

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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WHOLE No. 2985.

REVERY.

Sometimes, in quiet revery,
When a day is growing dim,
The heart is singing silently
A sweet, unwritten hymn.

The strains are not to measure wrought
By cunning of the mind;
But seem like hymning angels brought
From heaven and left behind.

The misty hills of bygone grief,
Once dark to look upon,
Stand out like blessings in relief
Against the setting sun.

The rain may fall, the wind may blow,
The soul unhindered sings,
While, like the bird 'neath sheltering bough,
She sits with folded wings—

A brief and pleasant resting space,
A glance at Beulah land,
Before she girds herself apace
For work that waits the hand.

Then giving thanks to Him who poured
Refreshments in her cup;
She hears the calling of her Lord
And takes her labor up.

—Unknown.



The
Inspiration
of Springtime.

NO ONE who is observant, and especially no one who appreciates that nature is the direct expression of divine power, can fail to enjoy and be uplifted by the recurring miracles of springtime. It is no wonder that the ancient Pagans welcomed springtime with festivals of rejoicing. It is indeed the resurrection time. The bonds of death are broken in every direction, and life which has been suppressed during the days of winter bursts into new power and beauty with every expression of joy and evidence of vigor. The thousand processes which appear in this unfolding of divine life in nature challenge attention, give instruction and teach richest lessons. Countless times in this month of May we see the illustration of Christ's prophecy: "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full grain in the ear." The tiny leaves unfolding in the opening buds push out, change color day by day until they are fitted to do their work as breathing points in the world of forest and field. The blossoms which yesterday were swelling buds and today glorify all the trees with garments of white, whose petals will fall to-morrow and heap the ground with the drifted snow of summer, are the beginning of rich harvests of luscious fruit. All animal life is joyous. The birds are building their summer homes, greeting the sunrise with their songs and enriching the evenings hours with their vesper melodies. He who can see all these, listening and watching, without being inspired to better things must be dull indeed. A wood-thrush sings each night in the trees just outside my library window, and her matchless

notes of liquid music are calls to prayer. With the first touch of the morning while the sky is yet gray with the darkness fleeing away lest the sunrise shall destroy it, a whole chorus of bird voices floats in through the open window, awakening half-rested nerves and bidding the devoted soul join in their morning praises. Blind, pitifully blind, are the eyes of him who sees in this no new revelation of divine power and love. Deaf, pitifully deaf, are the ears which hear in all these melodies no echo of the music of heaven. Dull, pitifully dull, is the soul which can see and hear all these and not be inspired to seek higher and holier things, purer and sweeter thoughts, and deeds richer in love and service.



Judging
Rightly.

AS MEN are likely to over-estimate their own good qualities, so, on the other hand, it is an almost universal failing to exaggerate the weaknesses and mistakes of others. If it should be true in any case that a man's character is weak at many points and his life full of failures, evil rather than good is likely to come if his friends and neighbors exaggerate those weaknesses and are forever rehearsing his failures. If that which is said concerning such a man is not heard by him directly, he will soon feel the effect of the words and opinions of his neighbors. In general, this effect is to discourage and drive him farther away from success. Very few men are stimulated to do better, because they know that their failures and wrong-doings are rehearsed and condemned. Two evils arise from this tendency to over-estimate the weaknesses and wrong-doings of our neighbors. In the first place it cultivates a sort of self-righteousness on the part of the one complaining. The more he exaggerates the failure of his neighbor the more his own self-righteousness is enhanced. He who makes it his special work to seek after the faults of others is soon degraded into the place of a social and religious garbage gatherer. The habit of seeing others' faults and descanting upon them, blinds one to better things. It is easy for such an one to become scavenger, who, like the buzzard, traverses the landscape seeking things that are dead and unsightly.



Unjust to
Others.

THE larger evil comes in the injustice which is done to those who are thus condemned and whose weaknesses are exaggerated and exploited. While no one has the right to cover evil that he may shield a wrong-doer from justice, it is equally true that no one

has the right to set in motion any influence which shall lessen the possibility of one who has failed from retrieving lost positions and gaining higher things. Artists often complain because their pictures are misjudged from being hung in a poor light. If a painting has a right to be judged in the best light, how much more a man. He may be weak and erring, but that does not destroy his right to a just and proper judgment and to equally just and helpful treatment. Let it be granted that the world is full of meanness, but the world includes the fault-finders, and they possess a good share of the meanness of which they complain. Primary Schools are full of ignorant pupils, but the graduate from the High School and College has no right to criticise or deride the boy in the Primary School. The Primary School boy may justly demand that judgment be suspended until he has been given full opportunity to complete his education. So may every man rightly demand that criticism be silent and condemnation be withheld while he struggles toward the higher standard which men with less weaknesses and different surroundings may seem to attain easily. Faults, mistakes and sin will continue to abound, but the spirit which searches for these alone, gathers them up and rejoices over them, is wicked in the sight of God. Such an one may be even more wicked in the sight of God than those whom he condemns. The world does not need condemnation and denunciation so much as it needs help and instruction. Drowning men are entitled to the helping hand, and do not deserve the final push which sends them under the waves in hopeless struggling.



THE fourth question which we Conscientious- have suggested for consideration ness. in this centennial year is as follows: "How important have conscientiousness and an intelligent faith in the Sabbath as a fundamental truth been in perpetuating our denominational life?"

Conscientiousness is not an easy word to define. It is usually understood by each person more in the light of his own mental attitude and religious faith than in the light of any abstract definition. If we were to coin a definition—leaving each reader to consult his dictionary if he choose—we should say that conscientiousness "is the grip of obligation." It starts in the sense of duty toward God. It grows out of the conviction that truth is imperative and eternal as to its requirements. Another partial definition would say that conscientiousness "is a

high sense of oughtness." But a better definition than either of these is this: *conscience is the voice of God in the human soul.* This definition is not vitiated by the fact that men of low estate religiously, and with imperfect knowledge of what God's will is, may have meager and distorted views concerning right. But no man can be conscientious who does not recognize divine authority back of the obligations which awaken the sense of conscience in him. Neither does this definition give difficulty when we consider God's attitude toward men whose knowledge is limited and whose views of his will are imperfect. Every just judgment takes into account the position which men occupy and the knowledge which they have attained, but most of all the purposes from which they act.

Conscience
and the
Sabbath.

THE history of religion in both Judaism and Christianity shows that the sense of obligation which is essential to Sabbath-keeping is founded in divine authority. No more is needed here than the statement of this fact. Hence, an essential element in our denominational existence hitherto, and an element which must continue to be equally essential, is the clear recognition of divine authority in the matter of Sabbath-keeping. Even if the conception of that authority and the consequent obligations which are awakened is imperfect, conscience will guide according to the light one has. If the conception of divine authority in the matter be removed, conscience will loose its grip and soon cease. It is easy in tracing the history of individuals or of churches to find these statements fully verified. The man with a conscience toward God in the matter of Sabbath-keeping is therefore a genuine and consistent Sabbath-keeper, according to his light and knowledge. Those in whom this element of conscientiousness does not exist are worthless as Sabbath-keepers.

Intelligent
Faith.

By intelligent faith in the Sabbath as a fundamental truth we mean more than blind adherence to the letter of the law. Fundamental truth has already been defined in former editorials, and the phrase is easily understood. Intelligent faith in the Sabbath includes the fullest knowledge possible concerning its origin, nature and purpose, not simply as a day of rest, but as God's holy day. Intelligent faith is far removed from narrow bigotry. It seeks to know everything not only in favor of Sabbath-keeping, but everything which may be against it. It weighs all arguments, pro and con, measures duty, not by momentary surroundings, but in the light of past history and of future destiny. Intelligent faith searches for the bottom facts and builds its conclusions in view of those facts, always keeping in mind the element of divine authority out of which the facts grow. To continue our denominational existence under the pressure of great opposition demands such intelligent faith. Neither can one defend truth, especially an unpopular and neglected truth, without such an intelligent faith. For example: It is not enough for us as Seventh-day Baptists to say that the letter of the law of the fourth commandment requires the observance of the Sabbath. We must understand, and be able

to set forth, the antecedent and the surrounding facts which are associated with the commandment. Especially is it important that we give great attention and lay much stress upon the relation which the Sabbath sustains to spiritual life. These and many similar things are included in the definition of intelligent faith touching the Sabbath and its observance. A careful study of the situation and of our history at this centennial year will reveal the operation of conscientiousness and of such faith as is here suggested; and the presence or absence of these will be the definite evidence of denominational strength or weakness, growth or decline.

As it Appears
to an
Englishman.

SOME plain suggestions regarding American business methods are given by the British Consul at Chicago, Mr. Wyndham, in a report to the British Foreign Office, a copy of which has just reached the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, at Washington.

The commercial success in the United States, and especially of Chicago, is described by Consul Wyndham as being due in part "to the education which teaches the boys independence and knowledge of their future responsibilities, and does not set the professions above business as a means of gaining a living."

"Athletics of all kinds are much encouraged in schools and universities, but very few men continue to take part in them after completing their education. Americans are as fond of outdoor life, shooting and fishing, as are the men of any European country, but they gratify their taste as a relaxation only and never allow it to interfere with their business.

"Another cause of success is the keeping of the money which has been made in the business, and the brains which have made the business, in it as long as possible, and great thought is devoted to arrangements whereby, after the death of the builder of the business, it shall not fall into the hands of his heirs, unless they are practically fitted to take care of it.

"Another and probably the chief cause is the reward of merit. The percentage of men fitted for the highest posts in business is very small compared with the total numbers employed, and the heads of the big businesses, bank corporations and wholesale firms are always looking out for men, not only among those already in their employ, but also outside, capable of filling some post under them. To these men, we found, large salaries are given, which are drawn by them as long as they show that they are capable of earning them. Men employed in business houses of all descriptions are encouraged to discover new methods of carrying on the business which may in any way lessen the cost of production or carrying on business, and specialization is carried on to an extreme point.

"In machine shops and factories the use of the best machinery is understood and appreciated by the men, but the success of the American manufacturer would appear to be owing not to the machinery but to the system of shop management. Every man appears to be fully aware that success depends upon his doing his best work, and no idleness is tolerated in anyone. The highest positions in a shop are open to anyone who can prove his worth, and every man works with this incentive."

Things That
Kill Women.

IN Good Health for May, 1902, Mrs. E. E. Kellogg writes of women who are "Cumbered with Much Serving," and among other good things she declares that "the prevalent custom of loading the table with a great number of viands, upon occasions when guests are to be entertained in our homes, is one to be deplored, since it is neither conducive to good health nor necessary to good cheer; but, on the contrary, is so laborious and expensive a practice that many are debarred from social intercourse because they cannot afford to entertain after the fashion of their neighbors. Upon this subject a well-known writer has aptly said: 'When the barbarous practice of stuffing one's guests shall have been abolished, a social gathering will not then imply, as it does now, hard labor, expensive outlay, and dyspepsia. Perhaps, when that time arrives, we shall be sufficiently civilized to demand pleasures of a higher sort. True, the entertainments will then, in one sense, be more costly, as culture is harder to come by than cake. The profusion of viands now heaped upon the table betrays poverty of the worst sort. Having nothing better to offer, we offer victuals; and this we do with something of that complacent, satisfied air with which some more northern tribes present their tidbits of whale and walrus.'

Not a few of our readers will appreciate the above from their experiences with indigestible, but attractive and toothsome, viands, which are placed before them by the best of friends, but which prove to be among the worst of enemies to good health and real enjoyment. True hospitality takes health as well as taste into account.

Growth of
Export Trade.

THE United States maintains its position at the head of the world's exporting nations, despite the temporary reduction in the value of exports due to the shortage in corn available for exportation. The export figures for the nine months ending with March, as shown by the Report of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, indicate a drop of \$58,681,957 in the total value of exports. When it is considered, however, that the value of corn exported fell, owing to the shortage in the corn supply, \$52,000,000 below that for the corresponding period of last year, and that cotton, owing solely to a decrease in price, fell \$12,000,000 below the exports of the same period of last year, the entire decrease is more than accounted for. Corn exports fell from 146,000,000 bushels in nine months of the fiscal year 1901 to 24,000,000 bushels in the nine months of 1902. Cotton exports increased 344,000,000 pounds, but, owing to reduced prices, fell \$12,000,000 in the total value exported. These two items—due in the case of corn to the shortage at home caused by the drouth of last year, and in cotton to the reduced prices in the markets of the world—more than account for the reduction of 59,000,000 in the total exports.

Notwithstanding the reduction of 59,000,000 in exports, the grand total of domestic exports from the United States exceeds that of any other country. The figures of domestic exports for the nine months ending with March are from the United States, \$1,062,432,158.

Prayer-Meeting Column.

TOPIC FOR MAY 23, 1902.

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

Theme — Gain or Loss Through Right or Wrong Purposes.

Matt. 16: 25-27.

25 For whosoever would save his life shall lose it: and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it. 26 For what shall a man be profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and forfeit his life? or what shall a man give in exchange for his life? 27 For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then shall he render unto every man according to his deeds.

Matt. 10: 39.

39 He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.

The outcome of every life is determined by its aim. If life has no aim, failure is certain. Success in Christian living comes only when the purposes of life are in harmony with true righteousness and the will of God. The teachings of Christ, as they appear in the lesson for the evening, and in many other places, make human destiny to turn upon the question of agreement or disagreement with the purposes of God. If one goes contrary to God's will and chooses the way of evil, ruin follows. All experience shows this. Hence the strong language which Christ uses. That man attains the highest plane of salvation who loses himself in the purposes of God and in obedience to the Divine will. He reaches the lowest depths of failure who turns away from the law of God and gives himself up to earth-born choices. Life and death, blessing and cursing, salvation and loss begin and find full development in the choices and purposes which govern the hearts of men in this life. The disobedient man loses all good, and brings upon himself all evil.

SOME UNIVERSAL PRINCIPLES IN HISTORY.

VII.

