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WHOLE No. 2984.

A MESSAGE.

M. E. H. EVERETT.

Sacred and sweet to-night the voices be
That call across the darkened skies to me,
I had sore need to meet some friendly cheer,
"Be of good courage, soul, 'tis better here."

"There shines the Morning Star with tender light
O'er many a thorny vale and rugged height,
But here the Son of Righteousness upsprings
And there is plenteous healing in his wings.

There fall the dews of Hermon, pure and free,
Instilling life in many a laden tree;
But here from the great Thorne those streams outpour,
That show the blessed they shall thirst no more.

There, patiently, he heeds his creatures' calls,
And in a desert land his manna falls,
But here is spread the supper of the Bride,
They hunger not who in these halls abide.

Wherefore, have patience, even to the end—
Which is a new beginning—mournful friend;
Since tears are not, nor sighing any more,
For those who enter in the open door.

ODIN, Pa.



Hindrances
to Denomina-
tional Growth.

THE third question suggested by the RECORDER for consideration at this time is as follows: "What have been the most serious hindrances to our growth and development in spiritual life from without and from within?"

An important part of the knowledge necessary to secure better results in the future is a careful consideration of what has hindered growth and development in the past. In the question given above, growth is meant to cover increase in numbers and in general denominational strength; while development in spiritual life is meant to refer primarily to the individual and through the individual to the denomination as a whole. Considering hindrance from without, we premise that these have been much less serious and much weaker than those from within. Those difficulties which Sabbath-keeping induces by way of ceasing business on that day have had considerable to do in preventing men of weak conscience and superficial convictions from uniting with us. But the strength which comes from increasing numbers is one of the less important features of denominational life. Considering what public opinion has been concerning the Sabbath question, there has not been ground for expecting large additions by conversions to the Sabbath from among those who have been reared in the observance of Sunday, or in no Sabbathism. The most natural source of growth in numbers has been by way of birth. Doubtless the most serious hindrance at this point has been created by the comparative lack of interest on the part of parents in teaching their children the importance and necessity of Sabbath-keeping. This hindrance has been induced by example and by precept. A

prominent reason for the existence of this indifference on the part of parents has been a lack of proper understanding of our real position as Seventh-day Baptists, and of the specific mission for which we have been kept alive. In so far as public teaching from the pulpit and from other sources has failed to emphasize the importance of our position and the value of Sabbath-keeping to Christian life, the teachers who have thus failed are in part responsible for the failure on the part of parents. While it must be granted that to a certain type of minds the claims of the Sabbath mean little, and that such persons will therefore hold it lightly and leave it readily, it must still be said that the prominent source of the lack of interest in our mission, and therefore of falling away from the Sabbath, must be found in the imperfect teaching of children in the home, and in the various public services of the church. If anyone doubts this, they have only to note the fact that those forms of religion, notably Judaism and Roman Catholicism, which lay greatest stress upon the teaching of children in matters religious BEFORE THEY ARE TEN YEARS OF AGE, present unparalleled strength along denominational lines. In a word: the most serious hindrance as to growth in numbers has arisen because the children of each succeeding generation have not been taught as intensely as they ought to have been the reasons for our faith and the paramount duty of remaining true to that faith. Two reasons then may be set down as serious hindrances to our growth in numbers.

(1.) The fact that children have not been sufficiently cultured very early in loyalty to our denominational faith.

(2.) That in the public mind generally there has been too strong prejudice on the part of some, and too great indifference on the part of others, to permit any strong convictions in favor of the Sabbath.



Development
of Spiritual
life.

THE consideration of this thought must be primarily personal and individual, but the same principal which applies to the individual applies to the denomination and finds expression in the united lives of individuals. We believe that a prominent, if not the most prominent and serious hindrance at this point, has been the imperfect conception we have had of the relation which Sabbath-keeping sustains in the larger and better sense of that term to spiritual life. We have not risen far enough above the idea that Sabbath-keeping is mainly a physical rest, or

a comparatively unmeaning ceremony. Too much importance has been laid upon the question of what might or might not be done by way of action, on the Sabbath, and not enough importance upon what one must be in heart and soul toward God, in order to proper Sabbath-keeping. We have not exalted the Sabbath as God's representative in time and in individual life.

This lack of the higher and better conceptions has led to a correspondingly low estimate of the value of public religious services and of their relation to spiritual life. These comparatively low conceptions of the Sabbath and of Sabbath-keeping have been forced upon us by the low estimate which the world in general has placed upon Sunday-observance. For two centuries there has been a growing tendency to think of Sunday as a rest day merely, and, therefore, the rapid development of holidayism to the destruction of religious regard. We have, consciously or unconsciously, felt the influence of this surrounding mass of opinion, the effect of which has been to create a similar conception of the Sabbath on our part. It is enough to say that a higher and better conception of Sabbath-keeping as a state of the heart rather than as a state of idleness or activity touching the hands has been a prominent influence in hindering our development in spiritual life.



Superficial
Emotion.

ANOTHER cause which has hindered the development of deeper spiritual life has been the tendency to rely upon occasional periods of emotional excitement for the temporary revival of spiritual life and of religious feeling. While religion must always deal largely with the emotions, true spiritual life is much deeper and more enduring than the average experiences which are associated with what has been known for a century and a half as "revival work." This is not said to condemn such work, but to indicate its inefficiency in developing the deeper permanent spiritual life of the church. He who thinks himself to have attained great heights in spiritual attainments because he has become greatly excited and keenly emotional, must learn that in addition to these the deeper convictions of duty and of loyalty to truth must form the abiding and permanent elements in spiritual life. Here again our main hindrance is from within; and while this hindrance has not been peculiar to Seventh-day Baptists, a just conception of our work and missions as Seventh-day Baptists should aid much in securing this deeper and more

permanent development of spiritual life. Hence it goes without saying, that if we would make the future better than the past has been, the importance and permanence of our mission must be given a higher place. This importance and permanence are found in the value to the church in general, of Sabbath-keeping and of loyalty to God's laws quite as much or more than to ourselves alone. To confine that importance and value to ourselves only is self-destructive. We are not living to perpetuate a denomination, but to exemplify and spread abroad a fundamental and important truth. The question of growth in numbers is the least important question to consider. The question of a broad, deep, and abiding spiritual life which finds expression in loyalty to the Sabbath and to Christ is the ever-present and supreme question. Our future will be successful in proportion as we rise toward these larger considerations and attain to this deeper spiritual life.

The Religious Decline.

A WRITER in the current number of World's Work summarizes many facts gathered from the statistics given out by Dr. Carroll, and from other sources, touching the religious decline in the Protestant churches in the United States. That such a decline in the growth in numbers is almost universal cannot be denied. That a corresponding decline in contributions of money for religious purposes is also prevalent must be admitted. The latter fact is the more surprising because the business interests of the country are more prosperous than for many years before. The RECORDER calls attention to this fact with the hope of inducing a careful study of the situation on the part of its readers. We do not believe that such decline indicates the death of Protestantism nor a permanent breaking down of Christianity; but it is significant enough, and unfortunate enough, not only to be chronicled but to demand a careful study on the part of all religious leaders. If the causes which have produced this decline can be discovered, and prevented in the future, it is a high duty resting upon all to secure this knowledge and the consequent prevention. As the RECORDER has suggested before, one prominent cause of this decline is the growth of no-lawism in the churches and the increase of Sabbath-lessness which comes from disregarding the true Sabbath, and from the inevitable development of holidayism in connection with Sunday. Whatever destroys the sense of personal obligation toward God, in the matter of religious duty, creates such results as now appear in Protestant circles. When the element of Divine authority is removed from religion, the sense of obligation and oughtness disappears from the human heart, and lawlessness results.

Enforcement in Sunday Laws.

IN Massachusetts and New York the question of enforcing Sunday laws continues to be prominent. The efforts that are being made, like all similar efforts for the last fifty years, involve many contradictions and much inconsistency, as well as no little difficulty. This arises in part from the fact that most of the efforts, even when set on foot by religious people, soon become involved in political and local issues. Prominent among such

involving questions is the fact that the enforcement of Sunday laws is left largely to the police force. When the force is involved in questions of bribery, and in the entanglements of the liquor question and the social evil as it has been in New York for a long time, the efforts to enforce the Sunday laws against respectable business soon become a farce. This fact is illustrated by two articles which appear on other pages, showing the situation in Boston and elsewhere.

The state of things set forth in those articles ought to be carefully studied, since it indicates not only the results which come from the efforts to enforce present laws, but because it is pushing public opinion, through experience, toward radical changes in Sunday legislation. Probably the Sunday laws will be removed soonest by the efforts made to enforce them.

The Linguistic Quarrel at Athens.

IN the translation of the Gospel, Mr. Palli, a Greek merchant living in England, already known as the translator of the Iliad, writes Prof. Rufus B. Richardson, of the American School, at Athens, in the International Monthly for May, followed the linguistic principles of Prof. Psichari, of Paris, who is considered the leader of that energetic coterie among the Greeks which is trying to make the demotic language, that is, the language spoken by the common people, into a literary language. This effort exasperates the larger part of the educated people of Athens, who are desirous of proving to the world that the language of Demosthenes and Xenophon, so far from being a dead language, still survives in its essential features in modern Athens; that it is still not only written but spoken in the Chamber of Deputies, on the street, and in the house. And so by a counter effort they have brought it about that two styles of talking as well as of writing are in vogue in Athens. A Greek host will talk to a foreigner, who, perchance, has worked up Greek from a handbook, in a language which both of them handle fairly well; and the stranger takes great satisfaction in the consciousness that he has learned to talk Greek. But if the host has occasion to turn and give some directions to a servant, he uses language of which the well-taught foreigner knows next to nothing. But this language, which sounds to him like so much Choctaw, is also Greek, and when he has occasion to go down into the older parts of Athens to buy queer red shoes or old souvenirs, he finds that he must learn this kind of Greek also if he will make himself intelligible. One who knows only the high style Greek, the so-called "pure Greek," is much worse off when trying to converse with the working classes than a cultured clergyman from New England would be when confronted with rough miners of Nevada who "don't pan out on prophets," and who answer his serious questions with, "I pass that, pard." The influence of the public schools and of most of the newspapers is on the side of the "pure style;" and under this influence its area is constantly enlarging. It is quite likely that it will at the same time that it approaches more and more the classical model gain ground steadily, and will ultimately become the normal language, at least of the cities. To the linguist, there is something peculiarly interesting in this reactionary movement

which is forcing a language back to an ancient standard from which it has departed. The standard is in this case a language so noble, and the bearer of such a noble literature, that one may well wish the movement Godspeed, especially as the vulgar language contains neither such a wealth of picturesque phrases as do our own Negro dialects, nor the quaintness of the Scotch. The only valid claim which the demotic has to be spared is that it is a natural growth, or, if one must say it, a natural deterioration.

SOME UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLES IN HISTORY.

VI.

RECAPITULATION.

1. Our investigations thus far have shown that history, considered abstractly, is a dynamic process, a development, in which all the parts are joined by necessary, natural, and organic connection. We have also found that this process of evolution results from a potentiality, from within.

2. This abstract definition has nothing to do with the character of the potentiality which is developed. It does not take into consideration the value of the process, for good or for evil. It simply indicates that some power is expanding and unfolding in events. The definition and the process apply alike to all germs, whether good or bad, divine or human, tending upward or downward.

3. Our investigations have shown that secular history is an evolution of the false germ, sin. Man creates this power by disobedience. Secular history, considered alone, is, therefore, exactly opposite in character to what history would have been without sin. The method of development is essentially the same, though the character is widely different.

4. In the fourth place, we have found church history to be a secondary species of development, arising from the work of God in seeking to save men from sin, and restore them to purity and holiness. It is a re-creation, or a re-vivification of the spiritual life of man. It is a duplex process, an uprooting, and an implanting. It is a conflict. It is comparatively imperfect, wanting in symmetry and uniformity. Such is the earthly side of church history. In the next or heavenly stage of our existence it will become perfected. This double process, the conflict of good and evil, appears equally in denominational history.

5. Each of these concrete processes in history springs from its own germ. Neither potentiality can produce the other. "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." Nevertheless these proceed side by side, and are interwoven. The greater or divine element involves the less, and in the end will overpower it. As a whole, the power of church history is, therefore, the greater, and through its divine potentiality it is destined to subdue and break in pieces all opposition. The final end will be serene triumph and complete victory in eternity. The same results come in denominational history, unless people are unmindful of their place and mission, and unfaithful to their sacred trusts. Seventh-day Baptist history will go forward or end according to this universal law.

TESTS IN HISTORY.

It now remains for us to seek for those tests by which we must proceed in investigating any historic process. In the present case we will not stop to inquire for each specific test,

but to say in passing that the general test in secular history is *disobedience to the law of God*. Whatever form this may assume it belongs to the one germ of evil. Everything which comes from such a source should be classed with secular history. Accepting or rejecting events and principles by that rule, one could not fail to make a proper outline or a just analysis of secular history. This germ of disobedience is the one destructive element in denominational history.

The duplex nature of history, with its complex outworkings, its uprooting and implanting, its conflicts, its ebbing and flowing of events, makes it impossible to reach any intelligent conclusions without an ever-ready test. Thus only can we decide what is true and what is false. To enter the field of church or denominational history without some guide would be like wandering upon the field of a fierce battle in the darkness, with no light to direct our steps, no shield from thick flying dangers, and no means by which to distinguish friends from foes.

For want of a proper standard, men exploring the same field come to widely different and antagonistic conclusions. If one man tests by present phenomena alone and another tests by phenomena in the past they cannot harmonize. If one uses his own impulses, preferences, desires or reasonings, or all combined, his conclusions will be unlike the conclusions of another, who, following in the same path, tests the material by such preferences or desires as may chance to exist in his mind. Hence the absolute necessity of some test outside of personal choices or prejudices.

Equally unwise and unsafe is it to collect facts and events without discrimination, and call them history. They may be rehearsed in a most pleasing way and in proper juxtaposition, and yet mislead entirely. He who writes thus is only a chronicler. He is no more a true historian than is one a musician who possesses a score of instruments without the skill to combine tones into harmony or awaken the music which sleeps in reeds and strings.

REVELATION THE GENERAL TEST IN CHURCH AND DENOMINATIONAL HISTORY.

