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CONSIDER.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Consider

The lilies of the field whose bloom is brief—
We are as they;
Like them we fade away,
As doth a leaf.

Consider

The sparrows of the air of small account:
Our God doth view
Whether they fall or mount—
He guards us too.

Consider

The lilies that do neither spin nor toil,
Yet are most fair—
What profit all this care
And all this coil?

Consider

The birds that have no barn nor harvest-weeks;
God gives them food—
Much more our Father seeks
To do us good.



SOME truths must be repeated many times, and in many ways. One of these is the fact that the Seventh-day Baptist who is not interested in the coming Centennial of the General Conference is scarcely worthy of his birthright and his mission. The history of Seventh-day Baptists has a meaning unlike that of any other group of reformers. A past like ours compels to the conclusion that more than ordinary reasons and causes have prolonged our existence. Movements and ideas which are represented by so few, comparatively, do not endure for centuries unless there be much of vital importance involved. The second, or at most the third, generations of small minorities which represent unimportant notions, or temporary issues, usually come to the burial of the movement, or to an essential modification of it, which is equivalent to decay and death. The introduction of the Puritan Sunday theory at the close of the 16th century was the logical death of Seventh-day Baptist history in England. But in spite of mistakes and opposing influences in England our history there is not yet closed. Few circumstances could have been more unpropitious for the development of a denomination like ours than those which surrounded Seventh-day Baptist churches in the American Colonies three hundred years ago. There were only two Colonies at first where there was sufficient toleration—to say nothing of religious liberty—to permit the organization of Seventh-day Baptist churches: The Baptist Colony of Rhode Island and the Quaker Colony of Pennsylvania. William Penn and Roger Williams were the unconscious promoters of the development of our earliest history in America. Even Northern

New Jersey would have afforded no soil for the growth of the ancient church of Piscataway but for the strong Quaker influence which dominated East New Jersey under the Proprietary Government, which was practically Quaker rule. As our life in America was thus fostered and made possible, so we have been and must be closely identified with the doctrines and demands of religious liberty and freedom of conscience. Out of this fact has come much of our extreme independence in polity and methods which is yet so strongly marked as to be an element of weakness as well as strength. The fundamental nature of this doctrine is a permanent element in our denominational life.



LAW is the basis and core of all existence in the material and spiritual worlds. Fundamental law is a thought of God, and every thought of God is an universal and immortal law. Without law there can be no obligation, and obligation is the heart of religion and religious faith. Divine law and Divine love are one. Love is the most imperative of all laws. Seventh-day Baptist faith exalts the Bible and the law of God as supreme authority in matters of faith and life. Herein is its strength and permanency. While God lives and law continues, such a creed as ours will find place and pertinence. This faith exalts redemptive and sacrificial love by exalting law, in keeping with the matchless argument of Paul in Romans when he declares that all knowledge and consciousness of sin, and hence all incentive to faith in Christ, spring from law. To this factor in our faith we owe much of the strength and endurance of the past centuries.

Neither Temporary Nor Meaningless.

In whatever light our history and mission be seen, they cannot be temporary nor meaningless. We are not pleading for forms and ceremonies nor for days, but for truths and principles out of which obligations grow, and by which fundamental spiritual attainments are gained. However much we have failed to apprehend and appreciate these immortal truths which our history involves, they have been fundamental factors in our past history, as they must be in our future destiny. Built on such truths, our denominational history can fail only through the most gross neglect and open disobedience on our part. For this reason it becomes us to reconsider the whole field at this time, from the smallest of indi-

vidual duties to the greatest denominational enterprises. That survey must teach us to value our past, present, and future at higher price than we have been accustomed to do. If the survey be made prayerfully and adequately, great good will come. If it be neglected, if the duties and obligations of this centennial time be ignored, decay and failure will be promoted. It is a time for lofty sentiment and high purposes to be wrought into action in new and enlarged work. Seventh-day Baptists will prove themselves worthy of this time and of what it means in proportion to the active and persistent enlargement of the work which is demanded in fulfillment of their great mission. To fail is recreancy to a holy trust.



There is a hymn often sung which pictures the spread of the gospel as being

"Like the fullness of the sea
When it breaks upon the shore."

Yesterday we wandered along the shore of a bay where the tide comes and goes with the heart-throbs of the near-by ocean. It was just beginning to rise, but there was special interest in the path it had made the day before. It had filled all the lower beach, covered the rocks and pressed its lips up to the meadow grass on the bank above. We caught a new meaning of "the fullness of the sea." The unfathomed plentitude of the ocean with its world-encircling currents and heart-throbs had given a tide like that of which Tennyson tells in his immortal "Crossing the Bar,"

"Too full for noise or foam."

We came back with a new joy, remembering that out of the ocean of God's love an unmeasured fullness comes to all souls who wait to give him welcome. The humblest share with the greatest this love. As the tide had searched for hollows to fill and shores to cover, content to recede only when not only the sea-weeds and ledges, but even the roots of the meadow grass and wild roses, had drunk their fill. So the love of Christ searches for lives to bless and souls to comfort. The day was gray and the sky clouded, but the lesson taught by the infilling tide was bright and comforting. No life can be so humble or far-removed from worldly joys and attainments but that Divine love will find it and fill it to the brim. The little pools over which we stepped had been overflowing; so your soul will be when the Master is welcomed, and you wait the inflowing of the Holy Spirit,

"Like the fullness of the sea."

Prayer-Meeting Column.

TOPIC FOR AUGUST 8, 1902.

Prepared by Rev. A. E. Main, D. D., Dean of Alfred Theological Seminary, Alfred University, Alfred, N. Y.

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

Theme.—Our Schools.

Job 28: 1-28.

- 1 Surely there is a mine for silver,
And a place for gold which they refine.
- 2 Iron is taken out of the earth,
And copper is molten out of the stone.
- 3 *Man* setteth an end to darkness,
And searcheth out, to the furthest bound,
The stones of obscurity and of thick darkness.
- 4 He breaketh open a shaft away from where men sojourn;
They are forgotten of the foot;
They hang afar from men, they swing to and fro.
- 5 As for the earth, out of it cometh bread;
And underneath it is turned up as it were by fire.
- 6 The stones thereof are the place of sapphires,
And it hath dust of gold.
- 7 That path no bird of prey knoweth,
Neither hath the falcon's eye seen it:
- 8 The proud beasts have not trodden it,
Nor hath the fierce lion passed thereby.
- 9 He putteth forth his hand upon the flinty rock;
He overturneth the mountains by the roots.
- 10 He cutteth out channels among the rocks;
And his eye seeth every precious thing.
- 11 He bindeth the streams that they trickle not;
And the thing that is hid bringeth he forth to light.
- 12 But where shall wisdom be found?
And where is the place of understanding?
- 13 Man knoweth not the price thereof;
Neither is it found in the land of the living.
- 14 The deep saith, It is not in me;
And the sea saith, It is not with me.
- 15 It cannot be gotten for gold,
Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.
- 16 It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir,
With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.
- 17 Gold and glass cannot equal it,
Neither shall it be exchanged for jewels of fine gold.
- 18 No mention shall be made of coral or of crystal:
Yea, the price of wisdom is above rubies.
- 19 The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it,
Neither shall it be valued with pure gold.
- 20 Whence then cometh wisdom?
And where is the place of understanding?
- 21 Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living,
And kept close from the birds of the heavens.
- 22 Destruction and Death say,
We have heard a rumor thereof with our ears.
- 23 God understandeth the way thereof
And he knoweth the place thereof.
- 24 For he looketh to the ends of the earth,
And seeth under the whole heaven;
- 25 To make a weight for the wind:
Yea, he meteth out the waters by measure.
- 26 When he made a decree for rain,
And a way for the lightning of the thunder;
- 27 Then did he see it, and declare it;
He established it, yea, and searched it out.
- 28 And unto man he said,
Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom;
And to depart from evil is understanding.

Salem College, Salem, W. Va., is doing grand pioneer and foundation education work in the South-Eastern Association and in that section of the state where it is located, and for its state and our denomination. West Virginia is rich in the numbers and worth of her young people, and in the opening doors of opportunity she can offer them. By her gifts of noble young men and women for service, she has placed our churches and schools under the greatest obligations. Salem College is the fruit of self-denying toil, and well deserves our sympathy, aid and prayers.

Milton College has risen out of sacrifice; her graduates and their successes are her glory. It is our college for the Northwest, so great in extent, so splendid in the fields of endeavor that invite the hands and brains of trained workers of every profession and calling. The new President and his co-workers

enter into the labors of a noble past, and look out into a future that calls to equal toil, greater responsibilities, brighter hopes, and larger rewards. Let their friends everywhere ask for them and their enlarged plans the favor of heaven;

Alfred has many sons and daughters over all the land who are glad to do her honor, because grateful for the encouragement, help and inspiration given them long years ago, when poor and inexperienced, but with hungry and thirsty spirits, and with ambition and hope, they came for an education. The younger graduates, too, are loyal to their *alma mater*. Although better equipped than ever before, present demands and opportunities call for still more equipments; and, like the other schools, Alfred deserves a larger place in the gifts and thoughts of our people.

The Theological Seminary is due to the feeling that our ministers should make much of their preparation side by side. If, besides the supreme work of preaching the gospel, we have a special mission and message to the world, then our theological education, Biblical, historical and doctrinal, in spirit and method, should have regard for these two vitally related and inter-dependent parts of our denominational work. And, in the nature of the case, such regard will not be given in the ministerial education furnished by schools not our own.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Synopsis of sermon by Rev. O. S. Mills, delivered on the occasion of the dedication of the Coloma, (Wis.) Seventh-day Baptist church June 8, 1902, and requested for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER.

The text which seemed to me most appropriate for this occasion is recorded in Lev. 26: 2: "Ye shall keep my sabbaths, and reverence my sanctuary: I am Jehovah." Also let us compare Luke 4: 16: "And he (Jesus) came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and he entered, as his custom was, into the synagogue on the Sabbath-day, and stood up to read." Three things are essential for public worship: An Object of Worship, a Time and Place for the Worship. Each of these is furnished in our text.

I.—THE OBJECT TO BE WORSHIPED.

The necessity of calling the attention of the children of Israel often to the divine name, Jehovah, God, and to his authority as the Infinite One, the only proper object of worship, is readily seen when we recall their environment during the many generations of bondage in Egypt. They must have been very familiar with many of the gross forms of idolatrous worship, such as that of the ox, the crocodile, the river Nile, etc. And that they were seriously contaminated thereby, we are impelled to believe, when we see the readiness with which they gave their gold to be formed into the golden calf, as well as the hearty accord in which they gave themselves to the worship of it.

Throughout the wilderness journey, by the manna, the sacrificial services, and the punishments, Israel was taught to recognize God only as the proper object of worship. They knew him as Eloheim (God) and Jehovah. They were not taught the different personalities, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, as we are. And, indeed, few Christians to-day are conscious of any marked distinctions.

The practical thoughts for us are: There is a debt of gratitude we owe to God for revealing himself and his will to us and allow-

ing us to serve him. And remember that one need not bow down to an inferior being or to an image in order to be idolatrous. Money, power, popularity, companions, children, whatever one loves more than he loves God, becomes his idol. A good test for each of us is to note the willingness with which we serve and sacrifice for the one or the other. God has said, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me," "I am a jealous God." He is as jealous of a silver dollar as any graven image, if we make it our God.

II.—THE TIME FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP, OR SABBATH-KEEPING.

God knew man's temptations to forget him, and hence gave the weekly Sabbath. It is God's representative in the week; a definite and divinely-appointed time for public worship. He who properly keeps it will live near to God and be shielded from all temptations to idolatry.

This Sabbath is not a civil institution, not a legal holiday. It is one of the ten fundamental precepts which God gave to govern his people in all time, and which he wrote upon the tables of stone, thus signifying their authority and perpetuity. It was Israel's test of loyalty; and it is the test with many in our day. The man from whose eyes the fogs of tradition have cleared away, until he see the claims of God's Sabbath, will keep it or lose his spirituality. Truth will triumph at last. "No question is ever settled until it is settled right." Let us not get discouraged. Devout men looked long centuries for the promised Messiah ere he came.

As to what constitutes proper Sabbath-keeping, there need be no question. The Bible is sufficiently explicit. "Keep it holy." Learn and remember Is. 58: 13, 14. Follow the example of Christ and his apostles.

III.—THE PLACE FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP; OR REVERENCE FOR GOD'S SANCTUARY.

This meant at first the tabernacle; then the temple, synagogues, Christian churches. To reverence is to treat with the greatest respect, to hold in high honor, to adore as sacred. We reverence God's house when we worship him in it. It should be neat and attractive, so as to command respect and reverence. In the construction of the tabernacle, under divine direction, no pains were spared to make it the most elegant and attractive tent in all the camp of Israel. Remember how magnificently the priests were attired. God required the best of everything. The animals for sacrifice must be perfect.

Again, note the splendor of Solomon's Temple. No royal palace equaled it for grandeur. It was a duplicate of the tabernacle, with dimensions doubled.

The condition of God's house, as compared with the houses of those who worship in it, is a good and true index to their love and reverence. The decline of a church is most definitely marked by a poorly-kept, dilapidated house of worship. And a neat and attractive church is an honor to any community. Its influence on the morals and on the general welfare of the community is far greater than we are likely to realize.

This neat little church, we trust, will prove a blessing to you all. It means more regular and faithful public services, to which all are welcomed. It stands for the unabrogated and unbroken law of God, and for Jesus, the Saviour of the world; for the Law and the Gospel, Sinai and Calvary. For, indeed, with

no law there could be no sin, and hence, no need for a Saviour. But "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

This church stands for God's Holy Sabbath as of equal authority and importance with the other nine precepts of the Decalogue, and for the Holy Bible as the only authority in our religion. We countenance no Pope, no "Testamentaries to the Churches," no holy days without authority, except that of the church or state.

With malice toward none, but with love for all, we, as Seventh-day Baptists, stand especially for these things, and in them all we seek the honor of God, as Father, Son and Holy Spirit, in perfect accord, seeking through the Gospel to redeem men from sin unto loving obedience here and hereafter, to whom we give all the glory. Amen.

MY VACATION GARDEN.

E. P. POWELL.

I planted one garden for my vacation, and one for my daily re-creation. Please pronounce that word re-creation. For I have found it true that everyone must recreate himself daily; and that vacation is to recreate in a larger sense once a year. This is what we are all coming to—the establishment of a recreative formula—by means of education in the daily and yearly life. Music does this for some people and sport does it for others.