In all cases wherein the written Word contains specific laws and definite statements which are fundamental, these must be accepted as absolute tests. For example, when the Word says, "Thou shalt not steal," that law is the end of controversy. So with every law of the Decalogue, and with every definite fundamental truth laid down by Christ. Hence the authority of the Sabbath law and the importance of our mission.

When there is no specific law, the "general tenor" of law bearing on any point under consideration must be taken as the test. But in all cases the test which Christ gave when he said, "By their fruits ye shall know them," must be used. For instance, when we seek to know what exact form of church polity is the best, all forms must be tested by the outline given in the New Testament, and the final decision must be made in view of the fruitage which the different forms have produced. The test concerning the fruitage of all theories, systems of theology and of worship must also be made in the light of the written Word. Hence we come again to the conclusion that the unchanging Word of God must be accepted as the final test in church and denominational history. In our final decisions we must eliminate all that is not in accordance with the Word. Whatever the Word sanctions must be accepted. Theories, creeds and opinions are not correct because men entertain them. Practices and institutions are not necessarily right because they

exist. Order and harmony can never be evolved from a mass of ebbing and flowing events, theories, forms of worship, and systems of theology, unless the unchanging Word of the Lord is allowed to guide in the selection and arrangement of materials.

It is sometimes said by way of objection, that men interpret the Word in different ways. This is true in many particulars; and yet there has ever been, and must be, general agreement concerning fundamental principles. This cannot be otherwise while the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount remain as the two great landmarks in the Word of God. Imperfect interpretation gives a test correspondingly imperfect. It, however, may be right in its essential elements, and added knowledge and increasing light bring at last to just conclusions.

In testing church and denominational history, we must remember that the theology which prevails in any given age will give color to the history of that age. Each historian sees events and judges theories from his standpoint, which is usually determined by his theology. If, instead of taking the New Testament Christianity as the test-standard, he takes Romanism, or Protestantism, his conclusions will be antagonistic, and may be incorrect. History has also a reflex influence on theology. Creeds, forms of church polity, and of worship, which are created from the present experiences and impulses of men at any given time, differ widely from those which glorify the past, and cling tenaciously to things because they have been.

THE BIBLE ABOVE HISTORY OR THEOLOGY.

Whether we reason *apriorily*, or are guided by experience, we must conclude that both the history of the church and its theology should find their final test in the Bible. Its statements and teachings form the groundwork of all correct theology. The truths which it contains, outworking, furnish the divine element in church and denominational history. Accordance with the Bible is, therefore, true history. In all cases wherein men have abandoned the Scriptures and have adopted their own theories or traditions in place of the Word, the result has been disastrous. Even experimental consciousness is easily deflected and impaired through human weakness and human agencies. If it were possible for theology or history to go on straight-forward for a time, they must still be kept from fatal divergencies by a continuous influx of divine life and power. They are not projectiles, thrown off by a given force, and left to fall when the impetus first imparted is expended. They are rather like streams flowing from deep fountains, which pour forth a supply continually from their unmeasured abundance; hence when the fountain of Christian life is full and clear, the history of the church or denomination is vigorous and pure, and its theology is truly orthodox.

We must carefully avoid the extreme subjected method in writing or testing history. Christian experience and consciousness have an important place, and their fruitage in Christian life is of great value. Nevertheless, the student must not test history by his own ideas or wishes, or his consciousness of what is right. Convictions concerning what is right must be the final arbiter in determining individual action, but must not

go outside of conscience and sit in absolute and arbitrary judgment on the acts of others, nor be made the absolute test by which events and principles in history are accepted or condemned. If consciousness be made the rule instead of the Scriptures, then the individual consciousness of the historian or theologian becomes the standard by which universal consciousness and experience are measured. Thus we reason in a circle, and individual consciousness tests universal consciousness. Such a method of procedure would be destructive in any department of philosophy or science. God alone is self-creative and self-testing.

When a writer follows this subjective method too far he becomes the guiding power and attempts to direct the form of evolution. He thus evolves history or theology according to the laws which he himself imposes. He interferes with God's plan; and, instead of writing the true history, writes an imperfect or an absolutely false history under his own guidance. Schleiermacher, among theologians, and Neander, among historians, are examples of too great subjectiveness among prominent German authors. These have done too much in coloring and creating that which they produce. Instead of following the development as it really exists, they attempt to guide the development according to their conception of what ought to be. This is too common an error in judging denominational history. Men often make it appear that the past has been what they think it ought to have been, rather than what it really has been. The same danger appears in our forecast of the future. It will be easy on this centennial year to conclude that our denominational future will be what we wish it to be. But the fact is, that it will be what the past and the present facts will combine to unfold, rather than what the too hopeful or the too fearful will portray.

LIFE-TIME HYMNS.

The Committee on New Hymn Book is pleased to report that about 1,125 of these books have been ordered. Nineteen churches have adopted them, and several have expressed a good deal of satisfaction with them.

Replying to inquiries, the Committee would say that additional copies may be secured at the same rate as paid on original orders—25 cents, per copy and expense from Chicago.

On behalf of the Committee.

D. E. TITSWORTH, Chairman.

THE PREX PARTY ABROAD.

IX.

NATURE AND ART.

SWITZERLAND AND PARIS.

PREX JUNIOR.

The readers of the RECORDER will regret that Prex Senior laid down his pen on the top of the Alps, and thus deprived them of a description, in his own graphic style, of the charming Swiss country; and they will not expect Prex Junior to transport them from the lofty mountain peaks and portray to them the mermaid song of the lakes and waterfalls as Prex Senior would have done had he not left his pen on the Alps.

If I can help you to see Switzerland as a splendid type of nature's work, and contrast it with Paris, a notable example of art, in its broadest sense, I will have set you thinking, and therewith will be content. One only needs to go from Switzerland to Paris to appreciate

the force of the truism, "God made the country and man made the city;" a better example of such a truism could not be found.

The rugged grandeur of Switzerland is the grandeur of nature. The splendor of the French Capital is supremely the work of man. The Swiss mountaineer carries on his own shoulder the materials for his humble dwelling place and constructs his "lodge" far up on the mountain side, where no horse or wagon can ever go. Here he cultivates his little field with his hoe, and gathers from the meager stores which nature supplies on that mountain side sustenance for himself and his household. Of the world's wealth he knows but little, and possesses less. Yet he is industrious, thrifty and happy. The streams that trickle down from the snow-capped mountain murmur their song to him. The lakes that glisten in the sunshine below him mirror a pure heaven and an honest mountaineer.

Here, in this fortress of nature, is perhaps the oldest and most persistent manifestation of the spirit of republicanism that can be found in the world to-day. Apart from the great thoroughfares of civilization, and for centuries surrounded by hostile nations, the Swiss people have steadily maintained their right to political freedom and independence. They have made for themselves a history which makes their little republic shine as one of the brightest stars in the firmament of nations. Our way across Switzerland was from south to north, by the St. Gothard route. Our chief stop was at Lucerne, a most famous summer resort, on Lake Lucerne, near the center of Switzerland.

Lake Lucerne is thought to be the most beautiful of the Swiss lakes, and here two hundred and fifty thousand visitors come every summer to enjoy the scenery and the summer climate, which have made Switzerland so famous. Lake Lucerne is nestled in among the spurs of the Alps, and is overlooked by the two lofty peaks, Mt. Pilatus and Mt. Righi, each between six and seven thousand feet high; and also by the higher range of the Alps, with their eternal snows standing in the background. More than twenty lakes, within a radius of fifty miles from Lucerne, lie like diamonds in a setting of rugged mountain scenery. Lucerne furnishes to the student of geology some of the best-known examples of glacial erosion. A large number of perfectly preserved "glacier mills" have recently been excavated. Here one sees not only the vast work of the great glaciers of past ages, but the present active work of smaller glaciers that are now cutting away the sides of the mountains and depositing their cargoes of stone and earth and trees in the canons far below.

Here in this place where mountains are made and torn down by nature's own hand, and where men have been compelled to struggle for subsistence in a country they could not alter—here has been found through all the centuries a class of men who, for religious fervor and devotion, and for political wisdom and patriotic zeal, have challenged the admiration of the world.

Near here we saw the home village of William Tell and felt, as we mingled with the thrifty, happy, honest people, something of the spirit which gave to Switzerland a Tell, a Rousseau, a Calvin and a Zwingli.

Near the northwest border of Switzerland we spent a few hours at Basle, a wealthy

Swiss city of 70,000 inhabitants, situated on the river Rhine. We were pleased to look upon this old historic river, and would have gladly followed it in its course through the "Rhine Country," but we were "booked" for Paris, where we landed early Thursday morning, April 10th.

Here the contrast to Switzerland is everywhere apparent. The approach to Paris from the east, unlike the rugged mountain scenery of Switzerland, is level and uninteresting. Indeed the land seems poor and unproductive. But, as a city, Paris has a splendor all her own. Her broad boulevards and splendid gardens and public buildings remind one of our own beautiful Capital at Washington. Nature, however, has done much less for Paris than for Washington. Paris is the triumph of art over nature's great deficiency; Paris was once, indeed not many generations ago, a wretched city—in low, swampy ground, with narrow, squalid streets, poor sidewalks and miserable tenements. Versailles, the Royal Palace, had robbed Paris and France of wealth and luxury. But the wheel of fortune has turned, and Versailles, with her tripple palace and the gold and glitter of royalty has been left to crumble and decay.

This done, Paris has been made to blossom as the rose. Wealth and artistic skill have been lavished upon her until she is to-day the most brilliant European capital.

But not only in broad boulevards, beautiful gardens, palatial operas and theatres and princely palaces, is Paris rich, but in many other lines of art as well has she much to boast. Her galleries and museums are vast treasures of paintings and sculpture. The Louvre is unequalled in extent as a treasure house of art. Then the people of Paris have an artistic temperament and polish which is distinctive of the French capital. This finish, it is true, is often called "artificial" rather than artistic, and in some sense the criticism seems just. The stranger in Paris is not uniformly impressed with the sincerity and honor of the people, as one is when visiting the Swiss people; though the French excel in a graciousness of manner and an external polish which is very pleasing. The "Prex Party" spent four days in Paris and sustained their reputation as critical and enthusiastic "sight-seers."

As we leave Paris, however, charmed with its art and splendor, it is impossible not to review the history of France, and to contrast it with Switzerland, as has already been suggested.

France has a history, the most vacillating and turbulent of modern nations.

Under Louis XIV. Absolutism in government knew no restraint, but under his weaker successors Paris rose in temporary revolt, and the "reign of terror" followed. In this tempest of death Napoleon rose like a meteor and changed the government of France again to absolute monarchy and extended its scope to an empire. But, like the attempted republic, the power that gave it birth was the power that wrought its death. Absolutism, communism and republicanism have vied with each other for supremacy, and each in turn had its day. Now France is a republic, but the thoughtful student is compelled to ask: "What is the guarantee for the future?"

No one asks such a question of Switzerland. Nature seems to have supplied her with an answer to every such question. Persistence

and endurance seem to be written upon her people as upon her mountain peaks.

All the art of Paris furnishes no such assurance. What men have made men may tear down, and time will obliterate; but what God has built, whether in a material world, in human institutions and governments, or in individual character, that alone is enduring.

LONDON, April 18, 1902.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

On the 4th of May the capture of a Moro fort on the island of Mindanao was reported. It was taken by assault; 470 men were engaged on the American side, while an unknown number of Moros occupied the fort.

Systematic and scientific efforts are being made at Orange, N. J., and at other points, for the destruction of mosquitoes by treating the lowlands with crude petroleum. The State Entomologist of New Jersey believes that the mosquito pest can be greatly reduced, if not wholly overcome. Certainly it is worth the trying, not only in New Jersey, about the mosquitoes of which the world has loved to tell terrible stories, but in many other places.

On Sunday, May 5, a base-ball club connected with the "Catholic Protectory," in the city of New York, played a game for the express purpose of having the members of the team arrested and making a test case in the courts, as to whether ball as played by them can be prohibited by the Sunday law. When the case came to trial the prisoners were discharged, the court holding that ball playing by the members of the institution, on their own grounds, was a private, rather than a public, affair.

Archbishop Michael Augustine Corrigan died on the 5th of May, at his home in New York City. He was convalescing from pneumonia, but died suddenly from a quick relapse. In many respects he was the foremost representative of the Roman Catholic church in America, because of his position as the head of the largest and most important diocese in the Western Hemisphere, as well as his natural abilities as a leader. He was mild in manners, but had an iron will and was often spoken of as a "moss-covered rock." He was the son of a grocer, and was born in Newark, N. J., in 1840. At the age of twenty-eight he was President of Seton Hall, a Roman Catholic college in Newark. He was made Archbishop in 1885. He represented the conservative element in the Roman Catholic church of the United States and was in great favor with the Pope at Rome. His funeral and burial were attended with great solemnities.

Rear Admiral William T. Sampson died at his home in Washington, D. C., on the 6th of May. He was born in Palmyra, N. Y., on the 9th of February, 1840. He was connected with the navy during the Civil War, and passed through various grades of the service between that and the war with Spain. Although sharply criticised by the friends of Admiral Schley, impartial judgment gives Admiral Sampson a high place as to his work in the war with Spain. The long and mischievous controversy which was inaugurated by the friends of Schley was a severe blow to the physical health of Admiral Sampson, from which his death is a happy release. Admiral Sampson was one of the most highly-cultured officers in the American Navy.

Francis Bret Harte, one of the most noted of all American writers of fiction, died suddenly in London on the 6th of May, from hemorrhage, caused by throat trouble. Mr. Harte was born in Albany, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1839. His father was a Professor of Greek in the Albany Female College. Francis was brought up in the atmosphere of books. After the death of his father, the boy went to California with his mother in 1853, just when the whole Pacific Coast was under the burning influence of the gold fever. He has described the situation of that time in the following words:

"Here I was thrown among the strangest social conditions that the latter-day world has perhaps seen. The setting was itself heroic. The great mountains of the Sierra Nevada lifted majestic snow-capped peaks against a sky of purest blue. Magnificent pine forests of trees, which were themselves enormous, gave to the landscape a sense of largeness and greatness. It was a land of rugged canyons, sharp declivities and magnificent distances. Amid rushing waters and wildwood freedom, an army of strong men in red shirts and top boots were feverishly in search of the buried gold of earth. Nobody shaved, and hair, mustaches and beards were untouched by shears or razor. Weaklings and old men were unknown. It took a stout heart and a strong frame to dare the venture, to brave the journey of 3,000 miles and battle for life in the wilds. It was a civilization composed entirely of young men; for, on one occasion, I remember, an elderly man—he was fifty, perhaps, but he had a gray beard—was pointed out as a curiosity in the city, and men turned in the street to look at him as they would have looked at any other unfamiliar object."

