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the eternal snow with its everlasting green, while the palm is the gladness of the desert, a shelter from the burning heat and the blinding noonday.

As the year unfolds new life in the field and forest we should be alert to learn the lessons which God reveals in nature.

OUR best work is done in proportion as we learn that God's servants are many, and the forms of that service are countless.

The pine tree standeth lonely In an upland wild and bare, It standeth whitely shrouded With snow, and sleepeth there:

The pine can climb mountains and brave The leaf has become man's pattern as well.

Do you think of trees as fire wood, or rail timber, or the material for houses and beams? Think thus no longer.

TREES illustrate the great laws of spiritual growth and soul development. They root in the earth, but sunlight from above is the source of their life.

THE Bible is full of lessons, similes, and unfolded truth, through trees, from the Cedars of Lebanon, to the trees of life.

The Ninth Annual Conference on International Arbitration and Peace, lately closed at Lake Mohonk, indicates a hopeful growth in the matter of International Arbitration, and, therefore, in the lessening of war and the increase of peace.

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Nine-tenths of all the decorative lines in art are derived from the leaf. Architecture takes its forms from the trees; the palm tree and lotus appear in the graceful minarets of the Moor, and the pine forest shapes the Gothic cathedral.

PASTORS and older church members should be constantly alive to the fact that young people connected with the church should be given something definite to do in order to secure lasting interest in the church and its work.

These facts are so clearly apparent that nothing more than the statement of them here is needed, but it is necessary that such statements be made frequently and that pastors and church officials, parents and teachers, be made thoughtful and alert along these lines.

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those who met for consultation concerning the great issues of peace and good-will among men. Hon. John W. Foster presided. Among the prominent speakers were Dr. Benjamin F. Trueblood, Henry B. McFarland, William L. Penfield, Rev. A. J. Brown, Mr. S. Uchida, Japanese Consul General at New York, Dr. Jos. Strong, Dr. E. E. Hale, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Rear Admiral Barker, Gen. A. C. Barnes, Dr. McKelway, Pres. Faunce, Dr. Cuyler, and many others—all able men. Every phase of the subject of Arbitration and of germane themes was considered. Reports show that within the past year the following controversies have been referred to special arbitrators or arbitral commissions, namely:

The controversy between Italy and Guatemala as to the treatment of Italian emigrants.

The question of claims of citizens of France against Venezuela.

The controversy between the United States and San Domingo over the claims of the San Domingo Improvement Company.

The question between Great Britain and Portugal of any difficulties that may arise in locating their colonial boundaries in South Africa.

The question of the claims of Sala and Company, of New York, against the Republic of San Domingo.

The Alaska boundary dispute between the United States and Great Britain, which has been referred to a new mixed commission.

The year has been most fruitful in the decision of cases referred to arbitration before the Hague Court was set up. The most important of the cases are:

The long pending boundary dispute between Chili and the Argentine Republic, involving an area of 80,000 square miles.

The controversy between the United States and Russia over the seizure of American sealing vessels in Bering Sea.

The Samoan Claims question between the United States, Great Britain and Germany, and citizens of these countries.

Two controversies between Great Britain and France—the "Waima" affair and the "Sergent Malamine" dispute.

The El Triunfo case between the United States and San Salvador out of the decision of which has grown a good deal of dissatisfaction on the part of the latter country.

At the close of the deliberations, the sentiments of the Conference were crystallized in the following platform:

"The principle of international arbitration has secured the approval of the civilized world. This fact is solemnly recorded by the Hague Convention.

"It is gratifying to state that, largely through the influence and example of the United States, which has had so much to do with the success of the Hague Conference, prestige has been given to the Hague Tribunal by the submission to it of international differences. This Conference thanks our Government for what it has done in this behalf, especially in the recent Venezuelan controversy, when its efforts averted war.

"This Conference believes that the next step in the steady march forward should be the conclusion of a treaty of obligatory arbitration between the United States and Great Britain, to be followed by similar agreements between the other signatory nations to the Hague Convention to refer dis-

putes to the Hague Tribunal. Such treaties would make the present implied obligations of the nations signing them explicit, binding and permanent, instead of leaving them, as now, under the Hague Convention voluntary, and to be determined from time to time, and largely by circumstances. This Conference believes that the best public opinion of the United States and Great Britain, neighbors and kinsfolk as they are, recognizes the wisdom and justice of such an arrangement; and that the example thus set would be followed speedily by the other powers. It would lead all the nations to the Hague Tribunal.

"With a deep sense of the fatherhood of God and the consequent brotherhood of man, the Conference looks forward to new victories for its cause even more remarkable than those already won, notwithstanding the difficulties in the way of extending the application of International Arbitration.

"Many motives may inspire arbitration, fear, horror of war, dread of expense, but Justice is the only safe foundation for the world's peace.

"In the Alaskan boundary dispute, who should not prefer that justice should prevail, even if we make no gain of hills and harbors. America should conduct its claim with such loyalty to justice as to win the honor of the nations.

"This Conference summons all possible agencies to teach and preach the Gospel of Justice. Business men and great corporations, teachers in schools, ministers of God, the public press, let our whole country accept the great motto and seek to live up to it: 'America Loves Justice.' It appeals to every man and woman to aid in increasing and organizing the general sentiment in favor of International Arbitration, so as to secure, by the invincible power of public opinion, the employment of it in the maximum number of possible cases, in the hope that wars may cease and that peace may prevail."

The RECORDER rejoices in every indication that Christ's doctrine concerning peace is gaining ground in the world. We commend the theme to our readers, and urge pastors and teachers to take every opportunity to aid and strengthen the sentiment which promotes peace and makes for righteousness among men. Thus, and only thus, can the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of the Lord Christ.