For most of us there is nothing so good as companionship with nature. However, I do not believe that gardening is of any use to some people. They have lost out of their family evolution all apprehension of the soul that is in physical nature; and cannot understand a tree any better than a tree understands them. Such people can take to metaphysics or to mechanics—according to their make up. I had a metaphysician in my garden the other day, talking about the Trinity; and he whipped off my carnations with a twig that he broke from my new Burbank plum. I tried to interest him in new fruit creations, in irrigation, and in the evolution that is going on about us. My flowing well stopped his flow long enough to get, "I declare! No pumping!" "No, I said, it is a metaphysical well." My neighbor over the way is an electrician. He talks of Ohms and Amperes and dynamos; which is positively Chinese to me. But we meet on the Loeb platform, for Loeb brings the vegetable and animal world into unity; all life is one life, and in some way electricity is the God-motor. This neighbor goes to the city for his vacation. Like Dr. Johnson, he prefers a crowd. What he wants is car shops and automobile factories. There he throws off care; and comes home smiling like an angel. My metaphysical friend wants nothing so much as a whetstone to sharpen his logic on. Serve him for an hour, and he rubs his sides and goes away talking to himself. He has vanquished you and a host of invisible champions out of the categorical world. So it is that these fellows recreate themselves.

As for me, I must handle earth. Scott said to Washington Irving: "If I did not see the heather at least once a year I think I should die." Perhaps it is because I am made of earth, not of city dirt, but genuine granulated clay—with a proper admixture of sand. It soils clothes and roughens hands; but when spring opens and I have a week of digging, pruning, planting and planning, I can digest

pie; and a doughnut is as harmless as Grape Nuts. By midsummer I am satisfied with nothing less than a great bowlful of milk, with black raspberries—cream stirred in.

I said that what we needed was companionship with nature. Work is not what is required—if taken alone—but friendship. There is all the difference in the world between hoeing alone and hoeing with nature. Real gardening is talking with plants. I have a friend who chuckles and chatters with his vegetables, but in the house he is notably reticent. Just let him loose with his lettuces and his cabbages, and he is understood. He eats very little garden stuff, and without appreciation, but he grows parsnips because it makes him happy and wise. This is a hint to those who find the world no longer cares for their theological theorems. Turn to gardening. I know a minister who has a great garden of flowers, into which he admits his church boys, giving to trusty lads each a single bed to cultivate. He calls it cultivating boys.

My vacation garden was more than this; it was a place where I could spread myself—my whole self—without disturbance. It was a place of twenty-five acres; and when I did not care for peas and potatoes I could associate with flowers; and when the desire was on could walk with my currant bushes, or under my apple trees, or sit in a cherry bough and eat and dream. This garden had to be out of sight of roads and of people. There was a grove behind it; a sugar maple grove of a dozen trees; and there was an old orchard, to which I added a new one. What of all else I wanted was elbow room. My church was in a city; a city of dust and smoke—and folk. Folk everywhere and of all kinds. I never could sleep without hearing people or walk without seeing people. What they were at was the puzzle. But they were all at it, all the time; and the roar was incessant. There is nothing so dreadful, if you stop to think of it, as this incessant roar of humanity; but you must not think of it. You must wait until vacation to do your thinking. I believe that most of them had no rational object in view, except to keep going. One wanted a spool of silk, another a pound of nails; but most of them simply to see others on the move. Living where humanity touched me on all sides, I was a stranger. But in my garden I knew every bush, every tree, every plant; what its nature was and what good there was in it. Best of all, they were not everlastingly on the go. If one of them moved I moved it. I sometimes look back to the time when life evolution divided, or differentiated, as the scientists would say; so that one-half became animal and the other half vegetable, with a half regret that my ancestor did not get into the vegetable half. There is not a liar, or a humbug, or a drunkard, and only a few tramps in the whole vegetable republic. A few of them are temporarily "weeds;" until we can find out their purpose. Why is all the putter made about salvation in the animal kingdom and nothing said about it in the vegetable? Instead of that we go on improving our cherries, berries and peaches and apples. Betterment is the law in the garden and field. So you see when I went away from folk, to plant some trees, I was still minister, for I was trying to teach the vegetable ideas how to shoot; the youthful twigs how to grow, and the adult twigs how to give better fruit. Mother Williams,

who sometimes caught me near the street line, would say, "Well! Well! Trees will grow for some folk; but they won't for others." There is truly a sympathy to be established between yourself and all the plants, before we can secure from them the best results.

So you see that I am not alone in my gardens. I have my friends. Some of them shade me; some feed me; some sharpen my wits; some amuse me. A garden would be of no use unless I could get down to the souls of things; for everything has a soul. My bees and butterflies may not have immortality; they do have soul-life—made up of taste, affection, fancy, will, and hereditary instincts. So has a turnip a soul; a substantial individuality, and character; and I cannot grow turnips until I find this out. I do not think a blackberry has thorns by accident; it is a part of its character—as Old Humphrey says:

"Ye blackberry doth much to teach me patience and resolution. It will not let me alone; but offers its luscious berries to compel me to be persistent and cautious. Ye best things in the world are set round with briars."

If you have read Maeterlinck, you have learned that the bee family has gone further in social organization than the human family. It has learned how by food to regulate sex. These garden companions of mine are no dullards. The rose family never bores me with politics or theology; it simply goes on obeying social laws of long standing; and serving God by doing the right thing, at the right time.

My vacation garden had another essential; it must be my very own. It must express my individuality everywhere. Everyday gardens may look alike, but vacation gardens must look just like the persons who make them. Otherwise there will be no fitness in them; and no rest. So you may be sure my garden expressed some whims and fancies; and was adjusted to some twists and idiosyncrasies. It had hedges and windbreaks; and there were sly nooks and covets; places where the wind whistled softly to be let in; places where the catbird and I could have a quiet talk; places for hammocks out of sight. There were also plenty of hiding places for birds; and I think they told of it to others, until it became their summer garden as well as mine. We applied the Golden Rule fairly well; at least better than it is applied in the city with human folk. We did not wait until Sunday to go to church; but every morning in the week we had our orisons at 4 o'clock, and our evening benedictions at sunset. If you have never heard the birds, from 4 o'clock until 6, of a summer's morning, you have never rightly heard God praised. Some folk, when they caught sight of me, laughed at me; and held it would be wiser for me to plant beans and potatoes. The fact was I was planting myself; and they did not understand it.

If I had not already specified something else, I should say the prime essential of a vacation garden is lots of sweet smells. The nose is the only organ that takes you right to nature, the eye and the ear go to art. The black fellow who helps me smells of everything that he digs—"To see what it is suh!" He tells me that black folks "always do smell of what they find," and "I s'pose I do it because they always have done it." There is

something in this. The least developed races; those that have had the least to do with artificial culture, make great use of the nose. I tell him "it is like dogs, Uncle Billy;" "Cawnt help it, suh! it's the right way." There is certainly a half lost sense about us. Town life shuts up the alert nose, and makes of it an inquisitive interrogation point. Out here we do not want any other sense so much as the power to smell. So I would surround my vacation home with flowers that have powerful odors—honeysuckles, wild-grape vines, Madonna lilies, tea roses, mignonette, heliotrope, sweet williams. It must also have the sweet herbs—the fennel and summer savory. I have in my pocket now sweet clover and bergomot leaves. These I like to squeeze in my hand, as I go along the path. But of all the flowers, for all the time, let me have a great spread of the old-fashioned nasturtiums. Among trees the world holds nothing so wonderful, so sweet, so beautiful, so altogether companionable as the apple. Next to this I would have in my vacation garden a few trees of the American linden, or common basswood. Its great leaves, its delicious blossoms, make it indispensable. How the bees do love to spend all the day, and all the night, extracting its honey! No one ought to stay in the country who cannot tell a full gamut of perfumes—from apple blossoms and lilacs to the doughnuts that the little mother puts in your pocket, for a picnic lunch.

No! I did not want visitors in my vacation garden; that is, not those likely to come. But there are a few in this world of ours—(these worlds of ours)—that do not come as visitors, but as parts of ourselves. No one by himself alone is ever complete. So I assorted my invitations to secure just that association which would assure rest and variety. As for animals, I like a big-eyed cow as well as Homer—who complimented Juno by calling her "ox-eyed." A cow that will speak to you in modulated tones, and look at you with affection, is anything but a "broad-faced beast." So in my vacation garden I had a great, rich, red-hided Durham—none of your little blue-blooded aristocrats from Jersey; but a genuine Anglo-Saxon cow. She had a clean, sweet yard, where the apple trees leaned across the fence to shade her, and the moon looked in at night to see her chew her cud. In a big and comfortable stall I had a Morgan mare, who talked more horse sense than my deacons. A Morgan horse might be immortal, without injustice to other animals. As for hens I will never have any but such as will eat from my hands. If you breed hens for intellect they will lay just as many eggs.

A boy has always been to me the chief study of life—the greatest curiosity in the universe. Why not? The chap inherits all that nature has been at for three hundred millions of years. For this reason I invited, each summer, two of my church boys to my hide-and-seek home, and let them loose. They burrowed about some in my demesnes, and turned some of my notions out of doors, and rooted up some of my crankinesses. Fact was they taught me a great deal, for which at the time I was not grateful. If you are cock-sure of your opinions and habits I advise you to let two live boys live all around you for one summer. Now that I have a quiver full of my own I get all the lessons needed, and borrow as few as possible from my neighbors. Those were wonderful days,

in the very midsummer of life, when one might will with the whole world before him. But now it is more wonderful still, for there is a world behind, made sure of in the memory; and a world ahead, made sure of by good faith in the Good Will of the universe. For really there is need of another and longer vacation. As the day, and as the year, so does the life need a recreation. I shall plant another garden.—The Independent.

JULY.

MARIAN PHELPS.

From cool retreats, where limpid streams reflect
The twinkling candles of the cardinal flower,
To sunny open-lands, July hath decked
With glowing colors every field and bower.

Along the wayside and across the mead,
Through many a tangled maze and winding turn,
Mid smoke-brown haze of grasses gone to seed,
The orange milkweed glaring torches burn.

While garden hedges, parting here and there,
Reveal a blaze of glory; flaming reds,
And dazzling glint of gold, where poppies flare,
And marigolds toss flaunting yellow heads.

Where shining billows lightly dip and rise
O'er fields of ripening wheat, stirred by the breeze,
Flit tiny sails of bright-winged butterflies,
Like fairy vessels crossing golden seas.

Against the turquoise setting of the sky
The elder's crown of pearly whiteness gleams,
And brilliant-plumaged birds go flashing by,
With chirping calls, or shrilly-strident screams.

But softer beauty, too, hath summer's queen
For color-wearied eyes; the shadows deep
That lie in quiet pools; the restful green
Of shady pastures, dotted white with sheep;

Dense walls of stately corn, with dim-lit aisles
Between, where whispering spirits brood;
And blue-gray hills beyond the dark defiles
Of forests wrapt in dreamy solitude.

—The Advance.

PATHETIC LETTERS FROM DYING MEN.

Two hundred and twenty-seven miners were killed by an explosion in the Fraterville coal mine, near Coal Creek, Tenn., May 10.

Out of all the men and boys who went to work in the morning, only one escaped, and he is so badly injured that he cannot live. This man was William Morgan, an aged Englishman, who was a road man in the mine, and was blown out of the entrance by the force of the explosion.

The miners had not been at work long before the explosion occurred. There was a loud roar and then flames shot from the entrance and the air-shafts. News of the disaster spread like wildfire, as such news always does, and as soon as order could be brought out of chaos two rescuing parties were started in, one at the main entrance, the other through Thistle mine, which adjoins and in which no men were at work. The Thistle party was unable to make any headway, as the gas stifled the workers. The Fraterville party went fully two miles under the earth until a heavy fall of slate was encountered. This barrier the men attacked with picks and shovels, hoping against hope that those beyond might be safe. The bodies of nearly all who perished were removed from the mine, and upon four of them were found letters which indicated that the men lived from the time the explosion occurred, at 7.30 A. M., until 2.27 in the afternoon. The four letters were as follows:

We are shut up in the head of the entry, with a little air, and bad air coming on us fast. It is now about 12 o'clock. Dear Ellen, I have to leave you in bad condition. Now, dear wife, put your trust in the Lord to help you and my little children. Ellen, take care of my little darling, Lillie. Little Elbert said he had trusted in the Lord. Charles Woods says that he is safe in heaven, and if he never sees the outside again he will meet his mother in heaven. We are not hurt, only perishing for want

of air. There are but few of us here and I don't know where the other men are. Elbert [his son] said for you all to meet him in heaven. Tell all the children to meet us both. Do the best you can with the children. We are all praying for air to support us, but it is getting so bad. Howard, Elbert said for you to wear his shoes and clothing. Ellen, I want you to live right and come to heaven. Raise the children the best you can. O, how I wish to be with you! Good-bye, good-bye. Bury me and Elbert in the same grave. My little Eddie, good-bye; Jimmie, good-bye; good-bye, Horace. It is twenty-seven minutes after two. There are a few of us alive yet. O God, for one more breath. Ellen, remember me as long as you live. Good-bye, darling.

J. L. VOWELL.

Dear Wife and Baby:—I want to go back home and kiss the baby, but cannot. Good-bye. I am going to heaven. Meet me there.

JAMES A. BROOKS.

To George Hudson's Wife:—If I don't see you any more, bury me with the clothing I have. I want you to meet in heaven. Good-bye. Do as you wish.

GEORGE HUDSON.

Dear Darling Mother and Sister:—I am going to heaven. I want you all to meet me in heaven. Tell all your friends to meet me there, and tell the church I have gone to heaven. Tell my friends not to worry over me, for I am in sight of heaven. Oh, dear, stay at home or at your father's, and pay all debts, if possible, and bury me at Pleasant Hill, if it suits you all. Bury me in black. It is now about 1.30 o'clock. Good-bye, dear father, mother, brother, and friends. I have not suffered much. Your boy, your friend.

JOHN HENDON.

Could anything be more pathetic than these letters, written by men in the full vigor of strength, yet conscious that death within a short time was certain? How precious, even in their sorrow, will they be to the wives, children, mothers and sisters to whom they were written.—Northwestern Advocate.

SOME CHRISTIANS ON VACATION.

REV. JOHN T. FARIS.

A party of young Christians were passengers on a Canadian Pacific express which was delayed for a few minutes at a way-station in Manitoba. They took advantage of the opportunity to leave their Pullman sleeper for a walk up and down the platform. But the call "All aboard" came unexpectedly, and they entered the car nearest them. It was the tourist sleeper, which many had chosen for reasons of economy or comfort. As the young people rushed noisily up the aisle, a bright-faced girl called out so that all could hear: "Girls, just think of having to ride in such a common car as this!" And she looked disdainfully at the comfortable and sensible leather fittings of the seats.