Mr. Harte's great power, and hence his world-wide fame, found expression in short stories descriptive of Western life. From gold-mining and various irregular forms of business, he finally passed to literature. Of his successful work in that direction we have neither space nor occasion to give details. Much of his work will remain, because it contains that permanent element of literary immortality which comes from the vigorous description of actual life. He describes that which was a strenuous life, indeed, in which "weaklings and old men were unknown." He was eminently a master in his special field. English-speaking people throughout the world will join in deep sorrow at the death of Mr. Harte.

Certain publishers have won an important suit against the Postmaster-General in the matter of second-class newspaper postage. The decision was handed down by Justice Bradley, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, on the 6th of May. While it must be granted that certain publishers of books have made a raid upon the Postal Department within the last few years, in the attempt to publish books as periodicals, the decision before referred to has a very important bearing upon regular publications, such as genuine newspapers, magazines, etc. The Postmaster-General will carry the case to the Supreme Court of the United States.

On the 7th of May, Mr. Tillman, Senator from South Carolina, indulged in a wild and reckless speech against the bill for establishing Civil Government in the Philippines. His excessive denunciation of the Government,

his rehashing of the issues of the Civil War, and his acknowledgment that the Negroes of the South are now treated with great severity and are justly deprived of their political rights, was a tirade which recalls the "fire-eaters" before the Civil War. Mr. Tillman seems to have the weakness of allowing excitement and passion to run away with him in such a way as to disgust both friends and enemies. South Carolina will be more honored by his remaining at home than by his continuing to appear in the Senate of the United States as her representative.

Lord Salisbury, in a speech before the Primrose League on the 7th of May, spoke with what seems to be official authority and in a hopeful tone concerning the coming of peace in South Africa. He indicated that the Boer states may have "such independence as Canada and Australia enjoy, but no more." They are to be held as integral parts of the British Empire, and are to be under the British flag. The world unites in the hope that, upon some just basis, peace will be hastened.

Wilhelmina, Queen of Holland, has been very ill during the week. Her condition has given great anxiety to her own subjects and created much interest in the world generally. At latest account her recovery seems probable. Her illness has resulted in the death of a prospective heir to the throne, and her own death would be likely to create a great political disturbance in the kingdom.

A terrible tragedy occurred in New York City on the 8th of May, in which Howard Malcom Ford shot his brother, Paul Leicester Ford, the author, after which he shot himself in the same room. The shooting was the result of disappointment, loss of money and perhaps temporary insanity on the part of Howard. Howard was an athlete, while his brother, the author, was physically weak and partially crippled. In intellect and nobility of character the murdered man was far above his brother. The tragedy occurred in the forenoon, at which time Howard came evidently to secure money from his brother. Failing in this he deliberately shot his brother as he sat at his desk, and turning the revolver upon himself fell upon the floor of the library. The father of these men, Gordon Ford, who died in 1899, was a prominent man in Brooklyn, N. Y., both in literary and business circles. He published the New York Tribune at one time, and the present Tribune building was erected under his direction. Paul Ford began his literary career as a writer of books only a few years since. Probably his most noted production is Janice Meredith, which appeared in 1899. The scenes of this historic novel are laid in northern New Jersey. It presents a chapter in the history of the Revolutionary War, which is intensely interesting and has no little value from the historic standpoint. The murdered author was married in September, 1900, to Miss Grace Kidder, of Brooklyn. His wife was ill in her room near where the murder was committed. It is truly a terrible tragedy.

The Independent of New York for May 1st contains an extremely valuable symposium on "The Concentration of Wealth; its Distribution in the United States." The papers presented have been prepared by masters in the various departments of business, and in addition to present reading are well worth preserving for future reference.

On the 8th of May news was received at the

State Department at Washington that a terrible volcanic eruption had taken place in the Island of Martanique, one of the French West Indies, by which the city of St. Pierre had been destroyed. St. Pierre was the chief city, commercially, on the island, with a population of 25,000 people, and the largest town in the French West Indies. The town has some historic importance. The Empress Josephine of France was born there in 1763. The town was noted for its social life and general prosperity. It is to be hoped that later advices will lessen the estimate first given, which is that 25,000 people perished. Volcanic action throughout the island is said to have been unusually intense.

TELEGRAPHING THE TIME.

It is three minutes to nine o'clock at night. The official in charge of a great observatory, the Goodsell Observatory, Northfield, Minn., is preparing to send out the time to the people living in his section of America. For sixty seconds he rattles away on a telegraph instrument at his desk, spelling out the word "time, time, time;" then he waits an instant. Then he turns to his telegraph key again. Eleven thousands of miles of wire are open to him; he is ruler of them all. Every telegraph instrument in all the vast territory of which the Goodsell Observatory is the center is silent; every operator has taken his hand from his key; throughout the whole length of these thousands of miles there is a strange silence.

The seconds are slowly ticking away. Above the head of the observer there is a great observatory clock. At precisely two minutes to nine, after the telegraphers all along the miles of wire have been notified and have withdrawn their hands from the keys, the wires are switched into a connection with the very clock itself, and all along the eleven thousands of miles there is no sound but the tick, tick, tick of the observatory clock. Every beat of the great arteries of commerce is stopped; every throb of the news of all lands going out night by night over these wires from the great heart of the world, ceases; even the sad messages of death and suffering, as well as the gay ones that tell of little babies born and young folks married and reunions of friends promised—all these must wait while the great clock on the wall makes itself understood in the language of time and eternity over these many thousands of miles.

Something strangely solemn is in one's thoughts as he stands beside the observer amid the silent seconds while the clock ticks on. Whoever is listening at the wire along its course, waiting to set his watch, whether he be a railroad employe or some man in a large jeweler's establishment where the people go to get their timepieces regulated, knows the system, and knows that there is a sudden pause just before the exact stroke of nine o'clock—a broken beat in the ticking. Then all carefully note their timepieces as the clock in the observatory ticks the nine-o'clock second. Thus they can tell to the second whether their watches are fast or slow or precisely right.

Attached to the clock is a simple device—a wheel with teeth in it—located behind the second-hand, which breaks the current at each even second. Thus the clock is ticking the time over the whole stretch of wire covering the thousands of miles of territory in the field of this particular observatory.—St. Nicholas.

Missions.

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

It was a pleasure to spend Sabbath, May 3, and the following Sunday with a lone Sabbath-keeper, Mrs. H. A. Fisher, at Northboro, Mass. Sabbath evening we attended the prayer meeting of the Baptist church. Pastor Simmons was very cordial. He knew our people and was a schoolmate of some of our young people at Colgate University, Hamilton, N. Y. Sabbath afternoon we preached to a little company in a Sabbath-keeping family by the name of Fay. Sunday, Mrs. Fisher and myself visited the State Insane Asylum at Westboro, Mass., with the purpose of seeing Dr. Swinney, the daughter of Dr. C. O. Swinney, of Smyrna, Del., who has been one of the physicians in this institution, but she had left there in February to stay with her father and practice medicine with him in Smyrna. We were disappointed in not seeing her. Sister Fisher lives alone on her little farm, looking after it, working her own garden, caring for her cow and hens. She has a good faithful watch-dog. Sister Fisher is a devout, godly woman. She says she is not alone, for God is with her; her Saviour is ever present, and the Holy Spirit dwells in her. Her habit is, in her morning devotion to read three chapters of the Bible in course week days, and on the Sabbath five chapters. She is deeply interested in all our denominational work and is a generous giver to all our lines of effort. She says she would not do without the SABBATH RECORDER for anything, reads every bit of it, keeps her informed of our work and in fellowship with it and us. God bless and keep these isolated, lone Sabbath-keepers.

OUR Associational gatherings are at hand. It is hoped that those who have had the charge of arranging for these meetings have so arranged the services that they shall be something more than the usual routine. This round of Associations should be more than a time of gospel seed-sowing, social enjoyment, and sweet fellowship in the Lord. It should be a time of great spiritual refreshing from the Holy Spirit, a spiritual uplift to the churches where the Associations are held, and to all the delegates and visitors. They should be so refreshed, revived and strengthened as to carry back to their churches and their homes a quickened life, and a more active and devoted service for Christ. Again, they should be meetings where there shall be an evangelistic fire, and souls shall be brought into the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Our people at these meetings should get a broader conception and a deeper understanding of our mission as a denomination, and be more thoroughly imbued with the spirit, purpose and enthusiasm of that mission. We need to be awakened, aroused to our opportunities and to our grand work of Evangelism and Sabbath Reform. We need to be brought into such spirituality, such deep sense of personal responsibility, into such consecration, that it will be a joy to give and sacrifice, that such a work may be accomplished. Let us all go up to these Associational meetings with the purpose to make them successful means to the above ends.

THE first Baptist church in America was formed at Providence, R. I., 1639, by Roger Williams, who had been a clergyman of the

Church of England, but not liking its formalities and ritualism, seceded and became a non-conformist, and fled to America because of the persecution which he received in England. The second Baptist church in America was organized at Newport, R. I., in 1644, by John Clarke, a distinguished Baptist minister, one of the first founders of Rhode Island.

The first Seventh-day Baptist church in America was organized in Newport, R. I., December 23, 1671, with seven constituent members. Stephen Mumford was the first Seventh-day Baptist to come to this country, who came from London to Newport in 1664. Several members of the first Baptist church of Newport accepted Mr. Mumford's views of the Bible Sabbath, and commenced its observance. Because of persecution, they were forced either to leave the fellowship of the Baptist church, or abandon the Sabbath of the Lord, and they decided to leave the church and organize a church of their own faith and practice. From this little beginning we are a people kept these 230 years for a purpose and a mission. Are we accomplishing it?

FROM W. D. WILCOX.

I enclose report for quarter. Everything is moving along evenly here. Our people are very regular in attendance, and a good interest is maintained. Wish I could report that our numbers are increased, but instead we have lost two members by death during the quarter. I was not able to reach Preston the first of March on account of the bad roads. We go there this next week. Wish it were possible to go there oftener. Am supplying the Congregational society of Lincklaen on Sundays. That is near by, and I can accommodate them all right.

I read with sadness a notice of Peter Velt-huysen's death in the Alfred Sun. Too bad! His service there was short, indeed, but his reward will be great.

LINCKLAEN CENTRE, N. Y.

FROM L. F. SKAGGS.

It is time for my Quarterly Report. The past quarter, and especially the first two months of it, was very cold, rough weather for southwest Missouri, and as a result our attendance was small. The attention was good. As the weather is warm now, we think the attendance will be better. Religion is at a very low ebb.

The farmers are having a very hard time, on account of the severe drouth. Nearly all of the farmers have their seed of all kinds to buy where it is shipped in. Seed corn is \$1.30 per bushel, oats 55 to 60 cents, and feed for stock there is almost none, except as they buy it. May God bless you in your effort to send out the truth.

BOAZ, Mo.

FROM J. H. HURLEY.

Report for first quarter, 1902. Have conducted services for the Gentry church every Sabbath during the quarter. Have also preached four times at Bloomfield and once at Flint Creek church. Good attendance and interest. Received into the church during this quarter twenty-seven—six by baptism; two converts to the Sabbath. Spiritual condition of church seems good. Others are contemplating following Christ in baptism. We are praying that a precious awakening may result from the quartet work here this summer, and that this state may be taken for Christ and his Sabbath.

GENTRY, Ark.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

For the month of April, 1902.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer,

In account with

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

DR.

Cash in treasury April 1, 1902.....	\$ 509 18
Churches:	
New York.....	28 64
Nortonville, Kan.....	24 77
Milton, Wis.....	13 81
Boulder, Colo.....	2 85
Lost Creek, W. Va.....	7 00
Hammond, La.....	8 18
Albion, Wis.....	5 15
Garwin, Iowa.....	5 00
First Verona, N. Y.....	3 00
Milton Junction, Wis.....	30 00
First Genesee, N. Y.....	15 00
Plainfield, N. J.....	31 49
First Alfred, N. Y.....	16 33
Nile, N. Y.....	11 00
Rotterdam, Holland, China Mission.....	4 00
Home Missions.....	8 00
Sabbath-Schools:	
Rockville, R. I.....	10 00
Ashaway, R. I.....	35 20
Albion, Wis.....	8 17
Sherman Park, Syracuse, N. Y.....	1 00
Martha R. Stillman, Plainfield, N. J., Gold Coast.....	10 00
Mrs. Adella Greene, Waltherville, Oregon.....	1 00
Mrs. Cortland Greene.....	1 00
Mrs. A. L. Collins.....	1 00
J. H. Coon, Utica, Wis.....	6 00
Madison Harry, Watson, N. Y., Gold Coast.....	\$1 00
General Fund.....	5 00
Collected on Watson (N. Y.) field by Madison Harry.....	6 00
Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hunting, Alfred, N. Y., Gold Coast.....	10 00
Seventh-day Baptist Memorial Fund:	
Income of Missionary Society Funds.....	\$31 78
One-half income D. C. Burdick farm.....	68 02
Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Wilson, New Richland, Minn.....	10 00
O. U. Whitford, Westerly, R. I., Gold Coast.....	20 00
Income from Permanent Funds.....	173 25
Evangelistic Committee:	
Per J. G. Burdick:	
Collected at Buffalo, N. Y.....	10 00
Per M. G. Townsend, collected at Garwin and Dodge Centre:	
Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Hurley.....	\$ 2 00
Mr. and Mrs. Davis.....	2 00
Collected at Dodge Centre.....	28 00
Gifts and collection, Albion.....	28 00
Gift from Albion Sabbath-school.....	10 00
	38 00
Less Money Order.....	18— 37 82
Per Elizabeth A. Fisher:	
Unexpended balance of traveling expenses.....	16 48
Part of school tuition.....	6 50
Mrs. J. Alfred Wilson, New Brunswick, N. J., Gold Coast.....	22 98
Mrs. M. E. Rich, Tampa, Fla., Gold Coast.....	15 00
Miss Palmberg's salary.....	2 00
George Bonham, Shiloh, N. J.....	5 00
George W. Burdick, Welton, Iowa.....	1 00
R. S. Wilson, Attalla, Ala.....	2 00
Received in field by G. H. Fitz Randolph:	
Winthrop church.....	\$ 5 00
School tuition at Pouke, Ark.....	37 95
Pouke church.....	20 00
Loan.....	62 95
	500 00
	\$2,812 57

CR.

