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FRET NOT.

LAURA G. SANDFORD.

Fret not my soul,
For things beyond thy small control.
Do thou thy best and thou shalt see
Heaven will have care of thine and thee.
Sow thou thy seed, and wait in peace
The Lord's increase.

So many shrines, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
Is what the sad world needs.

THE MIRACLE OF MORNING.

CHARLES D. LAKEY.

I felt the potent pulsing of the dawn,
The throbbing of the ether fields from far,
'Twas the miracle of morning drawing on
And the fading of the silent silver star;
God's morning swinging down without a jar,
With a glory on the leafage and the lawn.
There was just a trace of color in the sky,
A pinkish scintillation, that was all;
But the day had kissed the waning night goodby,
And the silent world was waking at the call;
The watchful cricket told it to its mate,
The thrushes heard with rapture on the lawn,
And every bud and blossom was elate
With the miracle of morning drawing on.
—The Independent.

Stand Fast. HOWEVER pertinent the message given in 1. Cor. 16: 13 may have been to the people at Corinth when it was given, it can be scarcely less important to the readers of the RECORDER at this time. The duty which Paul's exhortation embodies has always been upon us, and its importance increases as the years go by. "Stand fast in the faith." Standing fast means strong life, positive determination and persistent endeavor. Standing fast in a good cause glorifies that cause, and gives abundant service to God and ennobles those who stand fast. Standing fast contrasts strongly with the too-common wavering, doubting and yielding policy of men. The exhortation involves every noble quality. Among these qualities, strength is first and prominent. It is the strength of soul, rather than of body. It means both intellectual and spiritual vigor. Most of all, it means a strong conscience, growing out of intelligent faith and equally intelligent convictions concerning duty. In these days, when confused notions and conflicting doubts make the spiritual outlook in so many men's lives misty, and their purposes indefinite, the man is a beacon light who stands fast in his faith in God, the Bible, truth, and the Lord Christ. His clear vision penetrates the fog, while his triumphant faith gives courage to weaker ones. The RECORDER catches up this exhortation of Paul that it may repeat and enforce it, until all our readers shall heed the Lord's commandment, to stand fast in the faith

delivered to our ancestors and passed on to us, not for safe-keeping in retirement, but for increasing activity in the world's battle-field of conflicting thoughts and Sabbathless tendencies. Turn to your Bibles and read that 16th chapter of 1 Corinthians again.

Act Like
a Man.

THIS exhortation of the Apostle appeals to the manly element, and bases that appeal upon the ability of men to do that which nothing less than a man can do. The primary thought concerning a man, in the mind of the ancient Greeks, was that he was the animal with an upward-looking face; the upright walking animal. Out of this conception grow all the nobler qualities which separate man from animals below him. God gives to man those spiritual qualities which enable him to respond to the apostle's appeal. One acquits himself like a man who listens devoutly to such calls as the apostle makes. He also keeps himself from those lower tendencies which become animals, rather than men, and which, if yielded to, degrade the man comparatively, if not actually, below the animal. With such an exhortation, all the highest demands of our sacred religion sweep in to warn us against evil, and lift us to the heights of well-doing and of righteousness. To uplooking and upright-walking men, God gives spiritual endowments which ally them with the angels, and to them the future life opens. Hence, he who acts like a man will act in view of that future life, and of the duties which come to him in this life because he is an heir of future life. He who grasps this thought in any good degree, must rise above earth-born choices, low estimates and animal pleasures. Study the apostle's short, sharp sentences, until you learn still more what it means to act like a man; and, having learned, fail not to do, upon peril of the loss of your manhood.

Exports
Increasing.

EXPORTS of manufactures show a decided improvement in the record of foreign commerce of the United States for the first ten months of the present fiscal year. The Report of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics, showing the detailed exports from the United States by articles during the month of April, and during the ten months ending with April, shows a marked improvement in the record of manufactures exported. The exports of manufactures for the month of April, 1902, are four and one-half millions greater than

those of April of the preceding year, being \$38,961,301, against \$34,416,279 in April, 1901, and forming 36.5 per cent of the total exports in April, 1902, against 29.1 per cent in April, 1901. For the ten months ending with April, the exports of manufactures are \$333,820,809, against \$339,307,623 for the corresponding ten months of the preceding fiscal year, a reduction of about five and one-half million dollars for the ten months. This would indicate that the total exports of manufactures during the full fiscal year, which ends with the present month, will fall little, if any, below those of last year.

THE VALUE OF INDIVIDUALITY.

A. H. LEWIS, D. D.

Abstract from a lecture to the helpers at the Battle Creek Sanitarium.

One of the most wonderful things we notice in looking into a hundred or a thousand faces, is that not one of them looks exactly like any other; all have many things in common, but each has about it that indescribable something that we call personality.

Did you ever think how much depends upon personality? I walked down town this morning, but came back on a trolley car. There was a man on the car whose personality overshadowed everything else. I suppose I knew as much about ordinary things as the man who was running that car, but I had no right to touch the handle of it or to try to run it. There was something that indicated that that individual, his personality, was the controlling power that moved the whole thing.

We sometimes say that when a man dies it is like putting your finger in water and taking it out—it makes no difference. That is true in a sense, yet I believe that each one of us fills a part of life which no one else could fill. The essential characteristic of every individual is, shall I say, beyond action and above action? It is that which he puts into his thoughts and purposes, as well as his action, and which creates influence. Influence is one of those things we can never measure. I have just come from the room where I saw the machine by which your muscular strength is tested. But there is something back of that which charts will not measure, and that is a wonderful something called vitality, or life. Besides that, there is individuality; and the mystery of individuality is as great, in many respects, as the mystery of life.

You are probably not conscious of your individuality. Did you ever say to yourself after shaking hands with some stranger, "I ought to know that man, at least I should

like to know him?" At another time you meet a man, but you shrink from him as you would from an iceberg. Why is this?—it is because you were struck by the unconscious individuality of these men; they were not conscious of their individuality, and you were not conscious of yours. Your largest influence is probably your unconscious influence; it is unconsciously given off, so far as you are concerned, and unconsciously received so far as others are concerned. If I could by some movement of my hand just now take that subtle, indescribable thing called "influence," and portray just what lines of it are going out from your lives to other lives, I am sure I should have a wonderful picture.

I would impress upon you this thought, that to give out such an influence as you ought, to be able to put into your lives that which will make other lives better, you must *be something*. The Pagan religions, and other religions, with the exception of the Jewish, say, "Do something, that you may attain." But Christianity says, "Be something, that you may do something and therefore may attain." So my thought is this: You must be everything you ought to be, in order that the best unconscious influence may go out from you. The inner life has, in a peculiar sense, a moral and intellectual odor, and this I call the unconscious influence that goes out from you. Make your inner life, then, when measured by the most rigid test, the noblest and purest possible.

You say, "These muscles are weak, they must be trained," and you take physical exercise in the gymnasium,—you fairly burn the midnight oil in seeking physical improvement. Now you must do the same thing with respect to your inner life.

I once knew a very good man, a teacher, one of those unfortunate men who want to lead people. He used to say, "I just know that if people would let me have my way, I should be a great leader." But other people would not let him have his way. The men and women who are always striving to lead never succeed. Men and women whose personality is so developed in their lives that they are always being and doing these things that people admire and love, will lead without effort; true, there are many who would like to pull them down, but that is neither here nor there, as regards the principle. Be yourself what you ought to be, and you will succeed.

Let me urge upon you the fact that the place you are to fill will be measured by your individuality. You are an important part of the great whole. You may be tempted to say, "I am only one out of a hundred, and if I do not do this work, some one else will do it." That is a mistake. Some one else may do his work, but that will not be your work. Some one else may accomplish what you ought to accomplish, and you may be pushed aside and left like the debris thrown upon the banks of a stream by high water, but that is failure. Don't feel that you can leave a single thing that you should do for some one else to do. Let every ounce of power at your command be given to the performance of the duty which lies nearest you, and let nothing be thought too small to be considered in the light of a sacred trust.

We have a way of asking busy men to do things for us, and to help us. Why? Because

it is the busy men who succeed; they succeed because they are busy in looking after every detail of their business, and in seeing that it is well done. Do you remember the story of the Boston millionaire? Someone in conversation with him remarked that he had understood that when he was a boy he had not had much of a chance. "Why," he said, "I have heard men say that they remembered you when you were nothing but a drummer-boy." "Well," said the millionaire, "didn't I drum well?" Conscientious care and painstaking is the secret of success. If you are to dig a hole in the ground, dig that hole as it ought to be dug. Follow this rule until it becomes a habit, a part of your nature. Reach perfection, so far as it can be attained, but in everything put forth the highest endeavor.

I think it was Oliver Wendell Holmes who said, "There are two things which are immortal,—a tree and truth." The tree may represent the earthly side of life, and truth the heavenly side; but God is the one great end and fact; and if you are linked with truth, you are linked with God; and if you are linked with God, the results of your work will be immeasurably greater than if you were linked with earth, and, for you, the future will be a state of everlasting blessedness.—From The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, N. Y.

PASTORAL VISITS.

The minister who neglects pastoral visiting, or who thinks it to be drudgery, loses one of the main instrumentalities for usefulness, and deprives himself of much of the real enjoyments which the ministry affords. The value of this branch of work cannot be overestimated. Let me append the testimony of a few clergymen of different churches, men of wide experience and of eminent success in the work of the Lord. Dr. W. M. Taylor, in speaking to students of a theological seminary, said, "You will make a great mistake if you undervalue the visitation of your people. The pulpit is your throne, no doubt, but the throne is stable as it rests on the affections of the people, and to get their affections you must visit them in their dwellings." Dr. John Hall, speaking to a similar audience, said: "Pains should be taken that nothing prevents your pastoral visits. It is very necessary that you should know your people in their homes, and for the people to know you. The little children and the young people should know you. The men should know you. Do not begrudge the time thus spent." Dr. Francis Wayland, in speaking to ministers, said: "If it be said that all this is beneath the dignity of an educated man to spend his time in visiting mechanics in their shops and sitting down with women engaged in their domestic labor to converse with them on religious subjects, to this objection I have no reply to offer. Let the objector present the case in its full force to Him who on his journey to Galilee sat thus at the well and held that memorable conversation with a woman of Samaria." Says Matthew Henry: "Acquaint yourselves with the state of the souls of your people—their temptations and infirmities. You will then know the better how to preach to them."

Thousands of souls have been won by private intercourse who could never have been reached in public. Let our preachers aim to be pastors, and our pastors to be preachers.—Evangelical Messenger.

Prayer-Meeting Column.

TOPIC FOR JULY 4, 1902.

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Topic.—The Christian as a Citizen. Matt. 22: 1, 22.

1 And Jesus answered and spake again in parables unto them, saying, 2 The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a certain king, who made a marriage feast for his son, 3 and sent forth his servants to call them that were bidden to the marriage feast: and they would not come. 4 Again he sent forth other servants, saying, Tell them that are bidden, Behold, I have made ready my dinner; my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready; come to the marriage feast. 5 But they made light of it, and went their ways, one to his own farm, another to his merchandise; 6 and the rest laid hold on his servants, and treated them shamefully, and killed them. 7 But the king was wroth; and he sent his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burned their city. 8 Then saith he to his servants, The wedding is ready, but they that were bidden were not worthy. 9 Go ye therefore unto the partings of the highways, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage feast. 10 And those servants went out into the highways, and gathered together all as many as they found, both bad and good: and the wedding was filled with guests. 11 But when the king came in to behold the guests, he saw there a man who had not on a wedding-garment: 12 and he saith unto him, Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding-garment? And he was speechless. 13 Then the king said to the servants, Bind him hand and foot and cast him out into the outer darkness; there shall be the weeping and the gnashing of teeth. 14 For many are called, but few chosen.

15 Then went the Pharisees, and took counsel how they might ensnare him in his talk. 16 And they sent to him their disciples, with the Herodians, saying, Teacher, we know that thou art true, and teachest the way of God in truth, and carest not for any one: for thou regardest not the person of men. 17 Tell us therefore, What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar, or not? 18 But Jesus perceived their wickedness, and said, Why make ye trial of me, ye hypocrites? 19 Show me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a denarius. 20 And he said unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? 21 They say unto him, Caesar's. Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's. 22 And when they heard it, they marvelled, and left him, and went away.

The central point which forms the main part of the lesson for the evening is the impossibility of filling one's place in the Kingdom of God without proper fitness of character, purpose and life. Under the figure of the wedding and its guests the truth is sharply set forth that he who is unfit for a given place in the service of God must be rejected. This principle has wide application, and also a definite bearing upon the topic for the evening. The central thought in the topic is brought out in the closing verses, 17–22. The critics of Jesus tried to entrap him by seeking an answer that could be turned into political capital. His reply silenced them, in that he declared the double character of all Christian duty, namely, obedience to God first, and equal obedience to all just and righteous requirements of the state. In our own time the largeness of this theme is not easily overestimated. Civil government is made strong and pure in proportion as the members of the nation are pure and strong, upright and noble. Christians occupying the highest standpoint of manly character are under corresponding obligation to make their influence felt in favor of all forms of righteousness in political and social life. The obligation to fulfill one's duty to God carries with it the duty of fulfilling one's obligation to the state. This must be done by Christian men, their duty to God being first, and the standard by

which they ought to decide their duty to the state. The Christian's duty as a citizen is increased, rather than lessened, because he is a Christian. The broad application of this truth and the recognition of the important part which Christians ought to take in the affairs of the government must not be forgotten. Equal care must be taken lest Christians fail in discharging their duty to the state by adopting unworthy political methods rather than being true to those higher Christian principles through the influence of which political methods are uplifted and purified.

HOW WE GOT OUR NEW TESTAMENT.