**Lutheran Synod.** THE Forty-First Biennial Meeting of the Evangelical Lutheran Synod began at Baltimore, Md., June 3, 1903. Two hundred and forty-six delegates attended, representing fifteen states. The opening address of the President, Dr. Frens, of Philadelphia, reviewed the history and work of the Lutherans in this country, and made a plea for union and harmony, such as will create an American Lutheranism. The meeting closed June 11.

**THE WESTERN ASSOCIATION.** For its sixty-eighth annual session the Western Association met with the First Alfred church, June 4-7, 1903. The session was well attended, and was a profitable gathering. Rev. D. B. Coon, of Little Genesee, who served as Moderator, deserves credit as chairman of the Committee which arranged the program. Some people have in the past

spoken of the Association programs as "fossilized". The committee this year brought a considerable variety into the order of exercises, and at the same time were conservative enough so that no one could remark upon unpleasant innovations. Although the Benevolent Societies did not have the usual hours explicitly assigned to them, no department of the work was neglected. The Missionary, Tract, and Education Societies were represented by half-hour addresses from the brethren appointed for that purpose. The work of the Women and of the Young People were each presented by a number of shorter papers. The work for the Children was not forgotten. There were also a number of papers and discussions upon various practical matters of interest. Two pastors pictured very vividly the ideal layman, and two laymen (one of whom was a woman) gave their ideas in regard to the conduct of the ideal pastor. The duties and the claims of the small churches were considered.

Dr. Platts, the delegate from the North-Western Association presented an interesting discussion of our Re-adjustment problem. He showed that it was possible for our Anniversary session to have practical unity, and at the same time to allow the various societies to preserve their autonomy and independent legal existence.

The evening sessions of the Association were devoted to evangelistic services which were the means of spiritual blessing to many. A number expressed the desire to begin the Christian life.

Rev. S. S. Powell, the delegate from the Central Association, preached on Sabbath morning. Rev. Theo. L. Gardiner, of the South-Eastern Association, upon Sabbath evening, and Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, of the Eastern Association upon evening after the Sabbath and first-day evening. The presence and work of these delegates from sister Associations as well as of Rev. O. U. Whitford from the Missionary Society were of great help to the meetings.

One important item of work at this session of the Association was the subscription that was made on Sabbath morning for the Student Evangelistic work. The amount of the subscription was \$325, and there is good prospects that it will be increased to \$500. It is understood that a part of this fund will be expended in the support of the work of Rev. James C. Dawes, and the rest for the work of the two quartets in this Association this summer.

As both the delegate to the North-Western Association and the alternate appointed last year found it impossible to go, Rev. L. C. Randolph was appointed to fill the vacancy. Other delegates were appointed as follows: To the South-Western Association, Rev. D. B. Coon, Rev. W. C. Whitford alternate; to the South-Eastern, Eastern, and Central Associations in 1904, Rev. J. L. Gamble, Rev. W. L. Burdick alternate; to the North-Western in 1904, Rev. W. D. Burdick, Rev. B. F. Rogers alternate.

On Sabbath morning an overflow meeting was held in the College chapel at which Rev. L. A. Platts preached. The young people had a very pleasant gathering in the Park before the meeting on the evening after the Sabbath.

Rev. A. E. Main was elected Moderator for next year. The next annual session is to be with the Independence church.

Con.

#### BUILDING A CHRISTIAN.

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

"I never let fools or bairns see my work until it is done," said a famous Scotch painter; he knew that no production of human art could be rightly judged until it was completed. I remember that when I first saw Cologne Cathedral nearly fifty years ago, it had a stumpy and unimpressive appearance, for it was towerless. The next time I saw the edifice it was disfigured by scaffolding on which workmen were busy. But when, in the Summer of 1894, I beheld the completed towers in their flashing splendor, I felt that it was a mighty and magnificent poem written in marble.

That illustrates the way in which the Master builds a true Christian. The Bible declares that the Christian's is "Christ's workmanship created anew unto good works." Anyone who looked at a company of church members in a prayer meeting or at a sacramental table might say that some of them were quite imperfect specimens of workmanship, as he could testify from intimate acquaintance. Very true; but if that same person wished to purchase a melodeon he would not go into the manufactory where the different parts were being fashioned; he would go into the salesroom and inspect the completed instrument. This world is the great workshop in which Jesus Christ by His Spirit constructs Christian character. "Ye are God's building" wrote the Apostle Paul to his brethren at Corinth. Of himself he wrote at another time, "Not as though I have already attained, either one already perfect." He was still in the hands of his divine and loving architect. The scaffolding was not yet taken down, and the work of grace was not yet completed.

It is easy to discover some flaws in even the best men and women; but the critic must consider what materials our Master has to work with in frail and fallen human nature, so often disfigured and defaced by innate depravity. Napoleon used to say that "he had to make his marshalls out of mud." Certainly no power less than that of the Holy Spirit could have constructed such a conscientious and effective Christian as John Newton out of so hardened and desperate a sinner. A very eloquent and spiritually-minded minister once said to me, "before I was converted I wonder how anyone could live in the house with me." During my forty-four years of pastorates, when I received converts into the church, I often recognized the fact that one candidate for membership had been reared in a frivolous and worldly family—and another had a naturally violent temper—and another was constitutionally timid and irresolute—and still another had to contend with hereditary sensualities of temperament or practice. Some of the over-hasty and headlong had to be held back and tested, and some desponding doubters had to be encouraged. A study of the experience of our blessed Lord in building twelve disciples out of the material that came to his hand is full of solemn suggestion, and one of those twelve tumbled into ruin under the very eyes of the Master Builder!

