As a piece of secular lawmaking regulations which declare what is intrinsically good at one minute criminal the next, and make it a misdemeanor not to be idle a certain number of hours each week, cannot, he believes, stand the tests of logic and common sense. The worst evils of the present time will continue, according to Dr. Lewis, until idleness on Sunday is made permissive and not compulsory. The two alternatives presented to New York are strengthening the liquor traffic by enforced idleness on Sunday, or a new departure securing to every person one day of rest a week, which day being a matter for individual choice. These are radical views, but they are the views of a doctor of divinity. —*New York Tribune of March 24, 1902.*

OLD SAWS IN RHYME.

Actions speak louder than words ever do;
You can't eat your cake and hold on to it too.
When a cat is away, then the little mice play;
Where there is a will there is always a way.
One's deep in the mud as the other in mire;
Don't jump from the frying pan into the fire.
There's no use crying o'er milk that is spilt;
No accuser is needed by conscience of guilt.
There must be some fire wherever is smoke;
The pitcher goes off to the well till it's broke.
By rogues falling out honest men get their due;
Whoever it fits, he must put on the shoe.
All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy;
A thing of much beauty is ever a joy.
A half loaf is better than no bread at all;
And pride always goeth before a sad fall.
Fast bind and fast find, have two strings to your bow;
Contentment is better than riches, we know.
The devil finds work for hands idle to do;
A miss is as good as a mile is to you.
You speak of the devil, he's sure to appear;
You can't make a silk purse from out of sow's ear.
A man by his company always is known;
Who lives in a glass house should not throw a stone.
When the blind leads the blind both will fall into the ditch;
It's better born lucky than being born rich.
Little pitchers have big ears; burnt child dreads the fire;
Though speaking the truth, no one credits a liar.
Speech may be silver, but silence is gold;
There's never a fool like the fool who is old.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

HIDDEN BEAUTIES.

There are beauties in nature which are so striking that we see them at a glance. There are others which come out coyly, and with a kind of surprise. If we do not recognize them immediately we shall not find them by search. They are modest and shrink from a stare. They come upon us like an unexpected party of friends when one is out for a walk, or like a burst of thrush-song from a leafy tree. One of the pleasures they give is that of unexpectedness. All that is asked of us is, that we shall be prepared for them with eyes quick to recognize and sensibilities to appreciate. This requires training and exercise, and where one can have it, instruction. It is not enough to be told that a natural spectacle is beautiful; it is of advantage to have the particular shade or phase of beauty pointed out. The eye must be cultivated for form and color as the ear is for music. Thus we may walk all our lives along the aisles of galleries hung with scenes far beyond the powers of the great masters.

And, indeed, it is the same in religion as in art, the same in the spiritual as in the natural. "They have eyes but they see not, ears but they hear not." To appreciate spiritual

or moral beauty one must strengthen the faculty by exercise. As in nature there are beauties which arrest the attention at a glance, so there are pure, noble and generous acts which do; but there are finer, more delicate, more exquisite moral and spiritual beauties, a full appreciation of which is not always given. If we were to analyze the culture of the best society, the graces which make it charming, we would find that they are either genuine or simulated spiritual beauty. Beauty is from God. We may paint a flower, but it will only be attractive in the degree that it is true to the model which God gave.

CATCHING COD.

Once begun, codfishing on the Banks is incessant, and when the fishing is good the men rarely ever sleep. Awakened at 2 A. M. to fill their bait "kids", or tubs, they start at daybreak to lift these trawls and remove the overnight catch, rebaiting the hooks again.

There are about 3,000 hooks to handle, and this often occupies until eventide, when the boats row back. After unloading, the deck is piled high with the glittering mass of fish. To eviscerate this and stow it in the hold keeps them until midnight, when they snatch an hour or two of sleep. Some can go without sleep for a week, others will rub wet tobacco in their eyes, so that the pain may keep them wakeful a few hours longer. Others, again, will work till they drop from sheer exhaustion, and sleep as they lie, until aroused by comrades. A Chinese torture is to keep men without sleep, and "banking" does this to an extent to satisfy the most exacting Celestial. The men sleep in their underclothing; when above decks, they can never leave off their oilskins, for on the Banks it is rarely fine; mist and murk prevail, and the rigging and sails drip water always.—*Ainslee's.*

DELICACY OF SMELL.