O. U. Whitford, balance, salary, expenses, etc., quarter ending March 31, 1902.....	\$ 222 99
H. C. VanHorn, salary and traveling expenses, quarter ending March 31, 1902.....	27 32
G. H. Fitz Randolph, salary and traveling expenses, quarter ending March 31, 1902.....	157 87
R. S. Wilson, balance salary and traveling expenses, quarter ending March 31, 1902.....	84 65
Churches, for quarter ending March 31, 1902:	
First Westerly, R. I.....	\$ 50 00
Second Westerly, R. I.....	18 75
Berea, W. Va., six months.....	31 25
Greenbrier, Middle Island, Black Lick, W. Va.....	25 00
Otselic, Lincklaen, N. Y., etc.....	50 00
Hornellsville and Hartsville, N. Y.....	37 50
New Auburn, Minn.....	37 50
Welton, Iowa.....	25 00
Cartwright, Wis.....	50 00
Hammond, La.....	31 25
Delaware, Mo.....	6 25
Providence, Mo.....	6 25
Corinth, Mo.....	6 25
Cumberland, N. C.....	6 25
D. H. Davis, Shanghai, order from T. J. Davis.....	50 00
Evangelistic Committee—Orders Nos. 264-266.....	207 11
Press seal of Society.....	3 00
Geo. W. Burdick, Welton, Iowa, traveling expenses.....	5 65
American Sabbath Tract Society, one-half of certain RE-CORDER subscriptions.....	18 75
American Sabbath Tract Society, proportion of Annual Minutes.....	112 27
Interest.....	20 72
Cash in treasury May 1, 1902:	
China Mission.....	\$ 952 67
Reduction of Debt.....	5 00
Available for current expenses.....	563 32— 1,520 99
	\$2,812 57

E. & O. E.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treas.

A BUREAU OF MISSIONS.

At the time of the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York in 1900, it was felt that there ought to be some permanent organization which should hold the valuable material collected at the Exhibit of the conference, adding to it in the future, thus constituting a missionary museum, which it was believed would awaken and maintain popular interest in the cause, as well as be helpful to all students of missions. Connected with this idea was a suggestion that there is a vast amount of missionary information

which it is desirable to have on hand, but which no one of the present missionary organizations could wisely or properly prepare and distribute. Much of the literature now needed, such as maps, statistics, addresses, tracts, etc., on the general theme of missions, might be used by all societies, thus saving much cost in labor and money. The desirability of having some organization which should take this matter in hand seemed so great to the representatives of the Foreign Missionary Boards of the United States and Canada, in their Conference held in New York in January, 1901, that they appointed a large committee to consider and report upon a plan for a Bureau of Missionary Information. This committee did not succeed in presenting a plan which was acceptable to the requisite number of missionary societies. In the meantime another plan has been presented, which has been approved by the Conference just held at Toronto. The Board of Directors of the Christian Missions Museum and Library, already in existence, has arranged with the American Museum of Natural History of New York, which has large and well-appointed rooms, to provide an ample place as well as curatorship for a missionary department. A Bureau of Missions is to be incorporated, consisting of a few gentlemen, but with an Advisory Committee of persons specially identified with missions, which shall have full charge of the three departments: (1) Missionary Information; (2) The Museum; (3) The Library. The plans of the Board of Directors are not fully matured, except so far as relate to the Museum, which will be located as stated above. The location of the Library and the Bureau of Information are yet to be determined. The Executive Committee of the Ecumenical Missionary Conference has turned over to this new Bureau of Missions all its books and assets, including quite a sum of money remaining after all expenses of the Ecumenical Conference have been met. Rev. Edwin M. Bliss, D. D., well known in all missionary circles, is the Secretary of the Bureau, and we trust that this new organization will prove a valuable assistance in the missionary movements of the century.—The Missionary Herald.

THE FATHER'S SHARE IN HOME-MAKING.

JOHN CALVIN GODDARD.

A man's real life begins in a home of his own. Novels may end with marriage, but experience teaches wise men that all previous history was only a novitiate. Under his own roof-tree he finds his best university, and the highest degree he may obtain on earth is that of master of home arts.

His Saxon ancestors gave him the name of the "house-band." Blest be the band that binds. There is something about family life that needs a binder. A college president told the writer that the hardest part of his duty was not the money raising, nor the teaching, nor the discipline; it was the task of keeping the faculty in unison. It is the father's part to make the family coach bowl pleasantly along, the horses well abreast, especially the "off horse," the whiffletree unbarked by the wheel, and to "see that ye fall not out by the way." For a good father is a good administrator.

Further, the house-band ought to be the Mark Tapley of the home, and should come to it each night charged with positive

electricity. Governor Jewell, of Hartford, while carrying a large business and laden with the burden of a Presidential campaign, always brought to his home a bright face and cheery smile. Care flew out of the window when he entered the door. Many are the occasions in family history when he will need "to come out strong." There are financial problems for him to solve, akin to that old problem of whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand. But why need he make every one in the house troubled, too? Above all, it is at table that the lord of the manor should show at his best. The table is the intellectual center of the home. Our Lord knew what was in man when he frequented the social board, and exalted the table to the highest place in his own family life.

The husband is the connecting link between the home and the world. He should bring to its pent-up Utica the history, geography and philosophy of the outside. He should regale its inmates freely with the adventures of the day, his gleanings from the paper, his things seen and heard. Moreover, he is the natural symposiarch of the feast and should encourage others in that Athenian habit of to hear or to tell some new thing. School life is more worth recounting than the second Peloponnesian war, and the play of family humor is better than a bound volume of Punch. It follows that the table is no place for bringing the newspaper; it is no place for the still air of delightful studies; it is no place for cracking the hard nuts of business; it is no place for Quakers, Trappists, nor for an asylum of the deaf and dumb.

The training of children is one of the most obvious duties of the father in the home, yet it is often reluctantly assumed. Some of the best of men have failed in it. The sons of Eli were sons of Belial, rivaled only by the sons of Samuel. Yet Samuel's first revelation was on the subject of family discipline. Solomon knew the theory of child-training perfectly, yet somehow could not reduce it to practice. John Milton knew all about heaven, and yet lost the paradise of his daughter's affection and never regained it. John Howard heard the sighing of the prisoner, but made a convict of his own son. Men eminent in church and state have had to confess: "They made me the keeper of the vineyards: my own vineyard have I not kept."

Now, the first reason why they failed is that they never tried to succeed. Many a man has given far more attention to the national question of sixteen to one than to the boy question of from one to sixteen. Their ideas of parental training are identical with the elder Mr. Weller's.

"Beg your pardon, sir," said Mr. Weller, Senior, taking off his hat, "I hope you've no fault to find with Sammy, sir?"

"None whatever," said Mr. Pickwick.

"Werry glad to hear it, sir," replied the old man. "I took a great deal of pains with his eddication, sir: let him run in the streets when he was werry young, and shift for himself."

Unfortunately, all boys do not emerge from this let-alone policy as favorably as Sam. Some of them become the terrors of the home, and are classed by the neighborhood among "Wild animals I have known." All

of this might be forefended by a little fatherly control. It was to just such a reform, among others, that the Baptist was sent, namely, to "turn the hearts of the fathers unto the children," and for some incorrigible fathers, no doubt, it took all the sweetness of his honey and all the strength of his leathern girdle.

Children learn more from inference than from "laying down the law." A child soon catches the spirit of the family in which it is born; in a few years he will begin to show the family type; he will become patrician or plebeian without reference to his schoolmasters. He will learn from a father's example that good-breeding requires a multitude of petty sacrifices, and that etiquette is not somebody's "say so," but is, as its name implies, little ethics—morality applied to small things.

The rabbis taught that he wronged his son who did not teach him a trade. It was a wise saying. But many a father excuses himself from the duty on the ground that he is not good at a trade. True, he cannot teach him net-mending like St. Peter, nor tent-making like St. Paul, but he can teach him all those fine arts that make the accomplished "man about the house." Teach him that all the virtue of a hatchet did not go out with George Washington, teach him the making of a fire with the spark of genius, teach him the difference between hitting the nail on the head and the nail on the finger. The quadratics of a lawn, the dynamics of a wood-pile, the æsthetics of a garden, the pneumatics of a furnace, the ethics of the dust-bin and the statics of a cellar are all as important in the training of a man as a course of lectures at Heidelberg. In this *ecole des beaux arts* the father is dean, president and faculty. All his life long the boy will gratefully remember how his father taught him the use of simple tools, will recur to it as readily as to "the way my mother used to cook."

The entrance into the kingdom of pater-nity is even as the entrance into the kingdom of heaven. He should first become a little child. The most winsome fact we know about Martin Luther, that stern old thes-nailer and theological hard-hitter, is the little packet of letters he wrote to his children. If any man think that age now demands that he put away childish things, he had better gather up his feet into the bed after him and be numbered with the patriarchs. A boy has the right to expect that the man whom he has been taught to respect from the cradle to the bat should know some of the rudimentary facts of life, should understand what is meant by a goal from field or the glory involved in a three-base hit. This sympathy with childhood is one of the choicest bonds between father and son. It develops with age, takes on new forms, but is never outgrown. The chief value of a lad's prizes in college are connected with his father's approbation; the interest of all his important steps in life is enhanced by "talking it over with father."

The father is the Pontifex Maximus of the home. His highest function consists in showing his children how to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with their God. It is a privilege that can never be relegated to a Sabbath-school teacher; his is a message that cannot be left to the long-distance telephone.

of the pulpit. Too often it is to-day as with Timothy of old, whose religious training is credited to his grandmother Lois and his mother Eunice. Timothy's father was a spiritual cipher. That boy is robbed of his birthright who never hears his father's voice in prayer, nor sees him give one visible sign of loyalty to his Lord. It is well for the father to take advantage of the most impressionable time of the day, and occasionally hear the children's evening prayers. Grace at table is a simple custom to inaugurate; that and family prayers teach children almost inevitably to be reverent.

It is the father's religion that gives tone to the household's, that commends as nothing else can the Christian life as something manly and noble, that illustrates chiefly the nature of God, who has chosen this very relationship to typify himself. It is the father's religion in the home that will have largely to do with his children's future, and that will be remembered deeply and powerfully long after he himself has been gathered unto his fathers.—Congregationalist and Christian World.

Our Reading Room.

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us be working what is good, towards all, but especially towards the family of the faith."—Gal. 6: 10. "But to do good and to communicate, forget not."—Heb. 13: 16.

MILTON JUNCTION, Wis.—About the first of last December some of us came to believe that we ought to make an extra effort to lead our young people to Christ. Accordingly the subject was presented to the church meeting and it was agreed to hold some extra meetings, beginning about the fifth of January, and in the intervening time to pray God to bless the work. We held one week's meetings, and had so good an interest that we continued them through the second week. Since these meetings the young people, boys and girls, have been coming to Christ. March 7 we had the pleasure of baptizing eight, and April 11 six happy converts, and we expect more to follow. Praise the Lord! G. J. C.

SHILOH, N. J.—The parsonage was completely surrounded by not less than a hundred people on a very pleasant spring evening. The pastor was in his study, and his wife was busy with household affairs. The muffled voices about the house did not sound like Indians, as I recall them now. The tread of feet came nearer and nearer until a rush was made for the door, and the steady tramp of an unbroken column of people came pouring into the house. As soon as the pastor recovered his usual composure he commenced to shake hands and say "good evening." Finally he gave it up, as people seemed to have their hands already full. Our table was not used to such a burden, and it seemed as if it would actually groan; the barrel of flour and the bags of potatoes, corn and wheat were not on the table either. This was not like the donation I read of made to the parson where the following day a tramp called for a morsel of bread, and the good wife had to tell him that on the night previous the people of their parish had surprised them with a donation, and had eaten up everything in the house, so she had nothing to give the poor tramp. All had a pleasant evening. Now when the parson stands before his people he always wishes he could be loaded with good things for them, as they were for him that night of the donation. This church has found that the way to make a good pastor is to keep doing for him.

E. B. S.

MAY 5, 1902.

Woman's Work.

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

SWEET, FAIR, FRESH, NEW.

RIPLEY D. SAUNDERS.

The world is sweet, the world is fair,
To earnest workers all;
Its mornings dawn in beauty rare,
Its evenings tranquil fall.
Or high or low in its degree,
The task our souls must share;
If but its noble aim we see,
The world is sweet and fair.

The world is fresh, the world is new,
To those that work therein;
It seems but to the idle few
All stale and old with sin.
The blessed ones of labor's clan
Working with purpose true,
They find the world, in God's good plan,
Forever fresh and new.

MANY of us have read with deep interest the story of Peary's wanderings in the far North or heard from his own lips the tale of his unsuccessful search for the North Pole. We recall, too, the wife who accompanied him and the little daughter born in the land of ice and snow; but we can have little idea of the strong tower of hope and courage that Mrs. Peary has ever been to her husband.

The May number of Success tells the story in detail, and it is an interesting story of a brave, self-forgetful woman, who has acted the part of a true helpmeet to her husband. We have never realized before the important part that Mrs. Peary has taken in the success that her husband has attained.