Character building is like cathedral-building—a gradual process. No Christian is born full grown, else there would be no sense in the divine injunctions to "grow in grace" and to "press toward the goal of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." The corner-stone of

every truly regenerated character is the Lord Jesus; other foundation can no one build on without risking a wreck in this world and eternal ruin in the next world. The first act of saving faith is the joining of the new convert to the atoning Saviour. Then upon that solid foundation must be added the courage, the meekness, the patience, the conscientiousness, the honesty, the loving kindness and the other graces that make for godliness. Let no young beginner be disheartened. Oaks do not grow like hollyhocks. A solid Christian character cannot be reared in a day—nor is it to be done simply by Sabbath services or by sacraments. Some poor pumice-stone has to be thrown out, and not a little bad timber rejected in spite of the varnish on it.

The Bible is the only plumb-line to build by; and it must be used constantly. All the showy ornamentation that a man can put on his edifice amounts to nothing, if his walls are not perpendicular. Sometimes we see a flimsy structure whose bulging walls are shored up by props and skids to keep them from tumbling into the street. I am afraid that there are thousands of reputations in trade, in politics, in social life, and even in church life that are shored up by various devices. No Christian can defy God's inexorable law of gravitation. It is a mere question of time how soon every character will "fall in," if it is not based on the rock, and built according to Jesus Christ's plumb-line. It may go down in this world; it is sure to go down in the next. Let everyone, therefore, take heed how he or she buildeth; for the last great day will test the work, of what sort it is.

Finally, let us all bear in mind that if we are Christ's workmanship, we must let our wise and loving Master take his own way. We must allow him to use his own tools. Oh, how much cutting and chiseling we often need! How keen too and sharp is the chisel which he sometimes uses! The sound of his hammers is constantly heard; and with it are also heard the wondering cries of some sufferer who exclaims, "Why art Thou applying to me the file, the saw and the hammers?" Be still and know that whom he loveth he chasteneth! If we are Christ's building, then let him fashion us according to his divine ideal of beauty, at whatever cost to our selfishness or pride, or indolence, or vainglory. Christ working in us, and upon us—and we working with Christ and for him—that is the process that produces such structures as he will present before his Father and the holy angels.

Nothing is too small—and nothing is too great, that involves a Christian's influence before a sharp-eyed world. We are to be his witnesses; Jesus Christ builds Christians to be looked at and to be studied. He rears us to be spiritual lighthouses in a sin-darkened world. Michael Angelo said that he "carved for eternity." In an infinitely higher sense is every blood-redeemed Christian carved and fashioned and upbuilt to be a habitation of God through his Spirit, to his praise, and unto his everlasting glory.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The prominent item of news in the East, this week, is rain, rain! After 50 days of drought, this has been thrice welcome to the Atlantic coast from Canada to the regions of

the excessive rains in the South. Forest fires were prevalent from Maine to New York, and the earlier days of the week were marked by smoke which covered the land as far south as Philadelphia, dulling, if not shutting wholly out the light of the Sun. In many places in New England ashes came with the smoke. Anxiety was at its height, and great losses to crops and vegetables were seriously threatened. Considerable loss has come, which cannot be regained, but the rain promises to avert much that was feared. On the other hand devastation from high water has continued in the West. While Kansas and the North have improved, St. Louis and points south have suffered in an unusual degree. On the 7th of June the water at St. Louis was higher than at any time since 1858, when it reached 37½ feet. In the great flood of 1844, it was 42 feet. Last week it was between 38 and 39 feet. Floods and drought and fires make this season memorable in an unusual degree.

Among the horrors of the week was the colliding of two French passenger steamers near Marseilles on the 7th of June. The Libian sank almost instantly, carrying 100 or more to death.

Commencement season is well under way. Vassar, Princeton and Columbia have been prominent in commencement matters during the week. The address of Whitelaw Reed at Vassar, June 8th, was so excellent that we reproduce some things he said on the "Decay of Faith." His theme was "Excesses of the Age." Of the "Decay of Faith," he said:

"Of specific excesses toward which our Democratic institutions seem to be tending, perhaps we do not need now to speak in any great detail. It may be enough to recognize that the American who colonized the Atlantic Coast and the Great Middle West, who framed the Constitution, started the Government, developed the country under it, and fought a gigantic civil war to preserve it, is not the American who leads the popular movements of today. The type is changing; the beliefs are changing, and the aims.

"He is neither Puritan any longer, nor Cavalier. He may outwardly deny the decay of faith, but he inwardly feels it. Nothing is more noticeable at the great centres of population and of national activity, or in any large section of what calls itself, and is often called, our best society, than this disappearance of the old foundation of character and action; this loss of profound, enduring, restless faith in anything. It is a laissezaller age; an age of loosening anchors and drifting with the tide; of taking things as they are, with cordial readiness to take them hereafter as they come; of an easy indifference, whose universal attitude toward each startling departure from old standards is 'What does it matter, anyway?'—an age, in short, marked by a refined, 'up-to-date' adaptation of the old Epicurean idea that there is nothing in this world to do but to eat and drink and make merry, for tomorrow we die. As Omar, prime favorite of the flower of this new school, has sung:

"What boots it to report  
How time is slipping underneath our feet;  
Unborn to-morrow, and dead Yesterday!  
Why fret about them if To-day be sweet!

#### LOSS OF SERIOUS PURPOSE.

"The loss of faith brings us by this short cut straight to the loss of purpose in life—of any purpose at least beyond purely material

ones. To those who need money, the duty of getting it first, and above anything else, becomes the gospel of life. To those who feel the need of position, whether in society, business or elsewhere, their gospel drives them to all means within the law to attain that. To those who have both money and position comes the only remaining purpose in life, that of using them for an existence of amusement and enjoyment. Is it too much to say that never before in our history have such aspirations so completely dominated and limited such large classes?"