Very careful experiments have lately been made to test the delicacy of the sense of smell in human beings. A series of solutions of five different substances was prepared, each series being so arranged that every solution was of half the strength of the preceding one. These series were extended by successive dilutions till it was impossible to detect the odors. The order of the bottles containing these solutions was completely disarranged, and the test consisted in the attempt to classify them by the sense of smell alone. An equal number of male and female observers were selected from the best apothecaries' shops, and each was required to arrange the bottles. The males were able to detect the smell of the nitrate of amyl in the solution of 1 part to 783,000 of water, and the females were able to detect in the solution of 1 part to 311,000 of water. The oil of wintergreen was detected in about the same proportion and to the same extent of dilution. There was, therefore, a very great preponderance in favor of the males as to the sensitiveness and discrimination of the sense of smell. This is certainly an astounding fact!—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

It is not growing like a tree,
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear;
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be.
—*Ben Jonson.*

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1902.

SECOND QUARTER.

April 5.	Saul of Tarsus Converted.....	Acts 9: 1-12
April 12.	Peter, Æneas and Dorcas.....	Acts 9: 32-43
April 19.	Peter and Cornelius.....	Acts 10: 31-44
April 26.	Gentiles Received into the Church.....	Acts 11: 4-15
May 3.	The Church at Antioch in Syria.....	Acts 11: 19-30
May 10.	Peter Delivered from Prison.....	Acts 12: 1-9
May 17.	The Early Christian Missionaries.....	Acts 13: 1-12
May 24.	Paul at Antioch in Pisidia.....	Acts 13: 43-52
May 31.	Paul at Lystra.....	Acts 14: 8-19
June 7.	The Council at Jerusalem.....	Acts 15: 22-33
June 14.	Paul Crosses to Europe.....	Acts 16: 6-15
June 21.	Temperance Lesson.....	Rom. 13: 8-14
June 28.	Review.....	

LESSON II. — PETER, ÆNEAS, AND DORCAS.

For Sabbath-day, April 12, 1902.

Golden Text:—Jesus Christ maketh thee whole.—Acts 9: 34

INTRODUCTION.

From the Epistle to the Galatians we learn that it was three years before Paul returned to Jerusalem, and that he spent some of this time (probably nearly all of it) in Arabia. What he was doing there we do not know; possibly he was preaching the Gospel, but it was more likely that he was engaged in meditation and study, fitting himself for his great work. The author of the Book of Acts makes no mention of this period of three years. We cannot be sure then whether he went away to Arabia before or after he began to preach in Damascus. Some writers prefer to regard the break as between verses 22 and 23; others as in the middle of verse 19. Compare the word "straightway" in Gal. 1: 16.

The disciples at Jerusalem were at first reluctant to receive Paul, doubting the fact of his conversion. His enemies heard of his coming, and he was obliged to flee from Jerusalem. He made his escape to Tarsus in Cilicia, and there Luke leaves him while he takes the opportunity to tell us something of the doings of Peter.

A new chapter would appropriately begin with the first verse of our lesson. It is possible that these incidents in Peter's ministry occurred before the time of Saul's conversion.

Verse 31, immediately preceding our lessons, gives a general summary of the condition of the church after the persecution had abated, and has no close connection with the context.

TIME.—Uncertain.

PLACES.—Lydda and Joppa. Lydda was on the road between Jerusalem and Cæsarea, about twenty-five miles northwest of Jerusalem. Joppa is on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, and is the seaport of Jerusalem.

PERSONS.—Peter and the Christians whom he visited. Æneas and Dorcas are mentioned in particular; also Simon a tanner.

OUTLINE:

1. Peter Restores Æneas. v. 32-35.
2. Peter Raises Dorcas. v. 36-42.
3. Peter Resides with a Tanner. v. 43.

NOTES.