A paper read at the session of the Eastern Association, in June, 1902, by Prof. William C. Whitford, of Alfred University.

To most of us the Bible came without a question. We grew up in homes in which the Bible was revered, and accepted it as the Word of God before we can remember, and had no doubts as to its authenticity, credibility and inspiration. Nor did we have any question as to whether the copy of the Bible which we had in hand was an accurate copy of the original.

I do not propose to-day to raise any question in regard to the authenticity or the inspiration of Holy Scripture. Those topics are indeed legitimate subjects of inquiry. God created us as reasoning beings, and it is not irreverent for us to consider the most fundamental principles of our relations to the Infinite, rather than to accept with unreasoning faith the dogmas presented to us by our pious ancestors.

We have in our hands a most precious book—called the Bible. If we think about it at all, the most natural question for us to ask is, Where did it come from? I will undertake to give a partial answer to this question in regard to the New Testament. In the first place, it would be altogether right to say that it came from God. The arguments for the doctrine of inspiration would prove that. But let us turn aside to the outward form of the book—to the shell that contains the Word of life, and ask how that was transmitted to us.

There are people who, in their simplicity, have thought that the New Testament is an English book. It is related that one layman, who had been irritated by a show of learning on the part of a certain preacher said, "Do you think that Paul knew Greek?"

It is true, however, that we are separated by many centuries from the original documents of our New Testament, and that these originals would be to our modern eyes very peculiar and strange,—not to say almost incomprehensible.

The New Testament books were probably all written between the years 50 and 100 of our era, and were circulated at first as separate books. It seems strange to us that the Evangelists did not sooner write down the narrative of our Lord's life upon earth. But there was not the necessity for written documents while the living witnesses survived, and the apostles may have thought that the second coming of Jesus in glory was so near at hand that there was no demand for a permanent record of his earlier work. However, there grew up after a while a fund of oral tradition in regard to the life and doings of Jesus, and this gradually found a place in written form, as we learn from the preface to

Luke's Gospel. It is probable that there was a gospel according to Matthew in the Aramaic language; but the records which have come down to us are all in Greek. The Gospels are not intended to be biographies of Jesus nor histories of his times; but rather statements of some of the facts about Jesus' doings, and quotations from his sayings which seemed best adapted for the proclamation and enforcement of the Good News.

The Epistles of the New Testament had their origin in the circumstances and requirements of the early Christian leaders and the people among whom they labored. From our familiarity with the order of the New Testament books as we find them in our Bibles, and from the fact that the time referred to in the Gospels is earlier than that of the Epistles, we are led to suppose that they were written earlier. But the reverse is the fact; for with the exception of the three brief Epistles of John all the Epistles were probably written before any of the Gospels. Although the Epistles were written for special individuals or churches, their value for other congregations was at once recognized. Before the books of the New Testament had been written a hundred years they were collected into one group and called the New Testament, and regarded in the same rank with the books of the Old Testament.

In the earliest canon of the New Testament some of the books which we now regard as canonical (*e. g.*, the Revelation, the Second Epistle of Peter, and the Second and Third Epistles of John) were not included. Also there were two or three books included which we do not now regard as belonging to the sacred canon, (such as the Shepherd of Hermas, the Epistle of Clement, and the so-called Epistle of Barnabas). From about the year 400 on the New Testament canon has been the same as to-day. In the early centuries the books were arranged in a different order from that with which we are familiar: first came the four Gospels and the Acts, then the seven so-called Catholic Epistles, then the Epistles of Paul, and the Epistles to the Hebrews and the Revelation. This order is preserved in recent editions of the Greek Testament.

The Apostles and Evangelists probably wrote upon papyrus with a reed pen. Papyrus was manufactured from the inner coating of a certain reed which used to grow in great abundance in Egypt, and is found to this day in the Island of Sicily. Layers of the pith of this reed were interwoven and pressed, the surface was smoothed down, and the papyrus was ready for use. This writing material was prepared in long strips and rolled up. The writing was in columns crosswise of the long strip. Papyrus is very brittle and liable to destruction from use, to say nothing of intentional or even accidental mishandling.

It is of course not beyond the realm of possibility that some day a fragment of one of the original autographs of a New Testament book may be found in some buried city of Egypt; but such a find is hardly probable. There is in existence a fragment of papyrus roll of the New Testament written in the third century; but it is so small as to be of no great value.

Even in the first century a much more durable writing material was coming into use. Paul alludes to certain parchments in one of his letters to Timothy. Parchment is made

of the skins of animals. The best is from the skins of very young calves, and is called vellum. Great care was used in the manufacture of this writing material. Some of the oldest books known may be classed beautiful volumes in this age of the world. The roll now gives place to the book, and such books as were calculated to stand the wear and tear of time. We have preserved for us between six and seven thousand manuscripts of the whole or parts of the New Testament. Three thousand of these have as yet not been carefully studied, to say nothing of those which may be discovered in the future. And when we speak of the possibility of new discoveries in this field, it is to be remembered that it was only in 1859 that the most valuable of all these manuscripts was brought to light of day. That these manuscripts vary in value is manifest from their difference in age, the difference in the care that was taken in copying them, and the difference in the attitude of the scribe in regard to intentional variations, to say nothing of the difference in completeness.

The manuscripts are readily divided into two classes, from the style of letters used: the uncials or majuscules, and the cursives or minuscules. The former class embraces the manuscripts from the fourth to the tenth centuries, and the latter from the ninth to the fifteenth. The name uncial refers to the capital letters in which the manuscripts were written, the name cursive to the smaller letters of the running hand which came into use when speed seemed to be especially desirable. It is to be noticed that these two periods overlap each other a little: for even after the cursive style of writing came into general use, there were some who preferred the more elegant uncials.

The earliest manuscripts were written without punctuation marks, or breathings of any kind, and had no spaces between the words. Words were divided at the end of a line without regard to syllables. A little later we find a dot over the final letter of the last word of a clause, and in other manuscripts a dot after each word.

The uncial manuscripts are of greater value than the cursives because they are nearer the original text in time. Several of the cursive manuscripts are, however, particularly valuable. It is, of course, possible that a cursive manuscript of the fourteenth century may have been copied directly from a manuscript of the second century, and so be much nearer the original text than an uncial of the ninth century which happened to be copied from one not much older than itself.

Of the uncial manuscripts there are now known to be in existence only one hundred and twenty-seven (?), and of these only one contains the whole of the New Testament, while many of the others are fragments of a few pages each. Of these uncial manuscripts five are specially famous.

1. The Codex Sinaiticus (Σ) now at St. Petersburg.

This volume contains a complete copy of the New Testament, and was made before the middle of the fourth century,—less than three hundred years from the original autographs, no more distant from the Apostles than we are from our Pilgrim ancestors who landed on Plymouth Rock. This seems a very brief period when we compare it with the thirteen hundred years between the latest books of the

Old Testament and the oldest Hebrew manuscript that is known, and still shorter when we compare it with the twenty-five centuries between the writings of Homer and the oldest manuscripts of his works. This Sinaitic Codex derives its name from the fact that it was discovered by Tishendorf at the convent of St. Catherine on Mt. Sinai in Arabia. By a strange coincidence this most ancient and valuable manuscript of the Gospel comes to us from that very region in which the Law was proclaimed so many centuries ago. Upon his first visit to this convent Count Tishendorf was just in time to rescue forty-three leaves of Old Testament portion of this same codex; for the ignorant monks had already placed them in a basket to be used as kindling wood.

2. Another very valuable manuscript [B] of the fourth century is that contained in the Vatican library at Rome. It is more accurately written than the Sinaitic, but not so complete. This book has been in the Vatican library for four hundred and fifty years; but has been guarded with such jealous care that it has been of little or no practical use till comparatively recent years.

3. A third uncial manuscript [A] of importance was written in the fifth century, and was given by the patriarch of Constantinople to King Charles I. of England in 1628. This is called the Codex Alexandrinus, and is now preserved in the British Museum.

4. A fourth uncial manuscript, dating from the fifth century, is very interesting, from the condition in which it is found. This manuscript, called the Codex of Ephraem, is a palimpsest. As writing material became scarce and expensive, it was not uncommon to erase the writing from the surface of old manuscripts, and thus provide a place for a new writing which, in the opinion of the scribe, seemed more valuable. This parchment thus prepared for the new writing is called a palimpsest, that is, rubbed away again. The Codex Ephraem gets its name from the fact that the words of the New Testament were erased to give place for certain sermons of Ephraem, the Syrian, who taught in the fourth century. The earlier writing which showed faintly under the coarser Syriac letters has been partially restored by the use of chemicals, and in a great measure deciphered.

5. The fifth uncial manuscript [D], which in some sense deserves to be ranked with the four already mentioned, is called the Codex of Beza. This manuscript finds a resting place in the library of Cambridge University in England. It is noted for its strange additions to the text. The most noteworthy of these is that which follows Luke 6: 4, and which may be translated as follows:

"On the same day he (Jesus), having beheld a certain man laboring on the Sabbath said to him, 'Man, if indeed thou knowest what thou doest thou art blessed: but if thou dost not know, thou art accursed and a transgressor of the law.'"

This manuscript was presented to the University of Cambridge by Theodore Beza, the friend of Calvin. He regarded it as valuable as a curiosity rather than in any practical way, in view of the many additions.

These five manuscripts as well as many others of the seven thousand to which allusion has been made, are of immense importance in bearing testimony to the originals of our New Testament which are now lost. But

if everyone of these were to-day destroyed, we should not be without ancient testimony to these writings. The New Testament was early translated into various languages, before the time that the oldest manuscripts which we possess were made. These early versions give a testimony to the original text which is well worthy of our consideration. It is true that we must make allowances for the changes, intentional and otherwise, which accompany a translation, and also for the errors that have arisen in the copying of these versions before they came to us. When, however, we find two of these old versions giving testimony to the same reading, it is probable that that reading existed in the original Greek manuscript from which they were translated. The versions which are of particular value for critical purposes are the Syriac and the Latin. The former is of special importance because the language is so nearly like the Aramaic, the language in which our Lord himself spoke.

If all the manuscripts of these versions, as well as all the manuscripts of the New Testament itself were destroyed, we should still have ancient testimony to the original text in the Quotations of the Fathers. The early Christian writers made copious quotations from the New Testament in their writings. Of course they were not always quite accurate in their quotations, and sometimes it is difficult to tell from which of two parallel passages they are quoting; but upon the whole these patristic quotations furnish another very valuable source of information concerning the true text. Almost, if not quite, the entire New Testament might be restored from the writings of the first few centuries.

Another source of information in regard to the New Testament text worthy to be mentioned in connection with these that we have spoken of is that derived from the Lectionaries. These Lectionaries, of which there are a large number, are manuscripts containing selections from the various books of the New Testament, arranged according to some plan of Scripture lessons intended for the various Sabbath-days and other feast days of the year, and sometimes even for daily readings. The Lectionaries are divided naturally into two groups, called the Gospel and the Apostle, the former embracing readings from the Gospels and the latter from the Epistles. Churches and individuals often possessed such manuscripts as these instead of complete copies of the books of the New Testament.

Going back now to the manuscripts to consider some of the difficulties in ascertaining the true text—that is, the very words the Apostles and other inspired authors of our New Testament wrote,—we find as the first and chiefest of all these difficulties, that no two of the manuscripts are identical in their readings; but on the other hand, that they present many and striking variations. The number of these variations has been estimated at three hundred thousand (300,000). This number is not, however, alarming, when we remember that every trifling variation in spelling is counted, and indeed counted more than once if it occurs in more than one manuscript. Comparatively very few variations effect the sense; and not one any fundamental doctrine of our faith. The great number of the variations is really an advantage instead of a disadvantage, as it appears at first sight; for if we had but one ancient manu-

script of our New Testament (or what amounts to the same thing, if all the manuscripts were alike), we would have no certainty at all as to the accurate transmission of the text. Now with the multitude of witnesses whose variations may be compared, we arrive at practical certainty as to the true text. By the aid of the science of textual criticism we may say that we are sure as to nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths (.999) of the New Testament text. The evidence for the true text of these books is many times as great as that for any other document of a half or a quarter of their age.

Some of the causes that have led to these variations may be worthy of our notice. They arose in part through the unintentional failure of the scribe to make an accurate copy of the exemplar before him, and in part by the intentional changes with the idea of correcting mistakes or failures on the part of previous scribes.

When a scribe was looking at his exemplar and then at the work before him, his eye might catch another word or phrase of like ending to that which he had before looked at, and so he would skip a few words. If a number of scribes were copying at the same time while one read, it would be easily possible that someone might misunderstand the reader and so make mistakes. If a scribe found a construction that seemed to him a little difficult of comprehension, or ungrammatical, he would be inclined to alter it to conform to his ideas of logic or grammar, and so fail in accuracy. Scribes were always very apt to make additions to a narrative before them by interpolating particulars from parallel passages. It seems probable that some copyists made interpolations on theological grounds. For example, the 37th verse of the eighth chapter of Acts has very little manuscript authority, and is evidently inserted lest anyone might suppose that the Ethiopian eunuch was baptized without making a confession of his faith in Jesus. "And Philip said, If thou believest with all thy heart thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God."

The most celebrated instance of interpolation is that concerning the three heavenly witnesses in the fifth chapter of the First Epistle of John: "In heaven, the Father, and the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one. And there are three that bear witness in the earth." This insertion is noted for the fact that it has the least manuscript authority of any portion of our King James' Version of the New Testament. When Erasmus published his first edition of the Greek Testament he left out this passage. Some of his critics complained that he had left out a strong argument for the Trinity. He replied that he would put this passage into the printed text if they could find any manuscript authority for it. They found one manuscript of the fourteenth century which contained it. Erasmus, true to his word, put it into subsequent editions (third and following) of his Testament; and so we have it to-day, although there can hardly be anything more certain than that John did not write it.