English Government circles are deeply agitated over the Free Trade question because of certain Protectionist propositions made by the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Chamberlain.

Now that President Roosevelt is again in Washington, the inquiry as to dishonest transactions in the Post Office Department will be pushed still more vigorously. This is right. Let no bribe-taker escape.

At this writing (June 11) the most serious loss at St. Louis is reported in the breaking of the embankment of the Central Illinois Railroad, which, in addition to previous disasters, has made 10,000 more people homeless, and increased the death-roll by fifty more victims. Money for relief is being collected in many places, in the cities of the Atlantic coast, and elsewhere.

UNTRIED METHODS. THE GOSPEL SEAL.

The bed was drawn up close to the window. Weary with the long night watches, she liked to catch the first gleam of the dawn. Then it seemed that the day greeted her with gladness, and bade the gloom flee away. She turned upon the pillow and let her eyes wander to the well-known opening among the hill-crowning tree-tops where the sun would first glow his morning welcome. He was still behind the hills, and a faint star yet glimmered over the wood-line.

"Untried methods? untried methods?" she murmured. Not even Solomon with all his wisdom could discover—something under the sun. "There are many wise and successful methods for promoting the gospel and our own denominational work, which to us are 'untried,' but which with tact, forethought and care we might adapt and adopt. And there are so many talents among our people which need only to be put to the exchangers, and the Lord will receive his own with usury. Some of our musicians ought to compose Sabbath hymns. There are poets and singers of our own who could fill this need."

Here she recalled how diligently the chorister only the week before had searched for an appropriate hymn to precede the pastor's sermon from the text "The Seventh-day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." The best one he could find required the cutting out of one stanza which read:

"Saviour, who this day did break The dark prison of the tomb."

Other denominations publish books that are helpful to the young in learning the fundamental doctrines of the church. Mrs. Brown asked me to recommend a girl's book which she could safely place in Anna's hands. She is wavering about keeping Sabbath-day. How I wished "Pansy" was a Sabbath-keeper! Some one of our young people must put themselves in training to write a Seventh-day Baptist novel. It shall set forth the necessity, the attractiveness, and the nobility of

living a faithful life, true to God's Sabbath. Rich material, unique, untried, worthy the pen of a great writer. Who will it be?

"How beautiful the pearly pink of this morning light. The star is fading."

"Yes, Dr. Davis has a great and worthy scheme. He and his fellow physicians, surgeons, nurses, will have a wonderful opening for gospel and denominational work, when the great Seventh-day Baptist sanitarium is established. Health for soul and body! A noble and a blessed copy of the Great Physician's life.

"But none of these fill our present need. Would that I knew some plan which every man and woman and child could take up and feel that they were doing real work in scattering the good seed.

"Hark, how that robin sings! He gives his little best to make the day-break glad some."

She tossed upon her pillow, striving to think of something—something. While the robin trilled forth his joy and praise, she closed her eyes, and straightway a little prayer went up to the listening Father: "Dear Lord, this is thy work. Tell me what untried and consecrated hands can do for thee." Just then there floated down from the fair morning sky through the pure, untainted air, and seemingly borne on the first beam of the sun, the petal of an apple blossom. It circled near the open window a moment, then drifted lightly in and dropped upon the pillow. And this is the message which its perfume breathed upon the watcher: "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." And immediately the watcher had a vision of the use and the blessing which God could find for this thought. She saw a weary business man near the close of the day looking over the last batch of mail. Impatience, perplexity, distrust, trouble chased across his countenance. Only one letter remained, and that one bore upon it's back a curious looking seal. He looked closely. Upon the seal he read: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong." He dropped the letter unopened, and sat thinking deeply. That other letter just read had held a temptation. He had almost yielded. Just one step aside from the path of right seemed but little. Suddenly he braced himself. "No, I will stand fast, and be a man who can be trusted." Whatever the unopened letter may have contained of friendliness, the gospel seal had saved a soul.

A weary mother sits by the evening lamp, worn out by the day's toil, and still a pile of mending awaits her tired fingers. The husband brings in the mail. "A letter for you, wife." The little gospel seal, placed there by a friendly hand, speaks back to her, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." The letter is forgotten. She leans her weary head upon the Saviour's shoulder, feels his comforting arms around her, and the weariness is already gone. He does give her rest.

A young girl has been questioning the necessity of holding to the Sabbath. So many others think one day is as good as another—why need she "sacrifice her prospects for a mere notion." A letter from one she greatly reveres bears the gospel seal. "The Seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God."

A care-worn, heart-sick friend read with kindling courage: "Cast thy burden on the Lord and he shall sustain thee."

And so the vision broadens till she sees in home, in school, in work-shop, and in business offices the gospel seal, bearing its silent message of cheer, of warning or of invitation. Ten thousand Seventh-day Baptists, eager for the spread of the gospel, realizing the awful need the world has for God's Sabbath day, and claiming the promised blessing on his word. Each Christian Seventh-day Baptist business man leaves orders in his office that every letter going out shall bear a gospel seal. He concedes the necessity of advertising the winning qualities of his wares. How much more should he call attention to the world's need of the gospel.

Friend writing to friend, seals the letter with a gospel seal, a last touch of love and helpfulness before the missive is sent. Who shall measure the blessing promised to the sowing of the seed? Only God and his holy angels can gather the harvest. But on us, and us alone, rests the privilege of scattering the word.

(Any one desiring to secure "gospel seals" for use, may address Mrs. T. J. Van Horn, Brookfield, N. Y.)

BE SOMETHING AND DO SOMETHING.