Keeping in mind the definitions of sacred and secular history which have been given, the reader will readily see that divine revelation is the normal test in church and denominational history. And since the Bible is the written history of God's revelation and of its development in the world under different phases, it must be the essential test in such history. The Holy Spirit should always be sought to aid in understanding what the Bible teaches; but the written Word must be the *ab extra* test. The student of church and denominational history should therefore enter upon the investigation of these with a clear conception of the nature and aims of what the Bible teaches. This conception must involve both the Old and the New Testaments. In church history as often treated men deal mainly with Christianity, but Christianity is by no means wholly the product of what is called the Christian Dispensation. All that went before the earth-life of Christ was a part of the system which he revealed more fully than it had been revealed. Judaism was more than a preparation in the sense of a forerunner. It was an organic part, a root out of which the later

religion of Christ grew, by a normal process of development. Therefore it is only when one has obtained from the history of the Jewish dispensation a knowledge of the earlier portion of the field, and only when guided by correct tests he has traced the development of truth through that dispensation that he is ready to enter upon the later stage, Christianity. The same is true of denominational history. At no point can the present history of a people be understood, or their future history be apprehended, unless the beginning of their history, and the cause which gave them birth, be taken into account. This is the reason why the RECORDER begs pastors and others to re-study our history at this time.

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S MESSAGE.

I am forever urging on my young friends the study of that critical page near the beginning of Robinson Crusoe where he divides the leaf by a vertical line, and on the left-hand side writes evil in large letters, while on the right-hand side he writes good. There is a little story of mine, now forgotten by all but the author, in which the experience of Robinson Crusoe, on the first of September, in the year 1660, is translated into the customs of Boston in the nineteenth century. Will the reader have the goodness to take his own experience for to-day and make his own translation of Robinson Crusoe? Robinson Crusoe's evil column begins, "I am cast upon a horrible, desolate island, void of all hope of recovery." His good column says, "But I am alive and not drowned, as all my ship's company was," and it proved that the desolate island produced almost spontaneously almost everything which Robinson Crusoe needed for his life.

Now, dear reader, your evil column would probably begin, "The news man left the Argus, instead of the Tribune, at the door this morning." Your good column will begin with, "Breakfast was on the table at quarter of eight, with coffee from Mocha, with sugar from Cuba, with silver spoons from Montana, with baked apples from Sherborn, with linen table-cloth from Ireland, with silvered knives from Sheffield, with carnations from Tewksbury, with beef from Texas, with butter from Yellow Springs in Antioch, and so on, and so on. And at the bottom of the two columns, if the day is long enough for my reader to write column number two, he will write with a gold pen and gold ink, made from the diggings at Cape Nome, Sterling's fine lines:

He finds that Nature gives us more
Than all she ever takes away.

If this particular reader of mine will turn himself in some such method to look up into the infinite universe of God, instead of looking down into his own footprints in the mud, I think he will grow into the hope of a consistent optimist, and, to begin with, he may write this in his diary for his next birthday, which he will find in one of Dr. Hedge's sermons, "A consistent optimism is at the foundation of all religion."—Congregationalist.

ASSOCIATE yourself with men of good quality if you value your reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.—George Washington.

THE earth is full of tragedy and life is full of pathos.—Henry Vincent.

Prayer-Meeting Column.

TOPIC FOR MAY 16, 1902.

The quotations given here are from The American Revised Edition of the New Testament, copyrighted by Thomas Nelson & Sons.

Theme—Christianity the True Source of all Reform.

Matt. 5: 13-16.

13 Ye are the salt of the earth; but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men. 14 Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. 15 Neither do men light a lamp, and put it under the bushel, but on the stand; and it shineth unto all that are in the house. 16 Even so let your light shine before men; that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven.

Eph. 6: 10-20.

10 Finally be strong in the Lord, and in the strength of his might. 11 Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. 12 For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the principalities, against the powers, against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places. 13 Wherefore take up the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and, having done all, to stand. 14 Stand therefore, having girded your loins with truth, and having put on the breast-plate of righteousness, 15 and having shod your feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace; 16 withal taking up the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the evil one. 17 And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: 18 with all prayer and supplication praying at all seasons in the Spirit, and watching thereunto in all perseverance and supplication for all the saints, 19 and on my behalf, that utterance may be given unto me in opening my mouth, to make known with boldness the mystery of the gospel, 20 for which I am an ambassador in chains; that in it I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak.

These are days when calls to reform are heard on every side. The necessity for thorough and radical changes in social, business, and political circles is too apparent to be ignored. On the other hand, many efforts for reform are little more than failures, because they are superficial and start from selfish and unworthy purposes. Since Christianity embodies the will of God concerning man, and requires those things which are for the highest good of all, it is the only logical and efficient source of reform. All true reform is from within and must come from spiritual cleansing. The deeper purposes of men's lives must be right, or life will not be right, however much it may be hemmed in or suppressed by enactments and surroundings. All character is a product of the heart, the development of the deeper purposes of the soul. It is doubtful whether anything of permanent value in reform is ever attained except through change of heart and purpose. Such change comes through the union of Divine and human efforts; and the willingness of men to accept Divine help is a controlling factor in all reform. God does not force men into obedience by outward pressure. In these and in similar truths is found the deeper meaning of the lesson for the evening. On this basis the history of the world shows that permanent reform, whether on the part of individuals or nations, must start from religious sources. Anything less than this is certain to lead men farther into the slough of disappointment and failure.

HE that will believe only what he can fully comprehend, must have a very long head or a very short creed.—C. C. Colton.

A WANT of individuality is the most dangerous sign in modern civilization.—John S. Mill.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

War on the Beef Trust increases. President Roosevelt is moving to stop the illegal use of public lands in the West for pasturage. It is well known that the Cattle Trust has inclosed millions of acres of Western public lands by wire fencing, which is not in accordance with law. It is believed that if this practice can be broken up it will go far toward destroying the power of the Beef Trust. The movement ought to be pushed. The cattlemen are at Washington in force, with their attorneys, protesting against this order of President Roosevelt. They say that actual bloodshed will result if the order is carried out. The question promises to take on still larger proportions, and the fight may be carried into Congress by Representatives from the Western States. It is announced that the Department of Justice at Washington will push its work in compelling cattlemen to cease the illegal use of public lands.

It was announced on the 30th of April that a combination is being sought between the beet-sugar men and others to thwart the purposes of the Government concerning Cuba, the Philippines, and the Isthmian Canal, in order to favor the beet-sugar interest. Such a combination would be almost treasonable.

Prof. R. A. Fessenden, the inventor of a new system of wireless telegraphy, will receive and transmit all his Government business by wireless system between Roanoke Island and Cape Hatteras hereafter.

A severe tornado devastated Granbury, Texas, and vicinity about the 28th of April. Eight deaths are already reported, and nearly fifty others were injured, most of whom will recover. In Glen Rose, a village near Granbury, thirty-three buildings were totally destroyed.

The New York Tribune of Wednesday, April 30, has an editorial on Obsolete Laws, which are illustrated by a late effort of the Protestant Alliance to expel Jesuits from England, under an old act passed in the Reign of King George IV. In the course of that discussion the Tribune speaks of Obsolete Laws in the United States as follows:

When some busy-body comes forward, as recently happened in Boston, and demands the enforcement of forgotten Sunday laws, or mischief-making policemen arrest butchers supplying Saturday-keeping Jews with their Sunday meat, as in New York, magistrates feel bound to enforce vigorously the law brought to their attention. On the other hand, when cases, like the Sunday golf case in Yonkers, recently, go to juries, they generally refuse by their verdicts to compel obedience to laws which violate their sense of reason and justice.

The Woman's National Sabbath [Sunday] Alliance has publicly condemned the Daughters of the Revolution who started from New York for the Annual Meeting of that body in Denver, Colorado, on Sabbath, April 19, and continued their journey on the following Sunday. Their itinerary also included an excursion to Colorado Springs and the Garden of the Gods on Sunday, April 27. The Alliance also condemned Governor Odell, of New York, for starting on his Southern tour upon Sunday, the return of President and Mrs. Roosevelt from New York to Washington on Sunday, and King Edward, of England, for attending a Sunday concert.

Reports from the southwestern sheep-raising section in New Mexico say that thousands of sheep are dying and that the grasshoppers have already made great havoc in that section. The drowth is severe.

On the 30th of April, because of the accident to a deaf and dumb elevator boy, a panic occurred in the cigar factory of Harbinger, Homan & Co., of Philadelphia. Twelve hundred persons were at work in the factory at the time, 90 per cent of whom were girls from twelve years old upward. A false cry of fire started the panic; eight girls and young women were killed, three were fatally injured, and at least half a hundred were injured more or less.

It is said that the minority on the Committee having Philippine matters in charge, under the leadership of Mr. DuBois, of Idaho, is trying to secure the summoning of Aguinaldo and other leaders of the insurrection in the Philippines to testify before the Congressional Committee. Upon the 30th of April the Senate Committee on the Philippines decided not to call them.

The Government of Denmark, through the Rigsdag, which represents both Houses of Parliament, has reported in favor of the sale of the Danish West India Islands to the United States, providing the people of the islands decide in favor of such sale, through a popular vote. Probably these various movements on the part of those opposing the sale will do little more than delay the final result.

William H. Moody, the new Secretary of the Navy, took the oath of office May 1. Ex-Secretary Long has returned to his home in Massachusetts.

Strikes among workmen engaged in the building trades were quite common on the 1st day of May. Six thousand men were out at Pittsburg, and minor strikes occurred at many other places.

It is announced that the proposed Louisiana Purchase Exposition, in St. Louis, will be deferred until 1904.

On the 1st of May, an imposing monument was unveiled at Ephrata, Pa., with extensive and appropriate ceremonies, in the presence of several thousand people, in the old Seventh-day Baptist Cemetery, formerly known as "God's Acre." The monument is a beautiful granite shaft, forty feet high, and is a memorial to Continental soldiers who died there from wounds received in the Battle of Brandywine. They were nursed by the Zionistic Brotherhood, now Seventh-day Baptists, who own the Zion Hill plot where the interments were made. The shaft was quarried from property once owned by John Adams and his son, John Quincy Adams, the second and sixth Presidents. The inscription reads: "Sacred to the memory of the patriotic soldiers of the American Revolution who fought in the Battle of the Brandywine, September 11, 12, A. D. 1777. About 500 of the sick and wounded were brought to Ephrata for treatment. Several hundred died and were buried in this consecrated ground. *Requiescat in pace.*"

LOWER LIGHTS.

For Christ and the Sabbath.

2 Cor. 4: 6.

COMPASSION ON THE MULTITUDE.

Who can define that word compassion? Pity, love, yearning to save, are all included. It is a question how much of what we call, and think we feel of pity is genuine. A minister was visiting some of his country parishioners, accompanied by his wife. As they left a scene of distress, she said: "How sorry I am

for that family!" Her husband being very practical, and a man of action, promptly stopped his horse and said! "How sorry are you?—two shillings worth?"

The lady, thus taken by surprise, was brought face to face with the fact that she really had pitied them very little; though she promptly produced a piece of money from her purse, and was the better woman for it. Do we pity the poor in their hovels, the middle class in their cottages, the wealthy in their palatial homes who are hungering for the bread of life enough to pray, give, suffer for them? Christ "had compassion on the multitude." Christ said: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

We must love, also, those who are strangers to us, who are the enemies of Christ. That class includes the little unkempt, saucy urchin in the streets; the tramp who comes begging at your door; the thief, the counterfeiter and the murderer in the jail; all misguided ones, wandering through this world of sin who need a Saviour. Love the sinner, but hate the sin. Someone has said that the greatest word in our language is love,—love is more than a word; is a great living power. "God is love." We ought to be so filled with love that it will overflow and bless the universe. We have a great truth entrusted to us; let us see to it that we are filled with the love of God so that we can live it in such a way that it will appear inviting to others, and that we may be able to present it in kindness and gentleness. A great preacher of our times has said:

"Some people hold the truth, but in such a cold, stern way that it will do no good. Other people want to love everything, and so they give up much of the truth; but we are to hold the truth in love; we are to hold the truth even if we lose all, but we are to hold it in love; and if we do that the Lord will bless us." If we feel that we have not as much love for the lost as we ought to have, let us pray for a greater outpouring of the Holy Spirit; for we know that "the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Spirit." Rom. 5: 5.

Have we a yearning to save the lost?—such a burning desire that we are willing to go anywhere, to make any sacrifice for them? We feel that we ought to speak to the stranger who sits next us at church about her soul. We begin to make excuse. We have not been introduced; perhaps she will be offended. Conscience keeps prompting: "Ask her if she is a Christian." Finally we make a compromise, saying if she meets us half way we will speak to her. At the close of the service the stranger hesitates, looks wistfully and turns away. Everyone seems afraid of her and no one greets her. The next time she will go to a warmer-hearted church, and those who have neglected her will carry home a burden,—they have not done what they could. They have not been faithful to the trust given by our Father and the promptings of the Holy Spirit. Such ones take one step aside from the path which Jesus trod.

A deacon once told his dream. He had been to Heaven and an angel had shown him his crown. There were no stars in it, and he remarked upon the fact. He dreamed the angel answered: "Richard is to be a star in your crown. You must bring him in." Richard was his son-in-law, a drinking man, and a scoffer

at religion. Weeks had gone by since the dream, when he was telling it. He firmly believed it to be a Divine commission, and that his mission was to seek to save Richard. He was asked: "Have you talked with Richard about his salvation?" "No, I am waiting for an opportunity." "If his house were on fire would you wait for an opportunity to tell him of it?"

"No," said he, hesitatingly. "Yet he is in much more danger,—danger of eternal death. If he starts on a trip in the morning (he was an engineer,) you have no knowledge that he will return alive, that you may have any time in which to warn him of his eternal danger."

Dear reader, let us work "while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work;" and if we would work the works of Christ, we must have compassion not only on a few sinners, but on all who are involved in sin; on the multitude.

ANGELINE ABBEY.

THE BOSTON IDEA OF SUNDAY.

There are some people who like to live in Boston, but even they must have been a bit discouraged last Sunday. The Boston Sunday laws are curious to read. They must be still more curious to experience. For instance, one must not sell these things: Candy, fruit, soda water, bread, meat. Nevertheless, under certain restrictions, which are easily surmounted, one is allowed to sell malt liquors, vinous liquors, spirituous liquors, cigars. When such regulations are kept on the statute books for the benefit of antiquaries they have an undoubted value. When they are resuscitated and begin to walk up and down and to and fro they affect one as disagreeably as the dead men in the Rime of the Ancient Mariner.