The insertion in John 5: 4 in regard to the troubling of the water by the angel perhaps arose from a marginal note which some possessor of a manuscript had thought to be a

good explanation. A subsequent copyist inserted it in the text; and so we have it as if upon the authority of the evangelist. But John never wrote it, and we are under no obligation to believe that it is true.

In conclusion, let me speak of one great cause of difference between the King James version and the revised versions of the New Testament. The differences of usage of words or of grammatical constructions that have arisen in three centuries have developed many inaccuracies in the older version, but all these are of no great importance in comparison with the fact that King James' translators did not have the true text as a basis for their translation. The oldest and best manuscripts which we possess to-day were utterly unknown then, and the good manuscripts that might have been reached were little noticed. Erasmus, when he published his Greek Testament in 1516, used only eight manuscripts, none of them complete or of early date. In twenty places indeed, his text is not supported by any known Greek manuscript. He supplied lacks in defective places in his manuscripts by translating from Latin documents of more than doubtful authority. In Acts 9: 6 for instance, the words "Trembling and astonished," which we find in King James' version, were supplied by Erasmus.

Not only were the first printed Greek Testaments far from the true text, but by a strange fatality the readings of the earlier editions exercised more influence on the subsequent editions than the old manuscripts that were from time to time brought to light. The printed Greek Testament became almost stereotyped. In the year 1633 there was published by the Elzevirs at Leyden a Greek Testament whose readings they said in their preface were received by all. This assertion was without real foundation, except in the fact that the texts then printed did not differ very much; but the expression *Textus Receptus*—received text, sounded very well, and served as a good advertisement. This text corresponded very nearly to that of Robert Stephen, published at Paris in 1550, which was the text generally received in England, and which was the foundation of King James' version of 1611.

For two hundred years this received text of Stephen or its practical equivalent by the Elzevirs was accepted with very little protest. When at length Christian scholars awoke to the fact of its inferiority there were many who clung to it as it were the very sheet-anchor of our faith. Because it had been received for so long it seemed to deserve consideration for its own sake, as if an error because it is old, merits more tender treatment than recent errors. Strange as it may seem, it is only within a few years that this text has lost its prestige and been displaced by the critical texts of Lachmann, Tischendorf and Westcott and Hort, which are based upon the oldest and best manuscripts and the most approved methods of critical study. Even in this twentieth century the Expositors Greek Testament published in London has the received text as its basis.

The many modern versions that have gone forth from the British and Foreign Bible Society, and until recently from the American Bible Society also, have been founded upon this old Greek text, which is little better than that of Erasmus, nearly four centuries ago.

What a pity that the Christians of this age

should not let the errors of the past centuries lie buried! God grant that in this present age we may reap the results of the critical labors of the past hundred years, and have in common use in the English language as in every other language a New Testament free from the errors of the received text, and as near the exact meaning of the inspired writers as is possible from the best efforts not only of scholarship, but also of intense loyalty to our Master and love for him.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The week has not given much important news. Preparations for the Coronation of King Edward are drawing toward completion; meanwhile, his Highness has had an attack of lumbago.

The Queen of Holland is nearing complete recovery from her recent severe illness.

The strike in the coal mines holds on, with some increase of violence and rioting.

Cuban matters have absorbed the attention of Congress, and at this writing the issues touching reciprocity with the new Republic are sharply defined, but the final vote has not been taken.

The Constitution of the state of Connecticut will not be revised; such is the decision of the people, by popular vote, on the 16th of June.

Dean E. A. Hoffman, of the General Theological Seminary—Episcopalian—of New York City, probably the richest clergyman in the world, died on board a train between Montreal and New York on the 17th of June.

The weather has been unusually hot in several parts of the United States during the week.

THE FULNESS OF CHRIST.

I recall the wonder and delight with which I saw the ocean tide come up the Bay of Fundy and fill the empty river-beds. Through the hours of the ebb, the Nova Scotian rivers dwindled and shrank within their banks. Broad and barren reaches of sand exposed themselves; ships listed heavily on their sides, deserted by the feeble stream trickling in mid-channel. Then came the tide up the Bay of Fundy, up from the abundance of the unfathomable sea. You could hear it coming with a distant sound of motion and life and unmeasured power. You could see it coming, with a pure, white girdle of foam, that looked in sunlight like a zone of fire. You could smell it coming with the smell of freshness, the breath of coolness, the waft of far-off scents from breeze-blown ocean leagues. You could almost feel it coming, for the heart stirred at the sight of it, and the pulse quickened at the rush of it, and the joy of strength arose in the soul. It came from the mighty fulness that could afford to give so grandly; it came from the opulence of an ocean that could spend itself without fear of poverty, that could pour itself out to fill a thousand rivers, yet be not diminished; it came, as Arnold said, "with murmurs and scents of the infinite sea." It entered the river-bed; it filled the empty channel as one fills a pitcher at the fountain; it covered the barren sands with motion and sparkling life; it lifted the heavy sions, gave back to them their rights of buoyancy, set them free upon the broad waterway of world-wide opportunity; it changed the very face of the land from sadness and apathy and dulness to animation and color and glittering activity. So Christ

comes into empty human lives, and fills them with his fulness, which is the very fulness of God. So stops the ebb of power, entering with his flood of strength. The difference between a life without Christ and a life with Christ is the difference between ebb and flood; the one is growing emptier, the other is growing fuller.—Charles C. Hall, D. D.

NORTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

At West Hallock, Ill., located in one of the garden spots of the earth, the North-Western Association was held June 12 to 15.

The theme of the session was *Evangelism*, and the evangelistic spirit was deeply pervasive in all its meetings. I think I never saw it stronger in such a service.

The Association received a most cordial welcome by pastor Tolbert at the opening of the session, but we found that his people were by no means behind him in carrying out their part of entertaining guests which was done in a royal manner.

The West Hallock church is not situated near any sister churches, therefore the attendance was not as large as is sometimes the case in this Association. Several companies of delegates were delayed on the way to the Association by two wrecks and five "wash-outs." The Mississippi valley is not suffering from drought this year. It is seldom, in such a meeting, that the workers seem to be drawn so closely together, heart to heart, in purpose and effort, as in this session.

The preachers of sermons were Revs. Geo. W. Burdick, J. T. Davis, D. B. Coon, Geo. J. Crandall, A. E. Main, M. B. Kelly, and A. J. C. Bond. In general trend and influence they almost seemed to be purposely prepared for a connected series with a single aim.

The Education Society was represented by Dr. A. E. Main and Professor Edwin Shaw, the Missionary Society by Sec. O. U. Whitford, the Tract Society by Rev. Geo. W. Hills, the Womans Board by Mrs. Albert Whitford. On Sabbath afternoon appropriate anniversary services were held, it being the fiftieth year in the history of the West Hallock church. A very interesting historical paper was read by Dea. Daniel Hakes. As it is soon to appear in the RECORDER we will not here give it farther notice. The music of the Association was of high quality and great variety. Two male quartets, a lady quartet, duets, solos, the choir, and a musical congregation made it a very attractive and enjoyable portion of the worship.

In connection with the Education Society work was held a very impressive memorial service in honor of the late President Wm. C. Whitford of Milton College.

Workers in the Lord's service are one by one removed but the Lord's work goes on.

GEO. W. HILLS.

A PREACHER must be the thing he preaches others to be. If he preaches cross-bearing and self-denial and laments continually the hard lot of his ministry, he causes the people to scoff. If he preaches brotherly love and kindness, and is severe and censorious, and stabs reputation right and left in the dark, he causes people to mock. If he preaches "in honor preferring one another," and is a place-seeker, and unblushingly asks for the right-hand seat, while all the rest of mankind are requested to stand below, he causes the people to ridicule his preaching.—Chancellor J. R. Day.

Missions.

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

MISSIONARY HOUR AT THE NORTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

The Missionary Hour, conducted by Secretary Whitford, was held at 10.45 Sixth-day morning. A detailed account was given by the conductor of the work that was being done for and in the small churches; a survey was given of the general missionary work being done in the Southwest and in Northern Alabama, and also of the many open doors on the frontier in the West and Northwest for more extended general missionary work if there were workers and means to do it. A survey was given of the evangelistic work done and now carried on in Ohio and South Dakota by Evangelist J. G. Burdick and Pastor S. H. Babcock. A letter was received from Pastor Babcock stating the interest manifest in the Gospel Tent Meetings in South Dakota, and asking for the prayers of those in attendance at the Association for God's blessing on the work. A telegram giving sympathy and encouragement was sent by the Association to him.

The conductor also outlined the quartet and evangelistic work which is planned for the summer vacation and campaign, and the number of quartets that would go out from our colleges. The quartet and evangelistic work in the Northwest would be concentrated at Gentry, Ark., under the leadership of Evangelist M. B. Kelly.

The prosperous work in China was described by the conductor. The Medical Mission had been moved by Dr. Palmborg to Lieu-oo, twenty miles to the northwest of Shanghai, and with eight Seventh-day Baptist Chinese men and women dwelling there as helpers in various ways, and competition in medical work, the prospects of the Medical Mission were very bright and hopeful.

The Boys' and Girls' Boarding Schools were now supplying efficient native workers in all the lines of work in the Mission. The church at Shanghai now numbers sixty-six members, eight of whom were received into the church by baptism and verbal statement the Sabbath before Dr. D. H. Davis left for the homeland.

The prospects at Ayan Maim were set forth, and the need of something being done for that needy and grief-stricken field.

The larger part of the hour was given to an open parliament on Our Missions. The larger portion of this time was, however, spent in speaking of the open doors and many opportunities for evangelistic and quartet work in the West, and how the young men and women in the schools and churches were interested in that work and were anxious to engage in it. A good deal of interest and enthusiasm was aroused, which culminated in plans for raising funds to put some of the young people into the work during the summer vacation.

Much interest was added to the hour by the sweet singing of Pastor Seager, of Farina, Ill., who sang very tenderly and impressively some lines written to the memory of Peter Velthuysen.

The attendance from the churches to the Association was small. It is a large Association in territory and in number of churches. However, there were delegates from Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin, Kansas

and Illinois. Deep interest was manifest in all lines of denominational work. The sermons were able, warm, evangelistic and tender. The Fiftieth Anniversary of the Organization of the Church at West Hallock, which was held as a part of the program in the line of a Historical Paper by Dea. Daniel Hakes, one of the pioneer settlers of that section of Illinois, and an appropriate sermon by the Rev. G. J. Crandall, an old pastor of the church, was intensely interesting, and made a deep impression upon the congregation. In none of the Associations were we so impressed and stirred up in regard to our opportunities and the open door for evangelistic and missionary work, and the urgent need of entering them now, and the great lack of men and workers to fill them. The theme which like a red thread ran through all the sessions of the Association was Evangelistic Work of the Churches and the Association. The brethren and sisters of the Southampton church and congregation were just full of loving hospitality. They employed a caterer who furnished excellent dinners, and that enabled them to attend the meetings. The closing meeting First-day night was warmly evangelistic, and very tender. Many testified how much good the Association had brought to them.

WHAT CAN LAYMEN DO FOR THE CAUSE OF CHRIST?

Presented at the Laymen's Hour at the Western Association by Eugene Hyde.

We would change the question and ask What are laymen doing for the cause of Christ?

There are many lines of work which have been carried on successfully by laymen. The idea that a Christian worker must be officially ordained to that special work has generally passed away, and we are willing to give the work to one who is competent, whether he represents the pulpit or the pew. Religion has also become practical. The superstitions which surrounded it in other ages have largely cleared away, and we only ask, does he declare the truth in right ways?

Perhaps it would not be out of place to state what one man of another church is doing. At the Sunday-school Association which recently convened at Belfast, the Christian church of Wellsville showed 45 per cent of the net gain of all the Sunday-schools represented. And we may say this is largely the result of one man's work. He aims to have the service as attractive as possible. The best music, moving pictures, illustrated songs, and entertainments of various kinds are the means employed to bring the people to the church.

He often quotes the text, "Faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God."

And the church has also had a rapid increase in membership. While we do not endorse their doctrine, it would not harm us in the least if we, as a people, could gather a new inspiration for downright, earnest work.

Another earnest worker has established a Sunday-school in an outlying district, which is largely attended and promises good results.

A little study of our people reveals the fact that all about the country are people who were connected in one way or another with our denomination. But business, and I judge more largely pleasure, have drawn them away.

And we think the laymen and others interested ought to devise plans for the employ-

ment of Sabbath-keepers without other means of support. But the great truth underlies their statement; energetic workers are in demand, and if true to their religious convictions are the more often found in places of trust and responsibility. One of our most prominent lay-workers recently said that what we, as a people, need most is consecrated capital. Money, if invested in different kinds of business, would flow through Sabbath-keeping channels. And that one good Sabbath-keeping firm which conducted business on right principles would do more to advance our interest than all of our foreign missionaries.

One reason why laymen are not doing more for the cause of Christ is because they are waiting for an opportunity, or some special reason or inspiration, which shall open the way for service. But we must see the way for service.

You may be familiar with the story of Tom Potter. He was an operator in an obscure railway station in the West. And when the express crashed through the bridge near his station, while others waited, he applied to the nearest town for aid. He buried the dead, cared for the wounded, settled \$50,000 worth of claims, repaired the bridge, burned the wreck and concealed the last vestige of it in the river. When the Superintendent came he asked, "Who gave you authority to do all this?" "I assumed it," said Tom. To-day he is drawing \$50,000 a year because he could see what needed doing.

What the church needs is men of ability, who can see how the work can best be done, and then have willingness to do it.