J. D. SPICER.

At this time in the year the following lines from the recent address of Booker T. Washington, to the one hundred graduates of Tuskegee Institute, may well apply to many others outside of the colored race. His address was brief, but earnest, and as usual to the point. He said in part:

"Of all the men and women who have gone forth with the diploma or certificate of this institution, after diligent investigation, I cannot find a dozen who are in idleness. They are busy in school-room, field, shop, home or church. They are busy because they have placed themselves in demand by learning to do that which the world wants done in this generation. They are occupied for an additional reason, because they have learned the disgrace of idleness and the sweetness of labor.

"One of the greatest embarrassments that confronts our school at the present time is our inability to supply any large proportion of the demands that are constantly coming to us from the people of both races, North and South, for the services of men and women who have been trained at the Tuskegee Institute.

"I believe that our men and women are in demand also because they have learned to forget themselves and to so immerse themselves in some kind of service that they do not have time to go up and down the country complaining and finding fault. One inch of progress is worth more than a yard of complaint. This lesson, too, our men and women have mastered to a large measure.

"Let me urge upon you further, not to over-rate your own importance. Do not become overbearing and self-important. Be simple and humble, and if you have any element of value in your character, the world will soon find it out. There is great strength in simplicity. Simplicity and humbleness are the signs of greatness.

"No man who actually does something, regardless of race or color, to help forward the

progress of the world, is permanently left without reward and encouragement."

In all probability at no time in the world's history, has there been a greater demand than at present, for both men and women to fill positions to which they are by nature adopted, and for which they have sought and obtained proper qualifications.

THE ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Our school has recently had the privilege and received the profit of listening to three excellent addresses. Rev. Dr. L. A. Platts, of Milton, Wis., spoke upon "The Man and His Message;" Rev. O. U. Whitford, D. D., of Westbury, R. I., Missionary Secretary, upon "Preacher and Pastor;" and Rev. S. S. Powell, of Adams Centre, N. Y., upon "The Preacher of the Word." Mr. Powell also led our weekly prayer-meeting. The visit and words of these brethren were greatly enjoyed.

To our great satisfaction Elder Jared Kenyon, of Independence, N. Y., has promised to come over in the early autumn and give us reminiscences of half a century or more. From this venerable brother we confidently expect addresses of mingled wisdom and humor.

A. E. MAIN.

ALFRED, N. Y., June, 1903.

CORRECTION.

In the minutes of the Quarterly Meeting of the Executive Board of the Seventh-day Baptist Education Society published last week, where it reads "it was voted to pay one thousand dollars to the Theological Seminary," it should have read one hundred dollars.

FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

The tendency that has been growing stronger to hold that public officials are not to be unfavorably criticized and to denounce those who animadvert upon them as disloyal or traitorous in venturing to disagree with their acts or opinions, finds extreme manifestation in the bill for gagging the press signed recently by Governor Pennypacker, of Pennsylvania. The provisions of this measure practically put it within the power of any state official who feels aggrieved at the criticism of any newspaper to mulet its editors in heavy damages and to suppress the publication. The memorandum of Governor Pennypacker accompanying the signature of the bill is one of the most preposterous manifestoes ever issued by any official. He makes it plain that whatever the ostensible purpose of the bill, it is aimed to gag the press of Pennsylvania, so that it should not criticize or ridicule Governor Pennypacker, Senator Quay and his political friends and their generally scandalous administration of the state government. No one doubts that the law should, as it does in all the states, protect the private citizen from unjust criticism and ridicule. The law of libel amply protects personal rights; but it is equally clear that the man who takes a public office should expect to be criticized, fairly and unfairly, and to be ridiculed if his actions or opinions expose him to that form of attack. It will be a sad day for the cultivation of a sound public opinion if the newspapers generally are prevented from exposing the iniquities of the boss rule that have made such men as Quay possible. Under a law like that just enacted in Pennsylvania, Tweed could have ruined every newspaper in New York that criticized his robberies. Thomas Nast would have languished in Ludlow Street Jail until he learned to draw cartoons extolling Sweeney and Oakey Hall, and General Butler, in Massachusetts, could have suppressed every Republican journal in the state.—The Watchman.

MEETING OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD.

The Sabbath-school Board of the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference met at 220 Broadway, New York City, June 7, 1903, at 10 o'clock A. M., with the President, George B. Shaw in the chair.

Members present: Rev. George B. Shaw, Frank L. Greene, Edward E. Whitford, John B. Cottrell and Corliss F. Randolph. Visitors: Rev. Eli F. Loofboro.

Prayer was offered by Frank L. Greene. The minutes of the last meeting were read.

The Recording Secretary reported that the usual notice of the meeting had been sent to all the members of the Board.

The President reported that he had communicated with all the vice-presidents of the Board, asking them to present to their respective associations the question of the proposed change in the Sabbath-school lessons for the next calendar year.

The following bills were presented and ordered paid: Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, postage, stationery, etc., \$4.20; Frank L. Greene, expenses of treasurer, \$1.33; Corliss F. Randolph, expenses of Recording Sec., \$1.00.

The Treasurer presented his annual report which was adopted as follows:

Treasurer's Report for the year June 1, 1902—May 31, 1903.

Table with columns for Receipts and Disbursements. Receipts include Balance in Treasury June 1, 1902, Marlboro, N. J., Hartsville, N. Y., Little Genesee, N. Y., L. L. Genesee, N. Y., American Sabbath Tract Society, Dodge Centre, Minn., Collection at Conference, pr. W. C. Whitford, Plainfield, N. J., New York City, Walworth, Wis., Stone Fort, Ill., Glen, Wis., Second Alfred, N. Y., S. C. Maxson, Utica, N. Y., Waterford, Conn., First Alfred, N. Y., Leonardsville, N. Y., Roanoke, W. Va., Salem, W. Va., Greenbrier, W. Va., A Friend, West Virginia, Chicago, Ill., Fouke, Ark., J. B. C. Island, W. Va., Rockville, R. I., Scott, N. Y., Albion, Wis., Fayetteville, N. C., Utica, N. Y., Cartwright, Wis., Ashaway, R. I., Brookfield, N. Y., North Loup, Neb., Farna, Ill., Riverdale, Cal., Coloma, Wis., Salem, W. Va., Hartsville, N. Y., Second Alfred, N. Y., Waton, Iowa, Hamond, Ind., Plainfield, N. J., National City Bank, fee returned, Adams Centre, N. Y., Boulder, Col., Main, (Portville), N. Y., Ritchie, W. Va., Nortonville, Kan., Total receipts, \$215 10.