32. As Peter passed throughout all quarters. It is to be noticed that the word "quarters" is printed in italics in the Authorized Version, showing that it is a word supplied by the translators. Many commentators prefer to supply the words "saints"—As Peter was passing among all the saints, he came to the saints at Lydda. The Christian religion has spread, and there are now communities of the followers of Christ in many places besides Jerusalem. It seems

probable that we have told us certain incidents that occurred on one of many journeys which Peter made. We may imagine also that the other apostles were going about in like manner. **Saints.** According to our modern usages this word is taken as a title for the apostles and other prominent Christians in past centuries, or else as referring to people of our own day who are exceptionally pious. Sometimes it is used as a term of reproach for those who are too good for this world. In this connection it is equivalent to *disciples*. Those who begin to follow Christ turn away from sins, and are, therefore, appropriately called holy ones; that is, *saints*.

33. A certain man named Æneas. In some editions of the Authorized Version this name is begun with E instead of Æ. It is accented upon the first syllable, and is not to be confused with the Trojan name Æneas, which has a slightly different spelling in the Greek. It seems very probable that Æneas was a disciple of Christ, although this is not explicitly stated in our text. **And was sick of the palsy.** This statement explains why he had been upon his bed eight years. The word "palsy" is now almost out of use. Translating this clause literally; we have "who was paralyzed."

34. Jesus Christ maketh thee whole. The present tense shows that the deed is already accomplished. The American Revision reads more accurately, "healeth thee." If not already a believer, Æneas must from this moment have trusted in Jesus Christ, or else he would not have attempted to rise. **Arise and make thy bed.** Do for yourself that which on account of your infirmity you have suffered for years others to do for you. By spreading the sheet upon his couch he would show his complete recovery.

35. And all that dwelt at Lydda and Sharon. Better, "and in Sharon;" for Sharon is not a town, but the large plain extending from Joppa to Cæsarea. Our author does not, of course, mean to say that every inhabitant in that region saw Æneas restored to full health and vigor, and become a Christian; but that the miracle became widely known, and that great numbers believed in Jesus Christ.

36. A certain disciple named Tabitha. The word Tabitha is an Aramaic word meaning gazelle; the word "Dorcas" is the Greek word of the same meaning. Doubtless she was called by both names, as some of her friends could more easily pronounce the Greek word and others the Aramaic equivalent. **This woman was full of good works,** etc. Although it is improbable that she was a deaconess or that she held any other office in the church, we may safely say that she was distinguished for Christian activity.

37. They laid her in an upper chamber. We are told that according to the custom of the Jews, burial might be delayed for three days anywhere except in Jerusalem.

38. As Lydda was nigh to Joppa. About ten or twelve miles distant. **They sent unto him two men.** Not that they expected a miracle, but rather that they desired comfort from him in view of the great affliction which the Christian community at Joppa had suffered in the death of Tabitha.

39. And all the widows stood by him weeping. They were very likely the poor of the church of Joppa who had been cared for through the generosity of this good woman. There would naturally be more dependent widows in that age than at present; for it was unusual for widows to remarry. **And shewing the coats and garments.** It is better to omit the article in our translation,

as it is omitted in the original; for they did not show all the garments which she made, but specimens only.

40. **But Peter put them all forth.** Compare the action of Jesus when he raised the daughter of Jairus (Matt. 9: 25), and of Elisha in 2 Kings 4: 33. It is natural to suppose that Peter had some other object than the mere imitation of his Master and the prophets of old. Very likely he felt the need of being alone with God while he prayed with great fervor apart from the influence of those who did not think of restoration to life as among the possibilities. **Kneeled down and prayed.** Although Peter did not pray, at least not outwardly and formally, when he healed the lame man at the gate Beautiful, the greatness of the present undertaking seems to require this additional token of utter dependence upon God. **Tabitha, arise.** Peter has now assurance that his prayer is answered, and so with confidence commands the dead body to resume the action of life. **And she opened her eyes.** Thus showing that she was alive, although she did not immediately obey the command of Peter. The circumstances connected with this miracle are similar, but not precisely the same, as those connected with the restoration to life by Jesus himself.

42. **And many believed in the Lord.** By the word "Lord" is evidently meant Jesus Christ. This miracle, like that at Lydda, became widely known and was the means of bringing many to a faith in Jesus.