In the first place, they are part and parcel of the Puritan Sunday. No other race in Christendom has had such a Sunday. The Italians have never had it. The Germans have never had it. The Scandinavians have never had it. It was left to the English Puritans to insist upon regarding the first day of the week as the Hebrew Sabbath and to turn a day of worship and innocent enjoyment into a day of worship and gloomy ugliness. For that service the Puritans have received as much praise as Cadmus for his letters or Prometheus for his fire. Yet of all services that they rendered to humanity their Sunday was surely the least. It still warps and hardens the characters of hundreds of thousands of people.

In the second place, if the intention of the law was to put a stop to unnecessary work on Sunday (which, when looked at from the physical, rather than the religious point of view, is not a bad intention), it seems odd, "most powerful odd," that the rigor of the enactment should be exercised upon candy and soda water, while liquors and cigars are treated with tender consideration. Last Sunday there was no way in Boston of buying ice cream soda. There was an easy way of buying high balls. All one had to do was to go to a "hotel" and order up a sandwich which was likely to look "too good to eat." When one thinks of these hotel sandwiches it does not seem impossible that five thousand men might be fed with five loaves and two fishes. The case then was this: In honor of the Lord's-day, the city of Boston closed up practically all its places of business except cigar stands and hotel-saloons.

The natural question arises: Why? The answer of the fanatic is: "Because it is the duty of municipal officers to enforce all the laws on the statute books." It is not the duty of municipal officers to enforce regulations affecting personal conduct which the people have outgrown, regulations which were in conformity with public sentiment when first put into effect, but which do not reflect public sentiment at this time.

It is not the duty of municipal officers to insist upon obsolete laws, the enforcement of which irritates and exasperates the people by interfering with their innocent amusements or habits of life which are inoffensive when measured by the standard of this age. A law which forbids the sale of soda water on Sunday is a bad, sumptuary law and should not be enforced. The municipal officer who enforces the law or kindred laws is only seeking to make it odious. But he makes himself odious at the same time.—Chicago Tribune, April 23.

THE UNIVERSAL HOMESICKNESS.

Can any of us hear at any time the haunting refrain of that human song, "I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger," without a curious response in the soul? Does not this essentially express the underlying consciousness of us all, even in our sunniest and most prosperous hours?

Our religious speech is not homely enough. Let us not talk of palaces and thrones and dominions. What the spirit of man wants is home. The highways and the high seas are well enough in their place; but what is their place? They are there to lead us home.

For myself I want—and here I am not singular, but know well that I express the universal heart—not fame, or power, or wealth, but that spirit, on the large and permanent scale, in eternity, in the universe, which I remember when I was a little child, and the fire glowed on wintry evenings, and the tea-urn sang on the table, and my mother's voice was crooning some sweet hymn; when the world of care was shut out—as if it were not—and the world of love was shut in.

Poor, forlorn and homeless creatures, we want but one thing in this lonely universe—alas! it is not to be found in this world but for a season in early youth—we want the atmosphere of a comprehending sympathy, the tone of welcome.

The Christian gospel has done three things for us, the magnitude and value of which few of us can at present realize. 1. It has defined the homeland. 2. It has lit up the long seas with shimmering paths of light which mark the way home. 3. It has brought into our hearts the experience and foretaste of our home; and has thus made even the land of our exile rich in visions, and the house of our pilgrimage jubilant with songs.

Mind you, it has emphasized the fact that life is an exile. It has written over the door of our dining chamber this reminder. Each meal is taken in remembrance, "Till He come." We sit down girt, holding the pilgrim staff. For the haste of the journey does not allow us to settle down or to rest. But who minds the exile, if the homeland and the way home are defined?—Robert F. Horton.

I HAVE lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.—Adam Clarke.

THE BABY'S NURSE.

"Yes," said Mr. Hillier, as he carefully dug around my pansy bed, "O, yes'm, I've seen elephants in India many a time. I was stationed at one point, with the English army, you know, where I saw one who used to take care of the children."

"Take care of the children! How could it be? What do you mean?"

"Well, he did, ma'am. It was wonderful what that elephant knew. The first time I made his acquaintance he gave me a blow that I had reason to remember. I was on duty in the yard, and the Colonel's little child was playing about, and she kept running too near, I thought, to the elephant's feet. I was afraid he would put his great clumsy feet on her by mistake, so I made up my mind to carry her to a safer place. I stooped to pick her up, and the next thing I knew I had had a knock which sent me flat on the ground. That elephant had hit me with his trunk. One of the servants came along just then and helped me up, and when I told him about it, said he, 'I wonder the old fellow didn't kill you. It isn't safe for anybody to interfere with that baby when he has it in his charge. I have you to know that he is that baby's nurse.'

"Well, I thought he was just saying it for sport, but sure enough, after a while the nurse came out with the child fast asleep in her arms, and what did she do but lay it in the elephant's trunk as though it had been a cradle! And the great fellow stood there for more than an hour watching that baby and rocking it gently now and then!

"He was real good to the other children, too. It used to be his business to take the family out riding. The Colonel's lady would come out and mount to her cushioned seat on his back, and then one by one the three children would be given to the elephant, and he would hand them up to the mother nicer than any nurse or servant could, you know, because he could reach, and knew how to do it. O, an elephant is an uncommonly handy nurse when he is trained to the business, and faithful, I tell you. You can trust him every time."—Pansy.

BARRING THE LIGHT.

Standing or kneeling on the sidewalk were a group of boys intent upon a game of marbles. One little urchin, with knuckles on the chalk line, suddenly raised his head to call out to a companion, "Stand out o' my sunshine, can't ye? I can't half see what I'm aimin' at when you shut off the light."

We went on our way, laughing at his earnestness, yet with a wish in our sore hearts that his admonition could reach a wider circle. For in the great game of life that busies us all—tangled, complex life—there are so many who are barring the light. They watch the work that is going on around them, and by chilling indifference or contemptuous comment shut out the sunshine of hope and courage, and so spoil many an aim that might else be true.

If we cannot help, at least let us stand out of the sunlight, and not throw our shadow over those who need clear vision and a steady hand for the task before them. There are many people, good people, of whom, if their friends dared to ask what they most desire, it would be: "Stand out of our sunshine, and don't shut off the light."—Selected.

Missions.

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

FROM S. R. WHEELER.

The work has gone along about as usual during the past quarter. Sabbath services are kept up without interruption, although my old enemy, La Grippe, gave me a prolonged visit in the month of March. Bro. Wardner Williams, of Denver, occupied the time one Sabbath, to the edification of the people. One Sabbath Bro. D. C. Ring read one of President Allen's sermons. On another Sabbath my son, H. N. Wheeler, read another of President Allen's sermons. These were Baccalaureate sermons, found in the Memoirs of our late beloved President J. Allen, prepared by his bereaved wife. The people enjoyed these grand, soul-inspiring sermons; also it did the young men good to serve the church in this way.

It is evident that Boulder is increasing its population, with the prospect of a large increase in the next few months. Some of our people are being attracted by the unusual movement. Some fifty derricks can be seen within two or three miles of the city. Many other companies are organized to go to work as soon as possible. The oil is the very best quality, but it lies about half a mile deep in the earth, requiring time and expense to get it out.

As the city enlarges we trust our people will have a share in the general prosperity. It is a good time for others to come in and take advantage of the advancement in all lines of business. There is growing room for doctors, dentists, and artisans of various kinds.

We are keeping the church work going, believing that the church is becoming more thoroughly rooted and will in due time grow to great strength and usefulness. Thanks be to God for his wonderful goodness to us during the past quarter.

BOULDER, Colorado, April 10, 1902.

FROM E. H. SOCWELL.

The quarter just closed has not been characterized by any interest of special importance, and our church affairs continue very much as in the past. Our Sabbath service and Sabbath-school are usually well attended, but bad weather has prevented holding services several times during the quarter, and at one time all religious services were discontinued in our village by reason of scarlet fever.

Our prayer-meeting is not as well attended as it should be, but we have very interesting and profitable meetings, which are a great help to those who attend.

A large number of our young people are away from home, many of them at Milton attending school, which so decreased the number of our young people that our Y. P. S. C. E. meetings have been discontinued temporarily, but will be resumed in the near future.

During the quarter we have visited almost all of our families and several families among First-day people.

I still preach each Sunday evening in the Baptist church to attentive audiences, which are now increasing in size since the cold winter evenings are past. I have tried to do all I could for the advancement of the religious interest of this field, but I see very much more

that needs doing badly, and have plans laid for this personal work in the future.

NEW AUBURN, Minn., April 11, 1902.

FROM A. G. CROFOOT.

I think it was a wise move on the part of the Missionary Board to assist the Cartwright church at this time in securing a pastor. The members of the church seem to appreciate what is done for them and to enjoy the services of the church. They repaired and remodeled the parsonage at quite an expense last fall, but it was not finished. Now they expect to finish by painting the outside. They have a good prosperous Sabbath-school under the Superintendency of Mrs. Rosa Williams and an able corps of teachers.

A series of meetings was held in the United Brethren church, in which I assisted the pastor, preaching for them eight times. It was a time of seed sowing in which we learned our needs. For the size of the village there are but few active Christians. So many of our people live in the country that they did not get as much benefit from the meetings as we were in hopes they would.

We have organized a Junior C. E. Society and hope to train the children for "Christ and the church."

We have had a mild and pleasant winter. There is some good land for sale cheap near here. Seventh-day Baptists seeking homes might do well here and would be gladly welcomed by those who are here. It is a good grazing country and there is a well patronized creamery here in the village.

We realize that this is missionary ground, and ask the prayers of the Board that the blessing of God may rest on our labors.

CARTWRIGHT, Wis., April 10, 1902.

FROM R. S. WILSON.

I send in my report for this the first quarter of 1902, which has been a very interesting one in some respects. We have been rained out more at our church the past quarter than ever before. We have not preached but two sermons at our own church the past quarter, it being rainy almost every Sabbath when I was at home. The Sabbath-school has kept up very well all the while. I have made two trips to Cullman the past quarter, spending seven days on one trip and fourteen on the next, making in all twenty-one days. The first trip was made at a time when there were floods of rain, and we did not do very much work, but on our last trip we held three good meetings with congregations from 50 to 100. Bro. McCarley is very much encouraged as he thought the people were becoming more friendly toward us. The minister who preached at Alexander School House tried, and partly succeeded, in keeping the people away from our meetings, and when Bro. Ashurst was on that field he always had to preach to very small congregations; and it has been so with us till our last trip. It seems that the Missionary Baptist minister has lost his grip. There was one old gentleman by the name of Baker, who lived near the church who had not been to church in ten years, and he came to hear us twice, with his wife and children.

Because of previous arrangements I cannot go back to Cullman in April, but I promised to go once a month after April, the rest of the year.

You asked me in a letter how many families had moved from Cullman to Attalla; only

one, Bro. Hawkins and family. They seem to be very well pleased here. Bro. McCarley says if he can sell out he will come next year. I believe by my moving to town we will have better congregations, as I have found a great many who say "we did not know when your meeting days were," and now say they are going to come to church. I believe we shall have our part of the hearers, if I can only have time to go around and get better acquainted.

ATTALLA, Ala., April 9, 1902.

FROM D. W. LEATH.

I waited till after Sabbath before sending my report that I might collect more missionary money. Our regular appointments and prayer meetings have been well attended, all things considered. Our congregation ran lowest in the day-time services of our protracted meeting. The weather has been so bad we have not extended our efforts to adjacent communities, but anticipate doing so when the weather is good. We have had the deepest snows and severest weather for many winters. We hope to soon greet you at the Association here.

Oh! how sad is the loss of Peter Velthuysen. If God called him to go to West Africa, I believe he will wear a martyr's crown. I have an interest in those missions, and I can pray for them as I never prayed for missions before. We ought to have colored people to go there; they can better stand the climate.

SALEMVILLE, Pa., April 8, 1902.

THE JOURNEYING OF BIRDS.

It is now abundantly established that migration is mostly carried on at night and further, mainly during clear nights. Only a comparatively few species, such as ducks, cranes, certain large hawks, swallows, swifts, and nighthawks, migrate during the daytime, and these, it will be observed, are either rapacious birds or mainly those that enjoy such power of rapid flight as to be relatively safe from capture. All the vast horde of warblers, sparrows, finches, flycatchers, thrushes, and woodpeckers, as well as many waders and swimmers, migrate at night. On clear, still nights during migrations birds may often be heard calling to each other high overhead, and may be actually seen by powerful telescopes. Woods and hedgerows that were untenanted one day may become fairly alive with birds at daylight the next morning, showing that they have arrived during the night. They remain to feed and rest during the day, and, if the weather be favorable, may practically all disappear the next night. That they only venture on these journeys during clear nights is shown by the fact that on such nights very few birds are killed by lighthouses, monuments, or other obstructions, whereas on cloudy or rainy nights, especially such as opened clear and later become overcast, thousands of birds become confused and dash themselves against these obstructions. Thus over 1,500 birds have been found dead at the base of the Bartholdi Statue in New York Harbor in a single morning, and 230 birds of one species—black poll warblers—were killed in a single night (Sept. 30, 1883) by the Fire Island Light. The Washington Monument, although not illuminated at night, causes the death of hundreds of birds annually.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

WHEN we see the dishonor of a thing, then it is time to renounce it.—Plutarch.

Woman's Work.

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

THE BEST WE HAVE.

Christ claims the best. He in the far-off ages
Once claimed the firstling of the flock, the finest of the
wheat,
And still he asks his own with gentlest pleading
To lay their highest hopes and brightest talents at his
feet;
He'll not forget the feeblest service, humblest love;
He only asks that of our store we give to him
The best we have.

Christ gives the best. He takes the hearts we offer,
And fills them with his glorious beauty, joy and peace,
And in his service, as we're growing stronger,
The calls to grand achievements still increase.
The richest gifts for us on earth, or in the heaven above
Are hid in Christ. In Jesus we receive
The best we have.

And is our best too much? O friends, let us remember
How once our Lord poured out his soul for us,
And in the prime of his mysterious manhood
Gave up his precious life upon the cross.
The Lord of lords, by whom the worlds were made,
Through bitter grief and tears gave us
The best he had.

—Selected.

WE call attention to the Report of the Woman's Society for Christian Work of the Plainfield church, and we hope to have similar reports from other places. Such accounts not only aid churches where such Societies already exist, but will be of great help to those desirous of organizing for work. In writing of your Society please be particular to state what committees you have and what work you are doing.

THE head-master of Harrow, a famous English school, said recently that when he wanted a thing done conscientiously, intelligently and carefully he gave it to a woman to do. Perhaps it is for some such reason as this that New York now has women on five of its School Boards as well as on the list of School Inspectors. One of our own women, Dr. Anne Langworthy Waite, holds a position as Inspector; and, if we are correctly informed, has three schools under her charge.