Table with columns for Disbursements. Disbursements include Salary, E. C. Smith, Editor The Sabbath Visitor, American Sabbath Tract Society, bill for printing, Pres. G. B. Shaw, trip to West Virginia, W. H. Crandall, Treasurer Alfred University, account Helping Hand, A. E. Main, expenses to New York and legal fees, Expenses of Treasurer, President, Rec. Secretary, Total, \$212 52. Balance in Treasury, 2 58. Total, \$215 10. FRANK L. GREENE, Treasurer. JOHN B. COTTRELL, Auditor.

The minutes were read and approved. Adjourned.

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH, Recording Secretary.

THE IDEAL HOME.

The foundation of modern civilization and the very cement of moral society is the family and the home. In savage life the spirit of individualism predominates; there is no instinct of solidarity, but as man becomes civi-

lized he realizes more and more the value of co-operation, and the more truly civilized he becomes the more coherent becomes the family and the home. Sever man or a nation from the idea of singleness of matrimonial alliance, the family and the home, and at once there is debasement in moral life, and woman, as some one has said, "instead of being what God intended her to be, a helpmeet to man," becomes his plaything or his slave.

Home is the place that we love best, because it is the place where mother is, and there, because of her loving and fostering care, is the place of greatest earthly security. Man cannot create the home atmosphere; he may climb to great heights of fame; he may win great battles; he may triumph over all competitors and thereby amass great riches; he may master the sciences, acquire a facility in innumerable languages, live or dead, but man with all his power, genius and native ability, cannot make a home. That remains the task of a woman and in this she reigns supreme. Home ought to be a place where we can find the most refreshing rest. Home ought to be a place of genuine warmth; but some homes are as cold as ice, which breathe an atmosphere as cold as a breath from the polar zone. Let our homes be places of joy, love and brightest sunshine. Home ought to be a place of enduring love, the love which outlasts the wedding day and produces a life which is one long, unbroken honeymoon. Home is the molding place of character. Your child has a right to insist that you live such a life as will exalt the standard of true manhood and true womanhood. Your child has a right to demand that you do nothing to stain by sin the name you bear and which you bequeath to him as a life possession. Give your child a sweetly religious atmosphere in which to grow; not one of monotonous "doot" and "you must not," but one that presents the attractive side of Christianity. Let Christ be the unseen but truly recognized guest in your home and teach your child the religion of the "Book."—G. R. Stair.

WHY THERE MUST BE SHADOWS.

Loftier destinies compel some present darkness, just as mountains cast a shadow. If life were never to go to a higher stage, always to stay on the present level, we might be able to see everything clearly, and understand everything perfectly even now. A boy complained to Thomas Arnold because certain lessons were so difficult, and, so far as he could see, useless. Arnold said: "I cannot make you understand now of what use these things are going to be to you, but you know I am your friend. Well, as your friend, who knows what you are going to need, I want you to study these lessons." Can we not believe that divine love is always saying the same to us: "As your friend, who knows what you are going to need, I want you to go through this darkness?" Trouble and labor and weariness are simply ways up the mountain of loftier destinies. Tears may be given to wash our eyes that we may see these loftier destinies more clearly.

"The grave itself is but a covered bridge leading from light to light through a brief darkness."

Rejoice then even in the difficult and darkened ways; the reason in them is just larger, loftier life.—Selected.

The love we have to God is realized in our love to men.—De Forest.

## Missions.

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

The attendance at the Western Association was large, the interest good, the weather fine, excepting it was very dry and dusty. There is great need of rain throughout the Empire State. The Western Association had the most diversified program this year that it ever set forth; the Executive Committee will be put to its best wits and wisdom to make one for next year more so. We cannot say that about every subject under the sun was discussed, but almost every live subject connected with our denominational life and work was treated with interest and power in excellent papers and addresses. Such questions as, "What I would do if I were a layman," discussed by two pastors, and "What I would do if I were a pastor," treated by a laywoman and layman; the vexed problem of "What can we do for the small churches of this Association?"; "Our Re-adjustment Problem"; "What? How?" which brought out "Our mission as a people and how to accomplish it"; Symposium on "The Seventh-day Baptist Industrial Problem," treating upon farm life, trades, professions, and various occupations which Seventh-day Baptists may successfully enter; the duties of Seventh-day Baptist employer and employee to each other; the very important question, "What constitutes successful marriage?"; "The Social and Industrial Demands for Education." "What? Why? Whither? and How in Education"; "The world, the field; we, workers with Christ" treated under various lines of work; and other questions of equal interest and importance. The treatment and discussion of these various questions and problems gave great interest to the sessions of the Association. There were but few sermons, but every evening of the Association was devoted to Evangelistic Service; a warm gospel sermon, short and pointed, followed by an after-meeting of testimony and prayer. There were each evening some who rose for prayers, requesting prayers that they might become Christians, or return from their wanderings to the love and service of Christ. The music and praise services of the sessions were inspiring and uplifting. Taking the whole program it was indeed a very diversified one, and successfully carried out. It can not be charged that it was a ratty or a fossilized program. The Alfred people maintained their excellent reputation and record in providing for and entertaining their guests on such occasions, during this Association from start to finish.