We sometimes think if we were a strong people, or our own church was strong in numbers, we could do valiant service for Christ's kingdom. But numbers are not always a sign of strength, but ability. Pericles built Athens. He built it because he had the ability to pick out men worthy of service. These men built a city which has been the wonder of all ages. And to-day the very dust is being sifted to find relics which were fashioned in the time of Pericles. The church needs some master mind which shall direct the workers; some master hand which shall give perfect form to finished product.

John Wanamaker once said that he would talk to at least one young man each day about his soul. Each one of those present could at least ask someone else to come to the church. Mr. Moody has spoken of a time when the people will not come to hear the gospel. And if we mistake not, that time has already come. Statistics show that only a small per cent of the total membership of the different churches attend public worship. They are ready to be entertained at theatres, operas, etc., but have lost their taste for religion. The one remedy suggests itself: Someone must take the gospel to them, and here is a field for lay-workers. Someone has said that one mistake of the church is, when men are converted and received into the church, they are not trained for service. Teach them how to work, and they will become strong for Christ and the church.

TRAVELER to God's last city, be glad that you are alive. Be thankful for the city at your door, and for the chance to build its walls a little nearer heaven before you go.—Drummond.

Woman's Work.

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

SPINNING.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask.

I do not know the use or name
Of that I spin;
I only know that some one came,
And laid within
My hand the thread, and said, "Since you
Are blind, but one thing you can do."

Sometimes the threads so rough and fast
And tangled fly,
I know wild storms are sweeping past,
And fear that I
Shall fall; but dare not try to find
A safer place, since I am blind.

I know not why, but I am sure
That tint and place,
In some great fabric to endure
Past time and race.
My threads will have; so from the first,
Though blind, I never felt accurst.

I think, perhaps, this trust has sprung
From one short word
Said over me when I was young,—
So young I heard
It, knowing not that God's name signed
My brow, and sealed me his, though blind.

But whether this be seal or sign
Within, without,
It matters not. The bond divine
I never doubt.
I know he set me here, and still,
And glad and blind, I wait his will.

But listen, listen, day by day,
To hear their tread
Who bear their finished web away,
And cut the thread,
And bring God's message in the sun,
"Thou poor blind spinner, work is done."

Mr. CHARLES M. SCHWAB, who is known the world over for his connection with the great United States Steel Corporation, has again shown that he has a side to his character that is not all for making money. We have heard of the churches he has built, and been interested in the charities he has helped, but now we learn of something far beyond anything he has done before.

Richmond Beach is a pleasant summer resort, about twenty-five miles from New York, on Staten Island. This place Mr. Schwab has purchased for a country home, not for himself, but for the children of the poor of New York City. The purchase is quite extensive, containing several acres of land, a small hotel, a good bathing beach, a lake well-stocked with fish, and many other things particularly attractive to children.

Mr. and Mrs. Schwab propose to erect an infirmary on the beach, and add other comforts and amusements. A steamboat capable of carrying several hundred children is to make daily trips from New York to Richmond Beach. This will give the children a nice sail and a day at the beach. A good dinner for every child is to be a part of the program arranged by these kind-hearted people.

THE Woman's Hour at the Eastern Association was conducted by Mrs. Reune F. Randolph, Associational Secretary, on Sabbath evening, at which time the following program was rendered:

Music by choir.

Scripture reading from Isa. 66, by Mrs. W. L. Clarke, of Ashaway, R. I.

Prayer by Mrs. Randolph, of Plainfield.

An instructive paper on the Study of Missions, by Mrs. O. U. Whitford, of Westerly,

R. I. A successful study has been carried on in Westerly, and great gain would come from mission study in all of our churches.

A paper by Mrs. Sarah Wardner, of Plainfield, read by Mrs. S. H. Davis, of Westerly. This paper on "Separation for Service," was an encouragement for women in every field and all experiences.

Solo by Mrs. J. Irving Maxson, of Westerly, R. I., followed by an offering for the Woman's Board.

An excellent and touching letter from Dr. Rosa Palmborg, concerning her new field in Lieu-oo, read by Miss Mary Stillman, of Webster, Mass.

An earnest appeal by Mrs. Randolph for funds to help in our growing work, as done on our behalf by Miss Susie M. Burdick, who expects to return to China; by Dr. Palmborg; and by the Missionary and Tract Societies on the home and foreign fields. She made tender reference to Bro. Peter Velthuysen, now in the "beautiful land;" to his mother in her sorrow and joy; and to the friends on the Gold Coast, Africa, Holland, Heaven. And so we are bound together more closely, and we are taught a new lesson of unity.

Missionary work is a command of our Lord; and they who are without our privileges need our help and the influence of our surrendered lives.

After singing "Blest be the tie that binds," this good Hour was closed with the benediction by Dr. A. H. Lewis.

SEPARATED—ACTS.

MRS. S. L. WARDNER.

Read at the Eastern Association.

Sisters, do you ever feel that you are of no account in this great world of ours; that the little you do in your every-day routine is of no value? Do you ever long to do some work that shall gladden your heart with its rich results? Do you think of the names that illuminate the pages of history with a sigh of regret that you have not been one of those singled out to be leaders? Would you be a Joan of Arc at the head of a conquering army; a Queen Victoria, beloved and honored throughout the world; a Clara Barton on the field of battle caring for the wounded and dying; a Frances Willard flinging the folds of the temperance banner to the breeze; a Mrs. Judson bearing to the heathen the message of salvation and everlasting life? Is there some height to which you aspire, but which fettering circumstances hinder you from reaching? Did you ever think that Saul and Barnabas, the co-workers in the first mission field, did not separate *themselves* for this work, but were chosen for it by the Holy Ghost?

It may be that unconsciously you are preparing for some work of which you have no thought or intention. It may be that even now you have in your keeping the embryo of a personality destined to sway multitudes for good or for evil.

Perhaps you are a teacher going daily to your school-room with a nervous shrinking from the heedless, restless boys and girls whose sole intent and purpose seems to be to make life a burden to you. Or it may be that you have a Sabbath-school class who come to you for a few moments only once a week. Did you ever think why? Some from force of habit; some because they cannot

disobey their parents; some simply with the thought of meeting their mates and having a chat over the events of the week; a few because they are interested in the lesson. Their minds are full of any and every subject but that of which you wish to talk; their quarterlies and Bibles have been left at home; they have made little or no preparation for the recitation, and as the bell sounds for dismissal you leave the work with a sinking heart, feeling that you are out of place as their teacher, that you can make no impression for good upon them.

Patience! Do you ever think of the matter from their standpoint? Do you realize that they are young and full of life and activity; that there are a host of outside influences at work these lovely spring days to entice their thoughts away even while they sit before you? See to it that you yourself have investigated every point in that lesson; that you know just what thoughts to emphasize and enlarge upon; that by some story or illustration you add zest and force to that thought; and above all, carry to that class *love*. Love for God and for the work to which he has called you, and for those to whom you carry his message. If such love is in your heart it will shine out through your eyes, and win their attention and love in return even though you may not always realize it; and he who reads all hearts, knowing the sincerity of your efforts, will bestow his blessing on your labor.

As you stand before these boys and girls, do you never in looking them over picture them as the men and women of the future? Does the thought that your influence may live on and on, in some if not in all of them, shaping their lives and directing their life-work, never fill you with awe? Looking back over years of work as a teacher, I call to mind one who was a faithful, earnest, hard-working student, but so retiring and unassuming as to give no indication that he would ever hold a position of prominence. To-day he is the leader of a missionary band in China. Another—ardent, impetuous, impulsive, became an enthusiast in the cause of temperance, saving many a life from ruin. A beautiful, refined young girl has given her life to work for her benighted sisters in India. A young man whose scant opportunities for obtaining an education in early life might have dissuaded him from his purpose, determined to fit himself for the ministry, and is to-day a power in evangelistic work.

Each and all were separated by the Holy Spirit to a mission. Could the knowledge of this have been revealed to me in those by-gone days would I not have feared lest some word or act of mine should have an influence for wrong or error on those plastic minds and hearts? Yet all unknown to me, those characters were developing, those purposes were forming, and you know not how many of those with whom you are associated day by day may in after years be head and shoulders above the throng around them, a power for good or for evil. Is not your calling teeming with possibilities of great results, and can you not feel that it is truly a high and noble separation?

Is your life narrowed down within the four walls of home, and do you look upon other women who have broader fields of activity with a feeling that is almost envy? The

sense of love and duty that keeps you by the side of that aged father or that invalid mother, secures you a shelter from many a heart-ache and disappointment that fall to the lot of those who go out into the world. And while you feel that you are accomplishing nothing for the Master, remember that he sees your labor of love in that home circle. He placed you there; he holds you there; it is his work you are doing. So take heart and be glad.

Are you an invalid—a "shut-in" for perhaps the greater part of the time; a sufferer confined to the bed or to the easy-chair, needing the ministrations of others; feeling that it would be much better for them and for you if you were laid away out of sight forever. God knows why he has thus separated you from the busy workers. Will you question him? You may by cheerfulness and patience make that room in which you are imprisoned such a place of peace and love that it will be a privilege to enter it and partake of your sunshine. You may so twine yourself about the hearts of those who care for you that when the time of your release shall come they will say with tear-dimmed eyes—"It is better for her, but oh, how we shall miss her loving smile; her ready sympathy; her words of counsel."

But the mothers— When I think of them and their God-given mission my heart is full and words fail me. When a young girl lays her hand in the hand of him who is to be her husband and hears and responds to his promises of love and protection while life shall last it is a solemn moment. A moment when they stand at the entrance to a life of unity and happiness or to one of discord and sorrow. But when in her arms is placed the tiny babe—her own—a part of her very life; when she hears that helpless wail; when she draws it closer, closer, as if to warm and shield it—what then? If her heart does not swell within her almost to bursting in love and gratitude for the priceless treasure, she is no true mother, and unworthy the separation to the mission of motherhood with which God has endowed her.

Ofttimes in later years there come weary hours of toil and anxiety. To the first-born others have been added, and perhaps the struggle to feed, clothe, and educate the little flock is a hard one. But in that struggle for things material do not forget that for each and every one of these little ones is a niche in life—a separation for which you may with God's help and the wisdom and grace he gives you do much toward fitting them. Blessed are the mothers who, lacking wealth to hire others to care for their children in early life, are associated with them day and night. Who, with eyes ever watchful, with ears ever ready to listen to the tale of eager ambition or grieved disappointment, with the helpful hand, and with counsel and sympathy win the love and confidence that shall in later years bring them rich reward.

Could you look through the years to come and see the noisy, rollicking boy who so often tries your patience filling his appointed station, or the wayward girl who now beclouds your heart with anxiety, a noble, loving woman, working for the uplifting of humanity, how gladly would you finish your allotted labor of love.

Did the mothers of Lincoln and Garfield in their humble homes dream of the future of

their sons? Did the mothers of our faithful workers in far-away mission-fields have a thought that the children who played around them would ever be called to such noble service? Did the parents of Peter Velthuysen, in their distant Holland home, living with no thought of God's Sabbath, foresee that their boy was to be the first martyr for that truth in heathen Africa? While they grieve over his death, that grief must be tempered with a holy joy that to them came the separation—the boon of being the ones to offer such a sacrifice.

So we know not to what we are called. We simply walk by faith, and let us walk trusting, hoping, loving, rejoicing, saying, in the words of the "blind spinner":

"But whether there be seal or sign
Within, without,
It matters not. The bond divine
I never doubt.
I know he set me here, and still,
And glad and blind, I wait his will."

HOW I FOUND THE TRUE BAPTISM AND THE TRUE SABBATH.

A SUBSCRIBER TO THE RECORDER.

In his article, "The joy of Sabbath-keeping," in the RECORDER of May 26, page 329, Dr. Platts, in referring to some correspondence with me respecting Baptism and the Sabbath Question, suggests that it might be well to give the readers of the paper some idea of how I reached my conclusions in regard to these subjects. Since the publication of Dr. Platts' article another Seventh-day Baptist minister has written me with a similar suggestion, and hence, hoping that by God's blessing it may be of some little benefit to the cause of truth, I shall try to comply with the wishes of the ministers referred to, both of whom I esteem very highly as personal friends and true servants of Christ.

Some years since—I cannot now recall just how it came about—I resolved to search the Scriptures anew in order, if possible, to find the original pure Christianity as Jesus himself taught it; and after looking over the field I concluded to begin with the subject of Baptism.

Although I had made myself more or less familiar with the arguments of some of the ablest writers on all sides of the subject, I still remained a strong believer in Pedobaptism, and in sprinkling as the only proper mode of administration. Now, however, I determined to study the subject over again, in the light of the Scriptures alone, entirely untrammelled by any previous notions concerning it, in order that I might, if possible, find the real scriptural truth as to its import and mode.

As I went on, strange as it may seem, considering my former strong prejudices, I soon became fully convinced that I had been greatly in error, and in time I came to see very clearly the unscripturalness of both infant baptism and sprinkling as a mode of administering the ordinance. And I became most fully convinced, also, that true believers only are proper subjects for baptism.

In my search for the truth respecting this subject I was strongly impressed with the reflection that the Great Teacher, whose thoughts are infinitely higher than our own at best, graciously condescends to our low estate, employing methods of instruction suited to our humble capacity, as to little children of the kindergarten, using the simplest object lessons—things tangible to our senses—types and symbols of various kinds—in

order to instruct us concerning things spiritual, more real and eternal.

Baptism, it seemed clear to me, must be but a symbol—nothing more—since of itself, as in the case of Simon Magus; it cannot change the character, and since baptism, as the "outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," marks a most important epoch in the individual life, when the true believer is translated from darkness to light—from death unto life—from the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of God's dear Son—it seemed very clear to me that the Author of our salvation would surely select and appoint the more solemn and impressive mode of administration—immersion.