When in 1895, Lieut. Peary returned from his long, unsuccessful journey to Greenland in search of the North Pole, he was thoroughly discouraged and broken in health and spirit. "I am a failure," was his constant cry, and it seemed as if there would soon be little doubt of their truth. Day after day these four words resounded in the ears of his faithful wife, and she felt that something must be done to break the spell and wrest him from this forlorn condition. He told her of a large meteorite that he had heard of from the natives of Greenland; and, judging that the best medicine was something that would take his thoughts away from himself, she suggested that he should go to Greenland and bring back the big meteor, and that she should go with him. The effect was electrical. The trip was undertaken and was entirely successful; and in October, 1897, Lieut. Peary brought to New York the most magnificent contribution to the science of meteorology that an American has ever made. He was honored by scientific societies in Europe as well as America, and was soon ready to start again and with fresh courage to the land of ice and snow.

He is now in Greenland, and Mrs. Peary is making preparations to join him in the late summer. In speaking of his work, she says that even if he fails in locating the North Pole, the geographical societies still claim that he has done much for science in completely mapping Greenland and by the reliable information that he has been able to give them. It is sometimes wiser to refrain from pointing a moral; but we can but think how different would have been the result, had she failed to give him her support, encouragement and hopefulness in his time of need.

THINK well over your important steps in life, and having made up your minds, never look behind.—Thomas Hughes.

A TOUCH OF SPRING FEVER.

RUTH POTTER MAXSON.

She watched him all the way down the hill, and across the meadow till he reached the gap in the hedge. There he turned, and, contrary to his usual custom, stopped an instant to wave his hat in farewell. She fluttered her apron in reply, and shrieked after him not to forget the saleratus, and then turned and went into the house. On her face was a curious set expression, around her lips lurked a queer little smile. Her step was full of deliberation, and yet of determination too; it was almost the step of a tragedy queen, as of one who has long planned a murder, and up to the very moment of the deed has played the part of guileless innocence.

Mrs. Jenkins did not go back to her work. There were quarts and quarts of green peas waiting to be shelled, and several baskets of peppers to be done up, while out of doors there were three flower beds that badly wanted weeding. But all these things weighed not on Mrs. Jenkin's mind; she went into her bedroom and sat down by the window and folded her hands, as if she had nothing in all the world to do but sit and gaze out at other people's back yards.

"I don't care if I do sit down once in a while, and I don't care if Mrs. Thompson does see me and think its shiftless. I haven't had an hour's rest without something on my mind to worry me since I've been married. I haven't sat down once without crocheting or knitting or something to do while I rested. Why, when John and I went on our wedding trip to Niagara Falls I had that piece of red worsted work with me, and I knitted on the cars all the way from Boston to Buffalo. It kept me from being car-sick, though, so that's one comfort. I don't know what I should have done without it."

She sighed reflectively.

"I suppose Mrs. Thompson thinks I'm just awful not to get out and weed that corner bed; goodness knows it needs it bad enough. But I don't know as I care very much what Mrs. Thompson thinks, it ain't her verbeny bed. She can't even raise a sunflower bigger'n a ten-cent piece."

Her eyes fell upon her husband's picture on the shelf over the cabinet.

"Probably John would be some surprised if he knew I was sitting here taking my ease, and him working all day in that stuffy tannery. I wish I'd told him to take his dinner. It's so hot to come way home at noon-time.

"Oh, how I do wish John ever had a long vacation like he told about at the school he had at Whitney's Harbor the year before we were married. Seems as if he never got a holiday, hardly a breathing spell."

She paused, and stole another glance at the picture.

"I wonder what you'd say if you knew what I'm going to do? 'Twould sort of surprise you, I guess. I—" she drew a long breath—"I'm going to have a vacation myself, and I don't care what other people think about it."

She rose as she spoke. She had a queer way of talking aloud to herself, from being so much alone. She stepped briskly to the heavy wardrobe, and took out her best bonnet, and her red China-silk shawl, and then she put on her bonnet and took her shawl carefully over her arm. She stopped at the looking-glass to give a dab or two at her front-hair, then she went out into the kitchen,

her skirts held high. (Such is the influence of one's best bonnet and red China-silk shawl.) She scribbled a few words on a piece of paper and left it on the kitchen table on top of an apple pie, along with the bread box and the pickle jar. Then she stepped resolutely out into the fresh June air.

She went out to the barn, and laying her shawl in a place out of harm's way, proceeded to lead out old Doll and harness her. As she worked she thought once that she heard a noise in another part of the barn, and it seemed as if she heard the shutting of the outside rear door, but the noise, real or fancied, did not come again. She worked swiftly, and the buggy was ready in a few moments. Then she took her shawl, climbed into the buggy, gathered up the reins, and with an encouraging cluck drove out of the barn.

"I ain't even going to lock up the barn nor see if Towser is tied up, nor look after the chickens getting in the celery bed. I didn't pull down a single curtain so that the sun won't fade the carpet, and I didn't fasten the screen in the parlor so that the flies can't get in, and I'm glad! glad!! glad!!! I'm going to have a vacation, and I'm not going to be bothered with thinking about house-work all day long."

She flapped the reins over old Doll's back, and with a farewell glance at the now deserted house, and at Mrs. Thompson ostentatiously hanging out clothes in her back yard, Mrs. Jenkins drove around the turn of the road that hid house and all from her sight. She settled back with a long, happy sigh of relief.

"It's an elegant day, I most wish I'd put on my white muslin with purple sprigs. It ain't much cooler, but it's more stylish than this."

Just then she came to a cross-road. She glanced down the right-hand road at a red factory building, whence came a steady humming as of many hives of bees. She smiled. Then she turned deliberately and took the left-hand road.

The sun grew hotter. At noon Mrs. Jenkins drove through Simpkinsville, and got dinner at her cousin Abby Foster's. She told Abby Foster that she was on her way to Burnell to buy a new bonnet.

"Fashions are so behind the times in Sherwood Corners," she said to Abby Foster, "and you can get so much nicer things in Burnell."

Mrs. Jenkins had not meant to lie; her standing in the Baptist church in Sherwood Corners was excellent, but the falsehood rippled right off her conscience like water off a duck's back. She was indeed enjoying a vacation.

"And how is John?" asked Abby Foster, "why couldn't he come with you?"

"Oh, he can't get a half day off," replied Mrs. Jenkins, "and I didn't tell him I was coming, anyway," she said to herself.

As she drove out of the yard, Abby Foster and her husband stared at the gate and watched her.

"Terrible glad you came, Sophy," said Abby Foster, her cousin, "it's been such a nice visit, and such a surprise, too."

Mrs. Jenkins smiled grimly.

"A surprise to more than one, I reckon," she said, but Abby Foster was beyond ear-shot.

All through the long sunny afternoon Mrs. Jenkins drove still away from Sherwood Corners, till old Doll's pace began to lag, and the shadows grew so long on the hills that Mrs. Jenkins felt that she must turn back.

"I shan't drive through Simpkinsville," she said to herself, "because Abby Foster will be watching to see my new bonnet."

She chuckled at her own villiany. The thought of the imaginary bonnet pleased her. She remembered Abby Foster's credulous smile when they were talking about Burnell fashions.

"Guess I'll keep on half a mile and take the road to the left through the clearing."

The air was delightfully cool and sweet. Mrs. Jenkins was enjoying herself to the utmost. Making old Doll go more slowly still, so that the last half mile before the turn might seem longer, Mrs. Jenkins settled back on the cushions and thought of her happy day. The utter freedom from homely household duties, the joy of befooling simple Abby Foster, the child-like delight in the stolen holiday, and (after all, the happiest thought) the consciousness of a home to go to when the dark should fall—these were the feelings that came to her as she thought of her happy holiday. And John—John and home—home and John; the two words were to her synonymous, and she was glad it was so. Her day had been happy, but she was not sorry that at the end of her drive was home and John.

She jerked the reins and old Doll quickened her pace. They were almost at the turn, when she caught sight of a figure coming along the road. It was a fisherman returning home. He carried his pole over his shoulder, and his basket slung across his back. By his gait, the basket seemed heavy.

"Someone else on a holiday," thought Mrs. Jenkins.

As he came nearer, she could hear the regular swish, swish of his water-soaked boots. Mrs. Jenkins was near sighted, so she did not look closely at the man, and not till he came abreast of old Doll and stood aside to let the buggy pass, did Mrs. Jenkins give him a second glance. As she did so, her eyes met those of the stranger. She gave a sort of gasp, dropped the reins and sank helplessly back against the cushions of the buggy. The man started back, his pole fell, and his basket swung off into the bushes. His face turned an ashen gray.

The woman recovered herself first. She looked the man straight in the eye, and she spoke to him as though they were strangers meeting casually for the first time.

"Been fishing?" she asked.

The man still looked at her in dumb astonishment.

"Pretty tired, aint you John? Better get in and ride home. I was just thinking 'twas about time I turned around."

The man still looked at her, his mouth half open.

"Come, John, it's getting late, near supper time. Hope you got a good mess of trout. 'Taint often we both take a vacation, is it John?"

The man understood at last. He turned, and without a word, picked up his basket and rod and climbed into the buggy.

"Roads are rather heavy for walking," he said briefly, when he had settled himself, "terrible glad you happened along, Sophy."

"Did you get the saleratus?" she asked, but on her face was an uplifted, rapturous expression, that showed she had no need for saleratus.

A LAKE OF MYSTERY.

Most wonderful of all the so-called "bottomless lakes" is Mystery; or, Deep Blue Lake, as it was named by its white discoverers half a century ago, but better known nowadays as Crater Lake, in Oregon. There are very few places in it where the depth is less than 1,500 feet, and no other lake on the Western Hemisphere approaches this. It is no wonder, then, that Crater Lake was at first supposed to be bottomless.

However, the truth is that all lakes over 150 feet deep possess a similar reputation. Any body of water that is deeper than the length of the longest feeling line is sure to lack a bottom in the popular belief.

Crater Lake is 6,251 feet above the sea level, five miles in diameter, nearly circular, and occupies the crater of an extinct volcano in the northwest portion of Klamath county, twenty-two miles west and north of Fort Klamath, and about ninety miles northeast of Ashland. The Indians of southern Oregon have known of its existence for many generations, but until recently few Redmen had seen it for the reason that a tradition, handed down from the fathers of the tribe, described the lake as the home of myriads of sea devils, or, as they were called, Ilaos, and it was considered certain death for any brave to even look upon it. This superstition still haunts the Klamaths. While a few of the tribe have visited it in the capacity of guides to white explorers, they do so with a dread of consequences.

It is "bad medicine" in the fullest sense of the term. There is probably no point of interest in America that so completely overcomes the ordinary Indian with fear. To the savage mind the lake is clothed with a deep veil of mystery and is the abode of all manner of demons and monsters.

Old Allin Davy, chief of the Klamath tribe, once gave the following history of the discovery of the lake by his people:

"A long time ago, long before the white men appeared to vex and drive the Indian out, a band of Klamaths, while out hunting, came suddenly upon the lake and were startled by its remarkable walls and awed by its majestic proportions. Their spirits subdued and trembling with fear, they silently gazed upon the face of the heaven-hued lake. Something within them told the braves that the Great Spirit dwelt there and they dared not remain, or explore the shores of the lake, but passed silently down the side of the mountain and encamped far away.

"By some unaccountable influence, however, one brave was induced to return. He went up to the very brink of the precipice and started his campfire. Here he lay down to rest; here he slept till morn; slept until the sun was high in the heavens, and then rose and returned to his tribesmen far down the mountain.

"At night he went again, and again he slept until morn. Each visit bore a charm that drew him back again. Each night found him sleeping above the blue lake; and each night strange voices arose from the waters; mysterious noises filled the air.

"At last, after a great many moons, he was invited to bathe in the waters of the lake by a stranger who appeared to him in the night. The stranger looked and was dressed like a Klamath Indian, but he was really a

(Concluded on page 301.)

Young People's Work.

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

Extracts from Dr. Palmborg's Letters.

The following lines were not written for publication. Perhaps they are all the better for that. You will please consider that she is chatting with some intimate friends and these are the snatches of the conversation which come to your ears. You are invited to listen, of course; for we have her permission to publish anything from her letters which we think might be of interest. And now, after this brief introduction, our friend, the compositor, will please roll up the curtain and introduce us to A Home on the Other Side of the Planet. You will remember that Dr. Palmborg has moved the dispensary from Shanghai to Liu-oo, nearly thirty miles away by nearest route; and that there is no other white person within twenty miles. In answer to a question whether she is ever lonely, she says:

"Sometimes, of course, when I think of those in the home-land there is a longing to see them; but it does not control me, and there is really nothing unhappy about it. I am cheerful and happy all the time. I feel that God is near; that he is good in all things; that he makes all things work together for good to me, whether I can understand it or not. I trust him, knowing that 'some day I shall understand.'

"We had a little service again at Loo Tsi's to-day. I cannot take a text and preach from it, so I choose a chapter, or part of one, and explain it. There are usually a goodly number present who know very little about the Bible, and it needs to be explained to them. I just talk—I don't preach. To-day I used parts of the seventh chapter of Matthew.

"Two of our pupils are sons of the 'hyih-de', or military magistrate. He has called (by sending his card by his son) several times. He is honored here as a just man and good to the people. His oldest son, a married man, is quite well advanced in reading and writing English, but his pronunciation is very bad, as he has studied by himself. He is a gentlemanly fellow, nothing proud or ostentatious about him—and I think he is quite interested in Christianity. His mother sent me an invitation to dinner the other day, and I was treated with every honor. A small official called the other day and told me I ought to write to the head man of the district and ask for a proclamation for my protection. I asked Commodore Ting when I was there to dinner if he thought this necessary. He said he did, because there might sometime be a disturbance, and the magistrate do nothing to help me, because I had not officially informed him of my presence. That evening his son called on me, bringing a draft of a letter which he had written for my correction and approval. Then he took it home, wrote it over on fine red paper and brought it to me to read and send. Wasn't that lovely? They are certainly real friends to me, and I am so glad and thankful for them. The people, as far as I have seen them, are kindly and friendly. My old lady, my "companion," is so good to me. She babies me like a mother. I tell her I was deprived of a mother's love and care when I was little, and God is giving it to me through her now. She rubs my stiff neck (got coming over on the house-boat,) tucks me in bed at night, mends my clothes,

chasing up every hole, trots around doing everything in sight—and all so neatly and beautifully. I don't deserve it all.