There was no Missionary Hour at the Western Association. The time was occupied by an address by the Missionary Secretary on "What? How?" which was followed by discussion in which there were some earnest and excellent thoughts brought out upon our mission as a people, and the needed conditions and requisites for accomplishing it. In the Western Association as well as in the Central Association there are small churches that need caring for, to be pastored. There was this prevailing thought and emphasized in both Associations in the discussion of "What can we do for our small churches?" that each large and strong church in the Association should take a small church under its care and pastor it, so that at least the

small church shall have a regular preaching service once a month, and that followed by as many evening services as the visiting pastor or minister can give. It was also deemed a wise thing to do as far as it could be done, that two or three small churches unite and call jointly a pastor and support him if possible, and if they could not do it by their combined effort, they could by some help. There was an important thought emphasized which we deem to be a very vital one for the life and maintenance of the small churches, that each small church call and set apart some suitable person, whether layman or laywoman, who shall be a leader, to care for and see that a Sabbath-school and religious service be maintained when no visiting minister is with the church, as religious service can now be more easily held since they have the Seventh-day Baptist Pulpit to help them. There is a deep and abiding interest in all our Associations in our missions. The churches should see to it that the systematic method which is now being employed for raising funds for our mission work as a people, be earnestly and faithfully pushed among their members and in their congregations. The small churches, and they are not a few, should never neglect to take a monthly collection for missions, even if the collection is small, it will keep up life and interest in our work as a people, and will be a source of life and growth to the small churches themselves.

### HOLDING UP THE PASTOR'S HANDS.

J. W. MCGAVERN.

We are familiar with the story of the battle between Joshua and Amalek. Above the plane of battle stood Moses, holding aloft the rod. So long as he held aloft the rod the tide of battle was favorable to Israel. When from exhaustion his hands fell, then the advantage was with Amalek. Fortunately the fate of battle did not depend upon the endurance of a single individual. Aaron and Hur supported Moses in the ordeal, and victory was with Joshua, with Israel, with Jehovah!

It is not difficult to read the lesson of this story. God's people must hold up the hands of the ministry, or the Amaleks of sin will defeat the forces of righteousness. Wherein may we hold up our pastor's hands? Many ways. For instance, by attending church regularly. To maintain the many services of the church, year after year, in strength and efficiency, is not an easy task. Too much should not be expected of one man. Give the pastor the encouragement that comes from well-filled pews—empty pews are the nightmare of the preacher. Hold up his hands by being present whenever possible.

A good way to hold up our pastor's hands is to give him our active, earnest and cordial support in all the work of the church. That will make his heart glad. Unfortunately too many people have an idea that church work is something to be done solely by the minister. The view of a large class is illustrated by what a small boy said to his father. "Papa," said the boy, "why do you do, so much church work?" The father answered, "Doesn't our pastor do a great deal of church work?" "Yes," said the boy, "but he gets paid for it and you don't." What a mistaken view! It is God's work, and as such the work of the people as of the preacher. It is not a financial scheme for any one, pastor

or people. Hold up your pastor's hands in the work of the church!

Still another way is to pay your pastor punctually. He cannot afford to wait the convenience of the community. Some time ago a young man was appointed to a city pulpit. One of the prominent men of the church met him and said, "My brother, you need give yourself no concern whatever touching the finances of the church. All we expect of you is that your undivided attention will be given to the spiritual needs of the people." We hardly need say that that pastor is a success, he wears a happy countenance. At regular intervals his salary is paid him without a cent of deficiency. Who contribute to the success of that pastorate more than the good men and women who spare their minister all financial embarrassment? This is one of the ways to hold up a pastor's hands. Try it on your pastor.

Perhaps the first thing and the best thing is to pray for our pastor. Possibly if we commence by praying for our pastor we shall end by doing all other duties in co-operation with him. Many a devout Christian is by prayer holding up the pastor's hands. Many an invalid, a "shut-in" a bed-ridden saint, is supporting the pastor by the power of prayer. Your pastor needs your prayers, not only touching the difficulties and the trials, but moreover to the end that he may be faithful to the trust committed to him. Remember your pastor around the family altar, in your private devotions and in the sanctuary. Hold up his hands!—The Christian Work and Evangelist.

### ABANDONING PROHIBITION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Seventeen of the States of the American Union have at one time or another adopted the prohibitory method of dealing with the liquor problem. The vote last week in New Hampshire, enacting the local option license law, reduces the number of prohibition States to three—Maine, Kansas and North Dakota. On the face of the facts the impression must be strong that the prohibitory policy has failed to commend itself to the sober second thought of the American people. Certainly it looks as if the liquor interests had won a decisive triumph over those in favor of drastic measures against the traffic. But, though this impression would be natural, it would be erroneous. What has taken place is not the defeat of the prohibitory idea, but the shifting of the unit of prohibition from the State to the townships. While State prohibition has been disapproved, township prohibition was never more widely prevalent than today. Statistics are at hand confirming this statement in the most conclusive fashion. What the people have believed is not that prohibition is wrong or impracticable, but that laws of this kind should not be made by the State for all its inhabitants, but by the communities that are to be effected by them. In other words, that the liquor question belongs among the problems of local self-government.—The Watchman.

"The saddest songs are the sweetest echoes of the heart. Conscience and memory enshrine them."

REMEMBER, in speaking to anyone you want to help, the more earnest and unconscious of self you are the better you will help them.—T. T. Carter.

## Woman's Work.

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

### THE YELLOW PANE.

WALTER LEARNED.

When overhead the gray clouds meet,  
And the air is heavy with mist and rain,  
She clambers up to the window seat,  
And watches the storm through the yellow pane.