It was also very evident to me that there must be a noteworthy resemblance between the symbol, or shadow, and the object it represents; and that *baptism* in its proper mode must of necessity closely resemble whatever it was intended to impress upon our minds. Consequently, comparing the different modes with the substance, I found immersion to be the only one which properly reflects the various features of the wonderful work of grace experienced by the believer in the renewal of his life, as it is described by Paul in the 6th of Romans.

Hence, with me, the conclusion was inevitable that immersion alone must be the true scriptural mode of baptism. And having thus found the truth, with a deep conviction of its importance, I received the ordinance by the proper mode soon afterwards.

To adequately describe one's feelings—the poignancy of conviction, and the imperative sense of duty after such a search for, and discovery of, the truth—would be a very difficult task. They must be experienced to be properly understood and appreciated. Since my baptism I have met one man who understood it all very well. He had gone to India as a Methodist missionary, and a firm believer in Pedobaptism and baptism by sprinkling. All alone, like myself, he studied the subject anew, with the same result, when his conviction of duty became so strong that he actually walked 700 miles through the broiling sun and burning sands of India to be baptized, and after relating his experience to me he assured me that he was thoroughly in love with his missionary work, and that he was going back to India to give the rest of his life to the Master's service in that benighted country.

Next I became deeply interested in the Sabbath question, and in my search for the truth I welcomed any light I could get from any source at all, whether Jewish or Christian, whether Catholic or Protestant, whether sacred or secular. As briefly as possible I may say that it seemed to me very unreasonable that any change should be made at all; that in the very nature of things there could be but one Sabbath—the original and true one; that any attempted change must be detrimental to the cause of religion and good morals; that the substitution of any other day for the true Sabbath must be a most flagrant violation of the divine law; that the arguments of the Sunday people are very weak, puerile, self-destructive, and very unsatisfactory even to themselves, as the admissions of many of their ablest writers clearly show; that the facts of history abundantly disprove the Sunday theory; that the Roman Catholic Church boldly asserts that without

any scriptural authority they substituted Sunday for the true Sabbath; that Protestants, by Sunday-keeping, virtually endorse Romanism, and submit to papal authority, thus ignoring God's Holy Word which they vainly claim as "the only rule" of their faith and practice.

Searching the Scriptures, I find that the Sunday theory has no scriptural authority whatever; that the so-called "proof" texts of the Sunday people prove nothing for them, and that the whole of the Bible, from first to last, is on the side of the true Sabbath. Even the great Gladstone frankly admits that the Sunday theory has no foothold in the Scriptures, although, strange to say, during his life time he was always an ardent Sunday-keeping supporter.

One thing helped greatly to settle my belief in the true Sabbath—Paul's declaration (Acts 28-17) to the Jews at Rome that he had "committed nothing against the popular customs of our fathers." Had he taught, or practiced Sunday-keeping at all, there would certainly have been such a charge in the indictment against him. And if he had in the least degree violated the original Sabbath law he could not, or would not, have made such an assertion. Hence it is plain that Paul had been a faithful Sabbath-keeper all through his life prior to this; and as the apostles were all in perfect accord in their doctrinal teaching, it is plain that no effort was ever made by any of them to change the day. Gladstone also admits this. So that all the claims of the Sunday people that the Sabbath was changed to Sunday by apostolic authority fall to the ground as utterly worthless.

In conclusion, let me say that after my last efforts to find the truth I am fully convinced that the doctrine of the true Sabbath rests securely "upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone"; that the true Sabbath doctrine is a very important part of "the faith once delivered to the saints," for which all of God's true people should earnestly contend.

Referring this great matter to the domain of business, I am confident that no good business man would think for a moment of investing in reality with a title so defective as that of the Sunday theory—a title marred by the most glaring blemishes, the worst of which is the mark of the great beast of the apocalypse, whose number is 666, also described by Daniel and Paul. Better invest in the great dismal swamps, Arctic regions, anywhere else than in the Sunday theory, since God himself will eventually sweep away every refuge of lies.

On the other hand, the doctrine of the true Sabbath is safe. Its title is of the best, and invites investigation; instead of the trade mark of the beast, it bears the imperial stamp of Almighty God. With the Holy Scriptures all on their side, and with the rock of God's eternal truth beneath their feet, true Sabbath-keepers may boldly say of the theory of the Sunday-keepers that "their rock is not as our rock, even our enemies themselves being judges."

If in this very imperfect article I have presented any thought that may be helpful to the earnest inquirer of the truth, or any Sabbath-keepers anywhere, I shall be very glad indeed. As I am a lone Sabbath-keeper my-

self, surrounded by wickedness on every hand, it is but natural that I should sympathize with others similarly situated—entirely isolated from people of the same faith. As Paul wrote to the Philippians (1:3, 4), so let me say to all others of the faith in like circumstances and environments, "I thank my God upon every remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine for you all making request with joy." By and by, if faithful to the end, the lone Sabbath-keeper will have plenty of good-company, for "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

"Where Congregations never break up,
And Sabbaths have no end."

JUNE 8, 1902.

— BRAVERY OF A MOTHER GROUSE.

When first I came to the territory of Washington the desire to explore the mountains to the west of my home near Valley grew upon me, and at the first opportunity, taking ponies and blankets, and accompanied by my eldest son, a lad of seventeen, I set out on a four days' trip into the new wonderland. The summit of the range was reached on the second day, at a point entirely out of the line of travel of either Indians or whites, and when almost at the summit, just as we were passing a clump of bushes, on June 6, 1884, we ran into a brood of little ruffed grouse.

My boy was riding in front, a couple of rods in advance, and the first move of the mother bird seemed to be to hustle her babies away from his horse's feet, and just as he rode past she rose in the air and flew directly toward me. I pulled up my pony instantly, and as I sat still she flew straight for my head, rising just above it as she came, and suddenly the boy cried out, "She is going to alight on your head."

It was true, and to the day of my death I shall regret that the unexpected sound of the fluttering of her wings as she settled toward my head for an instant startled me from my composure, and the temptation to glance upward was momentarily irresistible, and, in consequence, my slightly tilting hat-brim frightened her while in the act of settling her feet upon my head; but, swerving lightly to her left, she swung round and settled on the rump of the tired pony under me. The pony stood perfectly still, and slowly—very slowly—I turned my head and looked at her. Beginning in a very low tone and gradually raising my voice, I talked to her and to my boy about her for a minute or two before she fluttered away in search of her babies.

Telling her what a graceful little beauty she was, and how we had no thought of hurting either her or her babies, I cajoled her into listening for quite a time; and, though I am well persuaded that she had never before seen either man or horse, I contend that it was courage—pure and simple—which prompted her to fly in the face of so formidable an apparition in defense of her little ones.—Forest and Stream.

EAGER clutching at the delights of natural life, and making it one's chief aim, is the sure way to lose all its sweetness and to miss the higher life; while the subordination, and, if needful, the sacrifice of "life in this world" leads straight to the possession of "life eternal."—Alexander McLaren.

PULPIT MAGNETISM.

It is not easy to define just what that subtle something is which we call pulpit magnetism. As near as I can come to a definition, I would say that it is the quality or faculty in a speaker that arrests the attention and kindles the sympathy of auditors, and when aided by the Holy Spirit, produces conviction in their minds by the "truth as it is in Jesus." The heart that is put into the speaker's voice sends that voice into the hearts of his hearers. As an illustration of this, I may cite the celebrated Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, the rector of St. George's Church in New York, who was one of the most magnetic speakers I have ever heard, in the pulpit or on a platform. Every sentence he uttered went like a projectile discharged from a gun. I remember that one evening Henry Ward Beecher and myself were associated with him in addressing a public meeting called to welcome John B. Gough on his return from a temperance campaign in Great Britain. When we had finished our speeches we went to the rear of the hall and listened to Dr. Tyng's rapid rolling oratory. I whispered to Beecher, "That is fine platforming." "Yes, indeed," replied Beecher; "he is the one man in this country that I am most afraid of; I never want to speak after him, and when I have to speak before him, when he gets a-going, I wish I had not spoken at all." And yet Dr. Tyng's sermons or addresses when put into cold type lost most of their power! Everybody wanted to hear him; very few ever cared to read his books; his soul-conveying power was in the pulpit.—Dr. Cuyler.

SEPARATION.

You cannot grow in grace to any degree while you are conformed to the world. The life of separation may be a path of sorrow, but it is the highway of safety; and though the separated life may cost you many pangs, and make every day a battle, yet it is a happy life, after all.

No joy can excel that of the soldier of Christ; Jesus reveals himself so graciously, and gives such refreshment that the warrior feels more calm and peace in his daily strife than others in their hours of rest. The highway of holiness is the highway of communion. It is thus we shall hope to win the crown, if we are enabled by divine grace faithfully to follow Christ "without the camp."

The crown of glory will follow the cross of separation. A moment's shame will be well recompensed by eternal honor; a little while of witness-bearing will seem nothing when we are "forever with the Lord."—C. H. Spurgeon.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, God in his infinite wisdom has seen best to call home Mrs. Perry Sweet; and as Sister Sweet was one of the original members of the Cartwright Seventh-day Baptist church, having organized the first Sabbath-school; also she, with her husband, gave the land to the church for a church building, cemetery and parsonage; and

WHEREAS, She has shown her continued interest in the church by spending a part of each year with it, since the death of her husband, and giving liberally to its support; therefore

Resolved, That we, as a church, feel our loss and wish to express an appreciation of her character and worth, and do deeply sympathize with her bereaved family in their sad affliction. We would commend them to the God whom she so faithfully served.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished her friends, and also sent to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

MRS. D. S. CARTWRIGHT,
A. G. CROFOOT,
MINNIE A. MACK, } Com.

Young People's Work.

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

The Post-Association Revival.

This still continues at Nile. The wave of awakening goes on unabated—rather it is increasing in depth and force. About twenty-five have made a start, a majority of whom will probably be baptized. The work will be carried on another week, and Pastor Burdick will still be assisted by Pastor Peterson. I welcome this news, not only for the sake of that warm-hearted, hospitable Nile church, and for our common cause, but also as a demonstration of a very important principle.

In no small measure, of course, the good results are due to wise and loving labors by pastor and people in days past. It must be remembered, too, that the leaders who are now working side by side so effectively were companions in the pioneer Evangelistic Quartet of 1892. There is power in two working together, when, to their natural gifts is added the training of experience, so that they bend to their load with the one impulse of a seasoned team.

This One Thing.

But the chief lesson which I wished to point is the use to which our Associations may be put when they are steadily directed toward one end—the salvation of souls in the fullest and highest sense. It is my opinion that we are too introspective—morbidly so. If we do not think too much about ourselves, we certainly think too little about others. Now, I grant you that it is of vital importance that those who name Christ's name should be strong, living Christians. But the best way to make them strong, living Christians is not by always preaching at them; but rather by preaching to the unsaved, and enlisting those brethren and sisters in the same kind of service. Put them at work. Get their courage up. Inspire them to heroic action. The divine virtues and graces grow and thrive in an evangelistic atmosphere. The apostles did not spend all their time holding conventions to try to promote the spirituality of church-members. They went out, preaching to the unsaved, and their example was so inspiring that the laity did the same thing. The best method of getting laymen to engage in the grand work of soul-winning is by example.

Preach to the Unsaved.

Much as is to be valued the deepening of spiritual life, under such preaching as that of G. Campbell Morgan, I profoundly believe that he would do a greater service, even for the Christians themselves, by preaching much more largely to unconverted people.

The Association at Nile had for its prime object the conversion of men. The great opportunity of each day, the evening, was given exclusively to evangelism. We prayed for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. We expected it. God honored that prayer and expectation. My brethren, it thrills me through and through to think what might be accomplished at our General Conference if, in plan and prayer, they were held firmly toward the same great end. Are there not details which can be dropped and exercises which can be condensed sufficiently, to leave the evenings free for great evangelistic ser-

vices? There are some of us who have cherished this ideal for an Association for several years. We have been approaching it; but this is the first time the way has been clear to carry it out fully. God grant that the instantaneous and unmistakable and overwhelming success of the plan may help point the way to a new power in all our denominational gatherings.

Give Evangelism the Best Hour.

The prayer-meeting is made up usually of earnest Christians only—Christians who are eager and active enough to rise at six o'clock in order to attend. Thank God for it. Far better to have such a meeting at six o'clock than not to have it at all. But why must the most important services of all be placed at the hour of day when it is most difficult to attend? Why not give them the *best* hour of the day? Why not bring the unconverted under the influence of such spirit-filled meetings? I plead for giving the Gospel the right of way in all the evening meetings—I mean the Gospel for men who are lost, or losing their way. Never fear but that both preaching and testimonies will also be full of Sabbath Reform and education, when the great dominant theme is Jesus Christ and him crucified.

Just a Taste.

"They require Greek and Latin literature in college; but they say it is an infringement on intellectual liberty to require Hebrew poetry or the orations of Moses."

"No scholar not bound by creed will deny that Jesus was a Baptist, and that he kept the Sabbath. Well, if that is so, then he was a Seventh-day Baptist. I walk the street with my head lifted up, for my Lord and I belong to the same denomination."

"I don't remember ever being frightened in mid-ocean; but I have felt a little skittish when going up along the eddies in the coast line. We don't accomplish more because we are too near shore."

"I am satisfied that I have been paddling about in the puddles. I want to launch out into the deep."

"I didn't understand the rules, being a little hard of hearing, so I have changed over to this side to have a chance to speak." (The leader had already called for all on his side of the house who wished to speak to rise. He did not stand, but when the call came for those on the other side to rise, this old brother rose and stepped across the aisle with his face beaming. He was bound not to be left out.)