"In my trip from Liu-oo to Shanghai yesterday, I was struck with the number of inhabitants in the country, and I have heard that it is the same everywhere. In every direction people working in the fields—and running to see the foreigner. I am never out of sight of any number of small villages all about. It gives one an idea of the density of the population. And the remarkable thing is that I heard not a word of contempt or derision—only admiration for the bicycle and my ability to sit on it. Everybody had heard of bicycles, but many had never seen one before, and I doubt not that the people for miles along my route know by this time that a foreign woman passed that way on a bicycle yesterday.

Everything has seemed to go beautifully so far in Liu-oo. The hyih-de's son told me the other day that he hoped many would become Christians; that he prayed for me every day in his heart. Dear boy; he knows something about God, and I think in his heart he would like to come to him. I hope he will.

"To-night, after prayers I came up stairs and played and sang awhile, till I got to feeling too "lonesome" to play any more, and so I concluded to write a letter. This is the second time in several days that I have used my "baby organ." I have written a few letters and have just managed to read the RECORDERS and glance over the Shanghai paper. Otherwise my time has all been taken up. I am glad to be kept comfortably busy. I am very happy almost all the time. I might say "all," for the exceptions are so few and far between and last such a short time that the general effect of happiness is not marred. God is so good to me—wonderfully good.

"This evening my pupil, the Commodore's son, came just before we had our supper (he had eaten his) to invite me to take dinner with his mother to-morrow. I told him that to-morrow was our Sabbath, and I did not want to go out to dinner. Then he asked if I could not come after service and stay to supper; that his mother wanted to talk with me. I promised that I would. He asked if we had prayers in the evening, and something in the way he asked it made me think he wanted to stay, so I invited him to do so and he joyfully accepted. While we were at our supper I gave him my best Chinese Testament, a beautiful book, to read. He read eight chapters of Matthew and part of Luke, and took the book home with him "to finish", saying that his mother and sister and father would like to read it. He is far advanced in his English reading, and his pronunciation is improving very much already. What do you think he told me this evening? He said he thought God had sent me into the world to be a blessing to others, and that if he ever accomplished anything worthy, it might all be laid to the help I have given him. Chinese hearts are much the same as American hearts. It may be mostly Chinese politeness, but I really believe he is not far from the Kingdom.

"Four ladies of the Commodore's household came to take tea with me last Tuesday afternoon. They could not walk on their tiny little feet, so they came in sedan chairs. I think they quite enjoyed it. I took them upstairs into my room. They are all real ladies—not in the least vulgar, even restraining

their curiosity so that it was hardly visible. The mother asked for some book about the Christian religion that she might take home to read, and I gave her one. I wonder if that is what she wants to talk with me about. The Commodore called the next day and told me that his wife was very fond of Dr. Rosa, (he speaks in English,) and felt that she had found a real friend. She had been intimate with no one during the ten years they had lived here, always staying at home. The proclamations he asked for for me are here and posted outside, ordering the people to treat me well, and threatening them with severest punishment if they do otherwise. He presented me with a stamp which he had had made or engraved with my Chinese name for printing my Chinese cards; also a number of cards already printed. It is beautifully done. The copy for the engraving was made by his son, my pupil, who is a fine writer.

"I opened my medical work the day before yesterday; have had something over fifty patients, almost all of them serious cases. Each patient was accompanied by from two to seven friends, who came to see the foreigner, so I suppose there have been at least two hundred here. They all behave very well.

"My trip out here on my bicycle the last time was simply ideal. There was no sun, no rain, air just right; tried a new road, one I had never been on before, and it was fine. It ran along the Yang-tse River all the way; first on top of the breast-works, then on top of the dyke above the fields and all bad smells, the cool breeze blowing from the river, which is like the sea, as you cannot see across. The road was hard sand on top of sod, and perfectly smooth, and I just spun along on my beloved old wheel. I felt so happy I wanted to kneel down in the road and thank God; but I did it without kneeling. It is twelve miles by train from Shanghai to Woosung and then twenty by road to Liu-oo.

Quay Yung and her baby are with me for a few days, and I am enjoying them very much. Mr. Chow, her husband, has come out to visit us, previous to visiting Peking with one of his pupils, who expects to have an audience with the Emperor. Just now Mr. Chow is teaching my pupil for me, while I am cooking chicken with dumplings, of which he is very fond, and writing in the intervals.

"To-night after supper we heard the beating of gongs, so we all went to the front door. It was the procession of lanterns and dragons. There were nine dragons, some of cloth and some of paper, with lanterns inside. There were lanterns of every description, many quite beautiful, made of colored tissue paper and carried above the heads of the people. One was an imitation of a magnolia tree in blossom, with a candle at the heart of each blossom. Men were dressed to represent different characters, occupations and idols in the temples. Such a procession is usually gotten up in honor of the idols, but to-night my folks say it was only for amusement. Really I could not help sympathizing with the people a little; they seem so much like children, and the great mass of them have so little variety in their lives. As I stood out there in the night surrounded by Chinese on every side, it came to me suddenly that I was the only foreigner within a radius of twenty miles; and I was surprised at the feeling of safety and trust, and a certain kind of comradeship with the people which seemed to

possess me. I am thankful for the power to become 'all things to all men, that I might by all means save some.'

"Mr. Davis is expecting to go home next month for a furlough. Mrs. Davis will not go now, for several reasons, one of which is that she cannot leave the girls' school. The family have been with me here two days, and I have just been to see them off on their house-boat. It has been very pleasant to have them with me. As the boat moved off to-night, leaving me standing on the little landing surrounded by Chinese, suddenly I had to bite my lip to keep the tears from coming. It was only a momentary feeling, for I have not been lonely at all. God is good. "Ashiway!" That means "goodbye for a little while." It is Chinese and more convenient than English."

WHAT WILL BECOME OF OUR YOUNG PEOPLE, OR WHAT WILL OUR YOUNG PEOPLE BECOME?

GEORGE S. TRUMAN.

Being one who is trying to live a Christian life, and wishing to do some good, I have been led to the writing of these few lines. While it has often been my preference to sit and listen to the conversation of older people in preference to those of my own age, yet my heart and deepest sympathies lie with the young people.

Looking at the present condition of the Christian influences in the world, it seems most probable that it must be our young people who will mold the religious destinies of this new century. This may seem like a great responsibility; but in this sea of non-lawism, in this increasing chaos and decadence of Sunday, who is to take up the work which our forefathers have begun?

I answer, our young people. Let us go further back and ask: Upon whom does the responsibility rest of maintaining the faith and doctrines which were established by Christ and his apostles, and which our forefathers have so earnestly contended for? Who is to continue the Biblical doctrine that obedience to God's law, coupled with faith in Christ Jesus, is the way of salvation? Again we can hear the answer—our young people.

First of all, do we realize that we have a duty toward God to perform? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

If we thus love the Lord, service becomes a delight, and love for our fellowmen is only a sequel. It behooves us as Seventh-day Baptists to be the very best of Christians. I sometimes wonder if we do not try to compromise, thinking that because we have the Sabbath truth the Lord will forgive us our iniquities along other lines. But let us "fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man." If we are to accomplish the work that lies before us we cannot be such as Christ can send forth "to proclaim the will of him that sent me." Living as we do in the verge of a crisis, this world needs more conscientious and consecrated men and women. How are we to get them?

There are several ways; one is to educate them in our schools. Alfred, Milton and Salem stand with open doors beckoning us to come. I mention this as one of the means by which

we can become fitted for God's service. I believe it impossible for one to obtain instruction in these schools and come out in the same spiritual condition as when he entered. He will be either improved or impaired. Look for a moment at those who have taken courses of instruction in these schools. Are the majority following in His steps, or are they in the downward trend?

But what are those to do who are so situated that they cannot attend these schools? Are they to become spiritually wrecked and ruined because they cannot secure the education which some of their comrades enjoy? God forbid!

We have the same Bible to read, and we are able to comprehend God's Holy Word. Thus we can all get a practical knowledge of Biblical doctrine, which is so much neglected; and we do not need to accept "for doctrine the commandments of men."

Place before me two combatants taking the Bible as their guide, one with a fair knowledge of Biblical doctrines, and only a fair ability to present them; the other skilled in church doctrines and church catechisms. Which of the two does God prefer? The one contending for Biblical doctrine, and living accordingly.

The friends of Sunday are mourning over its decay, thinking that civil law is the only remedy for its non-observance. But such laws have always failed. Why? Because they are not in accordance with God's Word. Other civil laws have prospered, such as those concerning theft, murder, etc. They have prospered because they embody principles founded upon the Bible.

Reforms begin when great evils have entered so as to become obnoxious. When the Roman church had attained its height, governing both church and state, its rites becoming almost unbearable, then God called up Martin Luther, who made his stand, claiming that salvation comes through faith in Jesus Christ and not by any ecclesiastical authority. But this faith for which Luther contended is being buried in the sea of holidayism and Sunday-desecration.

Are we, as followers of Christ, to allow the infectious germs of the evils that possess the land to ruin our souls? or are we going to feed and nourish our souls from God's Word? Well may we ask, What will become of our young people, or what will our young people become?

Sunday, born through Pagan philosophy and the traditions of the Roman Catholic church, born with the germs of decay, will sooner or later reach a point where it must collapse, if it has not already done so. Are we young people ready and able to present something better? Our pastors alone cannot do this. Although the central object in a church is its pastor, yet its real strength lies in its members. The pastor may work never so hard for the advancement of God's kingdom, but if the church be cold and indifferent his labors are in vain. What stronger element is there in a church or a denomination than its young people? That is, if they are spiritual and seek to do His will? What weaker element is there in church or denomination than its young people, if they decline and allow the evils of the day to penetrate the life which God has given them for his service? God is calling the older members home one by one, and his work will be left

without a representative if we as young people do not take up the cross. The history of all of God's dealings with his children proves that so long as they walk in his favor and obey his voice they are blessed. But disobedience, sooner or later, causes their overthrow, unless repented of and forsaken. It is written: "This is the love of the Lord that we keep his commandments, and his commandments are not grievous."

If we had only seen an acorn, could we ever have guessed the form and size of an oak? If we had never seen or listened to the wisdom of a wise man, could we ever have formed an idea of him from the helpless infant? The soil, rain, sun and dew cause the acorn to sprout, and it puts forth its tender shoots; so long as it receives its proper food it develops into a magnificent oak. Yet this tree by certain hindrances may be shorn of its beauty and life. The twig while yet young may be bent so that the tree will have an ugly appearance, but if it grows it must be an oak.

The child may become a foolish and wicked man. He may become a noble man, but become a man he must. Oh, may we cherish this precious gift of our souls, and may we feed them with truth, and nourish them with knowledge and apply our hearts unto wisdom. Let us seek that which is highest, making our motives pure in the sight of the Lord.

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor, though we wait."

WINTHROP, Minn.

THE HOME DEPARTMENT.

REV. I. L. COTTRELL.

It may be that some of our Sabbath-schools have not a Home Department. If so, will not those interested in each local school study up the matter and see that a Home Department is organized as soon as possible, that it may be in good working order at the beginning of our statistical Sabbath-school year, or by July 1? Commence now.

Seventh-day Baptists believe in the Bible; this is a good way to promote its study among those not attending Sabbath-school, on account of sickness, or age, or distance, etc. It is a good way to keep track of non-resident church members, and to introduce mission work at home or abroad. Every school, no matter how small, can have a Home Department. If you have but a few in your own society you can find many outside who are not regularly and systematically studying the Bible, and some will be willing to do so.

I know of one man who has become much interested in the work and has reported over six hundred scholars in his department. He goes beyond the limits of his own school and makes it a means of doing missionary work.

The Sabbath School Board is now publishing Home Department Record envelopes at forty cents per hundred, and Visitor's Quarterly Reports at forty cents per hundred. These can be had by addressing the Seventh-day Baptist Publishing House at Plainfield, New Jersey.

Mrs. Lucy F. Randolph has furnished the history of the Home Department of the Fouke, Ark., Sabbath-school for our Denominational Sabbath-school History that is being prepared. I add it below, as it illustrates what has been done in this line by one small school that had last year only thirty scholars

in its regular school, as per Conference report.

HOME DEPARTMENT WORK, FOUKE, (ARK.)
SABBATH-SCHOOL.

"On January 20, 1900, the Fouke Sabbath-school voted to undertake Home Department work, and Mrs. Randolph was elected Superintendent. The object was twofold: to interest those in our midst who were not attending Sabbath-school, and to keep in touch with, and interest the lone Sabbath-keepers of the Southwest, especially our own non-resident members. It took some time for the Superintendent to get in correspondence with the people, and there were no reports made until the second quarter, ending June 30, 1900, when twenty-four reported. During the time since organization, fifty-four members have reported. Of this number, four are now members of the school, one has died, three have given up the study, and two joined another Sabbath-school.

We find the work very interesting and profitable both to the school and those engaged in the home study."

By Mrs. Randolph's consent, I add an extract from her letter.

"I am glad our Board has printed Home Department supplies. Have been wishing they would. I ordered some of the Sunday-school supplies, but never used many of them. I did not feel right to send them out over the country in my work, and so have made my own blank reports or asked those studying to mark the lessons studied and report the number to me. I wonder if our churches who have the Home Department get their non-resident members to join it. It is a good way to keep in touch with them. One of the 'ties that bind;' we find it a help in the work here."

I have not the data at hand now, but think our Home Department in Hornellsville, N. Y., is larger than our regular school, and most of them are from outside the church. Here is a great open field for workers.

THAT "ENTERTAINMENT PROBLEM."

It almost looks as though painstaking and somewhat expensive efforts to get information and opinions may, after all, be a partial failure. One church returned our circular letter without note or comment; and church clerks are sending their own opinions without a single reference to what their churches think. Now the committee would gladly welcome and consider every clerk's individual opinion, but we are very anxious to know the judgment of the churches also upon this important question.