A clergyman was waiting for his ticket at the window of a station on the Southern Railway. To a friend at his elbow he remarked: "How lamentable is the discourtesy of the average ticket agent! Did you ever hear one say 'Thank you' when you paid for your ticket? The clerk always courteously acknowledges the purchases of his employer's patrons. Why should not the railway companies insist on similar politeness?" At that moment the agent came to the window. "Now, listen," continued the clergyman, "see if it is not as I told you. Obediently the friend listened. Sure enough, there was no kindly word from the agent—nor did the clergyman speak one word in grateful recognition of the service rendered him.

A young man was traveling in Indiana. He was a leader in church work—at home. He was careful of his manners—at home. The train was crowded, and his valise had to be removed from the seat by his side. There

was no rack above him, so he put his heavy suit-case in the rack ahead. It was not a good fit; the rack was narrow, and the case was broad. Every moment the motion of the car threatened to throw the case on the heads of two ladies in the seat below. The young man seemed unmindful of the danger. Not so a business man across the aisle. For a few moments he watched the unstable case, then, with some hesitation, called the attention of the young man to the danger. "Oh! I guess it's all right," was the careless rejoinder. But a few minutes later the car gave a worse jolt than ever, the case went over the side of the rack, and serious injury might have been the result if the owner, by a quick movement, had not caught it just in time.

And that young man was on his way to attend the summer session of a noted Bible Conference!

These travelers were Christians, all of them. But they were on vacation. Were they taking a vacation from the practice of Christianity, as well as from work?—S. S. Times.

THE SIN OF DESPISING MEN.

The germinal idea of the second table of the law is that there are human rights which every man is under the obligation of respecting. These rights rest upon the sacredness of parentage, of human life, of marriage, of property, and of reputation. The Tenth Commandment carries this obligation from the region of action to that of thought, and forbids the violation of these rights even in the realm of desire and imagination.

It is significant that none of these rights is in the least qualified by any description of the manner of man who holds them. These rights do not reside in man as educated, or civilized, or of noble birth. They reside in man as man. They are inherent and God-given. They do not rest upon human conventions or enactments, but upon the act of the Creator. The worst of all pretexts for infringing any of them is that the man whose rights are invaded is of lowly station, or belongs to an inferior race, or is uneducated or uncivilized.

The observation is often made that the universality of the offer and provisions of the gospel is the great argument for human equality. But if we look at the Second Table of the Law narrowly we shall see that its underlying principle involves an argument of almost equal strength. In the Ten Commandments God assumes the equality of the natural rights of men. He conceives of man simply by virtue of his humanity as endowed with rights which no other man has a title to invade. And it was among the ancient Hebrews who so thoroughly grasped this fundamental conception of the law that there grew up that respect for the human personality which has been the surprise of every sympathetic student of Hebrew life and institutions.

From this point of view, the great sin of the Second Table is contempt of a fellow-man. Proper respect for the human personality makes any infraction of these Commandments impossible. And this is the lesson that Jesus taught in his comment. In the Sermon on the Mount he said: "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment." And then he proceeds to affix the penalty that

the old law had prescribed for murder to anger, and the graver penalties of "the council" to the expression of contempt, and the gravest penalty of "hell fire" to the disparagement involved in the epithet "fool." There is a descending series of offenses and an ascending climax of penalties. It is difficult to see how our Lord could have taught more impressively the moral heinousness of despising a fellow-man. With unerring insight and accuracy he defined the moral disposition from which came offenses against man.—The Watchman.

HOW TO TREAT BUREAU DRAWERS.

"It seemed to me," said Mr. Billtops, "that I had never known a drawer to stick so in all my experience. I got hold of both handles squarely and fairly, braced my knees against the next drawer under that one, and pulled as hard as I could, and couldn't budge it.

"Then I tried to work it out, pulling first at one end then at the other. I could start either end a little, but that's all; I'd get about half an inch on it, and that's all I could get. Then I tried pounding on it the way you do on car windows when they stick, but it was no use; couldn't move it. After that I tried the straight pull on it again. I did joggle some things off the top of it, and then I was meditating on going for the axe when Mrs. Billtops, passing the door, looked in.

"Is the drawer locked, Ezra?" she said.

"And the drawer was locked. The key was in the lock, and somebody, I or somebody, had sometime or other turned it, and it had never occurred to me to try it now. In fact, I never thought anything about the key or lock at all, one way or the other; but when I turned that key, the drawer opened just as easy. And I made up my mind that hereafter the first thing I should always do when I came across a bureau drawer that stuck would be to see if it wasn't locked.—Chicago Journal.

UNSEEN DOOR-KEEPERS.

AMOS R. WELLS.

Sometimes we see the angel who opens to us the door of opportunity, but more often we do not see him, just as Peter did not see him. Sometimes God makes very plain to us the leading of his providence, but far more often things simply seem to happen "of their own accord."

—Yet nothing happens of its own accord. No gate opens without the gate-opener. If any blessing has come into your life, you may be sure that someone put it there. If you hear any call, there is a mouth behind the voice. Not at haphazard has any opening of your life come to you; some hand has taken down the bars, some arm has pushed back the doors.

The cloud of witnesses are more than witnesses; they are assistants. Your dead father is still helping you, if you will let him; your dead mother is still lifting your burdens. The angels are God's ministers sent on his errands, and what errand more pressing than to aid God's children?

When next you approach some closed door, whether it be closed by sickness or poverty or former failure or what not, do not see the door, do not think of it, but think only of the unseen angel waiting beside it. And remember; it is only by following the angels you see that you can obtain the good offices of the angels you do not see.

WONDERFUL.

The Scientific American tells this remarkable story:

A very large wild goose, weighing sixteen pounds, was shot and killed by a hunter on the shores of Lake Liberty, about twelve miles from the city of Spokane, Wash. As he picked up the big honker, he was surprised to see a piece of polished ivory protruding about two inches from its breast. With great difficulty the man pulled the stick out, for the flesh had grown tightly around it, and the wound had entirely healed.

He then saw that it was the sharp point of an arrow, about eight inches long, and as large as an ordinary lead pencil. There are some queer, delicate carvings on the ivory where it had been attached to the arrowstick. No such arrow has ever been seen in this part of the country, and it could not have belonged to any of the Indian tribes. The Indians in all these regions have, for many years, discarded the use of the bow and arrows. Evidently, the bird has borne the arrowpoint for thousands upon thousands of miles from the far Arctic regions where it had been shot by some Esquimau hunter. The point was deeply embedded in the flesh of the breast, and had touched no vital spot. In the bird's long flight, the arrowstick had doubtless been broken off. The goose was a full-grown male, and had probably received the wound a long time ago.

OLD TIMES IN TENNESSEE.

Probably few people know that the original name of the state of Tennessee was Franklin, or that in 1788 the salaries of the officers of this commonwealth were paid in pelts, but the following is a correct copy of the law:

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the state of Franklin, and it is hereby enacted, by authority of the same, that from and after the 1st day of January, 1788, the salaries of this commonwealth be as follows, to wit:

"His Excellency the Governor, per annum, 100 deerskins.

"His honor the Chief Justice, 500 deer-skins.

"The Secretary to his Excellency the Governor, 500 raccoon skins.

"County Clerk, 300 beaver skins.

"Clerk of the House of Commons, 200 raccoon skins.

"Members of the Assembly, per diem, 3 raccoon skins.

"Justice's fee for serving a warrant, 1 mink skin."

At that time the state of Franklin extended to the east bank of the Mississippi River, and on the west bank was that great unknown forest region of Louisiana. It was then a *terra incognita*, save a few canoe landings and Indian trading posts on the river banks. It was known as the district of Louisiana, and in 1805 was made the territory of Louisiana.

The state of Franklin, which became Tennessee in 1796, was almost as little known. The now great city of Memphis was a mere trading post, and was not laid out as a village until 1820.

Pelts were as plentiful in those days as pennies, and much better distributed for purposes of currency and barter. The pioneers were, perhaps, as happy and as well contented as is the average citizen now.—Arkansas Gazette.

Missions.

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

THE hymn sung at the burial of Peter H. Velthuysen, furnished by Ebenezer Ammokoo.

Let him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price;
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

Jesus, thine own at last receive;
Fulfill our heart's desire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render Thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

LETTER FROM TONG-TSING-OONG,

A convert to the Sabbath in Shanghai, China, to the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society, and translated by the Rev. D. H. Davis, D. D.

To all the elders and friends of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society of America, greeting. With great desire I have wished to see you all. May the true God keep you all and be with you all continually. Amen.

In the fifth and sixth moon of last year in our mean country the fist-vagabonds (Boxers) arose and persecuted many missionaries from the West, together with the Christian church of China, and took their lives.

Although that such wicked hearted men should arise and oppose the church, yet is the will of God to cause the holy doctrine to be preached throughout the kingdom of China. We Christians in China desire to express our most hearty thanks to your honorable people for the exercising of such a magnanimous and humane spirit toward our government officials and our people. We would give great thanks to the true God of mercy and grace. If God had not sent many Western teachers to preach the doctrine in China, the whole nation would have remained in black darkness. Fortunately the true God has greatly opened the way of grace, and now many of us Chinese believe this doctrine and are the disciples of Jesus. I, much more than other men, should thank God. If your honorable Society had not sent teachers to China and established a church of the Seventh-day Baptist faith, and preached this truth, then we should only have known the observance of Sunday, and should not have known that we ought to keep the true Sabbath. This truth I now know.

When I first heard Mr. Davis preach about keeping the Sabbath I was greatly amazed at what he preached, and in my heart I thought perhaps he is of the Jewish church, which with the Church of Christ has some points of difference, and I was displeased within me. Afterward I carefully read a book regarding the Sabbath which Mr. Davis gave me and compared it with the Bible and indeed I found what he said to be true, but I was too timid and dare not profess the truth. It has now been seven years since I heard the truth, and this year in my prayers I prayed God to deepen my faith that I might be brave enough to confess and keep the Sabbath because this truth is the original will of the true God, and was also observed by Jesus and his disciples. I also, although there are many difficulties, ought to keep it, and listen to the word of God. I now know of a surety that the observance of Sunday is a change of the Bible made by man, of which there is reliable evidence. I

thank God that I know this truth and am now at peace in my heart.

Brethren of the Seventh-day faith, should I not rejoice that God has indicated to me a much truer way, and should I not testify and preach that others may also hear, and hope that they also may become the disciples of the Lord and keep the Sabbath?

Thanks be to God and thanks to your honorable Society. I desire that you pray for me, that God may cause me to hold fast the truth of the Holy Book until death, and change not. May the blessing of God be upon you. Amen.

All the brethren and sisters together with the pupils in the school send greeting to the members of your Society and to Miss Burdick.

QUARTERLY REPORT OF S. R. WHEELER.

The public services of God's house have been maintained through the quarter. The goodness and mercy of God have still been manifest. But we have been called to mourn. Two of our number have passed from earthly scenes. Sister Brackett died April 2. In early life she confessed Christ. In these later years she accepted the Sabbath, and was glad to find a home in this church. June 16, Rev. O. D. Williams was called away very unexpectedly. His death is a severe blow. His home has been here for six years. All this time he has been a very efficient member. The church will continue to feel the loss keenly.

Sabbath, June 7, we held memorial service for Rev. W. C. Whitford, Pres. of Milton College. Eleven members of the church, including the pastor, were formerly students at Milton. Only two of these are non-resident and could not be present. It seemed proper to express our appreciation of Bro. Whitford's services; also it gave an opportunity to give information about our denominational work and workers. These sad circumstances have made the past quarter an unusual one. We pray that these events may cause thoughtfulness and a deeper consecration to God's service.

At the recent church meeting it was voted to send \$5 to pay for copies of "The Sabbath of Christ." Thus we keep in touch with our work as a people, and do something to help it forward.

BOULDER, Colo., July 1, 1902.

QUARTERLY REPORT OF R. G. DAVIS.

The interest at Berea is probably better in some respects than it was three months ago. While we have many influences that prove a great hindrance, we notice some features that to us seem encouraging. Among our young people as well as the older class we have a few faithful ones, and the influences of these consecrated lives is doing much to restrain evils that would otherwise predominate.

Perhaps the most encouraging feature at present is the special effort that is being made to maintain discipline. One of our greatest needs is consistency on the part of professed Christians; another is a deeper interest in various lines of the work of our denomination.

On account of sickness in the community, no revival meetings were held last winter, and although some fear was expressed that the consequences might prove unfavorable, the church seemed to be in as good, if not a better, condition than it was at the beginning of the year. The church at Conings although few

in numbers and, like Berea, surrounded with the influence of an oil field, is still maintaining a fair degree of interest. Their meetings are attended by a goodly number of First-day friends, who are not only attentive but also take part in the after service and do much in a social way to make the meetings a success. Could other Seventh-day Baptist families find suitable homes and become permanently located in this community, it would doubtless prove a great help to the church.

BEREA, W. Va., July 4, 1902.

QUARTERLY REPORT OF R. S. WILSON.

I am rather late in making my quarterly report, because of sickness in my family. My youngest son has the malarial fever, but is getting along all right. My wife was sick at the time that I should have gone to Cullman. We have not had any rain for about nine weeks until last Friday, when we had a very good rain. The hot, dry weather is the cause of our having the fever here. This quarter has been a very interesting one. I have preached at several places on Sunday. We hold our meetings in Attalla on Sabbath-days, and the first and third Sundays in the month I take for going out wherever I can do good. Prof. L. L. Herron, a teacher of both vocal and instrumental music, has been going with me and conducting the singing when I preach. We have had some very good meetings and large crowds of people attend. Mr. Herron is not a Seventh-day Baptist, but he likes their company. We are having very good congregations now in Cullman county. At our last meeting there we had a house full of people each time for three meetings. There is a man there, a well-to-do farmer, who is convinced that the seventh day is the Sabbath, and said he thought he could have a church organized there this fall. He thinks others will come, but that is what we all thought when we accepted the Sabbath. We thought that any and everybody could see the truth. I do hope that this man and others will come to the Sabbath, and not only believe it but keep it.