"If we would get out so far on the promises of God that we could not reach anything on shore, there would be no lack of power in our churches."

"Nature tells us there is a God; but she does not tell us what that God is. We need another revelation. Our brothers in Africa have only the first volume."

QUEER THINGS THAT COME OUT OF THE CLOUDS.

New York's recent shower of muddy rain is one of those phenomena which though not common, occur at intervals in all parts of the world. Not long ago at Fiume, in Austria, there was a heavy fall of half frozen, brownish snow, and in Italy and some parts of Germany there was a down-pour of red rain. It was

found upon investigation that the brown snow of Fiume was caused by the admixture of sand which had been blown from the desert of Sahara, hundreds of miles away across the Mediterranean, and the red rain was not a deluge of blood, as the peasants thought, but was due to the presence of quantities of minute infusoria which somehow had been drawn up into the heavens and let down again when the clouds fell as rain.

A singular phenomenon of this sort occurred in Venezuela some time ago when colored hailstones fell in the state of Zamora. There was first a heavy thunder-storm, with much rain, and then, after a while, the hail came down in such abundance that hundreds of bushels of hailstones might have been gathered. Some of the hailstones weighed as much as two ounces. It is well known that in the tropics hailstones are exceedingly rare in places situated in the lowlands. But this hailstorm was particularly remarkable on account of the color of the hailstones, some of which were whitish, while others were blue, green, rose color, or red.

Schwedoff, who, in his memoir on the origin of hailstorms, describes a fall of similarly colored hailstones which fell at Minsk, in Prussia, in the month of June, thinks that the colors are due to the presence of nickel and salts of cobalt, and that the phenomenon confirms his hypothesis of the cosmic origin of hail. There have been many well-authenticated cases where, after a heavy rain, the ground has been found strewn with small fish which have dropped from the clouds, and even young frogs, scarcely out of their tadpole state, have been known to descend upon the wings of the storm. One theory is that all these foreign substances are carried up into the clouds by whirlwinds, and another that the least bulky of them, such as minute infusoria, are caught up in the process of evaporation.—Mail and Express.

THE SEARCH FOR A NEW RELIGION IN JAPAN.

Japan has religious nostalgia; this is apparent from a series of articles published in the *Tetsugaku Zasshi* (Tokyo), under the signature of Dr. Tnoue Tetsujiro. Buddhism, Shintoism, and Christianity are no longer favoured by the intellectualists who devote their most earnest efforts to the search for a supreme doctrine. Dr. Tnoue Tetsujiro, who heads this religious crusade, leading the Japanese toward the promised land of a new faith, does not fail to attack all the existing creeds which happen to be in his way. Hence there is a certain amount of reserve in the other Japanese reviews towards the iconoclastic reformer. Answering his detractors and critics, Dr. Tnoue says: "My new religion is not a patching up of ancient doctrines. I would like to find a new Essence for our life, but not a new form. The form has constantly changed through the centuries, and all forms are alike. But there is an Essence which has never changed." The doctor is particularly harsh on Catholicism, which he places below Protestantism; besides, he states that all religions are superannuated because they are based upon words and external ceremonies. Concerning his new religion, the prophet entertains no illusions; it is only intended for cultivated minds. "People, like children, need toys to play with. Christianity and Buddhism are their toys." It may be noticed that if Dr. Tnoue is rather unjust toward Christianity, he is really cruel toward Shintoism and Buddhism.—Public Opinion.

Children's Page.

HOLIDAYS.

ROSE MILLS POWERS.

If Dorothy her wish would speak,
She'd have her birthday every week.
Just think! And when the year is through
Her age would gain by fifty-two.

If Harriet could have her way,
It would always be Christmas-day;
She wishes Santa Claus would come
And make her chimney place his home.

July the Fourth is Johnny's choice—
The time when all the boys rejoice;
But if that day were always here
We'd soon be all burned up, I fear.

And merry old St. Valentine
Would be the choice of Angelina;
But ah! I know if that were so,
The postmen all on strike would go.

So don't you think perhaps it's best
For holidays, as well, to rest,
And be on hand with joy and cheer
Just once in all the great long year?

—St. Nicholas.

SOME TRUE ANIMAL STORIES.

C. M. HOLLOWAY.

It is at all times interesting to watch the inhabitants of the animal kingdom and try to find how they live and love and hate, for all these emotions are possessed by the creatures over which man rules, too often with complete indifference to their desires and welfare.

James H. Hill, of New London, Conn., is noted for his love of birds and his familiarity with their habits and haunts. His knowledge of birds and ability to make friends with them are something wonderful. One day Mr. Hill and another gentleman were hunting on Fisher's Island, when they heard a great thrashing in a thicket at some distance, and going to explore, saw a magnificent specimen of the bald eagle lying on the ground, vainly endeavoring to move himself along with wings which had been injured. He was well grown and very fierce, for he lifted himself and made a futile effort to fight as they cautiously approached. He had been shot through the fleshy part of one wing, and had strained tendons in the other, apparently, but was otherwise unhurt, and for a moment the two men stood, thinking how they could aid him.

Mr. Hill had heard that it was possible to hypnotize a bird by stroking the back of his neck and head, and he suggested, modestly, to his friend that he avail himself of the opportunity to put the matter to test. But the latter generously declined, observing that he had no intention of depriving his comrade of the honor and pleasure of making the experiment. At length they hit on the expedient of one distracting his attention while the other crept up behind and threw his mackintosh over the bird's head. They finally succeeded after many attempts, and, though the bird struggled fiercely and to his own injury, he finally seemed to become quiescent, and Mr. Hill gradually worked the folds of the garment to free his head, and then, stroking his neck and head with fingers that were a trifle tremulous, he soon had the pleasure and astonishment of seeing the bird close his eyes with evident enjoyment and relaxation. Continuous stroking made him apparently lifeless, and in this condition he was taken from the mackintosh and put in a strong hamper and conveyed to the mainland, where his captor again exercised his hypnotic powers and tried to have the wounds dressed. The bird struggled wildly while this was being done, but was in so exhausted a state that it was easy to lift him.

The eagle was placed in a small room in the cellar and left to his own meditations. There was a good-sized window in the room, and the next morning it was found that the wounded bird had dragged himself up, and, guided by the light, had smashed a hole in the glass. But the grating outside held, and there he stuck. He appeared to have a feeling of gratitude at being liberated, for he made no resistance, and when he had been soothed and brought to the cheerful attic of the house he lay on the couch improvised for him and gazed with steady eyes at the skies that were once his kingdom. Both the gentleman and his wife did everything to convey to him the assurance that on his convalescence depended his liberty, and he seemed to understand, for he ate from their hands, and when the lady would stroke his head he closed his eyes and quivered, as if in an ecstasy of delight. Only these two were permitted to be on terms of social and free intercourse, for he savagely resented the endeavor of the doctor to dress his wounds, and it finally came to be the task of the hosts, one to pet and the other to act as surgeon.

He soon got so that he was able to walk about, but his unavailing efforts to fly hurt his pride dreadfully, and after each effort he would sit with drooping head and intuned eyes, in a dejection that nothing could lessen. He steadily pined, and it became evident to his friends that he would not recover. By this time he had become so docile and affectionate that he followed them about the house, and would hop over and sit on the hassock by them, and come voluntarily for the dressing of the wounded wings. For several months he was a petted guest, the object of unremitting attention. But his pride and his heart appeared to be broken. He was brought outdoors, and seemed to be content to sit there alongside his friend.

One morning it was found that he must have tried again to fly, for he was perfectly helpless, and the dragging, torn wings told the story. He was very dejected, and the usual petting awakened only a languid response. But as they started to leave him he raised his head and looked at them with almost human expression. They were very anxious, and much earlier than wont ascended to his quarters. The morning sun was shining into the room, and on the window, with his beak thrust through the bars, was the eagle. With the supreme effort of death he had flown to the air and the sun.

A few days ago a hawk caught a fish in the Sound, just off Goshen Point. While flying with his captive toward the Waterford woods to devour it at his leisure, the fish floundered from his hold and dropped into a farmer's yard, where a big mastiff was sitting. The dog caught the fish as it came down, and the hawk swooped after it, but the dog turned and rushed into the house, placing his trophy, yet alive, at the feet of his mistress. It proved to be a large bluefish, and it was served up that night to a very appreciative family. The dog ever since has been seen to sit in the same place at the same time, with his eyes turned skyward, evidently impressed with the belief that his good fortune may be repeated.

A far more sophisticated and less moral dog, it is to be feared, is the possession of an up-town man. He takes a great deal of pride in its lineage and various tricks, such as pulling the bells, dancing to music, and playing

the piano. But now he has grave doubts as to whether it has a fine sense of the difference of *meum* and *tuum*. For a long time his wife found that every morning on the doorstep would be a neat package of ham. Bowser was always seated beside it with a somewhat remote, astronomically inclined gaze. She prepared it for breakfast, taking for granted that her husband had ordered it for that purpose. But the man gently inquired one morning if it were absolutely necessary that she should have ham every day, and she returned that she was beginning to wonder why he had ordered it all the time. Then it was found that neither knew where it came from, and a visit to the butcher disclosed the same ignorance. It finally occurred to them to watch, and their vigilance was rewarded by seeing Bowser trot up with the package, carrying it gingerly, deposit it on the porch seat, and take his place on the other end, as if all his interest in the affair had ceased. They instituted a search of the neighborhood, and found that he regularly robbed a house several blocks away. Nothing but tying him up cured him of the habit.

Dulcinea Del Toboso and Trilby O'Ferrall are the names of a pair of cats distinguished in their neighborhood. Dulcinea is an ordinary cat of no pedigree, but Trilby O'Ferrall's is longer than a Colonial Dame's. Dulcinea's specialty is the catching of green snakes, which she invariably brings home, whining persistently till some member of the family appears. One of the ladies was ill, lying on a sofa, and heard the significant whine. She opened her eyes, and there on the rug at her feet was a lively little snake, while Dulcinea sat demurely waiting for recognition of her thoughtfulness in bringing it to the invalid. Dulcinea also goes to a pond, and sitting on the edge watches for fishes, and when one comes near down goes her paw and up comes the poor little victim. Another of her feats is fighting for Trilby O'Ferrall, who is the greatest of cowards where dogs are concerned. Dulcinea, a wee bit of a tortoise-shell, arches her back at sight of the biggest dog, and flies at him, actually chasing him off the street. Then she comes back, and after washing Trilby's face ends by giving him a smart blow or two.

Trilby's most uncatlike performance is taking a bath. Regularly every morning, after his mistress rises, he gets into the bathtub and waits till some water is turned on, when he rolls over and over till his mane is wet and then jumps out and shakes himself dry.

An interesting fight was witnessed the other evening between a swarm of winged ants and a family of toads. The toads formed a line as the ants alighted on the grass not far from their home, and the skirmishers picked off the picket line thrown out by the ants. Like flashes of lightning ran the long red tongues from the toads' mouths, never failing in aim and reducing their opponents perceptibly. Now and then an ugly ant would sting one of the toads, causing him to jump about in a ludicrous manner. After eating their fill the toads still continued to harass the ants, and with one accord the whole swarm of those left flew away, and the stout-hearted victors were left, blinking wisely into the twilight.

A new London county milkman has a horse who goes after the herd and drives it in, and then carries the pail for house consumption

up to his mistress all the summer, but utterly refuses the self-imposed duty in the winter.

There is an up-to-date farmer at South Canaan, and his well-kept farm draws many sightseers, for it is rarely that he has not some animal curiosity to show. His wife is an enthusiast raiser of fine poultry. Among her flocks is a large turkey-gobbler which has developed remarkable qualities. About two weeks ago it was noticed that he tried to call a brood of chicks away from the mother hen, and finally succeeded in doing so. Shortly after he took to the nest, and sat industriously on one hen's egg, which he had discovered in some way. All endeavors to drive him off failed, and finally the farmer's wife thought she would gratify his singular whim, so she procured a dozen duck eggs and placed them in the nest, and he attended to them for ten days with the most indefatigable devotion. But he was frequently disturbed to show skeptics his occupation, and it was noticed that he grew angry, and on one occasion, after he had been pushed off after stoutly resisting, he turned about and began to smash all the eggs, and could not be stopped till they were all destroyed.

A New London gentleman has a big tame crow, which came to his cornfield and has lived there ever since, only instead of eating the corn it devotes itself to the scraps thrown out, and now comes regularly for its meal, preferring raw minced meat to everything else. One day it failed to appear, and the next returned with a quarter in its beak, which it presented to its new friend, who is curious to find out if the bird intends thus to pay its board bill.

Lion was a great Newfoundland whose reputation for courage and fidelity was established. He had all the dignity of a Roman senator, and would watch with unmoved eye the antics of the smaller dogs who barked furiously at him, and sought to excite his enmity when they saw friendship was out of the question. But apart from all the traits of dog nature was his rescue of a little white kitten from a barrel, into which it had been thrown by some workmen after it fell partly into lime and terribly burned its head and eyes. Lion lifted it out and bringing it to his own quarters, tenderly cared for it, coaxing it to eat and washing it with a devotion its own mother couldn't have excelled. The poor, sightless kitten repaid it by the most touching affection, and the big dog would sit motionless while it crawled all over him and played with a reckless defiance of his dignity.

In the next house to Lion's was a little girl who for four years had been an invalid, suffering with angelic resignation the greatest pain; the child liked to sit propped up by the window and gaze out on the beautiful lawn. Lion's mistress was in the habit of bringing her daily a bouquet from her gardens, and on the visit Lion invariably accompanied her. It happened that the mistress fell ill, and she delegated the attention to some of her children, but one day, when the nosegay was lying on the hall table, Lion took it and stalked over to the window with it himself. After that it was given to him every day, and he brought it till the time came when the little sufferer could no longer sit by the window. Then he came and left it on the ledge, and it was taken in.—The Evening Post.