A. E. MAIN, Chairman.

ALFRED, N. Y.

MEN are judged not by their intentions, but by the results of their action.—Earl of Chestfield.

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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Children's Page.

A BIRD AND BEAR STORY.

EMMA LAMB BARNES.

"Do be quiet, little folks, while I telephone," said Aunt Jennie. "I can't hear myself think."

"We can't be crier; we are playing bird and bear. Look, Aunt Jennie, look!"

The fat bear crawled out from behind the sofa, shaking his black head, and growling fiercely. The scared little bird flew away, waving his arms (wings) and chirping, while his blue eyes shone and his light curls danced about.

"Yes, yes, that is great fun; but now keep still a minute, and I will tell you a story, a true story, about birds."

They kept very still for a minute; then, as Aunt Jennie turned from the telephone, there was a big rush. "Now tell it! Tell it right off!"

"Well, last summer, at Bay View, I went out to study wild birds. I sat on a log at the edge of the woods, and was still as a mouse. It was surprising how many shy little birds came fluttering about me. There were redstarts and chewinks and waxwings."

"What are waxwings?"

"A waxwing is a trim, slender little bird, about the color of my dress—castor—but soft and delicate. He has a cute topknot, a yellow stripe across his tail, and a drop of red wax on the end of each of several wing feathers. He is also called cedar bird and cherry bird.

"It was near sunset, and right above me, on a limb, were three waxwings in a row, getting ready to go to sleep. They acted just like children, crowded together, pushed, and changed places, but finally snuggled up and went to dreamland. Then I noticed on another limb another row of baby waxwings waiting for the 'sandman.' While I was looking at them through my opera-glasses a gentleman came along. He lifted his hat and asked, 'Are you studying birds?' Then he told me he was interested in birds too, and lived where he saw many that were new to him, in the Northwest, where he had charge of a mine. He said:

"One Sunday afternoon, when the other men were all away, as I lay on a bunk in the cook-room, a wren came hopping through the open door."

"O, I know what a wren is," said the fat bear; "a little bit of a brown bird, that jumps about quick, and his tail stands straight up!"

Aunt Jennie laughed. "Very good indeed. The gentleman said: 'I had been making friends with that wren for several days, and now it flew right to me, lighting on the toe of my shoe, then hopping up my leg, stopping occasionally to give me such a bright, knowing look that I had to laugh; then up my arm to my face, and began to pull at my beard. It was a mother bird, after material for a nest. She tugged away a while, but, finding the whiskers all fast, hopped over to the stove and into the oven, looking for a place for the nest. It was hot, and burnt her feet. She flew away quick, and I could never coax her near me again.'"

"O, is that all? Tell us an over bird story," said the blue-eyed bird.

"No, no, tell us a bear story," said the fat bear.

"Yes, a bear story it shall be. The gentle-

man told this to me too. He said that one day he was out in the woods alone, when suddenly right in front of him was a big, black bear. He was startled, and didn't know what to do, for he hadn't a gun or even a pocket-knife. He knew if he ran the bear would run after him, for that is the way of bears. You could never guess what he did do; he began to sing as loud as he could, 'When Johnny comes marching home,' and the bear turned and ran away as fast as he could go!"

"There, good-bye, little bird and bear; I must run away too."—Christian Advocate.

HOW THE SEED CAKES GREW.

CARRIE A. GRIFFIN.

From the moment that Dorothy arrived at Grandpa Crosby's she began to ask questions. She had never been in the country before and everything was new to her.

She followed grandpa into the orchard, across the field and down to the vegetable garden questioning every step of the way.

"What do you frow all those things away for?" she asked one morning as grandpa was scattering something over the ground.

"Grandpa's planting seed," he said, "so that lots of good things will grow for you to eat."

"What kind of things?" asked Dorothy.

"O, peas and melons," said grandpa.

On the dinner table that noon there was a plate of seed cookies, and as Dorothy was eating one she asked:

"What I bite my tooth on in this cookie, grandma?"

Grandma laughed. "Maybe it's a caraway seed," she said.

"Is that what makes 'em grow?" asked Dorothy.

"I guess so," said grandma. Her little granddaughter asked so many questions that she often answered at random.

Dorothy ate five cookies, and no one noticed that she picked out the seeds and laid them beside her plate. An hour later she came into the house with a silver fork in one hand and grandma's fritter turner in the other.

"O, grandma!" she cried, "I've planted 'em just like grandpa did. How soon will they grow?"

"Planted what, child?" Grandma asked, looking at the little girl's soiled frock.

"Cookie seeds," said Dorothy, gleefully.

When grandpa heard of it he said: "It's too bad for the child to be disappointed. Have you any more cakes in the house, mother?"

Mrs. Crosby said that she gave the last one to Dorothy.

In the afternoon the baker's cart stopped at Grandpa Crosby's door, and shortly after Dorothy ran excitedly into the house. "O, grandma!" she cried, "come out quick and see my cookies; they've growed up beautifully."

Sure enough, there were six scalloped seed cakes half way out of the ground in Dorothy's garden.

"But they didn't grow like your cookies, grandma," said Dorothy. "These have all got holes in 'em. Isn't it strange?"

And grandma thought it was very strange. I think so, too, don't you?—Congregationalist.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Climatic Conditions.

A person watching the temperature in the United States on any given day will sometimes discover a remarkable difference on the same degree of latitude, where it naturally would be supposed an equal degree of heat would have existed at noon, and consequently a corresponding uniformity of temperature. But we find such expectations or suppositions are not very frequently realized. For example, let us choose the 43d degree of north latitude and the 29th day of April, 1902, trace the temperature and mark its variations.

Starting in the east at meridian, we find at Concord, N. H., a temperature of 88 degrees; on reaching New York state we find the thermometer registering 92° at Saratoga, and also at Geneva, the people there having a hot, sweltering day. On passing the lakes, and through Michigan, the mercury had fallen several degrees, evidently being modified by the influence of large bodies of water. Then continuing its downward course until on reaching South Dakota and Utah it had dropped below the freezing point, reaching 30 degrees.

Passing westward to Deadwood, we find they were having a blizzard, two and a half feet of snow had fallen and had become more or less drifted, stopping all railroad trains, blocking all roads, and causing real midwinter troubles throughout all this section. All this on the last Tuesday in April, while midsummer heat was being poured down on the same circuit comparatively but a few hours before.

We have in this a wonderful phenomenon, a midwinter cold, with frost and snow, and a midsummer heat, with showers and thunder, all on the same day, and within a distance of three thousand miles. What conduces to bring about this result? The atmosphere, or what we call wind, when we say, "the wind blows" (though it is actually being hauled in to fill a vacuum) which, for some cause, or by some process is being made at the same time. One might suppose that the simple shifting of the atmosphere over so small a section of the earth, and so near its surface, would not change the temperature, but a change of 60 degrees actually takes place.

Our thermometric observations go to show that, although the rays of the sun, which are supposed to bring heat from its source, appears to have but little effect anywhere upon the atmosphere. Even under the equator ice and snow remain on the tops of high mountains. That there are certain conditions in the atmosphere above us that will produce cold, which will fall gradually to the earth, is shown by a moderate change taking place during an entire day, or more quickly in a few hours, and producing intense cold in a few minutes, as shown by the way it manufactures and lets fall large hail-stones composed of frozen drops of rain. Meanwhile the mercury registers 92 degree in the shade.

Our observations also show that in condensation which produces cold there are formed central points where the cold is more intense than in surrounding sections within circles of a hundred miles or more. One of these cold centers for the state of New York is located

at Watertown, Jefferson county, breaking the record over any other place in the state.

The known composition, movement, and action of the atmosphere above us would seem to favor somewhat the new astronomical fad, that the sun is a dark planet, that its rays are electric and dark, that on reaching our atmosphere they instantly ignite an inflammable ingredient, and meteor-like, burst forth into a flood of light. Is it really distance that gives the stars their magnitude?

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."

A Lake of Mystery.

(Continued from page 297.)

Llao. There were many of these people in the lake and they seemed to exist almost entirely in the water.

"The Klamath brave suddenly became hardier and stronger than any man in his tribe because of his plunge in the mysterious waters. Others then began to seek its influence. Old warriors sent their sons for strength and courage to meet the conflicts awaiting them. First they slept on the rocks above, then ventured to the water's edge, and last of all plunged into the lake and the coveted strength was theirs.

"On one occasion a brave who visited the lake killed a monster fish, and was at once set upon by untold numbers of excited Llaos, who carried him to the top of the cliffs, cut his throat with a knife, and then tore his body into small pieces, which were thrown down to the waters far below, where he was devoured by other angry Llaos; and such shall be the fate of every Klamath brave who from that day to this dares look upon the lake."

Bearing in mind this legend, it is not strange that the existence of Crater Lake was not suspected by the first white pioneers in Oregon, nor was it heard of through the Indians themselves. It was discovered by a party of prospectors June 12, 1853—J. W. Williams, George Ross, James Loudon, Pat McManus, Isaac Skeeters, and a sixth man named Dodd. These had left the rest of their party below and were not looking for gold, but having run short of provisions were on a hunt for game. For a time hunger forsook them as they stood upon the cliffs and drank in the scene that stretched before them.

The water of Crater Lake is of a deep, cold blue color, and is completely surrounded by cliffs from a thousand to more than two thousand feet in height, scantily covered with coniferous trees. To the southwest of this great "bowl" in the mountain stands what is

known as Wizard Island, which is 845 feet high, circular in shape, and likewise slightly covered with timber. In the top of this inland "island" is a depression, or crater—the Witches' Cauldron—100 feet deep and 475 feet across, evidently the last smoking chimney of a once mighty volcano. But the fire mountain which once found its vent through the bottom of what is now Crater Lake must have made its neighbor volcanoes look small indeed.

Will G. Steele says, in writing of a trip he made to the lake in 1886: "Near the base of Dutton Cliff stands a solitary rock, probably 100 feet high by 200 in length, and nearly the same in breadth, that while never having been seen by the present generation of Indians, is nevertheless known to them, and is a special object of superstitious dread. They consider it a peculiarly ferocious monster, but are unable to describe its characteristics.

"It stands in the lake entirely alone, and about fifty yards from the shore. Standing on the cliffs, about five miles to the west and looking across the lake, this strange rock is plainly visible in the sunlight, its rugged peaks giving the appearance of a full-rigged ship at anchor. Should a cloud pass before the sun, as the shadow strikes the rock it will pass from view as effectually as though it had ceased to exist. . . . I have never learned its Indian name, but among the whites it is known as the Phantom Ship."

In making soundings of this supposed "bottomless lake" several remarkable discoveries were made. The first sounding was made about 100 yards off shore, and it was supposed that possibly the depth might be 100 feet. But as the lead ran out the excitement of the engineers grew with each 100 feet until over 1,200 were out. At 1,210 feet the machine stopped and their pent-up feelings exploded in a wild yell of delight.

For a number of days the soundings continued. The greatest depth recorded was 1,996 feet, which, making allowances of the stretches of wire, would give 2,008 feet. As Lake Baikal, in Siberia, the deepest lake in the world, is only 400 feet deeper, there is little wonder that the sounders were excited.

No fish have been known to exist in Crater Lake. Recently a club of mountain climbers, with headquarters at Portland, Oregon, sent to Washington a request that Crater Lake be stocked with trout, and the Government experts are going to find out if such a scheme is practicable. It is easy enough to put trout into the water, but the question is, is there sufficient food in the water to nourish the fish after they are there? The experts will tow small gauze nets over the water at all hours of the day, animalculae will catch in the gauze, and from its abundance or lack of it can be ascertained if the water contains nourishment.

The temperature of such a deep body of water is of scientific interest, also, for there is no data on which to base even a guess as to that of the bottom of Crater Lake; but the supposition is that it will be very little above freezing. The temperature of the ocean remains at about 40 degrees Fahrenheit all the year round, even in the tropics. Nevertheless, some volcanic heat may yet remain to warm the depths of Crater Lake. An interesting series of experiments may be undertaken to ascertain the temperature of the lake at various depths by the Government experts.—New York Times.

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Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1902.

SECOND QUARTER.

April 5.	Saul of Tarsus Converted.....	Acts 9: 1-12
April 12.	Peter, Aeneas 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 VIII.—PAUL AT ANTIOCH IN PISIDIA.

For Sabbath-day, May 24, 1902.

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 13: 43-52.

Golden Text.—Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.—Acts 13: 38.

INTRODUCTION.

In last week's lesson it is to be noticed that although Barnabas' name is mentioned first whenever the two are referred to, yet Paul took the prominent part in the conflict with the sorcerer Bar-Jesus. From this time on Paul is the leader. In speaking of the departure from Cyprus the author of Acts does not even mention Barnabas by name, but says, "Now Paul and his company set sail from Paphos."

We do not know why John Mark left Paul and Barnabas at Perga—possibly because he feared the dangers of the country into which they were going.

It seems that missionaries did not linger to preach the Gospel at Perga, but pressed on at once into the interior. The reason for this course may have been on account of the exceedingly unhealthy climate near the coast. Malarial fever was very likely prevalent in this marshy region.

Many recent investigators think that Antioch in Pisidia, Derbe, and Lystra were really in the Roman province of Galatia, and that the churches in these cities are the ones addressed in Paul's Epistle to the Galatians. In this epistle Paul says that his first preaching of the Gospel to the Galatians was by reason of an infirmity of the flesh. This corroborates the hypothesis that it was on account of his health that Paul went to Antioch rather than to some other place. It may be that upon this journey from Perga to Antioch that Paul encountered the perils of rivers and perils of robbers referred to in 2 Cor. 11: 26, 27.

Our present lesson begins at the close of the synagogue service upon a certain Sabbath, probably soon after Paul had come to Antioch. The Jews were pleased with his address, and desired Paul to speak again on the next Sabbath.

TIME.—A few weeks after last week's lesson.

PLACE.—Antioch of Pisidia, the chief city of southern Galatia.

PERSONS.—Paul and Barnabas; the Jews of the city and a great multitude of the Gentiles.