I am furnishing some Baptist ministers with reading matter on the Sabbath question. I have had calls from two other places to preach to which I think I shall respond. One is at Alabama City, two and a half miles from Attalla; the other is at Hopewell, ten miles south of here in St. Clair county, where Mr. Herron and I held a meeting the third Sunday in June. My meetings at Heald's school-house have been well attended this last quarter. We have been able to fill every appointment there for fifteen months. Our meetings in Attalla have been better attended the past quarter. There are more people reading our literature here now than ever before. Have had to get a supply from Bro. Ashurst. I want to come to Conference in August, and if there can be any way provided I am coming. I have traveled 192 miles this quarter. Pray for us that we may be able to live right and advance the cause of Christ here.

ATTALLA, Ala., July 7, 1902.

OUR DUTY TO KNOW OUR DUTY.

If a man does as well as he knows how, he is likely to think that he does as well as can be expected of him. But he makes a sad mistake who acts on that idea. It is every man's duty to know what is right, and then to do it. God's commands are "Thou shalt" and "Thou shalt not." There is no allowance for ignorance of the right way. In human society it is a man's duty to know the law, and then to do it. And that is God's standard for man.—S. S. Times.

Woman's Work.

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

It was long ago I read the story sweet—
Of how the German mothers, o'er the sea,
Wind in throughout the yarn their girlies knit,
Some trinkets small, and tiny shining coins,
That when the little fingers weary grow,
And fain would lay aside the tiresome task,
From out the ball will drop the hidden gift,
To please and urge them on in search of more.

And so, I think, the Father kind above,
Winds in and out the skein of life we weave,
Through all the years, bright tokens of his love;
Then when we weary grow, and long for rest,
They help to cheer and urge us on for more;
And far adown within the ball we find,
When all the threads of life at last are spun,
The grandest gift of all—eternal life.

—Selected.

MRS. DAVIS'S article is full of suggestions for work among our women and by them. We sometimes feel that we are getting into ruts in our work, and there is indeed danger of it; so that any new suggestion is very acceptable.

We are glad to have further accounts of Societies that have been taking up the Study of Missions. Wherever this has been undertaken it has been a success, and we feel sure that the articles that have been published on this page on the subject will be the means of inducing others to take up a similar study another year.

The suggestion that our women aid in procuring and supporting consecrated missionary teachers on our Home Mission field is one worthy of consideration by us. Those who are familiar with the work that Miss Fisher has done in Arkansas can but feel that it is one full of possibilities and big with promise. She had an opportunity not only to supplement the education of the children, but was also of great service to the mothers and a help in the home.

Think of this and pray over it, and then come to Conference and talk it over, and perhaps we can devise some way in which we can carry on the work in which Miss Fisher has made such a good beginning.

WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD.

Receipts for March, 1902.

Brockwayville, Pa., Mrs. Flora S. Groves, unappropriated.....	\$ 50
Chicago, Ill., Ladies' Society, unappropriated.....	10 00
New Auburn, Minn., Ladies of church for Chinese boy.....	4 00
Hatsfield Point, Ontario, Can., Mrs. Alida Sherman, Tract Society.....	50
Hatsfield Point, Ontario, Can., Mrs. Alida Sherman, Missionary Society.....	1 00
Westerly, R. I., Woman's Aid Society :	
Tract Society.....	\$35 00
RECORDERS.....	12 00
Board expenses.....	5 00—
Milton, Wis., Ladies' Benevolent Society, African Girl.....	7 00
Westfield, Pa., Mrs. L. A. Davis, unappropriated.....	1 00
Total.....	\$ 76 00

Receipts in April.

Nortonville, Kan., Woman's Missionary Society, unappropriated.....	\$ 25 00
Walworth, Wis., Ladies' Benevolent Society, unappropriated.....	5 00
Adams Centre, N. Y., Ladies' Aid Society :	
Miss Burdick's salary.....	\$12 50
African Mission.....	10 00
Board expenses.....	6 00—
Total.....	28 50
First Verona, N. Y., Ladies' Benevolent Society :	
Tract Society.....	\$ 5 00
Miss Burdick's salary.....	5 00
Native Helpers.....	2 00
Home Missions.....	5 00
African Mission.....	2 00
Education Fund.....	3 00
Board expenses.....	1 00
Evangelistic Fund.....	2 00—
Total.....	25 00
Hammond, La., Ladies' Society :	
Tract Society.....	\$ 5 00
Crofoot Home.....	2 00
Unappropriated.....	10 00—
Total.....	17 00
Alfred, N. Y., Woman's Evangelical Society :	
Tract Society.....	\$ 1 00
Native Helpers.....	2 00
Boy's School.....	1 00
African Mission.....	5 00—
Total.....	9 00
Milton, Wis., Mrs. P. E. Brown :	
Tract Society.....	\$ 5 00
African Mission.....	1 00—
Milton, Wis., Mrs. C. S. Reynolds, African Mission.....	2 00
Rockville, R. I., Mrs. Eva H. McLearn, Board expenses.....	1 00
Plainfield, N. J., Woman's Society for Christian Work :	
Miss Burdick's salary.....	\$20 00
Board expenses.....	5 00—
Total.....	25 00

Plainfield, N. J., Mrs. D. B. Rogers :	
Tract Society.....	\$ 1 00
Missionary Society.....	1 00
China Mission.....	2 00—
Milton, Wis., Ladies' Benevolent Society, Missionary Society.....	4 00
Total.....	5 00
Alfred Station, N. Y., Woman's Evangelical Society :	
Tract Society.....	\$ 4 91
Missionary Society.....	4 92
Miss Burdick's salary.....	25
Home Missions.....	50—
Utica, N. Y., Mrs. S. C. Maxson, unappropriated.....	10 58
Welton, Iowa, Women's Benevolent Society, unappropriated.....	5 00
Milton Junction, Wis., Mrs. C. R. Lewis, RECORDERS.....	10 00
Adams Centre, N. Y., Ladies' Aid Society, Tract Society.....	3 00
Total.....	20 00
New Market, N. J., Ladies' Aid Society :	
China Mission.....	\$ 5 00
Miss Burdick's salary.....	5 00—
Total.....	10 00
Receipts in May.	
Marlboro, N. J., Ladies' Aid Society, Miss Palmberg's salary and work.....	\$ 10 00
Lost Creek, W. Va., Sunshine Band, Sabbath Visitor.....	5 00
Marquette, Wis., Mrs. C. A. Britton, Missionary Society.....	4 00
Shamokin, Pa., Mrs. E. E. Whitford, Missionary Society.....	2 50
Plainfield, N. J., Ladies' Society for Christian Work, special offering for Tract Society.....	189 75
Fouke, Ark., Ladies' Aid Society :	
China Mission.....	\$ 4 00
Junior Endeavor, China Mission.....	2 00—
Pipestone, Minn., Mrs. Jane Manson, China Mission.....	6 00
Marlboro, N. J., Sabbath-school, Dr. Palmberg.....	5 00
Collection at Eastern Association, Education Fund.....	1 00
Total.....	12 00
Receipts in June.	
Syracuse, N. Y., Bible-class, unappropriated.....	\$ 5 00
Milton, Wis., Ladies' Benevolent Society, Missionary Society.....	10 00
Westerly, R. I., Ladies of Seventh-day Baptist Church, Miss Burdick's salary.....	39 13
Walworth, Wis., Ladies' Benevolent Society, unappropriated.....	5 00
Brookfield, N. Y., Mrs. Anvernette Clark :	
China Mission.....	\$ 5 00
Gold Coast.....	5 00
African Mission.....	5 00—
Total.....	15 00
Brookfield, N. Y., Woman's Missionary Society :	
Tract Society.....	\$ 4 00
Missionary Society.....	4 00—
Collection at North-Western Association, Milton College.....	8 00
Total.....	8 78
Leonardsville, N. Y., Woman's Benevolent Society :	
Tract Society.....	\$30 00
Native Helpers.....	5 00
Board Expenses.....	5 00—
Collection at Western Association, Alfred University.....	40 00
Total.....	18 00
West Genesee, N. Y., Mrs. L. M. Crandall :	
Unappropriated.....	\$ 1 60
Miss Elsie A. Cornell, unappropriated.....	1 00—
Collection at Central Association, Education Fund.....	2 60
Salem, W. Va., Ladies' Aid Society, Missionary Society.....	5 89
Total.....	10 00
Deltuyter, N. Y., Woman's Benevolent Society :	
Missionary Society.....	\$ 2 00
Tract Society.....	1 00
Unappropriated.....	5 00—
Deltuyter, N. Y., Mrs. Wm. Merchant, Missionary Society.....	8 00
" " In Memory of Sybil G. Wilcox, Missionary Society.....	1 00
Milton, Wis., Mrs. P. E. Brown, African Mission.....	1 00
Nortonville, Kan., Woman's Missionary Society, unappropriated.....	30 00
Marquette, Wis., Ladies' Missionary Society, Home Missions.....	6 50
Plainfield, N. J., Two Booth pictures, African Mission.....	50
Total.....	\$215 46

MRS. L. A. PLATT, Treas.

SOME THINGS THAT LADIES' SOCIETIES CAN DO.

MRS. B. C. DAVIS.

When a short time ago I was asked to prepare a paper upon the above subject, the second and supposedly most important word in it seemed at once so indefinable and illimitable that I could think only of Elbert Hubbard's inscription in the beautiful books published at East Aurora, viz: "Published by the Roycrofters who make books and things." The things made in this unique shop range from the illuminated initial letter to the quaint andirons or the massive dining table, but all must be hand-made, must be the result of the best possible effort, and so carry in every detail the individuality of the maker.

The Roycrofters' method may resemble that of the Ladies' Societies in so far as it dignifies work no matter how humble, providing always it bears the mark of skill which can exist only as the result of honest, patient, persistent effort. Just such effort is necessary in order to carry on the many branches of work for which the several societies are organized throughout the denomination.

Recently I heard one who had listened to reports of work done by ladies of other denominations, say she was inclined to think our ladies gave of their means but not of themselves, equal to any. No doubt there is much to be said upon the matter of raising funds. We all know that in spite of our ef-

forts in this direction, the amount of money is always sadly deficient for the needs that are impatiently calling. But we also know from our experience in our individual societies that the more we are earnestly striving to do, the more alive and able we are; that a great need, keenly felt, usually finds its own remedy. I think we may add that a great need to be keenly felt needs but to be thoroughly known and understood.

The Missionary Societies represented at the Ecumenical Conference at New York understood this when it appointed a committee who should devise a plan which should "unite all Woman's Boards of Missions in the United States and Canada in a more thorough study of Missions. Those who are studying the little volume, "Via Christi," are realizing something of the benefit of the work planned by this committee.

The committee itself says of the work that "Via Christi" which is really a little study of the history of Missions," is to be followed by studies of India, China, Japan and other countries, each volume treating of the history of all Missions in the country to which it is devoted and beginning in each case with the nineteenth century. Apart from its one great object is it not in itself an attractive field of study?

It is not the plan to take up the studies of these countries in any arbitrary manner or order, but that the societies of each denomination shall undertake as first and special study the history of missions in those countries in which its own missions are located. Of course the plan is comparatively new, but Via Christi has found its way into some of our societies and is doing its own good work of instruction and promoting interest. I believe some societies are reading the work at their regular meetings. Others are reading it as individuals, passing the books from one member to another.

Our society, numbering about fifty, has found it advantageous to divide its membership into districts, so that those of each district may conveniently meet once before each monthly meeting and read together one chapter of the book. At the regular monthly meetings, papers prepared upon subjects suggested by this chapter are read, and these papers are doubly interesting and valuable to each member having made the preparatory reading. Where it is possible to have access to a library, Via Christi may be used something as a suggestive outline of study, for of course a history of missions reaching from Paul to Carey and Judson in a little volume of 251 pages, including indices, must necessarily be very much condensed. But it does what it strives to do even without use of library, viz: Supplies "a brief outline of the vast period reaching from the apostolic age to the beginning of the period of modern effort."

A little different line of work for Ladies' Societies was devised by a stirring but over-worked pastor. He called upon the Ladies' Aid for "assistant pastors" from among its members. The committee appointed by the Society to meet the request met with the pastor and after much careful thought, divided the whole community into workable districts, choosing from each district a committee of three with a wise, energetic chairman.

The duties of these committees are legion,

but are meant to be elastic enough to meet the needs of each particular district. One duty alike in all, however, is that each committee shall make informal social calls upon all in its district, the kind of calls that are best defined by the word neighborly. The interested caller naturally imparts her enthusiasm for the affairs of the church as well as for other affairs; no one lacks a cordial invitation to the meetings of the church; cases of sickness or discouragement or those which should for any reason receive the immediate attention of the pastor, are brought to his notice. At times when special meetings were being held, such committees have more than once been efficient both in helping to fill the house and assisting to maintain a helpful, cordial atmosphere. In fact the helpful cordial atmosphere is the thing most sought. Of course inspiration, encouragement, and many worthy suggestions are gained by frequent meetings of committees and chairmen of such committees, but the entire work is most informal, not done as by committees but as by individuals in the spirit of cordiality and friendliness, simply made efficient by organization.

Those who have followed Mrs. Townsend's work as an evangelist in the North West, the efficient service rendered by her mothers' meetings and her tact in personal work believe that there is much good work to be done by women evangelists.

Different in a way has been the work of Miss Fisher in Arkansas. It has been, nevertheless, a mission so unique in its workings, so unselfish in its promptings, so helpful in its results, that it must appeal to every mother and fill us with a great longing to see this work, so well begun, carried on and on until every child in that region shall have had at least a taste created or stimulated which shall know no satisfaction until it be proven there that "the true purpose of education is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us." A very brief summary of Miss Fisher's work has been handed me. It reads as follows:

Feb. 16, 1901, Miss Fisher reached Fouke. First two weeks organized Junior Christian Endeavor.

March 8 went to Gentry to assist in revival.

March 30 Christian Endeavor organized at Gentry.

April 2 returned to Fouke, school at Fouke.

July 18 commenced school at Crowley's Ridge, and continued twelve weeks.

October 8 opened school at Little Prairie. Interrupted by Association and assisting at revival meetings at Deluce.

Nov. 10 resumed school, taught eight weeks. Average attendance 17.

At Crowley's Ridge, where Miss Fisher assures us that to know the people is to love them, public schools are, at the longest, open but three months during the year, and at the particular time when Miss Fisher taught the twelve weeks there, school had closed after one week's session only.

It seems to me we can have no more practical home missionary work than that of supplementing such excellent work as is being done by Mr. and Mrs. Randolph, by the presence and work of one or two good, earnest, consecrated school teachers. Surely such school teachers,—competent, experienced, consecrated, Christian teachers,—would be true missionaries in thus helping supplement this work.

We cannot discuss the need. It is real. We need only imagine our own children deprived almost entirely of the culture, refinement and strengthening influence secured through educational advantages and environment, to realize it.