EXPERIENCE AT MALTA.

PRES. GARDINER.

The people of the Celtic will never forget their day at Valetta, the capital of Malta.

They had anticipated a great treat in visiting this historic island. It is the first country in our pilgrimage presenting to us the scenes of Bible story. Everyone was on tiptoe of expectation as the island hove in sight; and as we sailed past St. Paul's Bay every available glass was made to do duty, in revealing every detail of this historic spot.

The monument to St. Paul stands near the bay, and every nook and cranny of the shore seemed to tell some story of that wonderful shipwreck. The 27th chapter of Acts was read by many; and there we see that after his shipwreck Paul lived three months upon this island.

The Celtic came to anchor about four miles out, and everyone was ready to go ashore. They crowded around the head of every gangway, but no boats appeared for landing the people. Soon Mr. Clark put off in the pilot boat to learn the reason for the delay, and the people began to be impatient. Those who had been prevented from going ashore at Algiers on account of the storm were especially anxious to set foot on terra firma to-day. Two hours later when Mr. Clark returned with steam tugs and a scow, it soon became evident that something was wrong, but just what, no one, as yet, could tell. The sailors did not respond to Mr. Clark's appeal for the line with which to make fast, and we soon learned that the captain on his bridge had ordered his men not to give any line. He was afraid the scow might damage the ship's stairs.

He probably knew also that after the severe storm the sea would grow rough all day, and it would be hazardous for 800 people to land.

We shall always remember the scene, as Mr. Clark mounted the four flights of stairs from the water to the captain's bridge, and plead with him to allow the landing to proceed. But true to his Scotch-English blood, he stood as firm as Gibraltar, and we all felt sympathy for our leader as he turned away from the stubborn captain. To be sure the sea was rough; but it had been rough at Algiers, and the scow plan for a bridge there had worked splendidly. The people could not see any sense in holding the Celtic outside the harbor. There were thirteen British gunboats anchored there, many of which drew more water than our ship; but nothing could persuade the captain to take her in. The stairway excuse was the only reason given for refusing to allow the scow. Mr. Clark thereupon offered to put up \$500 as security against damage, and said he would rather pay for ten such stairways than to have the people disappointed here, as so many were at Algiers. But the captain was still like adamant. The next and only thing to do was for all who could stand a rough sea in small boats to take these direct from stairway, and climb into the tugs from them. It was rough work. Old Neptune had lashed the Mediterranean into such a fury as is seldom seen in these waters, and the swells kept increasing until dark. Marines, who have navigated these waters for years, declared that such swells had not been seen here in twenty years. (This last statement refers to the waves, and not to the Celtic people.) About two hundred people went ashore, but many of them regretted it before they were

safely on board again. Had eight hundred gone ashore, instead of two hundred, the result might have been worse.

As night drew on and the tugs began to bring back their precious burdens toward the ship, the sea about them was so rough that good-sized boats a little ways off would rise as upon small hilltops, and then sink entirely out of sight in the next trough of the sea. The work of getting two hundred people on board was slow indeed, and greatest care had to be exercised by all. The swells along the sides of the Celtic would rise and fall not less than ten to twelve feet, and each one had to wait for the little boat to rise on the waves to the stair platform, and when seized by the officers there, with a quick spring to jump upon the stairs.

Pres. Davis and myself had agreed in all cases of emergency to stand by each other, and that neither one should go without the other. Just as we were nearing the stairway along side the ship, by some mishap the boat just ahead of us was caught and flapped bottom upward, with six of our company and two boatmen under it and out of sight for a moment.

No pen can describe the excitement and confusion of that moment. The suffering of the friends on board ship was more prostrating, if possible, than was that of those in the struggle for life and safety. But it was only for a moment. The native boatmen of Malta did nobly; and quick as thought, a sailor of ship, on the deck, twenty-five feet above them, threw off his shoes and sprang into the sea to their rescue. Almost as quickly as I can write it every soul was rescued. This made the officers take extra precautions, and by eight o'clock everybody was on board and we were off for Athens.

Two indignation meetings were held on board during the day, and a committee was appointed to investigate the reason for the captain's refusing to go into the harbor. Many were blaming Mr. Clark who had done all he could for us, and the duty of the committee was to learn facts and report. A mass meeting held after dinner received the report of the committee, which had conferred with the counsel here, the harbor-master and pilot, the Admiral of the British Squadron and the Governor of Malta; and made the following report:

The pilot had assured our captain that there was ample room and sufficient depth of water in the harbor and offered to take the Celtic in and become responsible for all the damage; the Admiral said he had thirteen gunboats in line in the harbor, some of which drew more water than the Celtic. The Governor said that he had had two of these gunboats moved, on purpose to make ample room for our ship, and was surprised that our captain would not risk an entrance. He sent the agent of the White Star Line out to plead with the captain to come in, in view of all the facts; but nothing could move him. He was afraid she could not turn around in the harbor. Of course, he means to keep his ship safely so he can bring us all home in it. But it did seem, in view of all the circumstances, that it was a case of caution carried to the greatest extreme; until the very precautions became sources of danger. Several telegrams were sent to the owners at Liverpool, and the committee awaits their answer

at Peraeus. The feeling is intense on the part of some six hundred people who could not go ashore at Algiers or Malta, owing to captain's unwillingness to risk the Celtic, where other deep-draught ships go in safety.

After the experience of yesterday, Pres. Davis and myself agreed not to go ashore under such circumstances again, not even to see Jerusalem. Before these lines reach the readers of the Express, all these coastings will be over, and we shall be on our way home across Europe by railroad.

We have the satisfaction of knowing that even the raging elements have not deprived us, thus far, of any of the sight-seeing of this trip. Hundreds of our great company have not been so fortunate in this respect.—Salem (W. Va.) Express.

"THE DEAD MAN'S HAND."

J. HUNT COOKE.

A very curious story is that of the "Joseph Davis Charity." For many years, in a back street in the east of London, there was a little chapel belonging to Seventh-day Baptists. The place was richly endowed and the attendance very small. By some persons it was considered a scandal and the interference of the court of chancery was sought. In the year 1885, a railway company took possession of the chapel, and not knowing to whom the purchase money should be paid, placed £5,500 in the court of chancery for the judges to decide who had the right to it. At that time Rev. W. M. Jones was pastor, a man of great learning and unaffected piety. But the lawsuit was badly managed. One judge after another insisted a chapel should be built with the money in which there might be First-day as well as Seventh-day services. This, which was their interpretation of the bequests of Mr. Joseph Davis, who died in 1706, was stoutly resisted. I had several interviews with Mr. Jones and thought him badly advised. He was a man I very highly esteemed for piety and learning, though not for business tact. He thought he was fighting for a principle. A number of leading Baptist societies were applied to, but all looked coldly upon the business and some refused to touch it. Meanwhile the lawyers in whose hands the money was placed had to have their expenses, and the fund was dwindling rapidly. Indeed, one of the judges intimated that if the little handful of people forming the church were not a little more reasonable they would find the entire amount melt away in legal charges, and he should not regret it. Most of these good if resolute Sabbatharians are dead and at length some scheme is accepted. Dr. Clifford and Mr. Wood represent as trustees the general body of Baptists. What is left of the cash is now in the care of the charity commissioners. Many amongst us are deficient in admiration for either the "dead man's hand" (as endowments are called), or for settling ecclesiastical disputes in the court of chancery. Poor as our churches are there would have been no tears shed if the whole of what originally was a very large endowment had been eaten up in the courts of law. There is a good story told of the late chief justice. On one occasion he called a cab and told the man to drive him to the courts of justice. The driver asked him where they were, professing not to know. The judge replied, "Surely you know the courts of law in Strand." "Oh, yes," replied the cabby. "I

know the law courts, but I thought you wanted the courts of justice, and I did not know where they were to be found." One amusing curiosity of this scheme is that, as a trustee, Dr. Clifford, who is a thorough going Baptist, has the right of presentation to a living in the Church of England.—The Standard.

GRACE, GUMPTION AND GINGER.

REV. C. D. CRANE.

I use the word "gumption" because it is easy to understand. Some people never use a plain word if they can find one that is obscure. Gumption is tact. Tact is touch. It is nice mental discernment. It is uncommon common sense. It is knowing how to say and do the right thing, in the right way, at the right time; and when not to say or do.

I should hesitate to use the word "gumption" in connection with our Saviour. It might be offensive to good taste. But Jesus had tact. Blessed be tact. What odds does it make how pious a man is, or how much ginger he has, if he is devoid of common sense? Only the other day a friend said to me, referring to a certain worker, "He is one of the best of men, and has an earnest desire to do good, but for want of tact he is a failure." When I think how many people spoil all they try to do by their want of gumption, I am inclined to retract what I said in a previous article, and to say, "The greatest of these is gumption."

A woman of great wealth arranged to have a celebrated artist to sing at a reception in her home. Sickness made it impossible for the artist to come. An amiable and accomplished young lady consented to fill the gap, and sang beautifully. At the close of the evening the hostess said to her, "Thank you, dear, for *trying* to sing." If this woman had had less gold and more gumption, it would have been vastly better.

"Does the grave look pleasant to you?" said a visitor, in a sepulchral tone, to a nervous sufferer upon whom she was calling.

Special meetings were being held in a New England village during the winter. The coasting was fine, and there was a good moon. The pastor had urged the young people to attend the meetings. They preferred to coast. It is a good deal to expect young people who are not Christians to give up the best coasting of the season to attend religious services. The pastor was annoyed. At the close of one of the meetings he made a remark about the young people (who were not present) that was not complimentary. He said something about heaven and hell that could be easily misquoted. The young people were provoked. A little more gumption would have been better.

I remember a chromo of a donkey and a cart full of children. They are whacking him with sticks to make him go. But one boy has a long pole, attached to the end of which is a tuft of hay, which he is holding a few inches in front of the donkey's nose. The donkey is more inspired by the hay than terrified by the attack in the rear. I believe in the tuft of hay. We can coax where we cannot drive. If you want to catch flies, try something sweet.

An earnest bungler is better than a man of tact and talent who does nothing. "One warm, blundering man will do far more good than a dozen frigid, wise men," said the saintly Monod. But blessed be gumption. We

know what it often is that sends a man home at night with "fisherman's luck." The devil has gumption. He is an expert angler. He knows how to put a tempting bait on a sharp hook. And, if we are fishers of men, we certainly ought to know how the devil baits his hook, especially if he is catching twelve to our one out of the same pool.—C. E. World.

THE FATHER IN LITERATURE.

In an address on Eugene Field before the Little Mothers' Aid Association, whose meeting was held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, in New York, Francis Wilson remarked: "The mother receives all the attention. There seems to be very little use in literature for papa. I do not recall but one popular song in which a father figures prominently, and in that he is intoxicated and is being besought to come home. I do not hesitate to say that good fathers have that which cannot be relegated to mothers, even the best."

There is considerable ground for the complaint, but it is easily explained. It is a phase of gallantry on the part of authors. Yet when persons look closely into many families, cases where all the credit is given to the mother, the father can be found to have exerted a most powerful influence in the formation of the character of the son. We were once present in a social meeting when a whole evening was devoted to praising a man's wife. She was "so wise, good, such a discernor of character." Not a word was said about her husband, who sat quietly in a corner of the room. We ventured to ask him how a man felt when an evening was devoted to praising his wife and no reference made to his existence. He replied: "It all comes around to me in the end. In the exercise of the wisdom and the goodness and the discerning of character that they say she possesses she chose me from among all the sons of men."

Abigail Adams was a very noble and distinguished woman, and would have been in any sphere. John Adams was a great man. They were the parents of John Quincy Adams, and of a long line of illustrious descendants. Lyman Beecher was great, and the mother of Henry Ward Beecher was also a remarkable character. The great Edwards family illustrates the same truth. It is comparatively rare when really intellectual, moral, and physical fiber of the best grade do not spring from a good ancestry on both sides; but if there be any difference it is not wonderful that it is strictly in harmony with science that the mother should be the more potential influence. With the latest discoveries of science, so far as heredity is concerned, and in the formative period of life in modern civilization, environment is usually influenced much more by the mother than by the father.

PRAYER is an act both of the understanding and of the heart. The understanding must apply itself to the knowledge of the divine perfections, or the heart will not be led to the adoration of them. It would not be *reasonable* service if the mind were excluded.—Hannah More.

BLESSED is the man who has the gift of making friends, for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all the power of going out of one's self, and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and loving in another man.—Thomas Hughes.

A well-regulated home is a millennium on a small scale.—T. De Witt Talmage.

Sabbath School.

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Edited by
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INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1902.

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LESSON I.—THE GIVING OF THE MANNA.

For Sabbath-day, July 5, 1902.

LESSON TEXT.—Exod. 16: 4-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Give us this day our daily bread.—Matt. 6: 11.

INTRODUCTION.

We resume now our studies in the Old Testament, which have been interrupted for six months by our studies in the Book of Acts. The lesson for Dec. 21, 1901, was concerning the passage of the Red Sea. When the hosts of the Egyptians were overthrown by the returning waters, the children of Israel were free from all fear of their former masters. There are other dangers to be met on their way to the Promised Land; but from this time on Egyptians will not trouble them.

Although the Israelites are thus free to go on their way, they are scarcely prepared to go. Their greatest lack is not provision for the way, is not even lack of weapons or lack of discipline as a fighting host; but lack of trust in God, and ready acquiescence in his guidance. After three days' journey without adequate water supply they came to the bitter waters of Marah. They could not drink this water, and so they murmured. Although they had been delivered from bondage and were on the way to the Promised Land, they could not endure hardship by the way with any degree of fortitude. God was gracious to their complaints, and through Moses sweetened the water for them.