43. **With one Simon a tanner.** The name Simon is strong evidence that he was a Jew. The fact that he was a tanner is very significant. According to the ceremonial law, one who touches a dead body is unclean. Peter has so far lost his rigid regard for ceremonial defilement that he is become the guest of one who is from his business continuously unclean.

IN THE SPIRIT.

The apocalyptic vision came to St. John, when, as he describes it, he was "in the Spirit on the Lord's-day;" not when his soul was in some mysterious manner separated from his body, but when his heart was in worshipful, loving touch with his Master, and so prepared for receiving the revelation which was granted. It was the only condition under which such a vision was possible, and it is the only condition under which worship can ever bring the full spiritual blessing which it is intended to bring.

There are many who expect church attendance of itself, or private prayer, to work a benefit in some semimagical way. They expect God to play on their soul and raise them to the ecstasies of religious experience, no matter what their attitude, much as a master musician might play on a great stringed instrument, first tuning it to proper pitch, and then bringing out the rich chords and the sweet harmony at will.

Then, because they leave the church or rise from prayer unmoved, they wonder that they have failed to receive all that they expected. But is it any wonder? God's promises are conditioned on our doing our part, and spiritual gifts demand spiritual receptivity and sympathy.

One can whip one's self to physical labor, and do it in a mechanical sort of fashion, without having any particular interest in it, but where the mind is involved one must be in the spirit of what is heard or done, if the result is to mean anything at all. The mind ordinarily cannot be shifted abruptly from temporal concerns to spiritual things, and the secret of unprofitable worship, whether public or private, lies most often in not being in the spirit of devotion, or in entering into it merely in a formal way, while the mind is busy with other things. There are mental states which insulate one from religious impressions as completely as a case of glass can insulate from electricity. It is not much wonder that, rising from the average newspaper, or entering the church with mind full of business, or of past or coming pleasures, one goes away without being able to feel that it was good to be in God's house. But when the sanctuary is entered in the spirit of worship the very air seems charged with the presence of the Lord, and private prayer becomes intimate communion with the Lord.

When one is in the Spirit on the Lord's-day, worship will not be a burden, God's house will not be neglected for any cause or no cause, neither will its service seem empty or formal; but, while the fullness of John's vision may not be granted, the glory of the presence of God becomes real, and the soul is raised and strengthened by its communion with the Lord.—*The Lutheran Observer.*

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Now for the Northern Magnetic Pole.

Sir James Clark Ross, nephew of Sir John Ross, is a British navigator and Arctic explorer, who served with his uncle and with Perry in their Arctic expeditions. He also commanded the Erebus on a voyage to the Antarctic regions in 1839-43, discovering Victoria Land, to which allusion has been made in the RECORDER. In 1848 he fitted out and commanded the Enterprise expedition to the Arctic regions, in search of Sir John Franklin.

During his search for Sir John, for several years he made observations and claimed to have discovered and located as nearly as possible the magnetic pole, since which time it has been thought by scientists that to have the point established where the needle would remain in a vertical position really would be of great value to science in the determining of terrestrial magnetism.

A Norwegian explorer, by the name of Amundsen, who was first officer in Gerlach's Antarctic expedition in 1897, has undertaken to find and locate the north magnetic pole. That pole is of such a size that, at present, it cannot well be removed. Mr. Amundsen has bought a small, staunch steamer, and forms a yachting party of a few men to be absent four years. A single vessel, a small crew of seven men, can hardly be called an expedition.

A set of meteorological instruments is being constructed for this special work, embracing a magnetometer, of an improved pattern. An instrument is also being made called an inclinometer and another a declinatorium. The astronomical and other instruments are being prepared under the supervision of Mr. Nansen, of the Fram, who is a scientist, and has explored much in northern regions.

Captain Amundsen has named his ship Gjoa, whatever that may mean—we guess it means great strength. The party is to leave next spring, and go by way of West Greenland to buy dogs; from thence to Lancaster Sound and to West Booth Island, that being the nearest place to where Ross said the pole was in 1831. Here he will make a cache or cairn, and then go to Matty Island to winter. The next spring he proposes to take with him three men, two sledges, and all his dogs, and go to the place pointed out by Ross, there build a comfortable snow villa for men and dogs, and settle down for a year for business and pleasure.