The strong earnest life of the missionary teacher in daily contact with that of the children and young people must, in itself, be of inestimable value and exert such an influence as only a teacher can exert on the plastic minds of her pupils at this most impressionable age.

It may not be generally understood that Miss Fisher, although sacrificing a \$700 position for her work in Arkansas, received no remuneration whatever for her labor in this field, excepting that the Missionary Board paid her traveling and general expenses.

This ought of course not to be, and in spite of any local prejudice in favor of doing such work gratis, we know not only that the laborer is worthy of his hire, but sociologists tell us, and we know it is true, that the principle of giving something for nothing does not meet the highest need of any people.

Is not raising money for at least partial expense of such work one of the things our ladies can do? I believe that it is.

True, the pay received by the missionary teacher would be small compared with what could be commanded in Northern schools, and compared with what it really ought to be, but with the financial sacrifice comes the assurance of a tripple blessing, for nothing is truer than the words imputed to Christ in the beautiful legend of Sir Launfal:

"Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor and me."

HYMNS OF IMMORTAL WORTH.

ROBERT MORRIS RABB.

It is a favorable indication of a more rational worship, that a better class of hymns is being sought by the churches. Just how many of the recent hymns, that have found their way into worship, will survive the disappearance of the great mass no one can predict. But the prospect for the future use of most hymns of the revival order is not bright. A poor hymn, like a poor garment, discloses its faultiness by wearing out after a little. Those who have given the matter any particular thought must confess that the quality of the hymns, which come into the churches on a popular wave, has been rather discreditable to our good taste and Christian intelligence. A reaction is now in progress.

Let us take up a few hymns whose worth has long been established, and note something of their quality. One of the most popular hymns in the Christian church is Charles Wesley's

"Jesus! lover of my soul."

This hymn is undoubtedly Wesley's masterpiece. It was written in 1740 and published the same year in "Hymns and Sacred Poems." The leading quality of the hymn, its doctrinal element is, Christ the secure refuge of the soul in trial, and its complete satisfaction. The occasion of its composition is uncertain. Some say that a sparrow pursued by a hawk flew to Wesley's window and was safe; this flight of the helpless, distressed bird moved Wesley to write the hymn. Others say that a meeting conducted by Wesley and his brother was broken up by a mob, and that that was the occasion of composition. And still

others maintain that it must have been some experience at sea, which indeed seems to comport with the sentiment of the first stanza.

"Abide with me; fast falls the eventide,"

is another hymn of lasting worth; it has become suggestive of the tenderest associations possible; it is a great funeral hymn. Its doctrinal quality is that God remains unchanged in the midst of human loss and change. Death being the severest loss and change we mortals experience, the contrast offered in the teaching of the hymn touches life at its deepest centre. Henry Francis Lyte of the English church, wrote this hymn in the year 1847. His life was filled with disappointments and suffering, being cut short at the age of forty-four. Just before his death, weak and wan, he laid a hymn of eight stanzas in the hand of one of his relatives, with music set to the hymn. The music is lost, but the hymn remains.

No hymn in the English language has merited greater favor than the immortal

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

The theological quality of this hymn is exceedingly rich and diversified. Christ, the sinner's refuge; Christ's blood cleansing from sin; human frailty and guilt in contrast with Christ's power to atone for sin, and save; faith, a holding on to what Christ offers us in the death of the cross; Christ, the sinner's help in the awful emergency of death. Augustus Montague Toplady brought the whole Christian world into his debt when he penned these four stanzas of six lines each. Wm. E. Gladstone thought enough of the hymn to put it into Latin. The hymn first appeared in the English Magazine, called "Gospel Magazine," in 1775. It was embodied in an article under the caption "Life a Journey." The hymn has undergone a variety of recastings. In 1815 Thos. Cotterill changed its many stanzas into three, as we now have them.

A very sweet hymn, judged from the musical and poetical points of view, is one by Mary A. Lathbury, known as the lyricist of Chautauqua.

"Break thou the bread of life,
Dear Lord to me,
As thou didst break the loaves
Beside the sea."

The quality of Biblical suggestion gives this hymn a wonderful charm. As a poem, of only sixteen lines, it is a perfect gem. The hymn was written by Miss Lathbury in 1880. It has the good fortune to be wedded to music of a high order.

The hymn

"Nearer, my God, to thee,"

is as popular as any in the English language. There is scarcely a congregation anywhere that will not sing that hymn as by an involuntary impulse. The quality of the hymn, which establishes its abiding worth, is that it is a hopeful prayer from first to last. It is full of Biblical suggestion, which is always enriching in the field of hymnology.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love"

has been of untold value to the Christian world. Perhaps no one piece of human composition has done so much to assuage bitter feelings, inspire men with a sense of Christian fraternity, as this hymn. No doubt it has saved many a church from disruption and many a pastoral tie from hasty dissolution. It is the highest type of hymnology in which "the Brotherhood" is exalted. John Faw-

cett, in 1772, wrote the hymn. The story of its composition is well worth recording. John Fawcett was pastor of a poor Baptist church at Wainsgate, England, and finding his little salary insufficient for his growing family, resolved to accept the care of the London church to which the celebrated Dr. Gill had ministered. The day came for Dr. Fawcett to go, and he had six or seven wagons loaded with his books, furniture, etc.; the last wagon was being loaded, when he and his wife sat down on a box together; the poor people, men, women and children, gathered around weeping, and praying that their pastor might yet be kept from going. Mrs. Fawcett burst into tears, saying, "O, John, John, I cannot bear this! I do not know how to go!" "Nor I either," said Dr. Fawcett, "nor will we go." The wagons were unloaded and the pastor took up his work anew on a salary of less than \$200. The hymn, it is said, was written to commemorate the occasion of the reunion. . . .
—The Watchman.

THE CHICAGO CHURCH.

After almost three years and a half of service with the Chicago church, it was with sorrow that we said good-bye, and took our departure for other fields of labor.

Upon urgent request, Brother Wayland D. Wilcox, the pastor elect, came a week earlier than he had intended, that he might be present at the closing service of the retiring pastor. The time of this service was divided between the two, and it was surely very pleasing to all concerned for the retiring pastor to be privileged, at the close of a very short discourse, to introduce Brother Wilcox to his new congregation.

During this same service five, who had recently been baptized and accepted by the church, received the hand of fellowship. After this the Lord's Supper was celebrated, and a rich spiritual feast was enjoyed by all.

Just before the pastor's family moved to Milton, a reception was given them at the home of Brother C. B. Hull, at which they were the recipients of some valuable gifts as tokens of love from the members of the church. These gifts were greatly appreciated, but the spirit which prompted the giving is held as a treasure of much greater value than the gifts themselves.

On Sunday evening, June 29, a reception was held at the home of Brother J. M. Maxson, for the new pastor and his wife, and the retiring pastor, at which, notwithstanding a very rainy night, almost the entire society were present, and a very enjoyable time experienced.

The Chicago church has sustained a great loss within a few months past by the removal of some of its most valuable workers and supporters: Prof. and Mrs. C. E. Crandall, who moved to Milton, Wis.; Prof. and Mrs. N. W. Williams, who moved to Denver, Colo.; Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Church, who moved to Greeley, Colo.; Dr. and Mrs. A. L. Burdick, who moved to Janesville, Wis.; and Dr. W. B. Wells, who moved to Hoquiam, Wash.

But we know the spirit and faith of those who remain; that while they very much miss those who have gone, with undaunted courage they will press forward, expecting to build up a strong church of Sabbath-keepers in the great Western metropolis.

As we remember, with deepest gratitude, the great kindness, and many tokens of love

from the dear people of Chicago, we pray that the Heavenly Father's richest blessings may rest upon them and their pastor, and that his cause may be abundantly prospered by their united efforts.

M. B. KELLY.

OUT IN THE OPEN.

EDWARD RAMFORD HEATON.

The most readable of naturalists is Rev. Gilbert White of Selborne, a clergyman of the English Church. He was faithful in his clerical duties, and, in addition, lost no opportunity to satisfy his love of nature. Since reading his experience I have been a good deal bolder in relating as a preacher my rural delights; for I do not see why an American preacher cannot indulge in his love of nature as largely, according to his time and means, as one belonging to any nation or church on the face of the earth.

My country appointment is five miles from the parsonage. Often, especially when the weather is fine and the vegetation dry, I go thither on foot for the special purpose of enjoying what I may see in the walk. The hour is three, so that I have abundant time to reach the little church and take mental notes on the way. I follow no road or path, but make my way across the fields. By this method I can observe more closely animated nature in meadow and hedge and unfrequented lane. I always start early. Hurry is distasteful to me, especially when bird and insect and other life presents itself in ever new and exquisite forms around you. A dominie has as good and legal a right to revel among such sweets as anybody. It is his duty, too, I think, to be informed on these minor presentations of Providence, so that he may add to his general usefulness. He of Selborne fascinated my youthful mind years and years ago.

Half past twelve found me on my way with cane in hand and with sermon stowed away in the first drawer of my mind. Hardly had I emerged from the town limits when a country note saluted me. It was a red-winged blackbird who I found had a nest under an unkempt hedge close by. How the pair scolded me! Foolish birds they! The male followed me quite a way pouring fourth his billingsgate in a veritable stream. The red-winged blackbird is very watchful during nesting time, and his note is as warm as the July sun. The country hereabouts is very level. In fact it is flat. Vegetation peculiar to marsh and swamp is frequent; and in the spring is much frequented by these parti-colored songsters. The cow blackbird, and the purple grackle (crow blackbird, rudder-tailed blackbird) are not partial to swamp, but affect the neighborhood of man. The grackle is sure to nest about the house if there are evergreens sufficiently large, and not too many bluejays. The latter bird is averse to having his precincts invaded. The cow blackbird is careful to lay its egg in the nest of some bird much smaller than itself. It is not particular as to the species. It foists, you see, upon strangers the chief labor of perpetuating the species.

Turtle dove's voices were "heard in the land," and were plentiful in the highway gathering a late dinner. These birds are about the latest to emigrate. Indeed some winters they remain throughout. They are loth to leave. Their peculiar note is heard at every warm spell of weather. I am persuaded their

migration is simply a matter of food and not of temperature.

Half a mile from town I climbed over a fence and was then in a forty-acre field, a perfectly level meadow. Scarcely had I found my path when, whirl! and a pair of prairie chickens with a large brood of half-grown chicks rose and sought safety in flight. I was fearful some years ago that this game bird would be exterminated. Thanks, however, to the wisdom and efficiency of our game laws, they are slowly on the increase. For this fact let us be profoundly thankful. Game laws or no game laws, no man shall go gunning for them on my fee-simple. I will myself try and do what killing is necessary in my fields, and I have several. I have never seen this bird tamed. It has the wildest look out of the eyes of anything that wears feathers. I have an idea that this is the result of its being hunted so much.

Robins and meadowlarks were plentiful in the grass. Where a lone, tall compass-plant rose up the harvest sparrow perched and sang of the fruitful fields. This warbler wears a red vest and black necktie. Otherwise he wears a very sober suit. His song, however, is a delight. How it rollicks over the fields! How it gushes! His breast, too, is always towards you. Circle around his weed and he turns with you. Happy fellow! In the grass near his perch is a shy, brown beauty brooding over four fluffy nestlings. After a little his ballad will cease. Four always hungry mouths will keep him entirely too busy in the insect way to allow him to devote much of his time to music.

A bit of road now came with hedge on both sides, apparently full of scolding brown thrashes (brown thrush). What nonsense in a bird to imagine that a preacher would rob or even annoy them! Besides it is Sunday, and the parson is on his way to his appointment. Just here a boy overtook me driving cows to pasture from the tank. The talk naturally fell on birds. "Do you know what does that?" inquired he, pointing to a mouse spitted on an osage orange thorn.

"Of course," I replied. "It's the butcher-bird, what some call the great northern shrike."

It so happened that one of the gray, black-winged beauties rose from the hedge. It required no further explanation. "There he is now!" I said. "I'll never forget how they look," said the boy. He also informed me that his folks expected me to supper. They would all be at church, and there would be a seat home in the carriage for the pastor. The boy was very good looking indeed.

In crossing the pasture I was accosted by a couple of birds, once very frequently met, but now, alas, comparatively rare. These were the common plover and the long-billed snipe. The latter bird, so runs the saying, makes his nest of three sticks. In other words, she lays her eggs on the bare ground. The plover does much the same. There was a spouty piece of ground in the field with numerous grassy tussocks. Here, doubtless, I might have found their nests, which now held the young, had I been bird-nesting. I continued on my way. The birds followed me nearly to the gate. Then tossing themselves higher in the air they flew swiftly back to their homesteads among the tussocks, and I plodded on to the chapel.

—The Advance.

Young People's Work.

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

THE word used by Paul when speaking of God working in us is en-er-ge-o, which stands for dynamic, motive power. God furnishes it; but man must use it.

EVERYTHING worth having in this world is worked out. We live in a world of seed-time and harvest, sowing and reaping, earning and getting.

GREAT truths are often flashed into brooding hearts by sudden inspiration. It was when Luther was toiling up that stairway on his knees, hoping by penance and self-mortification to climb to heaven, that the text vividly burned before his vision, "The just shall live by faith." He became the apostle of a new reform because he was prepared and ready.

THERE is a great duality in the Scripture between God and man. It is not that God does some of the work of salvation, and man some of the work. God does it all—and man does it all. Never yet did a sin-sick soul find peace at the cross but what there was both divine and human action. And there is never a step of the Christian way that God and man do not take together.

Thanking God for You.

Philippians has a charm in the affection which beats all through it. Some people are more to us than others. We should have a benevolent love for all; but there are some who are very dear. An expositor of John said he was glad that there were many mansions in the Father's house; for among those who would without doubt go, there were some whom he would really prefer to have take up their residence under another roof. I do not believe that Paul felt that way, but his heart seems to have gone out more strongly to the church at Phillippi than to any other which he had founded. The fact that these were the first converts in Europe may have had something to do with it; but, deeper than that, they were the people who had hindered him least and helped him most. They had sent "once and again" to his necessity, and the epistle would indicate that they were living lives in which he could take satisfaction. How beautiful it would be if your pastor could say: "I thank my God upon every remembrance of you."

The Appeal to Credulity.