The position of Ambulance Surgeon has hitherto been held by men alone, but Dr. Emily Dunning has just passed the required examinations, in which she ranked fourth, and has been appointed Ambulance Surgeon of the Gouverneur Hospital, of New York. She is the first woman in America to hold such a place. Her position gives her the rank of Sergeant of Police, and also gives her official power to make arrests when necessary. Her duties begin Jan. 1, 1903, and her appointment is for eighteen months.

REPORT OF WOMAN'S SOCIETY, AT PLAINFIELD, N. J.

At the Annual Meeting of the Society for Christian Work, in October, 1901, Mrs. Geo. Babcock was re-elected President; Mrs. D. E. Titsworth, Vice-President; Recording Secretary Mrs. A. T. Maxson, and Treasurer Mrs. F. A. Dunham, were re-elected; Mrs. T. B. Titsworth was made Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. L. T. Rogers and Mrs. T. C. Smith, Auditors.

As a tribute to our faithful Treasurer, Mrs. F. A. Dunham, I wish to say that she has held that position since this Society was organized in 1889, twelve years and a half, and was Treasurer for several years in the old Missionary and Tract Society.

Our routine of work is much the same as last year. Sewing meetings are held once in two weeks, and business sessions once a month, at which reports are received from the various Committees—Missionary, Tract,

Entertainment and Visiting. A Board of Directresses plan and prepare the work for sewing. In the early part of this year we spent some time in making up goods that had been donated for the African Mission and on Jan. 8, an all-day session was held, and ladies from the New Market church responded to our invitation to lend a helping hand, and 35 finished garments was the result. To quote from our RECORDER report, "The day was one of joy to all, each finding a blessing in service for others in His Name." The number of African garments made in all was 98.

We have missed the familiar face of our President this winter from our sessions, but her place has been most efficiently filled by our Vice-President. Our Committees have been faithful and willing, ready for whatever their hands found to do, as all of you can testify in the devotion of the Tract Committee to the labor assigned them, who, by special efforts, have raised the sum of \$188.75 (this sum was raised and used toward relieving the debt of the Tract Society), with a promise of still more.

Our Missionary Committee are longing for a call for a box to be packed and sent to some worthy family, that they may have something to do. Noting in the RECORDER the death of a brother minister in Oklahoma, leaving a family of a wife and five young children, we wrote, making kindly inquiries as to their needs. In due time an answer came that they were well supplied with clothing, but needed a home. Since that was beyond our power to supply, we turned disappointedly away. We are auxiliary to the Woman's Board, and all work of this kind is with their co-operation.

Our membership numbers 62; two have found new homes and two have been added in their places. We have 8 non-resident and 22 honorary members. Our ranks have been unbroken by death, for which we are thankful, but one of our members still lingers in the invalid's room, and another is passing through deep sorrow. To them we extend the hand of Christian sympathy and pray our loving Father to sustain and comfort.

Our receipts from April, 1901, to April, 1902, have been \$466.26; our expenditures, \$436.63. To Missionary Society, \$100; Tract Society, \$267.75; Woman's Board, \$5; Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association, \$20; and to a church beneficiary, \$26. Each local charitable organization has a representative from our Society, who reports at every monthly meeting the work being done, and money collected from our church. Last year we gave \$31 to Children's Home; \$22 to Woman's Christian Temperance Union; \$48 to Relief Association; \$13 to McAll Mission; \$15 to Hospital; \$10 to Needle Work Guild; \$30 to Young Woman's Club; a total of \$169, and making a sum total of \$635.26 raised for distribution. This was for last year. Our obligations this year are not yet completed.

That we have been able to be the alimoners to this extent is largely due to your generous aid, for which we most sincerely thank you, and trust we may ever prove worthy of your liberal support. To the men of the church and congregation, who a few weeks since so materially reimbursed our empty treasury, we tender our hearty "thank you," and assure you of our appreciation of your efforts. To our new pastor and his family we offer our

cordial greeting, and trust they will find us ever ready and willing to aid them in their labors of Christian service.

Respectfully submitted,

A. T. MAXSON, *Rec. Sec.*

APRIL, 1902.

SMILE, once in awhile,
'T will make your heart seem lighter;
Smile, once in awhile,
'T will make your pathway brighter.
Life's a mirror, if we smile
Smiles come back to greet us;
If we're frowning all the while
Frowns forever meet us.

ARE you one of those thoughtless, gentle slanderers who, whenever they hear that some man has been at wrong-doing wisely remarks, "Well, I expect, were the truth known, there is a woman at the bottom of it."

I, myself, am convinced by observation that men seldom do strange and unusual things without a strong incentive and that incentive is nearly always, directly or indirectly, a woman. But I have observed with both eyes open and I see that there are two sides to this question.

Look about you at the men who are living truly successful lives. Read the histories and learn the forces that have operated to give the world so many imperishable names. Scarcely a man has ever achieved honorable distinction in the world but has attributed his success to the good and gracious influences of a mother or a wife or both. A mere list of the names of such men would fill many pages of this magazine. Respecting the honesty, the integrity, the faithful adherence to high purpose and lofty ideals that have given them a place in the hearts and the histories of a people, they all gladly set forth, in their own choice of words, the one great truth that "a woman was at the bottom of it." But the unfortunate ones who stand on the gallows, or are shut in the cruel jails for life, does any one of them dare to tell you it was a woman's precept or example placed him there?

The merchant at his counter, the clerk at his desk, the carpenter at his bench, the farmer following the plow, the sailor on the broad sea,—all men everywhere are made more true and kind and faithful and manly because of the influences received sometime and somewhere from women. A woman is nearly always better than her environment. Her virtues are inherent, her wrongs are usually borrowed from the lords of creation.

So, bear it in mind, whenever you may see a monument reared to perpetuate the memory of some world-worshipped name that while there is pretty certain to be a man at the top of it you may rest assured that there is "a woman at the bottom of it."—Good Cheer.

SAUNTERINGS IN THE SOUTH.

A VOYAGE.

Setting sail for a voyage at sea always makes an appeal to the imagination. It suggests unknown experiences and untried perils. However often one may have taken an ocean voyage, he can be sure that the one on which he is just embarking will supply new and fresh impressions. A journey by rail has in it a large amount of certainty. There may be an accident, but there will probably be none, and the journey will be concluded in safety and with much the usual course of events. Even different routes by rail do not vary very

much in their features or the scenery through which they take you, always excepting a few railways like those which pass through the White Mountains, or the Alleghenies, the Rocky Mountains or the Selkirks.

But the sea is never the same. Pass over the same route as often as you will and you still find something new. There is a fascination about the sea which keeps your curiosity always alert. You can hardly spare time for eating because you are quite sure you will miss something you would like to see.

The pleasures of watching the sea overbalance the discomforts of cold and wet, and keep one on deck when it might be better to remain in saloon or state-room. In a land journey the interest is in what you pass through; on the sea it is in what comes to you, especially the ships. No two are alike, or have the same sails set, or behave the same in the sea. There are some visions I have seen at sea which will remain with me as long as memory lasts, like that great steamer in mid-ocean, plunging into the waves of a rising storm, and rising over them, dashing aside the billows of foam with a spring of triumph and exultation, like a strong and resistless living thing battling with its enemies. Then that beautiful yacht sailing into the harbor of Newport, with its pure, white hull and sails and the gleaming copper of its bottom, making a perfect picture on the blue sea under the blue sky. From an esthetic point of view it is a matter of regret that the changes of modern commerce are driving the full-rigged ships from the sea. Anyone who has ever seen one of this vanishing race with every stitch of canvas set and drawing well in a good sailing breeze will never forget the beautiful vision.

It is the uncertainty of the sea, as well as the complete change which it affords, which makes a voyage the quickest means of obtaining rest from work and worry. When the ship casts off from the wharf neither letters nor telegrams nor telephone calls can reach you. The most exigent demands of business must wait until the voyage is ended, and you settle down into an apathetic if not an easy conviction that whatever is going on in your usual haunts you cannot do anything to help or hinder. Even on shipboard you can worry if you like, but you are so well aware that it is useless that you will probably find some relief at once; and as the sea presses its claims on your attention you will forget to worry, and will rest, in spite of your conscientious efforts to keep your mind on your work.

To the many who can afford neither the time nor the money for a voyage across the ocean, there are many enjoyable coast-wise trips now open. The sea service of the lines of steamers along the Atlantic coast of our country has greatly improved within a few years, and is attracting a larger and better class of travel. Formerly, with the exception of some trips of a single day or night, few traveled by lines along our coasts except for reasons of economy, but some of the steamers are now as large as many of the vessels on European lines, and are as finely fitted as the best. Twenty-eight years ago I crossed the Atlantic on the Abyssinia and returned on the Algeria, both of the Cunard Line, and they were among the best ships of that time. The voyage which inspires this scree was taken in the good ship Gloucester of the Merchants' and Miners' Line from Boston to Norfolk, and by a curious coincidence the size

of the three vessels was exactly the same, 3,000 tons, while the fittings of the latter are as comfortable and the service as good as on the modern steamships of the trans-Atlantic lines.

As a rest for tired brain and a restorer of jaded nerves a calm and pleasant day at sea is rarely equalled. Even the steady thrumming of the propeller lends itself to the soothing monotony of the day. The impression of the sea which has been gained from reading reports of storms and wrecks is only true of its exceptional moods. It is as unfair to judge the sea by these reports as to assume that the murders and thefts and violence which the papers also record are the usual and habitual features of our social and family life. The happiness and comfort which you find in your home affords nothing of special interest for publication, nor does the beauty of a quiet day on the sea call for journalistic comment with heavy head line. A terrible accident, the dishonesty of a church member and a storm at sea are among the things which supply the reporter with a good "story," but only because they are uncommon. The frequent is commonplace and uninteresting except to the observer of the finer and more delicate shades of nature and of life.

Even sea-sickness is not the worst thing in the world, although it must be admitted that it feels as if it were. But it is seldom fatal, and usually is soon over, and many an overworked digestive apparatus has been thankful for the relief afforded by a timely fit of sea-sickness on the part of the person whose interests it was faithfully trying to serve. I would not be understood, however, as recommending sea-sickness as an infallible cure for indigestion, but sometimes it is not the unmitigated evil it has been supposed to be.

To me the chief value of a voyage at sea is in the deep and solemn impression of God which comes to my soul in the quiet and loneliness of the great waters. The writer of the twenty-ninth Psalm had a personal experience of the wonders of the mighty deep. In the whirl and worry of our modern life it is almost impossible to secure that quiet of soul and time for meditation which we need without sometimes getting away from the usual currents of life. Even our Saviour was accustomed to withdraw from his labor for others and from the fellowship of his disciples that he might sometimes have quiet seasons of holy meditation and prayer alone. How much more do we need the same seasons of refreshment and renewal in our spiritual life. When properly used, the isolation of a voyage at sea may bring blessing and strength to our souls. We then have an opportunity to calmly review our relations with our God, to sanely and quietly consider if in the hurry of daily life we have stepped out of the right way, and like the mariner, correct our spiritual conditions which have been reached by the dead reckoning of daily life, by fresh observations of the Sun of Righteousness. For want of these seasons of careful and quiet revision in their religious lives many have been led far astray by a too constant use of the usual standards of the times, and have been wellnigh shipwrecked in the currents of worldliness.

Therefore take a sea voyage if you can, or go to the deep woods or in some way and sometimes take time to get alone with God.—*The Watchman.*

ZIONISM AND ITS AIMS.

What became of Israel's ten tribes has been one of the long-standing questions. The future of the Jew and of the land that once was his has been of no less interest. The developments of the last few years have done much to turn the thoughts of the world to that subject.

For half a century various Jewish philanthropists have had a hand in schemes for helping colonies of their people in Palestine. The system relieved the needs of the poor, but it did not cultivate self-reliance. It was not crowned with any striking degree of success. Jews in other lands were not attracted in any great numbers. The prospects were that their condition would improve where they were.

But on the contrary, matters took a turn for the worse. A spirit of fierce opposition to the Jews showed itself in one European country after another, and they were denied liberties that they had enjoyed. Return to Palestine became the dream of Jews in Roumania and Russia, and the idea spread.

In 1895 the problem of his people was weighing on the mind of Dr. Theodore Herzl, of Vienna, a Jewish play-writer and newspaper correspondent. He was moved to write his views in a pamphlet for private circulation. The outcome was the publication of his book, "The Jewish State." He advocated a migration, and sketched a Jewish National Parliament, council and business organization. The book roused the most violent opposition and the heartiest enthusiasm. The movement thus started swept its author along with it. He suddenly found himself made a leader, while some of his own ideas were changed. He had favored a migration, but would have accepted South America as its goal. But the current set toward Palestine, and Zionism became the name of the cause that claimed him as its head.

In a short time it has gained great prominence. Beginning with 1897 an annual Zionist Congress has been held. Zionist Societies have multiplied in many lands. A Jewish Colonial Trust has been formed in London to have charge of financial matters. The movement is furnishing a means for quickening a sense of national unity. The leaders have as their ideal a large Jewish community in the land of their fathers, with entire freedom as to the internal administration of its affairs.

Among the enthusiastic supporters won to the cause of Zionism has been Israel Zangwill, well known by his writings, which have pictured Jewish life with such powerful and lifelike touches. His writings reflect the spirit that animates the movement, and point out the possible solutions of some of the practical difficulties that must be met before its ideals can become reality.—C. E. World.

BOYS AND BALL ON SUNDAY.

One puzzling phase of the Sunday laws has just been brought up simultaneously in New York City and Buffalo—the proper attitude of the authorities toward boys who play ball on vacant lots the first day of the week. The laws prohibit all "public sports" on Sunday, and this would clearly cover a professional game of baseball. But is it a "public" performance for some boys to get up sides and have a game of ball in some place where they do not disturb the public peace? The courts

have decided that it is not a violation of the law to have ball-playing on private grounds, with the consent of the owner, holding that to constitute a violation the playing must "seriously interrupt the repose of the community," to quote the language of the Penal Code. A vacant public lot raises another question, as there is no owner to give or withhold permission, and this puts a responsibility upon the authorities which is lacking in the former case. Shall the police arrest boys who are playing ball on unoccupied ground? That is the practical issue. Commissioner Partridge was asked for an opinion the other day, and replied that if citizens complain of annoyance from such playing, the police must stop it. The sheriff of Erie county answers a similar question by saying that the law does not make any distinction as to kinds of ball-playing, and that he must take the same position toward all kinds.