Observation stations are to be located in a circle and careful records made throughout that region during the summer. In the autumn (if there is one) two of the men and one sledge will return to the ship, and Capt. Amundsen and one man will remain at the villa during the winter.

Mr. Amundsen hopes to get the inclinometer and declinatorium so located that he can take hourly readings, by which he can definitely determine the central point. The next spring (1905) he will take fresh observations, return to his ship, and come home by way of the Northwest passage.

We have no inclination to be one of the number to engage in this frozen job, still we would like to know (believing as we do that the pole of the earth and the magnetic pole were at first on the same line) what terrible internal convulsions must have taken place

to separate these poles so far apart. Since the magnetic pole could not be unbalanced, there must have taken place a wonderful shifting "when the mountains were brought forth." As the result of great seismic disturbances the earth is shown to be "out of balance," and the North pole describes a circle of about eight feet.

"BUT these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and that believing ye might have life through his name. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name. His name was JESUS."

"FROM that time forth began Jesus to show unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day. But the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

"AND I give unto them eternal life: and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one."

Scientific Security.

A firm "belief" in "Jesus Christ"
Acts 16: 31.
Will reach within the "veil";
An "anchor" to secure the "soul"
Heb. 6: 19.
When "death" shall you assail.
Job 20: 23.

BOMBARDING THE WESTERN SKIES.

Of the original "public domain" there still remains unoccupied a very considerable part, comprising large areas in Nebraska, North Dakota, South Dakota, Oklahoma, and other states and territories. Unfortunately, most of this is too arid for agriculture. By the help of irrigation, great areas, otherwise unavailable for cultivation, have been transformed into veritable gardens, but other regions, covering hundreds of thousands of square miles, may never be made useful to the farmer because, as has been proved by careful investigation, the total rainfall, if every drop of it could be utilized, would not be sufficient to water more than one-twentieth of the land. If this fact could have been realized a few years ago, an immense amount of suffering and money loss would have been avoided.

Until very recently there existed a lamentable ignorance in the East as to the conditions existing in arid parts of the West. There has even been a reluctance on the part of the public to admit that any portion of the United States could be unproductive. The treelessness of the great plains was frequently declared to be due to the Indians, who were supposed to be addicted to the practice of burning the forests. Indeed, it was actually imagined by some that rain-fall would necessarily follow settlement. If people would move out into that part of the country, there must be rain. Anyhow, they could plant trees, which, it was believed, would bring rain. But in the arid regions trees cannot be made to grow.

With the extermination of the buffalo came the final conquest of the Indians of the plains. In 1874, the Comanches and Kiowas, who composed the hostile barrier as far north as Western Kansas, were reduced to submis-

sion, and at the same time the Cheyennes and Sioux were humbled. Then followed a great rush into the arid belt. Thousands of good houses were put up, and vast areas were surrounded with wire fences. Many people put their dwellings on wheels and moved them bodily into the new country. Crops were planted, and all signs seemed to point to prosperity.

The crops, indeed, grew beautifully in April and May, but in June and July hot winds dried them to a crisp. Naturally, great suffering followed and the plucky homesteaders, after two or three years of struggle, were compelled to abandon the farms.

When the distress came, appeals for help were made to the Government. Claims were actually presented in Congress which asserted that Uncle Sam having given the land to the settlers, it was the duty of the Government to water them and thereby make them habitable. Hence it was requested that the Government establish irrigation works on a large scale.

Finally, the situation being desperate, it was demanded that a bombardment of the skies be undertaken for the purpose of producing artificial rain. In 1892, Congress appropriated a large sum to carry out this scheme, and \$7,000 were spent in an experimental effort in Western Kansas. Explosives enough to stock a fair-sized volcano in active operation were shipped to that region, as well as sixty balloons, one hundred huge kites, a freight-car full of wooden mortars to fire bombs, and other apparatus. An arid plain was selected and the mortars were planted across it for a distance of about two miles. At suitable intervals of space the balloons were arranged for ascension, and a flight of kites were let loose.