There is a fever abroad to get something for nothing—and the sooner you let your Doctor break up that fever the better your spiritual constitution will be. By good luck or speculation, by some magic wand or the influence of a powerful friend, by sharp dealing, by a secret pull—these are the powers through which many seem to expect to gain the great prizes. If it were not so, how could such advertisements as this be made profitable. It is such a masterpiece of hocus pocus that I cannot forbear quoting some of its glittering phrases:

"Free Book on Hypnotism.—Would you like to become a hypnotist and be able to cast a magic spell over whom you will? You can learn this magic art in an incredibly short time, during your leisure hours. (Think of

it!) When you are master of the grand science of Hypnotism, your value to yourself and others will be immeasurably increased. It makes you *interesting, fascinating, convincing*, either in business or society. You can overcome domestic trouble with contentment and happiness. You can make stingy persons liberal. (Better hand this to your church treasurer.) You can mold the minds of men and women and control their very existence. You can dispel, as if by magic, your own ill luck, misfortune and unhappiness and that of others. You can strengthen your will power and intellect. You can control a subject hundreds of miles away. You can be the central magnet at any social gathering and mystify and uproariously entertain your friends. You can hypnotize a dozen people at a time. You can make wealthy but obdurate relatives to make you heir to what you deserve."

And all for the sum of ten cents!

No longer need Salem lack for funds, or Milton wait for her Science Hall, or Alfred plead for endowment. Just buy this little book, and the thing is done.

But—awful thought—suppose the wealthy relative, or the rival in love, or the competitor in business, should himself go into the hypnotism business? We will leave the gifted imagination of the author of the above to portray the result.

No, No! The witching allurements may come in ten thousand forms, but when you are promised that for which you need not toil, the marks of imposture are upon the face of the offer. Struggle and achievement is the rule in religion itself. "Work out your own salvation, for it is God that worketh in you."

Life and Environment.

God creates the germ in the acorn and says: "Little acorn, here is the life which I have given you. Here is soil and atmosphere and sunshine and rain. Work."

The acorn sends down its rootlets and selects from the soil those elements which will nourish it; it sends out its leaves for elements of the atmosphere which it needs; it drinks in the sunshine and the rain—and works out what God works in.

God creates the Divine life in the soul. He plants it in the soil of circumstance, in the atmosphere of companionship, under the sunshine and dew of the Divine presence. There is this difference between the acorn and the man: The acorn unerringly chooses from soil and air that which makes for wholesome development. The man may choose—often does choose—that which makes for sorrow and despair; for we work out our own destruction as well as our own salvation.

O, soul, believe it. God hath planted you there. All those materials with which you are surrounded are to be laid under tribute for the great purpose in view. Do not repine, but trust, and live by faith of the Son of God.

Northfield—Important.

Through the kindness of the Central Vermont Railroad, we have at last secured an arrangement by which you can make the trip to Northfield before Conference at an extra cost of only \$2.65 for railroad fare.

You can get board for \$4 a week; or a party of four can board themselves, paying

75 cents a week each for tent accommodations. This is for gentlemen. The price for ladies seems to be a little more. We are corresponding regarding it.

You know what Northfield is; and this Workers' Conference, the closing days of which our party is to enjoy, is the cream of the summer. This is a matchless opportunity. It ought to be embraced by a large number of our people. Such a chance may never come to you again.

Those going by way of Albany can get one and one-third rates to Northfield, and one and one-third rates from Northfield to West-erly; so that there will be little, if any, extra expense for fare.

Don't delay. Act at once. Write for further information, if you want it.

There has been no opportunity yet to get responses from the article of last week; but the name of our missionary, D. H. Davis, has been added to the list; Mrs. F. E. Peterson and Susie M. Burdick also hope to be there.

SHADOWS OF CHINA—EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER.

"Day before yesterday there was another idol procession. The night before the temple had been crowded with women who spent the night in saying the name of Buddha and burning incense in order to get up the strength of the god, so he would be able to go out, I believe, and incidentally to lay up some merit for themselves. They say that heaven is the place of the gods, and only those who have all their lives been vegetarians can live there. Every one else must go to the lower regions, over which the gods also have dominion, and must be judged and punished according to his deserts. Things are conducted in this place on the same corrupt principles which obtain in the official yamens here. So each god has several underlings to carry out his commands. The one in this particular temple has eight. Each repetition of the name Buddha becomes a big cash in the spiritual world, so the worshiper repeats the name a hundred times, then burns some incense sticks before the image of one of these helpers or underlings, presenting him at the same time with the hundred spiritual cash, thus bribing him to withhold some of the punishment intended for them. By doing the same thing for each of these underlings, they hope to get off easily. The same thing is done for the god himself, but in this case the cash is deposited with him for use in the next world, when he will return them. Remember that each 'cash' is just a repetition of the name of Buddha 'Oo-me-do-veh.'"

"Many of those taking part in the procession are people who have been sick and have vowed in the temple, in case of recovery, to accompany the god on his next expedition in some humiliating capacity—as criminals often—and enduring severe punishment. So some men have exceedingly heavy weights fastened by hooks into the flesh of their arms, which they carry about most of the day in great pain and distress. Children appear as criminals with the 'kang' around their necks. This is made of two boards locked around the neck—one of the lightest forms of punishment. There are also children, beautifully dressed, which are considered as gifts from one temple to another. As the god in his chair is borne along the streets, the people bow to him."

"I am oppressed by the terrible poverty of some of the people. I have to make my treatment perfectly free to many of them. I haven't the heart to take the few cash they have for medicine. Yesterday, a woman with legs enormously swollen and ulcerated, walked, or crawled I imagine, a distance of over two miles. Her husband and son died last year, her daughter-in-law ran away, leaving three small grandchildren for her to take care of, and only one-third of an acre of land to live on. She could not work in that condition. Think of it! and that is only one case among hundreds. Yesterday also, a young man, a leper, was brought by the man who had raised him, to see if he could be cured. If not, he must leave him—he would not keep a leper. There is nothing for him but to become a beggar with his wife. How can I tell these people to trust God and believe on him, unless I am ready to help them materially to back it up? and how can I help them when there are so many? And if I did, any number would want to join the church for the material help they could get, and would in reality be 'rice Christians.' These things perplex me."

"I have found that the reason we rented this house so easily and cheaply was because it had been empty for eight years—considered haunted. We have had no ghosts or devils as yet. The Chinese say it is because we are Christians, and that it would be different if others lived here; and I have no doubt they are right, though they are wrong in the way they reach that conclusion."

"My friend Elfrida, from Shanghai, brought me some strawberries and some delicious cake. I don't usually think much about what I eat, but those did taste good. She was very much pleased with the cosy way I have fixed up my Chinese home, and expressed surprise that I took so much pains with my personal appearance. I told her I wanted to make as good an impression as possible, because I felt as if I represented 'foreigndom' to the people here. Then I don't want to degenerate on my own account either. Of course, I don't try to keep 'stylish,' but I do try to be neat in every way.

ROSA W. PALMBORG, M. D.

LIEU-OO, China.

JUNIOR HOUR AT CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

DR. A. C. DAVIS.

One of the most interesting features of the Central Association was the Junior Hour Sabbath afternoon, June 1. It was under the direction of Mrs. Frederick H. Babcock, of Leonardsville, who is a very efficient Junior worker.

The Leonardsville Junior Society, the Brookfield Primary Department of the Sabbath-school, and the West Edmeston Junior Society had been previously drilled in the same songs in their respective churches. The importance of the Junior work entitles it to the best hour in the day and the best day of the Association or Conference. We give the program as rendered:

- Music, "Marching On," Juniors.
- Prayer, Mrs. H. C. Brown, Brookfield.
- Music, "Do Good to Others," Juniors.
- Address of Welcome, Master Ernest White, West Edmeston.
- Reports of Secretaries of Societies.
- Music, "Jesus Was Once a Little Child," Lucile Stillman, Leonardsville.
- Recitation, Ruby Clarke, Brookfield.
- Recitation, "The Victory of the Bairns," Elsie Brown, Leonardsville.

- Address, "Co-operation (to Parents), A. C. Davis, West Edmeston.
- Music, "Flower Song," Juniors.
- Music, Elsie Brown, Lottie Burdick, Sedema Crandall and Marion Stillman.
- Recitation, "Junior Rally," Leah Searle, West Edmeston.
- Recitation, "Would You Have the World Be Kind?" Ethel Larrabee, Brookfield.
- Paper, "Our Society," Clifton Daland, Leonardsville.
- Music, "I Love to Hear the Story," Mertie Lee Southworth, Leonardsville.
- Catechism, Juniors.
- Address to the Children, Mrs. Wm. C. Daland, Leonardsville.
- Music, "Christian Band," Juniors.

The program was well carried out, and old and young were inspired by it. And why not? There is not a work in all Christendom that pays such great returns as work with the Juniors. Better start them right in life than to let them go, and then hope to switch them from a side-track to the main line later in life. Send to the RECORDER office for the Seventh-day Baptist Catechism, prepared by Mrs. H. M. Maxson, now in print.

And now, brother pastors, if there is not a Junior in your church, why not? If you, parents, do not co-operate with your Junior Superintendents to help your children, why not? Shall we not resolve that there shall be a Junior Society in every church in our denomination, and that they shall have the first and best place in our denominational gatherings.

METHODS OF FIGHTING THE SALOON.

PULPIT AND PLATFORM.

Report of the fourth address given at the Western Association, by Rev. G. P. Kenyon.

In the language of Paul to the Ephesians, "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." Eph. 6: 11. We need God's weapons, which he is willing to furnish to meet Satan's cunning and wicked devices, the deception which he uses to ruin souls. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world." Eph. 6: 12. It is against the leader of darkness and all of his attendants we are to wage war. "And take the helmet of salvation and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." Eph. 6: 17. Bear the good and joyful news, Jesus saves. At the same time carry the message, "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil." As true soldiers, prepared with God's weapons, let us go forward.

The curse of God is upon the liquor interest. "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink, that continue until night till wine inflame them. But they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands. Woe unto them who draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope." Isa. 5: 11, 12, 18. History is repeating itself. America's fair land has hanging over it God's curse. As in the past under the title of Ephraim is threatened, "Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower. But they have erred through wine and through strong drink; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are out of the way through strong drink: they err in vision; they stumble in judgment." Isa. 28: 1-7.

Against the license system—"Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink (which justify the wicked for reward) and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him: therefore, as the fire devoureth the stubble and the flame consumeth the chaff, so their root shall be as rottenness and their blossom shall go up as dust because they have cast away the law of the Lord of Hosts, and despised the Word of the Holy One of Israel." Isa. 5: 22, 23, 24.

God speaks again: "Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and that write grievousness which they have prescribed, to turn aside the needy from judgment and to take away the right of the poor from my people, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless." Isa. 10: 1, 2. Contrast this with the preceding chapter, verses 5 and 6.

Found in the Lord's answer to Habakkuk, chapter 2: "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him and makest him drunken; also that thou mayest look on their nakedness."

I am satisfied the license system was coined in the region of darkness, under satanic leadership. It had reached nearly the point of utter disgust. Religion and civilization were marching forward until the better judgment of men was about to crush the viper; but now God's broken law, bleared eyes, bloated faces, ruined souls, homes made sad, wives and mothers broken-hearted. Zion languishes, ministers are astounded to find that members of their churches are frequenting the saloon. This means disaster to spirituality. Our boys, our girls, our homes are in danger. To the front along the line, Christian soldier; to arms against the foe! stand in the strength of God!

In Mr. Talmage's paper he gave an account of a church wherein a man and his wife were members of the choir. They had no knowledge that their son was going toward a drunkard's grave. On a certain night, just as they were about to leave for church service, it was ascertained their boy was in the saloon, drinking. The mother was to sing alone before the audience that night,

"O, where is my wandering boy to-night,
My heart o'erflows for I love him, he knows."

She went to her task as a true mother and sang to the close without a tremble of the voice. As she finished, a young man came staggering from the rear part of the church, saying, "Mother, I am coming," and fell into her arms."

May God help us, as brethren and sisters of the Western Association, that with our whole influence we may reach out in every way to help the helpless.

THE HIDDEN SIN.

A majestic tree fell at its prime—fell on a calm evening, when there was scarcely a breath of air stirring. It had withstood a century of storms and now was broken off by a zephyr. The secret was disclosed at its falling. A boy's hatchet had been struck into it when it was a tender sapling. The wound had been grown over and hidden away under exuberant life, but it had never healed. There at the heart of the tree it stayed, a spot of decay, ever eating a little farther and deeper into the trunk, until at last the tree was rotted through and fell of its own weight when it seemed to be at its best.

So do many lives fall when they seem to be at their strongest because some sin or fault of youth has left its wounding and its consequent weakness at the heart.—Dr. J. R. Miller.

Children's Page.

A STRANGE BEAR TRAP.

GEORGE ETHELBERG WALSH.

When Mr. Edgar moved into the Northwestern woods to work for a large lumber company engaged in clearing up the timber region around Clearwater, he took his small family with him, and installed them in a small house on the outskirts of the great forest.

Clement and Clarence were both at the age when they could appreciate the wild freedom of the woods and country, and instead of being homesick for their quiet Eastern home, they found endless pleasure in roaming through the forests and finding adventures with the birds and animals.

Shortly after getting settled in their forest home they built a house among the free branches. This was an ingenious contrivance made by fastening young saplings in the crotches of four trees, and nailing a floor to this foundation. Then they built up the sides and roof of small stakes and sticks, until the house looked as if it was actually growing out of the leafy branches of the trees.

They built a ladder to carry them up to the treetop house, and then a trapdoor in the bottom through which they could let down a rope ladder.

"We might need this some day," said Clem, the oldest and prime leader in the enterprise. "Suppose a wind or a tramp should take away our wooden ladder. Then we couldn't get down without this rope ladder."

Now, tramps were not likely to appear in that region, and windstorms could hardly blow down the heavy ladder; but for all that the boys had occasion to use their romantic ladder sooner than they expected, and in a way that made a deep impression on their minds.

It was one day when their parents had gone to Clearwater, and the two boys had the whole afternoon to play in. Naturally they thought of their treetop house, and decided they would take their dinner up there to eat. So they carted several baskets full of provisions up to the house, and then proceeded to make themselves comfortable.

"This seems just like living in Africa," said Clem, who had read of a race of Africans who lived in treetops. "If we only had a few enemies to come around and attack us it would seem real enough."

"We wouldn't leave our ladder hanging down for them to climb up on," said Clarence, with his mouth full of cake. "I guess we'd better pull it up just to make believe there was danger."

"Yes, we will," answered Clem. "I'll go. You stay here."

Climbing out of the house, Clem started to grasp the end of the ladder, but he suddenly let go of it with an exclamation that attracted Clarence.

"What's the matter?" the latter exclaimed, poking his head out of the doorway. Then he uttered a queer exclamation.