Practically, the matter will be settled in the long run by the operation of public opinion. Most people do not think any harm is done by boys playing ball on a vacant lot Sunday, provided they do not "interrupt the repose of the community." Not a few clergymen are ready to say that they think the boys are much better off when so employed than when forced to sit around doing nothing or left to take the chances of organizing some form of mischief. The Rev. Dr. O. P. Gifford, a leading Baptist minister of Buffalo, openly takes the ground that such playing is a kind of recreation which is good for the boys, and not bad for the community. When people come to feel in this way about a law, it is not going to be enforced with rigor for any length of time. A sheriff in Buffalo may for a while insist upon breaking up every group of boys who are tossing a ball around, but it will not be long before there will be a milder rule. In this city the police evidently are not expected by their head to make arrests unless complaints reach them, and the number of people capable of making such complaints in cases where the boys disturb nobody is so small that many youngsters will have a chance to enjoy innocent fun. The public sympathizes with the aim of the law in forbidding sports which will cause disturbance, but it recognizes that this is one of the cases where "the extreme of the law is the extreme of injustice."—New York Evening Post.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The progress of wireless telegraphy continues to interest the public mind, and the past week has recorded two or three interesting items of news relating to the subject. Signor Marconi is again at work on this side of the ocean, and work is to be pushed on the Nova Scotia station at Table Head. Meanwhile the full text of his agreement with the Government of Canada has been published, and its provisions certainly indicate expectation on both sides that wireless telegraphy on a commercial basis is near at hand. Canada agrees to pay \$80,000 toward the erection of a station in Nova Scotia and to accept the Marconi Company's messages for transmission over the Government's telegraph wires at as favorable terms as are given to anyone; the company agrees to send messages between Canada and Great Britain as cheaply as between Great Britain and the United States, and at rates which shall be at least sixty per cent. less than those now charged

on cable messages. Provision is also made for the free use by the Canadian Government of the wireless system for lighthouses and life-saving stations. A curious statement comes from England, that the Admiralty, which has employed the wireless system in naval maneuvers with excellent result, is inclined to oppose the commercial development of Marconi's system, and that naval ships have received orders to intercept, if possible, messages sent by Marconi's secret system in order to show that the system is not, in fact, so far perfected as to prevent messages from being intercepted. From Germany comes the statement that the Arco-Slaby system of wireless telegraphy has been definitely adopted, and that the German Government has forbidden Signor Marconi from erecting stations on the German coast, holding, it is said, that he is trying to obtain a world monopoly of wireless telegraphy, when, in fact, apparatus not covered by his patents can be used with good results. Thus in various ways and distant quarters of the globe efforts are being made to get practical results.—*The Outlook*.

THE PHENOMENON OF SAM JONES.

CALVIN DILL WILSON.

(Concluded from last week.)

Individuals in various communities protest; a few persons rise and depart from his audiences; some listen, express disgust, and declare they will never hear him again; yet the crowds go and return again and again, though he is the most repetitious of speakers and never condescends to remember what he said to an audience last year, but brings substantially the same material year after year.

The managers of "Chautauquas" and similar organizations that employ him say frankly they do so because of the gate receipts; they do not venture to endorse him, in conversation, but say the people want him, and will pay, so they have him. Some of his hearers justify him and themselves by the fact that "he says many good things," and does "good," and they tell of his charities and his generosity. All his hearers, who are really insulted by what he says, pass on his epithets to others, but you can never find where they fit. No one seems to realize that he is the man whom Jones means to hit.

When Jones has been asked why he says such rough things, he has replied, "They are my stock in trade." It is related that he once said, "The preachers go out with a silk line and artificial flies after the mountain trout. I am after the sucker and mullets; and they like worms." He has also said in reply to the same question, "Some kinds of people like it." This seems to be the point of view of a cynic; his hearers are suckers and mullets, and they like worms, and he gives them these; that is his stock in trade. He says to his audiences on his regular annual rounds: "Some of you old women swore last year you'd never listen to Sam Jones again, but here you are, ready for more." He insults right and left; he expresses most open contempt; yet he is listened to; and, at least, in country places and the smaller towns, he has a hearing from large numbers of people of the better class. It is doubtless true that refined individuals here and there, the few, cannot stand him. But the people generally, of all classes, go.

Why is this? He is a speaker of great

power; his voice is interesting, sympathetic; his articulation is of the best, and his words are uttered with great force and ease; his language is vivid, apt, homely, plain; his addresses bristle with points. He says many good, practical things; he abounds with wit and humor, so that his hearers laugh from first to last; he looks less severe than his words. He is as magnetic as any man. And his hearers scarcely realize until he has gone that he has dealt brutal insults to every man and woman before him; and many of them never realize it. The fact that he has a "Rev." before his name, though he is now only a "local" preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, makes many tolerant of him, because they believe that he is doing or trying to do "good." Certain folk of the baser sort enjoy leveling attacks on the cultivated, respected, and honored portion of the community. The coarse are pleased to hear a lecturer talk in their own style; it justifies them. Among these suggestions may be found hints as to the causes of Jones's popularity. In these times, when the "legitimate" drama is supposed to have such a hard time competing with sensual plays, and when literature is being outsold by unliterary books, it seems as if oratory also is in straits, and that the masses prefer the unconventional, even to the extent of coarseness, vulgarity and brutality. If Jones "shoots in the hole where they live," other speakers are shooting over their heads. And yet can it be seriously considered that our people are generally coarse and vulgar? Is it true that men and women are to be judged by what they laugh at?—*The Critic*.

THE EDUCATION OF THE PARROT.

To teach a parrot to talk it is never necessary to place the poor bird in a darkened room or to starve him. Common sense would suggest that he should be made as happy as possible in his surroundings. Give him good food—hemp, maize, oats, biscuit. As a slice of fruit is always beneficial, a bit of apple, of pear, of banana, of carrot will do very well. Also see that your pet has pure drinking water, a large cage, soft wood to gnaw, with plenty of coarse grit on the floor of the cage, for he needs the small stones to aid his digestion. A parrot in those comfortable circumstances may then be left alone in a room while his teacher conceals himself in another. The teacher, who should be heard but not seen, should repeat, with infinite patience, over and over again, the word or words he wishes his pet to learn. The female parrots do not talk—the female of the song birds, it should be remembered, is not a singer—so that efforts of education in that line are quite thrown away.—*Our Animal Friends*.

MAKING CHILDREN HAPPY.

Our quiet hours with our children should first of all be cheerful hours. Sidney Smith has said: "If you make children happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it." I believe this to be quite true. We should make the hours with our children full of joy, then twenty years from now we too can recall how happy they were, how we heard their merry voices and watched them play, and we can look with pride on our children whom we loved and who went to "Grown-up land." Then, too, the quiet hours with our children should be loving hours. How much the small touches of a mother's love mean to the child! Even if it is only a whisper to your son as he starts to school, "Remember, mother is thinking about you all day and expecting you to be a good boy," how much better the effect of such a farewell than to hurry him away with some sharp and nervous rebuke.

Young People's Work.

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

Convention at Little Genesee.

The Semi-Annual Meeting of the churches of the Western Association was attended (along with other good people) by nineteen young people from Alfred, who braved thirty-three miles of April mud to drive over. No data is at hand stating whether or not they went Quaker style, men by themselves and women by themselves. But though the historian has not the light of definite history to guide him, he is not left to grope in total darkness; for the faculties of reason and analogy lighten the gloom. We have noticed that the young people of Western New York in 1902 are much like the Wisconsin brand of 1888. But what matter how they grouped themselves? It was excellent company. For a clean, wholesome, royal, whole-hearted good time, commend me to a band of Seventh-day Baptist young people. East or west, north or south, they are delightful companions. God bless them all, and bring them out in great numbers to the Associations and the General Conference.

"Keeping Our Young People."

The Laymen's Hour fell largely into the hands of the young men. It was led by a young man who had been publicly enlisted in Christ's service only about three months. He is a son of P. A. Burdick, our great temperance evangelist, of blessed memory. He will endeavor to secure a report of the different speeches, which were strong and stirring. The discussion was along the lines of "Personal Work" and "Keeping Our Young People." Pastor Coon writes: "I took very few notes, but I got a very vivid impression and a real inspiration from listening to the able speeches of these young men upon such practical themes." The different speakers were Harry Jaques, George Main, Theodore Davis. They were followed by general remarks from older heads. We have also received enthusiastic reports of the Young People's Hour. We present one of the papers this week.

SOME EXCUSES FOR NOT ACCEPTING CHRIST, AND ANSWERS TO THEM.

HARRY JAQUES.

Presented at Young People's Hour, Semi-Annual Meeting of Western Association, Little Genesee, N. Y., April 20, 1902, and requested for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER.

You frequently hear men say, there is nothing in Christianity. There are so many impositions in this day; so many things that seem to be real are sham; there is so much quackery in medicine, in ethics and in politics that men come to the habit of incredulity, and by and by they allow that incredulity to collide with our holy religion.

Let us look for a moment at the record of this religion. How many wounds it has healed; how it has stilled the stormy sea; what manna, whiter than coriander seed, it has dropped all around the path of the weary pilgrim; what promises it sent out like holy watches to keep the lamps burning around the death-bed, through the darkness that lowers into the sepulcher the flashes of resurrection morn. Besides, this belief in Jesus Christ has made so many heroes, a countless host of martyrs, among whom we number our brother, the late Peter Velthuysen. It made John Milton among poets, Raphael among

painters, Christopher Wren among architects, Thorwaldsen among sculptors, Handel among musicians, Washington among military commanders; it gives new wings to the inauguration, better balance to the judgment, more determination to the will, greater usefulness in life, and greater nobility to the soul. In fact, there is nothing in all the world to be compared with our Christian religion.

Nothing in religion? Why, then, all those Christians were deceived, when, in their dying moments, they thought they saw the castles of the blessed. What, think you, did Bishop Crammer see, when, burning at the stake for his religion, he smiled? And your child, your brother or sister, whom with unutterable agony you put into the grave, will you never see that face again, nor hear that sweet voice, nor feel the throb of that young heart?

Nothing in religion? Sickness will come upon you; roll and turn upon your pillow, no relief; the medicine may be bitter, the night may be dark, the pain may be sharp, no relief; Christ never comes to the sick room; let the pain stab, let the fever burn, curse it and die.

There is nothing in religion? After awhile death will come, the spirit will be breaking away from the body, and it will take its flight, whither? whither? There is no God, no ministering angel to guide, no Christ, no heaven, no home. Nothing in religion? You surely are not willing to adopt such a dismal theory.

There are a great many conscientious skeptics in the world; some, for instance, are men who object to Christianity because what they saw of it was not Christianity at all, in the true sense of the word; some were brought up in homes where religion was overdone, the most wretched day of the week was the Sabbath, religion was driven into them with a trip-hammer; they had a surfeit of prayer-meetings, they were stuffed and choked with rules and regulations, they were told by their parents that they were the worst children that ever lived because they liked to slide down hill better than to read "Pilgrim's Progress." They never heard their parents speak of religion but with the corners of their mouths drawn down, and their eyes rolled up.

Others object to Christianity because of maltreatment on the part of professing Christians. There is a man who says, "My partner in business was prominent in religious circles, and a regular attendant at prayer-meetings, but he cheated me out of three thousand dollars; I don't want any such religion."

There are those who want everything proved. They will ask, "How can God be one Being in three persons? How can he be complete Sovereign, and yet man be a free agent?" They cannot understand these things. Neither can I. They say, "Here is a great mystery. Here is a disciple of fashion, frivolous and godless in all her days; she lives to be an octogenarian; here is a Christian mother training her children for God and for heaven, self-sacrificing, Christlike, indispensable seemingly to that household; she dies of cancer at an early age; they cannot understand this. Neither can I. I can see how such men reason themselves into skepticism; such men must be helped, not through their heads, but through their hearts. And

when they do come to Christ, they will be worth far more to the cause than those who never examined the evidences of Christianity.

Others excuse themselves from receiving Christ, because their nature is such that it seems impossible for them to live as they should, and so they say, rather than fail, they keep away from it altogether. It is true that it is more difficult for some to be Christians than for others, but it is also true that the grace of God never came to a mountain it could not climb, nor an abyss it could not fathom, nor a bondage it could not break. The wildest, the haughtiest, the most ungovernable man ever created may by the grace of God be subdued and sent out on a ministry of kindness.

Peter, with nature as tempestuous as the sea he tried to walk, at one look from Jesus went out and wept bitterly. Though your disposition be all a-bristle with fretfulness, though you have a temper as gleam with quick lightning, though your avarice be like that of a horse-leech crying "give", though damnable impurities have wrapped you in consuming fire, God can drive that devil out of your soul, and over the chaos and darkness he will say "Let there be light."

There are those who object to Christianity because of the inconsistency of those who profess to follow Christ. There are thousands of poor farmers; they do not know the nature of the soil, or the proper rotation of crops; their corn is shorter in the stock and smaller in the ear; they have ten less bushels to the acre than their neighbors; but who declines to be a farmer because of these poor farmers? There are business men, lawyers, doctors; in every walk of life there are men who make a failure of that which they attempt to do; but ought this to discourage any one from entering the different walks of life? Yet there are thousands of people who decline to accept Christ because there are so many unworthy Christians. This is illogical, to say the least.

Poor lawyers are nothing against jurisprudence, poor doctors nothing against medicine, poor farmers nothing against agriculture, and mean, contemptible professors of religion nothing against Christ.

The inconsistency of Christians so far from keeping you away from Christ ought to be an argument to drive you to him. The best place for a skilled doctor is in the neighborhood where they are all poor doctors, and the best place for you who want to be the *real thing* for Christ is right down among us who are so incompetent and inconsistent sometimes. Show us how. Give us an example.

If there are any here, who, for one reason or another, whether mentioned here or not, are holding back from Christ, let me plead with you by the memory of those good old times when you knelt at your mother's knee and said your evening prayers, and of those other days of sickness, when she watched all night and gave you the medicine at just the right time, and turned your pillow when it was hot, and with hand, perhaps now turned to dust, soothed your pain, and with that voice which you will never hear again unless you join her in the better land, told you "never mind, you would be better by and by;" and of that dying couch, where she talked so slowly, catching her breath between

the words—by all those memories, I ask you to come and take the same Christ. He was good enough for her, he is good enough for you.

Nay, I make a better plea. By the wounds of the Son of God, who approaches you in his infinite love, with torn brow and lacerated hand and whipped back, crying "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Others say they have not the time. As though the religion of Jesus Christ muddled the brain of the accountant, tripped the pen of the author, thickened the tongue of the orator, weakened the arm of the mechanic or interrupted the sales of the merchant! They do not understand that this religion in our work-day world will help one to do anything he ought to do.