The balloons were filled with one-third oxygen and two-thirds hydrogen, and each one was sent up under control of a double wire. When they reached the desired height, they were ignited by electric sparks, and the oxygen and hydrogen in them suddenly combined with terrific explosions; the two gases united to form water. At the same time, the kites, carrying loads of dynamite, were set off in similar fashion, and the mortars were all fired to add to the din. It was the theory of the men in charge that there was plenty of moisture in the upper air, and that the explosions would make a vacuum in the atmosphere, into which the moist particles would rush, causing condensation and precipitation. Unfortunately, however, the experiments were a total failure.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any.—*Samuel Johnson.*

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MARRIAGES.

ROBBINS—POWELL.—At the Robbins residence, in Hope-well Township, Cumberland county, N. J., March 18, 1902, by Rev. E. B. Saunders, Edmond D. Robbins and Lillian D. Powell.

ARMSTRONG—GORNEE.—In Alfred, N. Y., March 25, 1902, at the home of the officiating clergyman, Rev. J. L. Gamble, Mr. Frank Armstrong of Hornellsville, N. Y., and Miss Laura Gornee, of Elmira, N. Y.

DEATHS.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angels
Have evil wrought.
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel,
The good die not.

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given.
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in His heaven. —Whittier.

AYARS.—William S. Ayars was born at Marlboro, N. J., Oct. 16, 1834, and died at Shiloh, N. J., March 3, 1902.

He was married to Sarah E. Randolph Jan. 9, 1855; she died in 1893. Four children were born to them. In 1895 he was married to Miss Hattie Hall, who survives him. March 16, 1861, he was baptized and united with the Shiloh church, where he has since remained a very active and faithful member. For three years he worked at his trade, a mason, at Alfred, much of his time on the Steinhime. For nearly three years he served in the Civil War. Bro. Ayars was a man of unusual promptness and accuracy in all the details of his life, and greatly devoted to the church in all its appointments, especially the prayer-meetings. Until the last few months, on Sabbath mornings, half an hour before preaching service, Bro. Ayars has been one of a group of men who met with the pastor to pray for the services of the day. He "endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." In the absence of his pastor, services were conducted by Rev. Perie Burdick. His church, his family, and the community have sustained a great loss. E. B. S.

BURDICK.—Henry D. Burdick, son of Henry C. and Martha Coon Burdick, was born in Lincklaen, N. Y., April 18, 1833, and died in New Woodstock, N. Y., March 7, 1902.

He enlisted Aug. 8, 1861, in the 44th N. Y. S. V., Company D, and was elected Second Lieutenant of his company in October of the same year. He served the time of his enlistment with distinction. He was married Sept. 13, 1865, to Cornelia A. Armstrong, who, with three sons and a daughter, survives him. The oldest son, Rev. Leon D. Burdick, is pastor of our church at Marlboro, N. J. Bro. Burdick was baptized April 18, 1874, by Rev. Joshua Clark, and joined the DeRuyter Seventh-day Baptist church. He united with the Lincklaen church Nov. 11, 1882, and was elected Deacon Jan. 9, 1883, which office he held until his death. Services were held at his late home, near New Woodstock, N. Y., March 10, conducted by his pastor, assisted by Rev. L. R. Swinney, of DeRuyter, and Rev. M. V. Jacobs, of New Woodstock. Interment at DeRuyter. W. D. W.

RANDOLPH.—Barzilla F. Randolph was born Dec. 20, 1816, at Shiloh, N. J., and died near Bridgeton, in the same state, Feb. 2, 1902, in the 86th year of his age.

When sixteen years of age he gave his heart to Christ, and united with the Shiloh Seventh-day Baptist church. In 1839 he went to Berlin, N. Y., where, in 1841, he was married to Louis Davis, who died March 5, 1842. In 1844 he was married to Nancy Green. He united with the Berlin (N. Y.) Seventh-day Baptist church April 30, 1858, by letter from the Shiloh church. He removed to the West, lived for a time at West Hallock, Ill., also at Farina, but did not change his membership until Feb. 9, 1876, when he took his letter from Berlin and became a constituent member of the church at Hewet Springs, Miss. When it disbanded in 1896, he joined the Hammond Seventh-day Baptist church. He was loyal to the Sabbath. Two years ago he came back to Shiloh, very feeble with age. Two generations had gone since his boyhood days. He said he came to be laid to rest beside his mother in the Shiloh Cemetery. Services were held in the Shiloh church. E. B. S.