At Elim they found an abundance of water for their flocks, and apparently tarried for some time.

Our present lesson is concerning the giving of the manna, and is especially important for its teaching of God's continuous care for his people, and also for its teaching in regard to the Sabbath.

TIME.—A month after the Exodus. The traditional date is 1491 B. C.

PLACE.—In the Wilderness of Sin near Mt. Sinai.

PERSONS.—Moses and Aaron, and the Children of Israel.

OUTLINE:

1. The Manna Promised. v. 4, 5.
2. The People Reproved for their Murmurings. v. 6-9.
3. The Glory of God Manifested. v. 10-12.
4. The Coming of the Manna and the Quails. v. 13-15.

NOTES.

1. *And they took their journey from Elim, and . . . came into the Wilderness of Sin.* In Numbers 33: 10, 11, a stopping place at the Red Sea is mentioned between these two; but here our author is not concerned so much with tracing the journey with minute exactness, as in telling of their murmuring and God's miraculous provision for them. The name of the Wilderness Sin—in which they traveled, is not to be associated with moral evil. *On the fifteenth day of the second month.* They came out on the fifteenth day of the first month; so this was just a month later, that is, about the first of May. It seems very likely that they took with them sufficient provisions for thirty days.

2. *Murmured against Moses and against Aaron.* They at once assumed that their leaders were responsible for their deplorable situation.

3. *Would that.* This rendering of the American Revision is much to be preferred to that of Authorized Version, "Would to God:" for the divine name does not occur in the original, and its insertion savors of the taking of God's name in vain. *We had died by the hand of Jehovah in the land of Egypt.* They were probably thinking of some plague like the last great affliction of the Egyptians. Here, as uniformly elsewhere,

the American Revision gives us, instead of the word LORD, spelled with small capitals, the proper name Jehovah, by which God especially chose to reveal himself to his people. There is a considerable disagreement as to the vowels in this name,—so much indeed that some scholars print it JHVH, leaving each reader to pronounce it as best he may; but it is certain that "Lord" is not the proper rendering. *When we sat by the flesh-pots.* We don't know that the Israelites had an abundance of food while in the Egyptian bondage. It certainly seemed to them now in the present scarcity that they had meat and bread in abundance before they started.

4. *Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you.* In this verse and the next the promised relief is described in brief. A little further on we find a fuller explanation. It was to be a heavenly gift, and so is compared to the rain. *A day's portion every day.* Literally, "the matter of a day in his day." Compare the petition for daily bread in the Lord's Prayer. *That I may prove them, etc.* The testing was perhaps in the fact that they had only enough for a day at a time. Would they trust in God if they were unable to lay up any provisions for the future? The testing was also as suggested in the next verse, whether they would have regard to God's law of the Sabbath.

5. *On the sixth day.* That is the sixth day of the week. *They shall prepare, etc.* Probably by pounding the manna to reduce it to meal; possibly also by cooking. *It shall be twice as much as they gather daily.* Some have supposed that what each one gathered was, upon this day, by a miracle, doubled. But compare v. 22. It is hardly possible that these two verses are contradictory.

6. *At even.* This is an allusion to the supply of quails to be spoken of more definitely a little later. *Then ye shall know that Jehovah hath brought you out of the land of Egypt.* They had in their murmuring said that Moses and Aaron had brought them out of Egypt; but now they are to be shown by the miraculous provision for their needs that it is God himself who hath brought them.

7. *The glory of Jehovah.* This probably means the glory of God manifested in the miracle of his care for Israel. But compare v. 10. *For that he heareth your murmuring against Jehovah.* Their murmurings were really against God and not against Moses and Aaron, for they were but the servants of God, leading the people under his guidance. They were disloyal to God in complaining thus of his agents.

8. *This shall be.* These words are printed in italics to show that they do not occur in the original. Some such expression is, however, needed to complete the grammatical sense. This verse serves as an explanation of vs. 7, 8.

9. *Come near before Jehovah.* The people are called to a solemn assembly that they may have a sign from God before the miraculous supply of food, and thus be assured that it is God himself who attends to their necessities.

10. *The glory of Jehovah appeared in the cloud.* This probably refers to a dazzling brightness in the cloud in token of the divine presence. Compare ch. 3: 2; 13: 21, and other passages.

11. *And Jehovah spake unto Moses.* We are to understand that he spoke from the fiery cloud.

12. *At even.* Literally, "between the evenings." Compare ch. 12: 6. There has always been a dispute as to what precise time is intended. Some reckon the first evening as about 3 o'clock, when the sun begins to go down, and the second at sunset, and so reckon between the evenings as equivalent to from 3 to 6 o'clock. Others reckon the first evening at sunset and the second at dark and so take "between the evenings" to mean from 6 to 7.20 o'clock. The translation of our version is sufficiently accurate, although it is worth while to notice that it is not precisely the same as "at even" in the next verse.

13. *The quails came up.* These were migratory birds which, having spent the winter in Africa, were going northward for the summer. Those who have noticed their habits say that when wearied by their long flights they fall easy victims to hunters armed with short poles. The miracle consists in bringing them to just the place where the Israelites were, and at the appointed time. *And in the morning the dew lay round about the camp.* More literally, "There was a fall [or a lying] of dew."

14. *And when the dew that lay was gone up, etc.* The meaning is that when the moisture of the dew was evaporated by the morning sun there remained minute particles like scales or flakes, resembling the hoar frost. It is elsewhere compared to coriander seed.

15. *What is it?* The word translated "what" would

better be rendered "manna." Instead of the question we read then, "It is Manna." This translation presents no real difficulties. Knowing not what the substance they saw was, they called it by the name of that which was known to them, resembling this in size and appearance but not in properties, namely: the resinous juice which exuded from the twigs of a certain tree and solidified in small, sticky, honey-like globules. *And Moses said: It is the bread, etc.* They needed this explanation in order that they might be induced to take for themselves this wonderful provision which was so bountifully provided.

MARRIAGES.

THOMPSON—DINGMAN.—In Hebron, Pa., April 23, 1902, at the home of the bride, by Elder G. P. Kenyon, Mr. Alva Willis Thompson and Miss Lillian May Dingman, both of Hebron.

BARBER—KENYON.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Alfred, N. Y., June 16, 1902, by Pastor L. C. Randolph, Millard Allen Barber and Minnie Adelia Kenyon, all of Alfred.

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.

COON.—In East Portville, N. Y., April 17, 1902, Content Coon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Coon.

She died at the home of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mascho. She was born in the town of Genesee, N. Y., July 3, 1900. Funeral services were conducted by the writer April 19, in the Seventh-day Baptist church of East Portville. G. P. K.

REYNOLDS.—Stephen P. Reynolds, son of Foster and Fannie Reynolds, was born in Petersburg, N. Y., Nov. 27, 1827, and died in Hebron, Pa., May 2, 1902.

He came with his parents to Alfred when two years of age. Soon afterward the family moved to Hebron, Pa. The greater part of his life has been spent on or near the farm where he passed away. He accepted Christ in early life, and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of Hebron. He was married to Mary Ann Lyman Jan. 1, 1849, who is left to mourn her loss. Their only child, a daughter, died at the age of seven years. Four children from other families have had a home with them. He at one time was sheriff of Potter county. He was public-spirited, full of life and push. During his last illness he expressed a desire for rest beyond. Funeral services were conducted by the writer at the church May 4. The large concourse of people showed the respect in which he was held. G. P. K.

BURDICK.—Mrs. Nancy A. Burdick, wife of Charles C. Burdick, daughter of Wm. Maxson Potter and Sophronia Palmeter Potter, was born in Alfred, N. Y., Sept. 21, 1856, and died at her late home in Alfred, East Valley, June 12, 1902.

She was united in marriage with Mr. Burdick March 30, 1878. There was born unto them one daughter, Alice C. Burdick, who survives her. In early life she became the subject of saving grace through faith in Christ, put him on by baptism and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of Hartsville, N. Y., continuing her covenant relations with that church until called, as we believe, into the abiding fellowship of the Church Triumphant. She was quiet and unassuming in disposition and deportment, faithful and efficient in the service and ministry of the home life, a devoted wife, mother, daughter and friend. Her death brings the conscious sense of loss and sincere sorrow to a large circle of kindred and friends, who are sustained by the confident assurance that she has, in the change we know as death, fallen asleep in Christ, to awake in his likeness as the heir and the inheritor of everlasting life. "Even so them also which sleep in Jesus will be with him." S. B.

God dwells in the great movements of the world, in the great ideas which act in the human race. Find him there in the interests of man. Find him by sharing in those interests, by helping all who are striving for truth, for education, for progress, for liberty all over the world.—Stopford A. Brooke.

DIGNITY OF MANHOOD.

There is danger of sinking manhood in pursuits and possessions. Some men are so much occupied with their pursuits that they forget that they are men. So intensely have they given themselves to the work before them that it seems to be the aim of life. It has become an end instead of a means. They forget, if they ever knew, that the true object of work is to develop manhood. This is the true object of education and religion.

That is a striking picture in the New Testament in which our Lord has drawn a life-size portrait of one whose mind was stayed on earthly things. His grounds brought forth abundantly. He knew how to make money. He would be held up before young men as a model of industry, economy, shrewdness, and success. He reached the goal of his ambition. Such a man would be admired, envied, imitated. But he was not a man. The name given by our Lord to the prominent figure in the picture was not "man," but "fool."

A famous scholar recently published a lament that the institutions of our day are not developing poets like Shakespeare and Tennyson, statesmen like Bismarck and Gladstone, and orators like Webster and Clay. But is not the man greater than the poet? Is not the man greater than the statesman? Should we not aim rather to produce noble and true men and women than great poets and statesmen? What does the world need most? Not millionaires, not poets, not statesmen, not authors, not artists, not bishops and preachers. The world needs men and women more than anything else. It is manhood and womanhood that leavens the earth, not what men and women do.

We have known a great writer. Her books were published in many editions and read by millions of delighted people. They are said to be splendid literature. They contain many excellent sentiments. They have inspired many and helped to educate many. But the writer was not a good woman. Some things in her life will not bear investigation. They will not bear the light of modern public sentiment. They degrade the woman. Some would overlook the stain upon her womanhood because of the brilliancy of her work. The former is a mere incident in their opinion, while the latter is the chief thing. She is to be judged by her work, not by her life.

But her chief contribution to the life of this world is not her writings, but her character. This is the leaven that shall work longest. Millions who read her books with delight and know nothing of her life will be unconsciously affected more by the latter than by the former. Whether we will have it so or not, we make our chief contribution to the life of humanity by what we are rather than by what we do. Long after our works shall have been forgotten and shall have ceased to influence men, our principles will live and be felt. The chief aim of education, of religion, of legislation, and of work should be to develop true, honest, just, good men and women. The sooner we cease to think about making rich men, poets, philosophers, authors, artists, statesmen, and soldiers, and devote our thought and energies to the development of manhood and womanhood, the better it will be for the world.—The Christian Advocate.

"WE know that all things work together for good to them that love God."—Romans 8:28.

Popular Science.

H. H. BAKER.

That Terrific Power Beneath Us.

No measured force can give us a just idea of the tremendous power concentrated beneath the crust of the earth, and which, at times, is developed by the action of volcanoes. The generating of this power seems to have been in progress in all ages, for science shows that in the Miocene period a volcano burst through the old red sandstone at Auvergne, in the very center of France, and in that period the Silurian rocks were pressed up through in Scotland. In the Tertiary age volcanoes forced their way through marine strata, and formed the high mountains of Etna and Somma. This last from the year 79 had been quiescent until the autumn of 1631, when a terrific explosion took place and blew off one-half of its former crater, and buried Pompeii beneath its ashes, since which time the mountain and volcano have been known as Vesuvius.

The site of Pompeii was discovered in 1748, and excavations have been carried on down to the present time.

Volcanoes and volcanic areas are very irregularly distributed over the earth, but are chiefly in the neighborhood of the ocean. There are over 330 active volcanoes; some are constant like those in Iceland; some are intermittent, like Etna, Stromboli and Vesuvius.

The most active volcanic center in the world is the island of Java and vicinity. This island contains 49 great volcanic cones, some of which are 12,000 feet in high.

The eruption of Krakatoa, an island in the Strait of Sunda, in August, 1883, was the most destructive event of any, when nearly 40,000 persons were drowned by the waves. We hope to find it not exceeded by the terrible outburst of St. Pierre, in the island of Martinique, last month.

We have been reminded more than once or twice by seismic movements that volcanic regions were in close proximity; they can be traced by their cones all along the Appalachian chain of mountains from Maine to Georgia.

We will mention some of the countries where these volcanoes are more or less frequent: Azores, Chili, Greece, Hawaii, Iceland, Japan, Italy, Java, Mexico, Peru, Philippine Islands, Alaska, Spain, Teneriffe, and many others.

We are told that the volcano on Martinique that threw out the red-hot scoria, ashes and suffocating acids, was only 4,500 feet high. Even at that height, what must have been the force employed to send it forth.

To raise the stuff to the top or level of the crater would require a force of 6,000 pounds on every square inch of surface; to throw high in air would require 1,000 pounds more on every square inch of surface.

The Science of True Conversion.

Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, for Godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of; to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name.

Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's catarrh cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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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.

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

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST SERVICES are held, regularly, in Rochester, N. Y., every Sabbath, at 3 P. M., at the residence of Mr. Irving Saunders, 516 Monroe Avenue. All Sabbath-keepers, and others, visiting in the city, are cordially invited to these services.

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

I. L. COTTRELL, Pastor.
29 Ransom St.

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

THE Seventh-day Baptist church of 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, Hornellsville, N. Y.

H. D. CLARKE.

APRIL 23, 1902.

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