"Look, coming up the ladder!" gasped Clem, pointing toward the ground.

Clarence had already caught sight of the disturbing element. Standing on the ladder, looking queerly at them, was the largest bear he had ever seen. The animal was thin

and hungry, and the boys did not like the look in his bloodshot eyes.

Bruin was as much surprised as the boys, and he stood on the ladder and returned their gaze. He might have decided to return to the ground after discovering the boys, had not Clem tried to frighten him away.

"Get away from here!" he shouted loudly, and hurled a small stick at him. This struck the bear plump on the nose and made him sneeze. Then with a low growl he began to ascend the ladder. He was not so easily frightened as a smaller bear might have been.

Clem turned a little pale, but still showed pluck. He shook the top of the ladder so that the bear hesitated once more. But it was in vain that he tried to push the ladder off the tree trunk. The weight of the big bear held it in position so that no one could move it.

Once more Bruin started upward, climbing deliberately and carefully, so that he would make no misstep. Halfway up the ladder the boys grew more frightened, and then when he had covered half the remaining distance Clarence called out nervously: "Come away, Clem! Come in the house."

Clem found this advice sensible, and after casting a last look at the approaching bear he hurried into the house with his brother. Now, they had not prepared against such an invasion, and the rude sort of a door which they had provided was no protection against the bear. With one blow of his paw he could knock it down.

"We must get out our rope ladder," said Clem, quickly. "When he gets up on the platform you go through the trapdoor first and slide down the rope. I'll come right after you."

"But I can't open the trapdoor," said Clarence, in desperation. "This bolt sticks."

"Let me try it," said Clem, grasping the rude wooden bolt.

The two tugged away at the door, but for some reason they could only get the bolt halfway back, and there it stuck. Meanwhile the bear had reached the platform, and the boys could hear his angry snarl just outside.

"O, quick, Clem!" shouted Clarence. "He's at the door now."

The perspiration was rolling down Clem's face, and he could only gasp, "I can't move it."

Then there was a bang on the door. It sounded like a clap of thunder, and the two boys jumped up with alarm.

"Throw the rope ladder out of the window, and climb out," shouted Clem, still keeping his wits about him.

He did not wait to be obeyed, but caught up the rope and flung one end out of the open window. Then, boosting Clarence up, he said, breathlessly, "Quick! Get down as fast as you can, and let me have a chance."

Clarence needed no urging, for a second bang at the door had made it tremble and shake. He was out of the window and sliding down the rope in a few seconds. Clem then just had time enough to get up on the sill of the window when the door fell inward. Old Bruin stood before him, but he had the chance to escape.

While the bear was walking across the room he was sliding down the rope, and when he reached the ground he saw the animal's face gazing at him from above. But

the bear had no intention of following them down their frail support. Curiosity and the odor of good things attracted him. He walked around the house several times and peered into every corner. Then he came back to the rude table and proceeded to eat up all the dinner the boys had prepared for themselves, beginning first with the cake and honey, and winding up with plain, ordinary bread.

Clem and Clarence could not see all this from their positions from below, but from the noise they judged pretty accurately what the bear was doing. "He's eating up everything," said Clarence, ruefully.

"I don't care, if he will only stay there until father comes home," replied Clem. "I think then we'll have bear meat for dinner to-morrow."

But Bruin did not intend to locate permanently in the treetop house. He probably scented danger, and did not propose running any unnecessary risk. He had eaten his fill of the good things, and he now walked to the window and looked down at the two boys. For a long time he gazed at them and dangled the rope ladder in his paws, as if deciding whether it was strong enough to hold him.

Then apparently he was not satisfied, and he turned to retreat the way he had come up. Suddenly Clarence shouted: "Now's our time. Let's take away the ladder. Then we'll have him."

"O, no, we won't," replied Clem, who was older and knew more about the ways of bears. "He can climb down the trees just as easy as you can."

Clarence's enthusiasm cooled off, and he stood by the base of the ladder looking up. "I wonder what he's doing," he said, meditatively, as he heard the bear scratching at the bottom of the house.

"Trying to dig his way through, maybe," said Clem, laughingly.

Then suddenly he grew serious, and he grasped Clarence by the hand, saying: "Look! He's fooling with that trapdoor. If—"

He did not finish his sentence. In some way Bruin in his curiosity had accomplished what the boys in their anxiety and haste had failed to do. The trapdoor in the bottom of the house suddenly opened and fell downward with a click.

Bruin had been seated on it, and when it opened he shot down through the opening as if ejected from a cannon. There was a wild grunt and squeal, a vain attempt to grasp something that would hold him, and then a few queer turns in the air. Before either boy had time to run, the big black carcass fell plump at their feet, making a noise and jar that startled the birds around.

When the bear struck the ground the two brothers started on a run for the house, but when they turned to look around they saw the bear running in the opposite direction. The boys turned and raced after him, jeering loudly; but Bruin had no eyes for them. His experience with the strange house in the trees had been sufficient to satisfy his curiosity for the day. What frightful trap had been sprung on him he could not imagine; but he probably thinks to this day that it was a narrow escape for him.

As for Clem and Clarence, they felt that their house in the trees was a better place to entrap an enemy than they imagined, and they planned eagerly for the next bear which should attempt to invade their home.—Christian Advocate.

Our Reading Room.

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

ADAMS CENTRE, N. Y.—It has been more than two months now since we came to Adams Centre. It has seemed to me that everything that could have been thought of had been done to make us welcome. Our hearts are thoroughly captured, and to work where one has a heart for it is a joy forever. There are many willing workers here, the congregations large, prayer-meetings inspiring, the young people actively engaged in God's service, and there is a broad interest in denominational affairs that shows how precious the cause of Christ is to many. Quite a number of our young people, and a few of the older ones, are contemplating attending Conference, now so soon to convene. I was very greatly pleased with the organization of a Bible-study club among the young people immediately after the meeting of the Association this year. The prime movers in it were certain of them who attended at West Edmeston, and came back with hearts warm and consecrated anew to our blessed Master's cause. Who can tell what blessed results will come to any lives by long and proper Bible study!

Last Sabbath, July 19, we had the very great satisfaction and pleasure of listening to a sermon from D. H. Davis, D. D. I am sure our Shanghai Mission will continue nearer our hearts now than ever before from this opportunity of a nearer inspection of it through the pastor of our church there. I know that we shall do well to lay at heart the lesson of Dr. Davis's own consecration to his work years ago. He went to our missionary work in China because it appeared to him that at that time there was greater need for workers in that work than anywhere else. He went to the place of greatest need. And then, too, we shall do well to remember the story as he told it of the native Christian in the recent Boxer troubles, who did not cease to preach until his very tongue was taken out.

"So," as long as we have lips to speak and tongues to use,

"Let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess."

S. S. POWELL.

DODGE CENTRE, Minn.—The good people of Dodge Centre have been exceedingly busy this season. On account of so much wet and uncertain weather, the work on the farm is somewhat in arrears, especially the corn crop, which in many localities is anything but promising. But the last few days have brought much of sunshine and warmth, so the outlook is more cheering. Hay, oats and barley will be a heavy crop if nothing befalls it.

In church work we are endeavoring to hold up the standard of truth and keep our armor bright. Though we are scattered over a wide territory, our Sabbath services are usually well attended. On Sabbath, July 12, we had the privilege of listening to a stirring sermon on Child Training by Pres. B. C. Davis, who has been in attendance at Minneapolis at the National Education Convention, and dropped in upon us to spend the Sabbath. He also spoke on Sunday evening, at a union service, on his recent trip to the

Holy Land, and the many things he saw there, which make the Bible to him a vastly more impressive book. Though the temperature was somewhere in the nineties, the large audience listened with marked attention to his graphic story.

Later—Rev. J. T. Davis, on his way to California and Oregon, stopped off and gave us an interesting illustrated temperance lecture on Wednesday night, July 16, in the Seventh-day Baptist church. A heavy wind and hail-storm passed over this vicinity Tuesday night, July 15, nearly destroying much of the grain and fruit crop.

G. W. LEWIS.

JULY 20, 1902.

THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

PRES. & BOOTH COLWELL DAVIS.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

The readers of the RECORDER are interested in educational progress, and I am sure will be glad for a word from the greatest educational convention ever yet held.

Beginning with July 1, I have been giving my entire time to great educational meetings, covering now nearly two weeks. The University Convocation at Albany, N. Y., was the first of the series and occupied three days. Then came the New York State Teachers' Association at Saratoga, lasting for two days. July 7 the National Educational Association convened at Minneapolis, Minn., and has lasted five days.

The state meetings are helpful and inspiring, but this national gathering of educators for the discussion of educational problems brings together the greatest educators of the nation, and is perhaps the greatest organized educational force in the world.

Over eight thousand delegates are said to have registered here this year, and they represent every state and territory in the union. The deliberations and discussions of the week have some very important tendencies in present-day education. Foremost among these tendencies, as revealed in these great conventions, is the strong reaction against the non-moral and non-religious character of the teaching in our Public Schools and many Colleges and Universities as at present conducted.

No less distinguished educators than President Buttler, of Columbia University, and State Superintendent, Charles R. Skinner, of New York state, deplore the removal of the Bible from daily use in the schools, and predict its early recall as the strongest possible agency for promoting moral ideals and moral relations among men, and for stimulating patriotism and good citizenship.

The tide of opposition to "the Bible in schools" for the past decade has had the effect to cause leading educators to see the evident decrease of conscience and moral sensitiveness among students unfamiliar with Biblical literature. It has also led serious-minded educators to see and feel that the study of the Bible as the world's masterpiece in literature does not necessitate dogmatism or sectarianism in teaching. These forms of instruction cannot, for evident reasons, be indulged in public education, but the Bible constantly before the minds of the young, read by them and to them, is now sought by the best educators, and will soon be demanded by virtue and truth-loving people.

A second important present-day tendency is along the line of practical education. The culture element is now being secured in a marvelous degree in the teaching of applied

and industrial sciences. As the common people are more and more forced to be educated in order to subsist comfortably and decently, education is adapted to their industrial needs and the methods adopted in this education are yielding a culture power which compares favorably with that of classical training so universal a generation or two ago.

A third tendency noticeable is most reassuring to the smaller colleges. It is individualization in education—a reaction against the massing of great numbers of individuals together in immense classes or colleges, where little or no individual instruction can be given. Small classes where the teacher can know every student and adapt the instruction to his peculiar needs is to count far more in the future than it has done for the past decade. The day of the small college is just setting in.

The University of Minnesota has 3,800 students, and the average personal attention each student gets and the average share each student has in the outlay of the University, are far less than the average share of instruction and of educational outlay given to students in colleges where the readers of the RECORDER have a personal acquaintance and a vital interest in the work. We may well congratulate ourselves on our ability to do for our students what the so-called "great universities" cannot do. This advantage which we have will be more and more appreciated in the coming days.

A fourth notable tendency is the correlation of work and the saving of waste energy in educational organization. This is seen in the better connection which is sought between the work of the High School and the Colleges. High Schools are taking on some of the work of the Freshmen and Sophomore years in the College course, and the Colleges are giving credit in advanced standing for this work when it is well done.

But most noticeable of all is the tendency on the part of many smaller colleges and schools, doing both preparatory and college work, to limit the scope of their work and strengthen its quality.

Lewis Institute in Chicago set the splendid example of doing four years of preparatory work and two years of college work—but doing this work so well that its graduates are admitted to the Junior year in the best colleges in America.

During the past year a number of schools with college charters, but with limited endowments and a small faculty, have voluntarily assumed, at least for the present, the rank of junior colleges, and graduate their students at the end of the Sophomore year in college, as Lewis Institute does. This enables the school to economize its power by omitting the Junior and Senior year from its courses, and using the entire time of its faculty and the whole of its income in teaching the four years of preparatory work and the two first years in college, where the majority of its students are, rather than robbing these in order to dissipate a large amount of time, energy, and expense upon the half dozen or so who go on into the Junior or Senior years.

Such great movements as these in education are destined to work great gain to the community and to the schools within the next decade.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 11, 1902.

HE who knows what it is to enjoy God will dread his loss; he who has seen his face will fear his back.—H. F. Lyte.

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1902.

THIRD QUARTER.

July 5.	The Giving of the Manna.....	Exod. 16: 4-15
July 12.	The Ten Commandments—Duties to God.....	Exod. 20: 1-11
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July 26.	Worshipping the Golden Calf.....	Exod. 32: 1-6, 30-35
Aug. 2.	The Tabernacle.....	Exod. 40: 1-13
Aug. 9.	Nadab and Abihu—Temperance Lesson.....	Lev. 10: 1-11
Aug. 16.	Journeying Toward Canaan.....	Numb. 10: 11-13 and 26-36
Aug. 23.	Report of the Spies.....	Numb. 13: 26-14: 4
Aug. 30.	The Brazen Serpent.....	Numb. 21: 1-9
Sept. 6.	The Prophet-Like Moses.....	Deut. 18: 9-19
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Sept. 27.	Review.....	

LESSON VI.—NADAB AND ABIHU—TEMPERANCE LESSON.

For Sabbath-day, August 9, 1902.

LESSON TEXT.—Lev. 10: 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Let us watch and be sober.—1 Thess. 5: 6.

INTRODUCTION.

The Book of Leviticus is called in the Talmud the Law of the Priests, and the Law of Gifts. It is concerned chiefly with the regulations for the sacrifices and the laws concerning purity in various relations. There are short narrative portions, one containing a brief account of the blasphemer and his punishment. Chapters 8-10 are devoted to an account of the consecration of Aaron and his sons to the sacred office of the priesthood. In the midst of this section we have the account of the sin of Nadab and Abihu and their punishment.

At first thought their punishment seems excessive; but severe as it was, it was no more than the circumstances when rightly apprehended demanded.

As Achan perished at the beginning of the conquest of Canaan, and Ananias and Sapphira, in the beginning of the Christian church, each for a crime that seemed to one who committed it a very trifling fault, so Nadab and Abihu died for a deviation from the ritual of worship which to many appeared to be very slight. As a hypocritical pretense to true piety and generosity on the part of its members was the greatest danger of the Christian church in the time of Ananias, so the greatest danger of the children of Israel, at the time of the institution of the tabernacle service, was that the priests would introduce heathen elements into the ritual which would destroy its purity and its value for the spiritual development of the people. Many of the laws and the forms of service seem to us arbitrary; but they were all designed with a purpose, and that purpose was for the training of people through whom at length the Messiah was to come who was to be the Saviour of the world.