It can lay a keel.

It can sail a ship.

It can buy a cargo.

It can work a pulley.

It can pave a street.

It can fit a wristband.

It can write a constitution.

It can marshal a host.

No time to be religious here? You have no time not to be religious! You might as well have no clerks in your store, no books in your library; better travel on to eternity, bareheaded, barefooted, houseless, and homeless, than go through life without Christ.

OUR MIRROR.

FROM SALEM, W. VA.

The Endeavor Society of Salem, W. Va., is earnestly endeavoring to become possessed of stronger life. An excellent meeting was held the evening of April 4. Many outsiders were present; the following was the program:

Music.

Season of prayer.

Scripture reading.

Song.

Paper, "Saved by Grace".

Male quartet.

Paper, "God's Grace Sufficient".

Season of prayer.

Music.

Paper, "Growing in Grace".

Season of prayer.

Music; violin, horn and organ.

Brief conference meeting.

Closing prayer, remembering especially Bro. Peter Velthuysen's family and the work on the Gold Coast.

GROWING IN GRACE.

There are many definitions of the term grace, but the one which concerns us most is that grace which imparts likeness to Christ, and secures favor with God. If one has a flower he wishes to develop for its symmetry, foliage, blossoms or fragrance, he seeks for it a suitable receptacle, fills it with rich soil, places the plant therein, gives it the sunshine and air, prunes its branches, waters it regularly and watches its development with much interest. In the end he is rewarded, not only by the beauty which nature produces, but also by the joy it brings to others. In our lives grace represents a spiritual plant for which the body answers to the jardiniere; the heart is the receptacle of God's love, the soil with which it should be filled. Let patience represent the watchcare, the knowledge of God's Word, and the pruning of the branches. Hope is the air it must breathe. Faith the sunshine it must receive. Prayer the water upon which it must live.

Patience, hope, faith, prayer, and a knowledge of God's will are the means necessary for growth in grace; a patience that will help us to take time to prepare to wait and watch carefully for the little duties that come to us while others pass on to greater ones; a hope that will give us strength and courage when earthly forces fail. We need a faith, strong and steady, that not only shines when things go well, but a faith that will help us to walk steadily on, though the clouds darken and tempests howl about us; these all are qualities needed for a symmetrical growth in grace.

No more can we grow in grace without prayer than a plant can grow without water. We need strength for each duty. We need help against every temptation. We need forgiving spirits, forbearance and charity; so many things that come from the kind Heavenly Father for the asking in prayer. We cannot grow symmetrically in grace without a knowledge of God's will concerning us. This may be obtained only by a careful study of his Word. Many Christians growth in grace is miserably dwarfed and one-sided from the lack of power resulting from such knowledge. Does the student who wishes to know all about some great man, or some great nation, pick up his book for a few minutes once in a week, read a few paragraphs here and a few verses there, as we often do with the Bible, to obtain his knowledge? Does the student who wishes to master a classic book, look into his book once a day, read one little chapter a week, and that with his mind half-filled with some other subject, as we Christian Endeavorers often do with the Bible? On the contrary, you will see him with his book early and late, hour after hour, day after day, until he is master of it; nor is he then satisfied; he goes on and on, from book to book, until his knowledge becomes power.

God's Word contains the best of all records, all history, all philosophy, all poetry, all classics, the best of all orations. We find in it the best of sermons, the best of prayers, the most comforting thoughts, the most precious promises. Should we be less studious of this Book of all books than we are of history or of the classics?

May God help us each to do our part in a symmetrical growth in grace. Shall our lives be made to represent the sturdy oak, which is able to stand the heavy storms, or the evergreen that so reverently bows its head under the weight of winter's snows, then lifts it again to rejoice all the spring and summer time? Shall they represent a little plant that sends forth its beauty and fragrance only once a year, or a vigorous plant that blooms every day in the year? May we willingly do just what God would have us do, and be just what he would have us be.

MRS. G. H. TRAINER.

SALEM, W. Va., April 4, 1902.

BOSTON'S DRY SUNDAY.

The strictness with which the Boston police shut down on the sale of temperance beverages and candy yesterday was resented by a good many people in this city, last night, to judge from the loud comments made; but Boston's "dry Sunday" yesterday was precisely what people like A. A. Berle, H. H. Faxon and other temperance people of this section have been trying to bring about for years. The law forbids the

open and indiscriminate sale of beer, soda and other mild drinks of that kind on Sunday. Formerly the police stopped the sale of beer, but allowed the sale of soda on Sunday. Now the Police Commissioners have ordered that no partiality be shown and that the law be enforced as it stands. Why not?

To be sure, beer and soda-water could be bought yesterday in Boston, as they always are; but only under certain conditions. In the private clubs, the members who can afford to belong can do about as they please in such matters. In restaurants, with meals, the stranger could have beer or soda, by paying for them as a part of the meals. Perhaps the geological sandwich will soon become as familiar to Sunday soda drinkers as it is to the Sunday beer drinkers, if the laws stay the same.

Now what the Boston police are doing is what the temperance leaders of this section, in Brighton, Quincy and elsewhere, have been insisting on for years. They are enforcing the laws against the sale of drink on Sunday, in Boston. There are different kinds of drink, but the Sunday law makes no distinction between them. Therefore the Boston police Commissioners do not feel that it is their business to make any discrimination either.

The brand of soda sold in most drug-stores is usually not of an intoxicating variety—in Boston. There are prohibition communities where even the fizzing glass of drug-store soda is followed by alarming symptoms, but in Boston soda is really and truly a temperance drink; but then in Boston there are many people who would be glad to drink soda temperately on Sundays, but cannot do so under the present laws. There are also people who would be glad to drink beer temperately, on Sundays, but cannot under the laws. The people who made those laws and who were responsible for Boston being so dry, last night, did not want soda, beer, candy, etc., sold on Sunday. Therefore the police had no choice but to stop the sale of soda, candy and other forbidden articles.

To be sure, not all the Sunday laws are enforced in this state. There is the law against Sunday fishing, for example. Sportsmen got tired of having this law enforced and they went to the legislature to repeal it. The legislature refused to do anything of the kind, however, but the fish and game commission was much more obliging. It sent out orders, last year, quietly to its deputy fish wardens, telling them not to enforce the law. As the wardens are the only people specially charged with looking after fishermen around the state, the law has been practically repealed even when the state courts and the state legislature refused to repeal it.

However, the stand which the police commission has taken shows that the dodge cannot be worked in this case. Therefore the only thing left for people who want to buy beer, cigars, chewing gum, soda, and other little luxuries of the kind on Sunday is to go to the legislature and to ask for the amendment or the repeal of the present Sunday laws. The police commission will not oppose any such movement. In this matter, it can be said positively, the police commission has no bias or prejudice. It is simply trying to satisfy reform sentiment by "enforcing the Sunday laws."—Boston Daily Advertiser.

HASTE not to relate news if you know not the truth thereof.—George Washington.

Children's Page.

THE PLUCKY PUSSIES.

LILLIAN CLAYTON SMITH.

There trembled a softer hue
In the blue sky's arch,
As if the high heavens knew
And were glad of March;
But I said, "So deeply piled
Are the drifts o'er her,
This morning in vain hath smiled
Earth's pulse to stir.

Alack!

Will the summer ever come back?"
"Purr-r-r, perhaps," said the sleek willow pussies,
That grew on the buried brook's brink,
"Purr-r-r, perhaps," said the sleek willow pussies,
"The spring is more near than you think."

"This cup of a vale doth brim
Through the summery hours,
And over its emerald rim
Spills the song and the flowers—
Song of bird, and song of bees,
The daisies, the clover,
Song of brook, song of breeze,
All come bubbling over,

Alack!

Will the summer ever come back?"
"Purr-r-r, perhaps," said the sleek willow pussies,
That grew on the buried brook's brink,
"Purr-r-r, perhaps," said the sleek willow pussies,
"The spring is more near than you think."

The bushes struggle to peer
Through the crusted snow;
They listen and lean to hear
The brook below.

"Will the leaf buds surely swell
And the waters sing?
Can the brown twigs truly tell
The time of spring?"

Alack!

Will the summer ever come back?"
"Purr-r-r, perhaps," said the sleek willow pussies,
That grew on the buried brook's brink,
"Purr-r-r, perhaps," said the sleek willow pussies,
"The spring is more near than you think."

HOW DOMINIC CAME ASHORE.

WILLIAM A. WURTS.

How it ever happened that ten-year-old, swarthy-faced Dominic should be lying on the pebbly beach of one of the islands of the Maine coast, one summer morning, was something no one could explain. Yet there he was, asleep on the sands with his head resting upon his arms as peacefully as though the beach had been his usual resting-place through all of his short life. And there John Cartwright found him, when he went down from his snug white cottage on the hill above to load his nets into the dory and prepare for his day's fishing.

The eastern sky was aglow with a rosy flush. The sun, just beginning to lift his head above the horizon, would soon be sending his rays shimmering across the waters, chasing before them the night mists and flashing along the crests of the white-capped waves until the warmth would reach Dominic and dry the curly, black hair, now damp and matted on his temples.

Soon the hot glare upon his upturned face would waken him, to join John Cartwright, perhaps, in wondering speculation as to how he happened to be there. For he was an unusual find, there on that quiet island, where so few were ever seen except the hardy fishermen who lived there and passed most of their time out on the water, after the mackerel and herring.

The face that confronted John, and caused him to utter a startled exclamation as he dropped his nets and bent over it, would have seemed quite a matter of course had one seen it, surrounded by its ebony framework of hair, peering through the vines on some hillside in sunny Italy. But here, where strangers were seldom seen, it was another matter altogether, and one not at all to be expected.

So John did not wait for the sun to waken Dominic, with a warmth of salutation not to

be denied, but, lifting one arm and giving it a gentle shake, he hastened to perform that office himself.

"Hello, son! hey—wake up!" he said, as the curly head nestled still closer in the bend of the other arm.

A sleepy sigh was the only answer, and John made another effort.

"Wake up, son—wake up! Come, open them peepers an' let's know how ye got here," he continued, shaking the youngster a little more vigorously.

"No! let-a me 'lone!" came in a sleepy response, as the eyes half-opened and blinked at John with an expression of petulant reproach, and then sleepily closed again.

"Poor little chap!" said John to himself; "jes' clean beat out, an' wet as a mack'rel. I wonder how he got here?" And then, addressing himself again to Dominic, who had dozed off again meantime:

"Come, sonny; it's sun up an' tide's a-turnin'—ye'll get another wettin' soon if ye lie there. Well, if ye can't get awake I'll have to put ye where ye can sleep it out 'thout goin' out with the tide again," he concluded, finding he made but slight impression on the tired little fellow. Then, lifting the limp, wet form in his strong arms, he carried him, still slumbering, back to the cottage on the hill which he had just left.

"Here, mother," John called to his wife as he entered the door, "here's a new sort o' fish I found stranded on the beach. Must be a fish o' some sort—nothin' else'd ever go through last night's storm an' sleep so sound after it ye can't wake 'em. Wetter'n salt water, too, an' clothes all tangled up with kelp an' seawrack—what there is of 'em."

"Goodness sakes, John! How on earth did that poor child ever come onto the beach? Hasn't been a wreck, has there?" exclaimed his wife as she made room for John to lay his burden on the couch in the cosy sitting-room.

"No sign of a wreck that I could see," said John, "unless ye call this little chap one. Looks pretty well water-logged—that's a fact, but I found him sleepin' as peaceful as a baby."

"Well, he's stirrin' now, anyway; he'll soon be awake an' speak for himself, poor little drowned chap! Just set the coffee on again, John; he'll need somethin' hot an' bracin' after the wettin' he's had."

And sure enough, Dominic, a few moments after this opened his eyes and began to gaze sleepily around the room, as if he could not quite comprehend how or why he should be there at all.

"Well, son; ye have got 'em open at last, have ye?" said John. "How goes it now? An' where'd ye come from, anyway?"

"Why you bring a-me here?" What's de matter?" asked Dominic, now fairly awake, as he eyed John with a suspicious expression on his face. Where is Baptiste, and de rest?" he continued.

"Yes; what's the matter—that's jes' what we want to know," continued John. "An' who is Baptiste, an' who are you, anyway, little chap? Come, tell us all about it."

"No; I no like-a tell you. I t'ink-a you de bad man for de kegs, an' I no say anything. And Dominic looked at John as though he had little faith in any good qualities he might be supposed to possess.

"Kegs? What kegs? What on earth ye

talkin' about? I don't know nothin' of 'em," exclaimed John, in surprise.

"Here; let me give him this coffee; it'll straighten him up a bit," said John's wife as he brought a steaming cupful to the couch. "Poor chap—he doesn't know what he's sayin', I reckon." And in her motherly way she coaxed Dominic to drink, and then followed the refreshing coffee with a generous slice of bread and butter, to which Dominic seemed eager to do full justice.

"An' now about them kegs, son," John reminded him when he seemed a little more at his ease. "Jes' pass the word what they've got to do with me—or you, either."

Dominic looked at him wonderingly. "Ain't you de man for de kegs? For de kegs what have-a de bad stuff—de grog—in em?" he asked.

"No; an' I never heard of 'em, either," replied John, reassuringly.

"Baptiste, he say," continued Dominic, as though there was some mystery here, "he say I find-a de man on de beach. He tell me I must go in de boat an' tell de man dey come along pretty quick an' bring-a de kegs to him, so he can tell 'em when no one see 'em."

"Oh, ho," said John; "that's the game, is it? One of Peter Cross's schemes to run in some grog. But Peter's further up the shore—a couple of miles, son, so ye didn't take your bearin's right this time."

"No; you no t'ink-a right way 'bout it," said Dominic. "If you ain't not de man I tell-a you, I say to Baptiste—'No; I won't go to find-a de man. You got-a de bad stuff an' I no help-a you.'"

"An' who is Baptiste? An' how came you with him? He ain't your father, is he?" interrupted John.

"No; I got-a no fader—no mudder—not now," said Dominic. "One time—three, four years—we come from my country to de big-a place—de place you call Boston—my fader an' mudder and me. Then, pretty soon, my fader he go back, so he can bring my brudder an' sister, too. An' pretty soon Baptiste, he come from my country an' he say my fader he go dead over there, an' bime-by my mudder, she get-a de bad fever, an' she go dead pretty quick, too."

"Poor child!" said John's wife; "an' were you all alone, then?"