OUTLINE:

1. The First Success. v. 43.
2. The Opposition of the Jews. v. 44, 45.
3. The Turning to the Gentiles. v. 46-49.
4. The Expulsion of the Missionaries. v. 50-52.

NOTES.

43. Now when the congregation was broken up. The word translated "congregation" is literally *synagogue*. Many of the Jews and religious proselytes followed Paul and Barnabas. Instead of "religious" it is much better to translate "devout" as the American Revision. Although all did not decide to accept Paul's teaching, there were many that believed at once. It is very evident that the missionaries did not confine their teaching during the week to the Jews and proselytes, but went about declaring the good news of salvation to the Gentiles.

44. Almost the whole city. The Gentiles were deeply interested, and came to the synagogue in great numbers.

45. But when the Jews saw the multitude, etc. The Jews were displeased because the blessings of God were so freely offered to the Gentiles, and rejected the message for themselves, and tried to destroy the influence of the messengers. *Contradicting and blaspheming*. They denied the truth of the word spoken by Paul, and reviled these new teachers that had come among them. The word translated "blaspheming" is sometimes used of speaking evil of God and sometimes of speaking evil of

men. In this latter case it would more appropriately be translated into modern English by the word *revile*.

47. *Waxed bold*, etc. Very much better, "were very bold, and said." They were not overawed by the Jews. *It was necessary*, etc. That is it was in accordance with the natural order, and appropriate that the Good News should first be preached to those of that race from which the Messiah came. Compare Romans 1: 18 and other passages, especially Romans 9: 1 and following, in which Paul declares his great love for the Jewish race. *And judge yourselves unworthy of the everlasting life*. By their own act they had judged themselves and had deprived themselves of the eternal life so freely offered. *We turn to the Gentiles*. That is, to the heathen who were even then gathered in great numbers to hear the missionaries. We are not to understand that Paul and his companions turned away from the Jewish race as such, but only from the hostile Jews at Antioch. They were often preaching to Jews after this time.

47. *For so that the Lord commanded*, etc. Paul justifies his course from the fact that his special work assigned to him from the very time of his conversion was to preach to the Gentiles. *I have set thee to be a light to the Gentiles*, etc. A quotation from Isa. 49: 6. By this Old Testament quotation Paul shows that it was a part of God's plan from the first that salvation should be for others besides the Jews.

48. *They were glad*, etc. They were ready to receive the message, and rejoiced that it was offered to them. Doubtless many of the Gentiles were already familiar with the religion of the Jews, and accepted the doctrine of the one true God. *And as many as were ordained to eternal life, believed*. This form of expression emphasizes the election of God. We are not, however, to think that God interfered with their freedom of choice. As the Jews chose for themselves to reject the message, so the heathen chose for themselves to accept it.

49. *And the word of God was published throughout all the region*. Instead of "published" a better translation would be "carried about," or "spread abroad," as in the American Revision. The zeal of the new converts contributed to the wide spread of this new teaching. It is probable also that Paul and Barnabas visited many small cities and towns of which we have no record.

50. *But the Jews stirred up the devout and honorable women*. These Jews were irritated more and more by the success of the apostles in their mission work, and although they had failed to stop the work by speaking against it they determined to try more vigorous measures. The word translated "honorable" refers not to the character of the women, but to their position. Many of the most influential women of the city were proselytes to Judaism. Through these women, therefore, the Jews stirred up in their chief men a prejudice against the missionaries which speedily resulted in their expulsion from the city and from the region. It is noteworthy that in this age of the world women held prominent positions in many Roman cities. *Their coats*. Rather, borders or boundaries.

51. *But they shook off the dust of their feet against them*. Compare Matthew 10: 14 and other passages. This act showed their disapprobation of the conduct of the people of the land which they were leaving; their evil deeds and character had contaminated the very dust, so that departing travelers shook off the little dust that clung to their sandals in order to avoid defilement. Of course Paul and Barnabas did not fear real defilement, but shook off the dust as a symbolical act. *And came unto Iconium*. About forty-five miles southeast from Antioch. This city was probably at this time included in the Phrygian region of Galatia, and not in Lycania, as were Derbe and Lystra. Compare ch. 14: 6.

52. *And the disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost*. Possibly this statement refers to Paul and Barnabas, but very likely to the converts left behind at Antioch. In spite of the persecution which they suffered they were filled with joy, for they had a source of comfort unknown to their persecutors, namely, the presence of the Holy Spirit, who encouraged and strengthened them.

MARRIAGES.

POTTER—ROSE.—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, in Independence, N. Y., April 29, 1902, by Rev. Wm. L. Burdick, Fred. S. Potter, of Andover, N. Y., and Mrs. Dora B. Rose, of Genesee, Pa.

SHAW—WILBER.—At the parsonage in Alfred Station, N. Y., Jan. 21, 1902, by Rev. F. E. Peterson, Miss Alice Gertrude Wilber and Mr. Louis George Shaw, both of East Valley, town of Alfred.

GAVITT—CLIFFORD.—In Hornellsville, N. Y., April 26, 1902, by Rev. F. E. Peterson, Miss Charlotte Clifford and Mr. Herbert Smith.

BERRY—NEFF.—At Topeka, Kans., April 29, 1902, by Rev. G. M. Cottrell, Leonard J. Berry and Anna B. Neff, both of Topeka.

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.

SHERMAN.—Arthur Stetson Sherman was born at Eau Claire, Wis., March 12, 1867, and died at Wellsville, N. Y., April 27, 1902.

He received part of his education at Alfred. He was married April 14, 1890, to Susie M., only child of Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Crandall, of Wellsville, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. Sherman lived at Eau Claire until 1898, when Mr. Sherman enlisted in the United States Army and was sent to Porto Rico, proving himself a brave soldier. He came home in the fall of 1899, enfeebled with fever. Attacks of la grippe were followed by tuberculosis. He was much beloved. Services were conducted by Dr. Perkins, of the Wellsville Baptist church. Burial service at Alfred by the pastor. L. C. R.

LEWIS.—At her home in Alfred Station, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1902, Julia Adeline Green.

Sister Lewis was the only daughter of Dr. Elisha C. and Harriet Newell Maxson Green. She was born in Ceres, Pa., May 18, 1844. When seven years of age she went with her parents to Alfred Station, where she has since resided. March 25, 1874, she was united in marriage to Luther W. Lewis, who, with their two children, Lyman Converse and Harriet Christine Lewis, and her aged father, remain to mourn the loss of a faithful and devoted daughter, wife and mother. She was baptized by President Allen in 1871, uniting with the Second Alfred church, of which she was a member at the time of her death. Sister Lewis was a woman of bright intellect and kindly, hospitable nature. She was educated in Alfred University, graduating from that institution in 1864, with degree of Laureate of Arts. She was a lover of good books, and for some years taught school with good success in Alfred, and at Edgerton, Wis. Funeral services were held at the home and in the church, conducted by Pastor Peterson, assisted by Dean Main, of Alfred University. F. E. P.

DAVIS.—At his home in Pleasant Valley, town of Alfred, N. Y., March 18, 1902, Arad Wheeler Davis.

Brother Davis was the youngest son of Joseph and Mary Allen Davis, being the last of six children. He was born Aug. 25, 1835, on the same farm where he always lived, and where he died. He was married Nov. 13, 1857, to Verona E. Potter, who survives him. On Jan. 19, 1878, he was baptized by Rev. A. H. Lewis, uniting with the Second Alfred church, of which he was a trustee at the time of his death. The three children which blessed his married life all passed on before him to the better land. Three grandchildren remain. Bro. Davis was of a sunny, cheerful temperament, a good neighbor and husband, and a support to the church. Funeral services were held at the church, where a large concourse of relatives and friends were assembled. The lonely widow has the sympathy of all. F. E. P.

CLARK.—Mary Maryott, widow of Richard Clark, was born in Independence, N. Y., Oct. 25, 1829, and died near Milton Junction, Wis. April 29, 1902.

When about twelve years of age she professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and was baptized by Elder Stillman Coon. She united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at Hayfield, Pa., about 1838. I do not find any record of her having united with any other church until she united with the North Loup (Neb.) Seventh-day Baptist church March 10, 1877. She was a member of that church when she died. Her Christian life was characterized by faithfulness, patience and cheerfulness. G. J. C.

HARRIS.—Margaret J. Ayars Harris, daughter of George W. and Susan D. Ayars, was born May 6, 1848, and died at Shiloh, N. J., April 20, 1902.

Sister Harris was the picture of health, and had been only slightly complaining for a few days, but she died of heart trouble while sitting in her chair. She was baptized and became a member of the Shiloh Seventh-day Baptist church April 6, 1867, of which she has remained a faithful, active and consistent member to the end. On Nov. 20, 1868, she was married to Rudolph T. Harris, of Shiloh. Seven children have been born to them; one died in infancy; the others are grown to manhood and womanhood, and are all consistent Christians. This wife and mother gave to the home her marvelous spirit of devotion, kindness and affection. All six of the children were present at the funeral, with the very large family of relatives and a host of friends. The Patrons of Husbandry attended in a body. The services were conducted by her pastor from the lesson in John 9: 36 (Dorcas). "This woman was full of good works, and alms deeds which she did." E. B. 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.

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

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

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

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.

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 Ministerial Conference and Quarterly Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Southern Wisconsin and Chicago will meet with the church at Rock River, Wis., May 23, 1902, at 2 o'clock P. M. The general question for discussion is, The Relation of the Churches to Our Denominational Life and Work.

PROGRAM.

SIXTH-DAY—EVENING.

8.00. Our Need of Revival in Doctrine and Practice—Sermon by Mrs. M. G. Townsend.

SABBATH—MORNING.

10.30. Sabbath-keeping and a Christian Life—Sermon by Rev. George J. Crandall.

EVENING.

8.00. The Extension of the Kingdom of Christ—Sermon by Rev. L. A. Platts.

FIRST-DAY—MORNING.

10.30. Spiritual Training for Denominational Work—Sermon by Rev. S. L. Maxson.

AFTERNOON.

3.00. C. E. Meeting.

GEORGE J. CRANDALL, Sec.

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 s.
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 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 CENTRAL ASSOCIATION will convene with the West Edmeston, N. Y., Seventh-day Baptist church May 29, 1902. We will gladly entertain all who can come. Kindly send names to A. C. Davis, Pastor.

PROGRAM.

FIFTH-DAY—MORNING.

10.00. Call to order.
Devotional Service, Rev. W. C. Daland.
Welcome, Dr. A. C. Davis.
Response, Rev. T. J. VanHorn.
Report of Program Committee.
11.00. Introductory Sermon, Rev. S. S. Powell.

AFTERNOON.

2.00. Praise Service, L. P. Curtis.
2.15. Communications from Churches and Corresponding Bodies.
Appointment of Standing Committees.
Annual Reports of Officers and Committees.
Reports of Delegates.
3.30. Address, Ava Bond.

EVENING.

7.30. Song Service, Albert Whitford.
8.00. Address, Prof. W. C. Whitford.

SIXTH-DAY—MORNING.

9.30. Scripture Reading, Rev. L. M. Cottrell.
9.45. Reports of Standing Committees.
10.30. Address, Rev. J. T. Davis.
11.00. Tract Hour, Rev. A. H. Lewis.

AFTERNOON.

2.00. Prayer Service, Rev. M. Harry.
2.15. Education Hour, Rev. A. E. Main.
3.15. Question Box, "Sabbath Reform," Rev. O. U. Whitford.

EVENING.

7.30. Devotional Service, Dr. S. C. Maxson.
7.45. Sermon, Rev. A. H. Lewis.
Conference Meeting, led by Rev. W. C. Daland.

SABBATH-DAY—MORNING.

10.30. Sabbath Services.
11.00. Sermon, Rev. C. A. Burdick.

AFTERNOON.

2.00. Junior Hour, Mrs. F. H. Babcock.
3.00. Sabbath-school, S. C. Stillman.

EVENING.

7.30. Young People's Hour, Lawyer Davis.
8.30. Consecration C. E. Meeting, Wayland Wilcox.

FIRST-DAY—MORNING.

9.30. Devotional Service, Rev. B. F. Johnson.
9.45. Unfinished Business.
10.00. Sabbath-school Hour, Rev. L. R. Swinney.
11.00. Sermon, Rev. A. E. Main.

AFTERNOON.

2.00. Praise Service, Charles J. York.
2.15. Missionary Hour, Rev. O. U. Whitford.
3.15. Woman's Hour, Miss Cora Williams.

EVENING.

7.30. Opening Service, Rev. T. J. VanHorn.
7.45. Sermon and Conference Meeting, Rev. G. W. Hills.

A. T. STILLMAN, Moderator.

L. ADELAIDE CLARK, Rec. Sec.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.—The Inspiration of Springtime; Judging Rightly; Unjust to Others; Conscientiousness; Conscience and the Sabbath; Intelligent Faith; As it Appears to an Englishman; Things That Kill Women; Growth of Export Trade.....289-290
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.—May 12, 1902.—Theme—Gain or Loss Through Right or Wrong Purposes.....291
Some Universal Principles in History.....291
Life-Time Hymns.....291
The Prex Party Abroad.....291
News of the Week.....292
MISSIONS.—Paragraphs; From W. D. Wilcox; From L. F. Skaggs; From J. H. Hurley.....294
A Bureau of Missions.....294
The Father's Share in Home-Making.....295
OUR READING ROOM.....296
WOMAN'S WORK.—Sweet, Fair, Fresh, New, Poetry; Paragraph; A Touch of Spring Fever.....296
A Lake of Mystery.....297
YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.—Extracts from Dr. Palmberg's Letters; What Will Become of Our Young People, or What Will Our Young People Become?.....299
The Home Department.....299
That "Entertainment Problem".....300
CHILDREN'S PAGE.—A Bird and Bear Story; How the Seed Cakes Grew.....300
POPULAR SCIENCE.—Climatic Conditions.....301
SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.—May 24, 1902.—Paul at Antioch in Pisidia.....302
MARRIAGES.....302
DEATHS.....302
SPECIAL NOTICES.....303

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Ashaway, R. I.

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