TIME.—Chapters 8 to 10 of Leviticus are a parallel account of the installation of the priests mentioned in last week's lesson. We may say then that our present lesson is in the afternoon of the first day of the second year of the Exodus. Possibly it was a week later. Compare Lev. 8: 3-5 and 9: 1.

PLACE.—Before Mount Sinai.

PERSONS.—Moses and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu; Eleazar and Ithamar; Mishael and Elzaphan.

OUTLINE:

1. The Death of Nadab and Abihu. v. 1-3.
2. Aaron and his Remaining Sons Forbidden to Mourn. v. 4-7.
3. The Warning Against Strong Drink. v. 8-11.

NOTES.

1. *Nadab and Abihu.* The eldest and the next to the eldest sons of Aaron. They had just been consecrated along with their father and brothers to the office of priest. *His censor.* This was some sort of dish for holding fire. Compare chap. 16: 12 where there is an allusion to the manner of burning incense. And offered strange fire before Jehovah. The precise nature of their sin is not apparent. The strange fire was probably fire derived otherwise than from the altar of Jehovah. Perhaps even it was from idolatrous worship; but that is hardly probable. The essence of their sin was not in introducing idolatry in the newly consecrated tabernacle, but in presumptuous disregard of the ritual service which had just been given to them. They certainly offered incense at a time other than that which was commanded.

2. *And there came forth fire from before Jehovah, etc.* The form of expression is precisely the same as in the last verse of the preceding chapter; but how different is

the thought! In the one case the fire from Jehovah is the sign of his acceptance of the offering, in the other the sign of disapproval and the instrument of punishment. *And they died before Jehovah.* Probably in the outer court, and not within the tabernacle, as may be inferred from the last clause of verse 4. The phrase "before Jehovah" often refers to the interior of the tabernacle, but is also used of the outer court. Compare chap. 1: 5.

3. *This is it that Jehovah spake, etc.* To Moses there was no uncertainty about this unhappy event. He knew at once what their sin was, and that their death was no accident, but a punishment. *I will be sanctified in them that come nigh me.* This is not a reproof to Aaron; but an explanation. These sons of Aaron who were near God by reason of their recent installation in the priests' office had failed in acknowledging the holiness of God by overstepping his instructions. God had therefore glorified himself in the sight of the people by the death of those who had thus dishonored him. If no punishment had come to those who thus failed to sanctify Jehovah, the people would at once think slightly of his requirements and of the forms prescribed for his service. *And Aaron held his peace.* That is, was silent. There was nothing for him to say. He was doubtless filled with grief at the loss of his sons; but he recognized the truth of what Moses said, and knew that their punishment was just.

4. *And Moses called Mishael and Elzaphan, etc.* Two cousins of Aaron are called upon to bury the dead bodies of the slain, as Aaron and his remaining sons could not perform this service on account of their duties in the office of priest. *Brethren.* This word is often used in the sense of kinsmen.

5. *In their coats.* It is apparent that their bodies were not seriously burned. The sacred garments of the priests' office were defiled by these unworthy wearers, and were therefore buried with them.

6. *Let not the hair of your heads go loose.* This is probably better than the rendering of King James' version, "Uncover not your heads," which is interpreted to mean "Do not shave your heads." Whatever the precise meaning may be, it is evidently a command not to exhibit grief by outward signs of mourning. The rending of garments was a sign of great grief. *That ye die not, etc.* Any manifestation of grief under the circumstances would be a sign of displeasure at the judgment of God, and so merit punishment for themselves and also for the people whom they represented. *The whole house of Israel bewailing the burning.* Mourning is permitted to the children of Israel outside of the family of Aaron, for the wrath of God manifested in the death of Nadab and Abihu.

7. *Ye shall not go out from the door of the tent of meeting.* That is, to attend to the burial of those who had fallen.

8. *And Jehovah spake unto Aaron.* The divine instruction was usually given through Moses. It seems very probable that this particular instruction came at this time because Nadab and Abihu had become presumptuous in their service through the excitement of strong drink.

9. *Drink no wine or strong drink.* The word translated "strong drink" is used to refer to various alcoholic beverages, whether wine or liquor prepared from barley, honey, or dates. It is often used as parallel with wine.

10. *And that ye may make a distinction, etc.* This may refer to the failure of Nadab and Abihu to distinguish between right and wrong. Some scholars think that something has been omitted and that verses 10 and 11 have no close connection with the context.

11. *Ye may teach the children of Israel all the statutes.* An important part of the priests' work was to instruct the people in regard to the statutes which Jehovah had enjoined.

"THAT SILENCE SAVED ME."

A young man sat chatting with some giddy girls. Among them was a sweet, quiet young woman known as a Christian. The young man, thinking to tease her, bantered her about her religion. The silly girls tittered, but the object of his mirth remained silent. Then with the folly of youth, and recklessness of impiety, he uttered many infidel objections to Christianity. She did not smile, nor look at him, nor seem to notice him. Then he continued his harangue, hoping to force her to refute something. But she maintained the same sweet, dignified silence. A vision of his own stupidity broke over the young man and convicted him of sin. He said afterwards, telling the story, "That silence saved me."

MARRIAGES.

DAVIS—FISHER.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ephraim B. Fisher, of Shiloh, N. J., July 16, 1902, by Pastor E. B. Saunders, Mr. Luther S. Davis and Miss Elizabeth A. Fisher, all of Shiloh.

BROWN—MCWILLIAM.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. P. McWilliam, on Madison Avenue, Milton, Wis., July 17, 1902, by the Rev. L. A. Platts, D. D., Mr. Riley Potter Brown and Miss Sarah Charlotte McWilliam, both of Milton.

RYNO—FLEMING.—In Dunellen, N. J., June 29, 1902, by Rev. J. E. Livermore, Mr. Cornelius M. Ryno, of Dunellen and Miss Mary Elizabeth Fleming, of New Brunswick, N. J.

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.

DAVIE.—Joseph Floyd Davie, son of Royal E. and Lucinda Slade Davie, was born in Little Genesee, N. Y., Dec. 11, 1888, and died at the home of his parents, in Hume, N. Y., July 12, 1902.

He said that he was trusting in Jesus, and that he wanted all the loved ones to meet him in heaven. The funeral service and burial took place in Little Genesee, July 15, 1902. D. B. C.

WEIGAND.—In Salem, W. Va., June 22, 1902, of cholera infantum, Olga, only child of Jennie Clawson and George Weigand.

This sweet little bud of promise was nine months and four days old. The parents brought the body to New Market, N. J., for burial, as this was the former home of the mother. L. E. L.

GREEN.—John R. Green was born in Coventry, R. I., Nov. 30, 1833, and died in Rockville, R. I., July 16, 1902, aged 69 years, 7 months and 16 days.

He was the son of Otis and Mary Richmond Green, and the oldest of a family of three children by the first marriage. He was married Sept. 11, 1854, to Rosella Palmer. To them were born one son, J. P. Green. At the age of forty he was converted and was baptized by Eld. J. R. Irish, and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church in Rockville, Oct. 25, 1873, retaining his membership with that body until his death. In August, 1861, he enlisted in the 7th Rhode Island Regiment, Co. A, and was wounded in the battle of Fredricksburg, Va., and was discharged for disability in Washington, D. C., Feb. 6, 1863. He was a man of excellent moral character, was highly respected by his neighbors, and left the world with few, if any, enemies. He leaves a widow and one son, with many friends, who will long remember him with affectionate regard. A. MCL.

COON.—Artemas Coon was born at DeRuyter, N. Y., June 7, 1817. He was the seventh of twelve children born to Deacon Pardon and Esther Walker Coon.

When he was about 16 years old he was baptized by Elder Alexander Campbell, and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at DeRuyter, and "continued a gentle and consistent Christian through life." May 18, 1851, he was united in marriage with Elizabeth Crandall, who died May 22, 1857. He afterwards married Mrs. Thankful Barnes, who died August 28, 1893. Since her death he has lived with his brother-in-law, H. J. Crandall, at DeRuyter, and with Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Crandall at Nile, where he closed a long and useful life on Friday morning, June 11, 1902. Funeral services were held at the house in Nile the same day at 4 o'clock, at which time Pastor Coon, of Little Genesee, and Pastor Burdick, of Nile, spoke tenderly of the beautiful and helpful life that had departed from us, but still lives in the presence of God. The next day his only brother, Leonard Coon, and his nephew, F. E. Stillman, of Nile, accompanied the remains to DeRuyter, where appropriate memorial services were held on Sunday afternoon, conducted by his pastor, Rev. L. R. Swinney, and his body was laid to rest by the side of his loved ones in the cemetery near by. W. D. B.

FULL OF DANGER.

The cigarette is a serious menace to the growing youth. It fixes the tobacco habit upon him too firmly, usually, for him to shake off in later years. The poison of the nicotine and of the drugs which, it is believed, are used in certain brands has an especially deleterious effect upon the lad in the years of their physical development. Predispositions to disease are accentuated thereby, and the constitution of many a boy has been wrecked under the influence of this habit combined with the strain of study.—Star.

Popular Science.

H. H. BAKER.

Glaciers in America.

It is believed by geologists that the glacial epoch in America begun some time over one hundred thousand years ago, and to have lasted for a period of about eighty thousand years, and this period then would be modern history, when compared with the great geological periods in which the world's changes have taken place.

Strong evidence exists that immeasurable fields of ice, covering mountains and valleys, were formed in the north during the ages, and when they had attained an immense thickness and great weight, then for some unexplainable reason, when one would have supposed those mountains and fields of ice would have remained stationary and as firm as the "everlasting hills," they commenced traveling, at a snail's pace, of course, but with an irresistible force, and generally in a southerly direction, leaving surface evidence not only of their course but of their great weight, by the grinding power from their under surface.

Our observations of glacial effects have been chiefly confined to the district called the valley of the Hudson, between the source of the eastern branch of the river and Glens Falls, a distance of over one hundred miles. In all this distance there are but few miles but what show evidence of this wonderful glacial power as having passed this way southward.

In one place may be found several thousand loads of gravel deposited on a plain, where surrounding it is a marsh; in another may be seen a ledge, with every appearance of having been like the surrounding lands, yet completely denuded of soil, and the rocks disarranged in such a manner as to leave convincing proof that it was produced by a moving power on the surface.

In another place are found ridges of sand and gravel, being unlike any for miles around, and having all the appearance of deposits.

We have seen boulders, in weight anywhere from twenty to one hundred tons, scattered here and there in a field, all unlike others in that section.

Moraines are frequent, showing that the stones and detritus must have been at some time brought and deposited where they now are. We well recollect one farmer who had some beautiful meadow land, level, free from stones, of a smooth surface, nice for the scythe, or the plow, yet in the middle of a twenty-five or thirty acre lot was about an acre and a half so covered with stones of various sizes and shapes that we could walk all over it and not step on the ground. The farmer said it would cost double what the land was worth to remove them, and so he let them remain where the glacier had left them by melting away.

Some years since, we visited a place called "Rock City," near Little Genesee, N. Y. Here on a high ridge we found good specimens of pudding stone in some two or three large rocks, the like of which we had never seen before. They evidently came from Labrador at the time of our glacial period, and stranded on this high land, where they still remain.

An old adage says, "What has been done may be done again." When our planet, with all other planets, reaches the same place again in God's great orbit of the heavens, may we not expect to have another glacial period like the former, and have it reach as far south as Trenton, N. J.?

OUR COUNTRY COMMERCIALY.

The non-contiguous territory of the United States now furnishes a market for \$50,000,000 worth of the products of her people. A statement just prepared by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics shows that the shipments from the United States to its non-contiguous territory during the fiscal year just ended have been, in round terms, as follows:

To the Hawaiian Islands.....	\$20,000,000
To Alaska.....	15,000,000
To Porto Rico.....	10,000,000
To the Philippines.....	5,000,000
Total.....	\$50,000,000

This is practically five times as much as the exports to those territories in 1897, when none of them, except Alaska, was under the American flag. The exports to Porto Rico in the fiscal year 1897, for example, were \$1,988,888, and in the fiscal year 1902 they were over \$10,000,000, the exact figures for 11 months being more than \$9,500,000; and while the figures for the twelfth month have not been received, it is certain that the total will exceed \$10,000,000. To Hawaii, our exports in the fiscal year 1897 were \$4,690,075, and for the fiscal year 1902 the best estimate of the customs authorities is, in round terms, \$20,000,000. Exact figures of the shipments to Hawaii are not at present available, but it is known that the shipments from Hawaii to the United States during the year will amount to about \$23,000,000, and it is believed that the estimate of \$20,000,000 for our shipments to the Hawaiian Islands is a conservative one. To the Philippine Islands, our exports in the fiscal year 1897 were \$94,597, and in the fiscal year 1902 will be over \$5,000,000, exclusive of shipments made by the Government for use of its troops or other officers in the islands. To Alaska, the best estimate obtainable of the shipments in 1897 is \$3,924,000, while those for the fiscal year just ended are estimated by the customs authorities at \$15,000,000. This would make the grand total of shipments from the United States to its non-contiguous territory \$50,000,000, exclusive of goods sent by the Government for use of the army or its officials.

In imports from the islands the increase has not been as great as that in exports. The total value of our imports from Porto Rico in the fiscal year 1897 was \$2,181,024, and in 1902 will be about \$8,000,000. From the Hawaiian Islands, the imports in the fiscal year 1897 were \$13,687,799, and the total for 1902 will be about \$23,000,000. From the Philippines, the imports in the fiscal year 1897 were \$4,383,740, and for 1902 the total will be over \$7,000,000. The value of merchandise, including gold and silver, received from Alaska in 1897 is estimated at \$5,000,000, and for 1902 about \$15,000,000, making the total imports of 1897 from Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines and Alaska about \$25,000,000, while the total for the fiscal year 1902 will be about \$50,000,000.

The Bureau of Statistics has just received its first record, under the new law, of shipments to Alaska. Formerly no statistical record was made of the shipments to and from Alaska, which was a customs district of the United States and treated as such in the commercial reports of the Custom Houses. During the last session of Congress, however, a law was enacted applying to trade

between the United States and its non-contiguous territory, the provisions of the law relating to the collection of statistics of foreign commerce, and this will enable a complete record of the movements of merchandise between the United States and its non-contiguous territory. It is in compliance with this law that the first record of the shipments to Alaska is now in the hands of the Bureau of Statistics. The shipments from Seattle alone during the month of June amounted to \$770,000. Among the more important articles shipped from the United States to Alaska were cattle, horses, flour, oats, railway cars, coal, eggs, gunpowder, hay, builders' hardware, machinery, fresh beef, milk, refined sugar and vegetables.



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.