"Then I stay with Baptiste, an' sometime I go sell-a de pap', an' when de folks have-a de—what you call picnics—then I go sell-a de flowers. An' one time they have-a de big picnic by de water, an' a man he make-a de big talk about de wine an' whisky. He say de law no let-a you have it, here in this state what you call Maine. But I don't think much about that—not then. We have-a de plenty wine in my country; we no call it de bad stuff," explained Dominic, naively.

"Bad enough, all on't when a man gets too much," commented John. "But how'd ye come here—that's what we're tryin' to get at?"

"Well; bime-by Baptiste he say we go in de schooner to Maine an' make-a de plenty mon' So I say, 'what-a you got in de kegs?' an' he say we got what you call-a de vinegar. An' one day when we have-a de fish to eat, I wish I had-a de lemon to squeeze on it—that make-a de fish taste good—an' then I t'ink of de vinegar, an' I say, 'dat's pretty good, too, when you no have-a de lemon.' So I see

where a little bit leak out of de kegs an' I taste it on my fingers."

"An' it wa'n't vinegar, after all, hey?" said John.

"No; it have-a de taste like whisky. Then I know Baptiste he tell-a de lie when he say we take-a de vinegar in de kegs. Then I t'ink what de man he say at de big picnic. But pretty soon he come near here, an' Baptiste he say I must go in de boat an' tell-a de man for de kegs. An' I say I won't go in de boat 'cause the law say you mustn't do it, an' I no like-a de jail. But Baptiste he say pretty soon they have a storm an' can't stay there, an' he put-a me in de boat an' shove it off, 'cause he know I can row all right when I like-a go. And he say: 'Now you go, or bime-by de storm come 'an you go dead in de water, like as not, if you don't go hurry up to shore an' tell-a de man.'"

"Set ye adrift, did he—the villain!" said John, indignantly. "I'd like to run foul of him for a few minutes. I'd l'arn him a lesson!"

"An' then, bime-by, de big clouds covered up de moon an' it rain an' blow pretty hard," continued Dominic. "But I say to myself I try hard for de shore but I no tell-a de man, anyway; an' then de boat she run on de beach and upset where de water isn't very deep, an' so I swim hard an' get on de beach.

"Then I say, 'No matter if I go dead, I never go back to Baptiste any more,' an' I feel so tired I just lie down on de beach an' have-a de good sleep. An' when I wake up I t'ink-a you de man for de kegs, an' that you send-a me back to Baptiste. But I won't go," concluded Dominic, stoutly. "Baptiste is de bad-a man, an' I won't go to him again."

"No; not by a long chalk," said John, vigorously. "Ye shan't go nowhere, 'less ye want to, but shall stay right here with mother an' me. What do ye say, mother?"

"Why, where else 'd he stay but here, poor child without a friend in the world to go to? He doesn't deserve to be set adrift twice for havin' a conscience, does he?" John's wife replied as she tenderly patted the curly head.

And years afterward, as John watched the firm step of the manly young fisherman coming up the beach, he would say, with a satisfaction of chuckle and pride: "The best mornin's fishin' I ever did, mother."—*The Evangelist*.

THE BEST PHYSICAL CULTURE.

For arms, fingers and wrists, washing and wiping dishes will be found admirable. One is as good as the other. Perhaps the water aids in giving suppleness to the joints of the fingers. That is an advantage washing dishes has over wiping them. However, there is surely a fine elbow movement in the wiping.

Bedmaking, as it is still taught in the homely physical culture academies of Yankee farmhouses, cannot be too highly recommended. With the folding of every counterpane, blanket and sheet, the arms are stretched as far apart as they will go, each hand holding one end. Then, standing perfectly erect, the chest is thrown out. Quickly the hands are brought together again, and, presto! the sheet is folded double! Shoulders, body and limbs are all developed by the mattress turning. The eye and the sense of symmetry learn much from the regular arrangement of counterpane and pillows. Of course, this exercise ought not to be carried too far.—Success.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

A Phonograph Improvement.

An important improvement is claimed to have been developed by Thomas A. Edison in making and preserving phonographic records.

Heretofore the record impression has been made in very soft materials, of which a preparation of soda was the principal element. By the former method the human voice, vibrating a diaphragm, by means of which a steel point made a groove called markings on the surface of a rotating cylinder, covered with this soft composition. It was found that the fine, delicate sounds on the diaphragm made such slight markings that by a little use of the cylinder the sound would disappear; then only the loud sounds made by the voice in the markings would be heard. The little sapphire ball that followed the markings to reproduce the sounds could not be made smaller, therefore it could not follow all the fine ups and downs in the groove made in the soft material in which the markings by the steel point had been made without spreading the groove and wearing away the surface.

If the coating on the cylinder was hard, then the human voice would not press on the diaphragm sufficiently to cause the steel point to sink deep enough to reproduce a sound having the volume of the human voice.

The improvement consists in casting the cylinders having these markings on them from a mold and using a material that the reproducing ball would not cut or wear away.

This material was found in a kind of wax secretion taken from a palm tree in Brazil, South America, which had exactly the properties desired, viz: hardness and great shrinkage in cooling; hardness, so as to be durable, and shrinkage to allow it to drop from the mold without the mold being separated, thus leaving the markings perfect.

With the improvement a record is first made in the soft material on the cylinder; then a mold is made by electrotyping it, first with gold and then with copper; the original mold is then melted out; this leaves the outside of the electrotype a fac-simile of the markings in the cylinder, and this forms the mold into which the Brazil wax, when melted, is poured, and when cool the shrinkage is such that it will drop from the mold. The discovery of this hard wax has made it possible to use a very small ball, less than a quarter of the size of the sapphire ball, which will follow the groove closely, giving all the delicate sounds, and not materially affecting the surface of the cylinder.

The improvement, both in tone, quality, and volume is truly wonderful, and must greatly increase the pleasure of hearing human voices represented personally in oratory and in song, by mechanism, and can be preserved and reproduced accurately in after years for many generations.

God's Scientific Arrangements.

And he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it.

The Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it. In it thou shalt not do any work. My Sabbaths ye shall keep for it is a sign between me and you that ye may know that I am the Lord that doth sanctify you.

Blessed is the man that keepeth my Sabbath, also the sons of the stranger that join themselves to the Lord, every one that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it.

God says, "Remember the Sabbath-day."

We say,
Our Father who dwelleth in heaven,
A sanctified day thou hast given:
We think it decidedly best
For all to cease labor and rest,
And keep the day that God blest,
And obey.

"But the seventh day is the Sabbath."

FLYING FISH.

Undoubtedly, the flying fish has wings like a bird, undoubtedly it flies—yet not as a bird. It does not flap the wing-like, pectoral fins on which it is upborne; nor, once launched in the air, can it change its course by any movement of its wings until it dips again to the water. Yet it will pass a ship making ten knots in the hour, and travel in the air as far as 500 feet at a time.

Astounding, indeed, is the sight of a shoal of flying fish taking to the air, skimming far over the surface when the sea is calm, leaping high over great waves when gales blow. Fish seem ludicrously out of their element in air—but that fish should fly is not really more wonderful than that some animals and birds, like the otter or the penguin, dive and swim to perfection.

The flying fish's fins are really parachutes to support and steady its body rather than wings to propel it; the lobe of the tail gives propulsion to the body as it leaves the water. A flying fish measures about a foot in length, and its long transparent pectoral fins reach almost to the tail; but though very large when expanded, they can be folded up very neatly. Its flight is short and intermittent, and it must needs continually dip into the sea to give itself a fresh start.—*Pierson's Magazine*.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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Literary Notes.

THE CRITIC for May is an uncommonly fine number. The illustrations are varied and most excellent, while the second paper by Stopford A. Brooke on "Browning's Treatment of Nature", with copious illustrations from Browning's Poems, is of double interest to all lovers of literature. Here is a quotation from Browning most appropriate to the season:

Dance, yellows and whites and reds.—
Lead your gay orgy, leaves, stalks, heads
Astir with the wind in the tulip-beds!

There's sunshine; scarcely a wind at all
Disturbs starved grass and daisies small
On a certain mound by a churchyard wall.

Daisies and grass be my heart's bedfellows
On the mound wind spares and sunshine mellows:
Dance you, reds and whites and yellows.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

FOR SUMMER BOARD

In Private Cottage, at

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apply to Miss Mary A. Stillman, Webster, Mass.

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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, Eneas and Dorcas.....	Acts 9: 32-43
April 19.	Peter and Cornelius.....	Acts 10: 34-44
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 VII.—THE EARLY CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES.

For Sabbath-day, May 17, 1902.

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 13: 1-12.

Golden Text.—Go ye therefore, and teach all nations.—Matt. 28: 19.

INTRODUCTION.

This lesson tells of the beginning of what is usually called Paul's first Missionary Journey. Christians had gone forth from home and preached the Gospel before, but for the most part they had gone forth for other reasons and had preached the Gospel because there happened to be opportunity. Except, also, in a few noteworthy instances, the Good News had been proclaimed to none save to Jews only. Now there is sent forth from Antioch an expedition with the avowed purpose of declaring the Gospel. The messengers from Antioch are the forerunners of the mighty army of foreign missionaries who have in the succeeding centuries boldly started forth to undertake what to unbelievers seems an impossible task, namely, through the preaching of the Word to win the world for Christ.

It is not at all surprising that this movement should start from Antioch instead of from Jerusalem, and that the missionaries should not be of the number of the Twelve. The Jewish Christians of Palestine were slower to free themselves from their inherited prejudices than the Greek-speaking Jews who had resided outside of the Holy Land. We are not to infer, however, that this new movement came altogether or chiefly from the Gentile Christians in Antioch. Of the five leaders mentioned, four are evidently Jewish Christians, and the other, Manaen, may also have been a Jew.

Although the missionaries were going to the Gentiles, they did not forget that the message was also for Jews, and therefore went to the synagogues first. Here they could meet besides the Jews the most ready of the Gentiles.

TIME.—Uncertain. Very likely in the spring of 47.

PLACES.—Antioch, Seleucia, the seaport of Antioch; Salamis on the east coast of Cyprus; Paphos on the southwest.

PERSONS.—Barnabas, Paul and John Mark; the prophets and teachers and other Christians at Antioch; the people to whom the missionaries came in Cyprus, particularly Sergius Paulus, and Elymas.

OUTLINE:

1. The Missionaries Sent Forth. v. 1-3.
2. The Sorcerer is Defeated and the Proconsul is Won. v. 4-12.

NOTES.

1. *In the church.* Perhaps this phrase would be rendered better, "belonging to the church." *Certain teachers and prophets.* The word "certain" is omitted by the best manuscripts. The word *teacher* probably indicates a slightly inferior gift to that of the prophet: namely, the faculty of giving edifying instruction from the basis of the Sacred Scriptures or the prophetic sayings of others. A prophet usually if not always possessed also the gift of teaching. It is very probable that each of the five men here mentioned possessed both gifts. There are some, however, who think that the first three were prophets, and Manaen and Saul at this time only teachers. We know nothing further of Lucius, Symeon, and Manaen except what is here mentioned. From their names it may be inferred that they were all Jews. *Herod, the tetrarch.* The Herod mentioned so often in the Gospels, the murderer of John the Baptist, and uncle of the Herod mentioned in last week's lesson.

2. *As they ministered to the Lord.* This clause probably means that they were conducting services for the public worship of God. *The Holy Ghost said.* Perhaps through a direct revelation to one of the prophets. *Separate me Barnabas and Saul,* etc. These two were

especially chosen for the particular work mentioned a little later. Perhaps these leaders of the church were considering the question, What is our duty in relation to foreign missions?

3. *And when they had fasted and prayed.* As before, fasting is mentioned in connection with their prayer service. It was a means of concentrating thought upon spiritual matters. *And laid their hands on them.* Some have seen in this act an ordination of Barnabas and Saul as apostles; but Paul, as we infer from Galatians, evidently regarded himself as an apostle before this time. This act was a special setting apart of these two men for a particular service. *They sent them away.* The subject of this verb is evidently the brethren of the church. Compare Acts 15: 40. They may also have laid their hands upon these two, but that act seems more naturally to be ascribed to the prophets, that is, the leaders of the church.

4. *Being sent forth by the Holy Ghost.* They were sent not only by the brethren, but in another and true sense by the Holy Spirit. It is very likely that the church did not tell them where to go, and that it was under the direct guidance of the Spirit that they went to Cyprus. As Barnabas was a man of Cyprus it would be very natural for him to think of the need in that island. *Departed unto Seleucia.* Literally, "went down." Seleucia was the seaport of Antioch and was about seventeen miles distant, five miles north of the mouth of the Orontes.

5. *And when they were at Salamis.* The voyage was accomplished in a few hours, as the distance is only about sixty miles. *In the synagogues.* It may be inferred that there were many Jews, as our author uses the plural, *synagogues.* *And they had also John to their minister.* The word translated "minister" may mean *servant*, and it may mean *attendant*. We may not be sure then whether he traveled with the others to look after their temporal welfare—food and shelter,—or whether he was ready to baptize the converts, and to assist in preaching the Word. From the way in which he is mentioned he evidently had an inferior position in the party; but he was probably proclaiming the Gospel as well as the others.

6. *Through the isle unto Paphos.* At the western end of the island. The distance was rather less than a hundred miles. *A certain sorcerer.* Compare the reference to Simon in ch. 8: 9 and following verses. *A false prophet.* The word translated "sorcerer" was not certainly an epithet of reproach, for it is used in a good sense in Matt. 2: 1 and translated "wise men"; but this designation—false prophet—shows that this man was an impostor. *Bar-Jesus.* Literally, Son of Jesus. From our sacred association of the name Jesus with our Saviour we are apt to forget that it was not an uncommon proper name.

7. *Which was with the deputy of the country.* Instead of "deputy" it is much better to translate "proconsul" as does the American Revision. Many have criticised the accuracy of Luke because he calls the chief magistrate of the island proconsul instead of *proprætor*. Investigation has proved that Luke is right: coins have been found with the inscription "Paulus proconsul." *A prudent man.* Some have questioned the appropriateness of this adjective if the proconsul allowed himself to be influenced by the false prophet. It is necessary however, to remember that this was an age of superstition; and one must be a wise man, indeed, not to be deceived at all. He certainly showed good sense in calling for Barnabas and Saul.

8. *Elymas.* This word is probably not another name for Bar-Jesus, but rather an equivalent of the word *μαγος*, sorcerer. It seems to be derived from the Arabic, and means *wise* or *powerful*. *Withstood them,* etc. He doubtless obtained money through his magical arts and disliked to lose the favor of this influential man.