MAXSON.—B. F. Maxson was born in Rhode Island May 4, 1824, and died in Little Genesee, N. Y., March 12, 1902.

He was the youngest of twelve children of Capt. Benj. Maxson, and was the last of the family to pass from

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life. When a boy his people settled in Little Genesee, N. Y. In early life he attended the school for a time at Alfred. He studied law in Herkimer county, N. Y., and later practiced law for a number of years at Little Falls. Then he moved to Rochester, where he has since occupied a law office. His wife died last December. Since then his health has gradually failed. About two weeks before his death he came to Little Genesee, where he was cared for at the home of his nephew, Horace G. Prindle, till death claimed him. D. B. C.

PACKARD.—Mary A. Packard, daughter of Clayton and Harriet Davis Randolph, was born at Shiloh, N. J., Sept. 4, 1863, and died of pulmonary consumption, at Bridgeton, March 12, 1902.

She was married to Eugene H. Packard Jan. 12, 1881. He, one son and one daughter are left to mourn their great loss. During the pastorate of Rev. A. H. Lewis, with many others, she was converted, and on February 26, 1875, she was baptized, and united with the Shiloh church, where she has since remained a worthy member. When the end of the journey was near, she made all arrangements for her burial, choosing for the text the last clause in Matthew's Gospel, and the hymn which the children sang at the grave of Grandmother Swinney. She had cared for Mrs. Swinney much in her long illness. "Safe in the arms of Jesus." E. B. S.

COON.—In Lincklaen, N. Y., Feb. 5, 1902, Jeremiah S. Coon, aged 73 years.

Bro. Coon was the last surviving son of Solomon and Nancy Burdick Coon. He passed to his rest after many months of painful and patient suffering. Services were conducted by his pastor at the home, and at the Lincklaen Seventh-day Baptist church, on Sabbath, Feb. 8, 1902. W. D. W.

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The traveler who attempts to penetrate inland in the Antarctic Circle must needs depend on the provisions which he hauls with him, and, owing to the nature of the land, the elevation and the many gales which blow, he must take nearly double as much food with him to go a given distance as would be the case in the far North.

We, who were the first men to live for a year on the Antarctic continent, found these gales blowing over forty miles an hour on more than twenty-six per cent of the days, and our exact anemometers registered some gales that were blowing over one hundred miles an hour.

Under these latter conditions it was not only difficult to move, but difficult to exist. During our sledge journeys the gales often compelled us to lie idle under a snow covering, while the food continued to be used up. —Prof. Borchgrevink, in *The Independent*.

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MILL YARD Seventh-day Baptist Church, London. Address of Church Secretary, 46 Valmar Road, Denmark Hill, London, S. E.

SABBATH-KEEPERS in Utica, N. Y., meet the third Sabbath in each month at 2 P. M., at the home of Dr. S. C. Maxson, 22 Grant St. Other Sabbaths, the Bible-class alternates with the various Sabbath-keepers in the city. All are cordially invited.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS in Syracuse and others who may be in the city over the Sabbath are cordially invited to attend the Bible Class, held every Sabbath afternoon at 4 o'clock, with some one of the resident Sabbath-keepers.

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address, Rev. M. B. Kelly, 223 Jackson Park Terrace.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST SERVICES are held, regularly, in Rochester, N. Y., every Sabbath, at 3 P. M., at the residence of Mr. Irving Saunders, 516 Monroe Avenue, conducted by Rev. S. S. Powell, whose address is 11 Sycamore Street. All Sabbath-keepers, and others, visiting in the city, are cordially invited to these services.

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in their new church, cor. West Genesee Street and Preston Avenue. Preaching at 2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school at 3.30. Prayer-meeting the preceding evening. An invitation is extended to all, and especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in the city over the Sabbath, to come in and worship with us.

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THE Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square South and Thompson Street. The Sabbath-school meets at 10.45 A. M. The preaching service is at 11.30 A. M. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services.

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