9. *Then Saul (who is also called Paul).* There has been much speculation in regard to the origin and use of this second name for Saul. Some have jumped at the conclusion that Saul at this time adopted the surname of his illustrious convert, Sergius Paulus. The best explanation is that the apostle had both names from childhood, and used the Hebrew name in his intercourse with Jews, and the Greek name among the Gentiles. Upon this theory, the author of Acts begins naturally to use the name Paul when the apostle achieves his first great victory among the Gentiles. It is to be noted that the two names have distinct meanings, and do not look or sound much alike in the original. *Filled with the Holy Ghost.* Compare ch. 4: 8 and other passages.

10. *O full of all subtilty.* Deceit. By this and the following phrases, Paul sets forth the despicable character of this opponent of the Gospel. *Son of the devil.* His moral character showed him a true son of Satan. *To pervert the right ways of the Lord.* As he was doing

in seeking to turn the proconsul away from repentance, obedience, and faith.

11. *The hand of the Lord is upon thee.* That is, for punishment. The same phrase is used in a good sense in ch. 11: 21. *For a season.* That is, until the particular time at which God should be pleased to restore his sight. *Seeking some one to lead him by the hand.* Thus does our author picture most vividly the fact that Bar-Jesus was blind.

12. *Then the deputy, when he saw,* etc. The proconsul was moved to faith by this wonderful manifestation of power in connection with the teachings of the missionaries.

MARRIAGES.

COON—HULBERT.—At the residence of the bride's father, in Cazenovia, N. Y., March 26, 1902, by Rev. L. R. Swinney, Mr. Alfred M. Coon and Miss Libbie C., daughter of Mr. Sheldon Hulbert.

LEWIS—ALLIS.—At the Seventh-day Baptist church in Plainfield, N. J., April 29, 1902, by Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., Mr. Nathan Earle Lewis and Miss Harriette Elizabeth Allis, both of Plainfield.

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.

CRANDALL.—Hon. Alva Ackley Crandall, third child of Wm. C. and Phebe Crandall, was born in Hopkinton, R. I., Nov. 13, 1835, and died in the same town April 20, 1902, aged 66 years, 6 months and seven days.

He was married to Susan Jane Saunders May 18, 1856. One child, a son, was born to them, who died in infancy. With the exception of three years, while in the employ of C. Maxson & Co., Westery, his life was spent in his native town, where for the last twenty years he has been in the cotton manufacturing business. He received his education in the common schools of his native town and in DeRuyter Institute, N. Y. He was converted at the age of 15 years and was baptized by Elder Chas. M. Lewis and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of Rockville, holding his relation with that body until his death. He was a Christian gentleman, greatly beloved by all who knew him. A widow, one sister and one brother and a host of friends mourn their loss.

A. MCL.

BABCOCK.—Berdina Estelle, daughter of M. J. and E. B. Babcock, was born Jan. 28, 1898, in Albion, Wis., and died April 18, 1902.

Though so young, she was a victim of diabetes, and after many months of contest in the vain attempt to vanquish the enemy, during which time all that medical skill or loving affection could do was done, her young life, once so full of promise to fond hearts, yielded the struggle and we laid her lifeless form away under the shadows of the spruce in the city of the dead. Dr. Platts spoke words of comfort from Matt. 18: 14.

S. H. B.

ROGERS.—Sarah A., wife of Captain Thomas S. Rogers, of Waterford, Conn., entered into rest April 16, 1902.

She leaves behind a broken-hearted husband, a stepson, Dr. Thomas Rogers, and wife, who enter into deep sympathy with their bereaved father. She was the mother of three children, two sons and one daughter, who were patterns of Christian virtue, and who entered their heavenly home before feeling the infirmity of old age. She was a true wife, a tender and loving mother. In early life she gave her heart to Christ and has ever been his devoted follower. She was one of the most conscientious Christians I ever met: true and loyal to her denomination first, but ever doing good to all. She will be greatly missed by the church and community, but our great loss is her eternal gain.

A. J. P.

GREENE.—Lillie J. DuVal was born in Alden, Ill., Sept. 28, 1859, and died in Walworth, Wis., April 19, 1902.

December 14, 1876, she was married to K. E. Greene, to whom she was a faithful companion and helpmeet until the earthly home was exchanged for the heavenly. To them were born three sons. In the winter of 1877 she embraced religion, was baptized by Elder L. E. Livermore, and by him received into the fellowship of the Walworth Seventh-day Baptist church, of which she remained a faithful and consistent member until called to her final reward. For a number of years she served as superintendent of the Sabbath-school, and to the effi-

ency and faithfulness of her service many can testify. She will be greatly missed, not only in the home, where she was a loving companion and mother, but in the church and society, where her deeds of kindness and self-sacrificing service won confidence and friendship as lasting as memory. "She hath done what she could." She chose the Scripture lesson, Matt. 24: 36-51, and the text Isa. 26: 3, 4, for her funeral. S. H. B.

LOOFBORO.—In Welton, Iowa, April 18, 1902, of whooping-cough, Matilda S., infant daughter of Wade J. and Sebia Coon Loofboro, aged 7 months and 18 days.

"And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them." Mark 10: 16. G. W. B.

MAXSON.—Ruth Wells, daughter of Peter and Thena Brown Wells, and widow of Paul Maxson, died in Preston, N. Y., at the home of her daughter, Dec. 13, 1901, in the 87th year of her age.

She was born in Rhode Island and was the fifth in a family of nine children, only two of whom remain. When 18 years of age she professed faith in Christ and became a member of the Preston Seventh-day Baptist church, and was till death a devoted and lovely Christian. In January, 1843, she married Paul Maxson; God blessed them with two children. One son dying in 1872, her daughter, Mrs. George E. Curtis, lovingly caring for her in her old age. In the spring of 1875 they moved to DeRuyter, where the father died the following December; then the family returned to Chenango county. She was bright and happy to the last and beloved by all. In the absence of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Argwith, of McDonough, officiated, and the body was laid to rest in the J. D. Rogers cemetery beside her husband and son. L. R. S.

WITTER.—Mrs. Mary Ann Witter died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Mary Allen, at Alfred, N. Y., April 21, 1902, in her 93d year.

She was the daughter of Wm. D. and Nancy Coon Bowler, and was born at Charlestown, R. I., Dec. 29, 1809. Her brother, Wm. Bowler, lives at Little Genesee, N. Y. She was married to Square P. Witter April 10, 1828, by Elder Daniel Coon; to them eleven children were born, six of whom are now living. She united with the Third Brookfield church when 16 years old, and in 1838, not long after her removal to Nile, she united with this church. As wife, as mother, as member of the church of Christ she was always a trusty counselor and helper and was respected and loved by all who knew her. Last winter she fell and broke her hip. This was very painful but she bore it patiently. Those of her children who lived near enough were with her much and sought to do everything possible for their dear mother. For several years she has been awaiting the heavenly call, and not long ago wrote the words that were used as the funeral text, "To live is Christ, and to die is gain." Brief services were held on the morning of April 23d at her daughter's home in Alfred, conducted by Rev. B. F. Rogers, and at the church at Nile in the afternoon, conducted by her pastor, W. D. Burdick, assisted by Revs. I. L. Cottrell and D. B. Coon. W. D. B.

GAGE.—At the home of her daughter, Mrs. E. K. Tidd, in Elmira, N. Y., April 16, 1902, Mrs. Jane Arnold, wife of the late Edwin L. Gage of DeRuyter, N. Y., aged 72 years.

The body was brought to DeRuyter and laid beside her husband in Hill Creek Cemetery. L. R. S.

GIFFORD.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., March 28, 1902, Eunice Gifford, aged 83 years. L. R. S.

Special Notices.

North-Western Tract Depository.

A full supply of the publications of the American Sabbath Tract Society can be found at the office of Wm. B. West & Son, at Milton Junction, Wis.

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.

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 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. GEO. B. SHAW, Pastor, 1293 Union Avenue.

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

Sketches of Sabbath-schools.

All writers of sketches of the Sabbath-schools of the North-Western Association who have not as yet forwarded their manuscripts to the undersigned will please send them after this date direct to Rev. Ira Lee Cottrell, 29 Ransom Street, Hornellsvills, N. Y. H. D. CLARKE.

APRIL 23, 1902.

THE Sixty-sixth Annual Session of the Seventh-day Baptist Eastern Association, to be held with the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist church, at Westerly, R. I., May 22, 1902.

PROGRAM.

FIFTH DAY—MORNING.

- 10.30. Devotional Service, Rev. O. D. Sherman.
- 10.45. Address of Welcome, Rev. S. H. Davis.
- 11.00. Introductory Sermon, Rev. L. E. Livermore.
- 11.45. Announcement of Standing Committees.

AFTERNOON.

- 2.00. Devotional Service, Rev. Andrew J. Potter.
- 2.15. Communications from Sister Associations, Reports of Delegates, Executive Committee and Treasurer.
- 3.15. Sermon, Delegate from South-Eastern Association.
- 3.45. Business.

EVENING.

- 7.30. Praise Service, Rev. C. A. Burdick.
- 8.00. Sermon, Rev. Geo. W. Hills, Delegate from North-Western Association.

SIXTH DAY—MORNING.

- 10.00. Business.
- 10.15. Devotional Service, Rev. Alexander McLearn.
- 10.30. Sabbath-school Hour, Rev. George B. Shaw.
- 11.00. Education Society Hour, Rev. A. E. Main.

AFTERNOON.

- 2.00. Devotional Service, Rev. Martin Sindall.
- 2.15. Missionary Society Hour, President William L. Clarke. Address, Rev. W. C. Whitford, Delegate from Western Association.

EVENING.

- 7.30. Praise Service, John H. Tanner, Jr.
- 7.45. Prayer and Conference Meeting, Rev. E. B. Saunders.

SABBATH-DAY—MORNING.

- 10.30. Sermon, Rev. William C. Deland, Delegate from Central Association. Joint Collection for Missionary and Tract Societies.

AFTERNOON.

- 2.30. Sabbath-school, Milton A. Crandall, Superintendent of Westerly Sabbath-school.
- 3.30. Y. P. S. C. E., Theodore Downs, President of Y. P. S. C. E. of Westerly.

EVENING.

- 7.00. Young People's Hour, Edwin G. Carpenter.
- 8.00. Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association, Prof. Henry M. Maxson.

FIRST-DAY—MORNING.

- 9.30. Business.
- 9.45. Devotional Service, Rev. Leon D. Burdick.
- 10.00. Woman's Hour, Mrs. Anna Randolph, Associational Secretary.
- 10.45. Sermon, Rev. A. E. Main, Representative from the Education Society. Joint Collection for Missionary and Tract Societies.

AFTERNOON.

- 2.00. Devotional Service, Rev. L. F. Randolph.
- 2.15. Tract Society Hour, Rev. A. H. Lewis. Collection for Woman's Board.
- 3.30. Business.

EVENING.

- 7.30. Praise Service, Albert B. Crandall, (Ashaway.)
- 8.00. Sermon, Rev. George B. Shaw.

THE South Eastern Association will convene with the church at Salemville, Pa., May 15, 1902. We will meet all delegates and visitors from the North and East with hacks at Roaring Spring on the 14th, and those from the South and West at Bedford. We will gladly entertain all who will come. Write me at once. D. W. LEATH, Pastor.

PROGRAM.

FIFTH-DAY—MORNING.

- 10.00. Devotional Service.
- 10.15. Address of Welcome, Rev. D. W. Leath.
- 10.25. Response by Moderator, S. O. Bond.
- 10.35. Introductory Sermon, F. J. Ehret.
- 11.35. Report of Executive Committee. Communications from Churches.

AFTERNOON.

- 2.00. Communications from Sister Associations. Report of Delegates to the Associations. Appointment of Standing Committee.
- 3.00. Woman's Hour, Miss Elsie Bond.

EVENING.

- 7.45. Praise Service, Rev. D. C. Lippincott.
- 8.00. Sermon, Rev. W. C. Daland.

SIXTH-DAY—MORNING.

- 9.30. Praise Service, G. C. Long.
- 10.00. Sermon or address, Prof. W. C. Whitford.
- 11.00. Tract Society Hour, led by representative of Tract Society.

AFTERNOON.

- 2.00. Praise Service, Rev. M. G. Stillman.
- 2.15. Report of Committees.
- 2.45. Sermon, Rev. E. A. Witter.
- 3.30. Christian Endeavor and Tithers' Union Hour, Roy Randolph.

EVENING.

- 7.45. Song Service, A. J. C. Bond. Conference Meeting, Rev. G. W. Hills.

SABBATH—MORNING.

- 10.00. Sermon, Rev. Geo. B. Shaw. Collection for Missionary and Tract Societies.
- 11.00. Sabbath-school Hour, led by Superintendent of Salemville Sabbath-school.

AFTERNOON.

- 2.00. Sabbath-school Hour, M. H. Van Horn.
- 3.00. Missionary Hour, Rev. O. U. Whitford.

EVENING.

- 7.45. Devotional Service, O. W. Davis.
- 8.00. Sermon, Rev. O. U. Whitford.

FIRST-DAY—MORNING.

- 9.00. Unfinished Business.
- 10.00. Educational Hour, led by Representative of Education Society.
- 11.00. Sermon.

AFTERNOON.

- 2.00. Address, Rev. T. L. Gardiner.
- 3.00. Sermon.

EVENING.

- 7.45. Praise Service.
- 8.00. Sermon, Rev. G. W. Hills.

S. O. BOND, Moderator.

DORA GARDINER, Assistant Secretary.

THE Quarterly Meeting of the Hebron, Hebron Center, Shingle House and Portville churches will be held with the Hebron church, beginning Sixth-day Evening, May 9, 1902.

PROGRAM.

SIXTH-DAY—EVENING.

- Prayer and conference meeting, conducted by Rev. G. P. Kenyon.

SABBATH-DAY—MORNING.

Preaching by Rev. W. L. Burdick.

AFTERNOON.

Preaching, Rev. G. P. Kenyon.

EVENING.

Preaching, by Rev. W. L. Burdick.

SUNDAY—MORNING.

Preaching, Rev. W. L. Burdick.

AFTERNOON.

Preaching, Rev. G. P. Kenyon.

EVENING.

Preaching, Rev. W. L. Burdick.

A cordial invitation to all.

REV. G. P. KENYON, } Com.
I. H. DINGMAN, }

POSITION WANTED.

A young man of 18 years, about to graduate from Business College, would like a position as bookkeeper or office assistant where he can observe the Sabbath. References furnished.

CLARENCE L. WHITFORD, New Market, N. J.