At the painted window she laughs with glee;  
She smiles at the clouds with a sweet disdain,  
And calls: "Now, Papa, it's sunshine to me,"  
As she presses her face to the yellow pane.

Dear child, in life should the gray clouds roll,  
Heavy with grief, o'er thy path amain,  
Stealing the sunlight from thy soul,  
God keep for thee somewhere a yellow pane!

It is reported from London that on account of ill health, Lady Henry Somerset has resigned her position as President of the National British Woman's Temperance Association.

For fourteen years she has been closely connected with temperance work in America as well as England. While temperance is the question that has been of greatest importance to her she is also a strong advocate of Woman's Suffrage, believing that if women were given the ballot they would use it to vote against the liquor traffic.

She has been much interested in dress reform, and in 1894 was prominent in the crusade against the exhibition of "living pictures" in England and America. She is possessed of vast wealth, the greater part of which she uses for charitable purposes.

### WOMAN'S HOUR AT THE EASTERN ASSOCIATION.

Scripture reading, Mark 14: 3-9, Mrs. L. F. Randolph. Prayer, Mrs. Anna C. Randolph. Greeting from the Woman's Board, by Mrs. Nettie West, Corresponding Secretary, read by Miss Louise Ayers, Westerly.

Singing, Rev. George B. Shaw. Letter from Mrs. G. H. F. Randolph, read by Miss Lizzie Spicer.

Extracts from letters of Dr. Palmborg, Mrs. W. L. Clarke.

Account of school work at Shanghai, prepared by a Christian Endeavor of Plainfield, and read by Miss Mary Stillman of Westerly.

Prayer, by Dr. Lewis. The collection amounted to \$10, and is to be applied to the Sara Gardiner Davis Scholarship at Salem College.

### THE WOMAN'S HOUR.

H. LOUISE AYERS.

The Woman's Hour at the Eastern Association was in charge of Mrs. Anna C. Randolph, Associational Secretary. The Hour was opened most fittingly with the Scripture lesson telling the story of the woman who had done what she could. Throughout the meeting the thought of the lesson was brought out in all the reports, and letters from our faithful women who are working earnestly in the home and foreign lands to lift the banner of the Master a little higher.

In a letter from the Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Board, the work of the Board was most admirably set forth, and is deserving of the hearty support of all the women in our denomination. The establishing of scholarships in our colleges is two-fold; it helps the schools as well as the girls who need such aid. The broader and more liberal the education we give the girls the stronger women we will have to carry on the denominational work.

A letter from Mrs. Lucy Randolph, of Fouke, Ark., was most interesting in its details of the work in that field, and we rejoice with her that they have so much reason for encourage-

ment in their school and so many coming to the Sabbath.

An extract from a letter from Dr. Palmborg contained accounts of the needs of the people in China, and although she tells little of herself, we know she is doing with her might what her hands find to do.

### EXTRACTS FROM DR. PALMBORG'S LETTER.

In a recent letter from Dr. Palmborg, she writes:

"My medical and school work has not been great—rather disappointing in its smallness since last summer. I have not been able to understand all the reasons for it, but have not felt discouraged. One thing has seemed to counterbalance, and that is, the constantly increasing attendance at our Sabbath afternoon services. I hold a service here in Lieou-oo, now, every week, at which I explain some portion of Scripture. Lately I have been taking portions from the Sermon on the Mount; and it is very encouraging to me to find the people giving the best of attention. Last Sabbath our room was crowded, most of the children standing. I think there must have been fifty grown people. I could not count them without their seeing me do it. I am sure most of them understand me, and after the service I give all who can read a Gospel of Matthew to take home with them.

"Yesterday I walked two miles and a half into the country to see a sick woman who is too poor to pay much, and I walked to save them the expense of a sedan-chair. While at her home, a man came for me to go and see his old father and mother, both of them sick in bed. He declared it was less than half a mile further, but I am sure it was another full mile. While in the house, or hut, for they are very poor, it began to rain, and as there was no conveyance to be had in the country, I must, of necessity, walk back, or slip back, rather, and it was a tiresome process. The country roads are mere paths between the fields, and are from one to two feet wide, built up in ridges and packed hard. The rain made a thin slime on top of the rounding surface; so you can imagine my progress was rather slow, and my feet soaked when I reached home. But to-day I am little the worse for my experience. The majority of the people about here are so very poor! I wish you might have seen the house those two poor, old, sick people were in yesterday! There was no light whatever, except from the door, which I closed to keep out the crowd of men who gathered; so I had to examine the patients by the light of a tallow candle.

"The old man had been in bed eight months, in that room most of the time. Their beds were nothing but dirty rags, the floor mud, and dirt abounded on all sides. The family depend mostly on what they can raise on about one acre of land, excepting what little one son can earn at occasional day's work, for which the regular pay is not quite ten cents a day in our money.

"You can imagine a sick person's diet would not contain many delicacies at that rate. Ah me! If our people at home could see these things, how grateful they would be for their comforts and blessings! And how glad they ought to be to do without some luxuries and pleasures, that they might help other people to the knowledge of the God who is so willing to bless those that love and serve him."

### A DESIRABLE CONSOLIDATION.

THREE LEADING MONTHLIES UNITED.

By a notable change in New York Publication circles three prominent monthlies have been united, and will hereafter be published under the title of The Household-Ledger. The magazines thus brought together are The Ledger Monthly, founded by Robert Bonner in 1843, The Household, first published in Brattleboro, Vt., in 1868, later in Boston, and still more recently in New York, and Ev'ry Month, the first issue of which appeared in 1895.

In its departments the new magazine will be comprehensive, bright and replete with valuable suggestions. Columns of excellent fiction from pens of eminent writers, with several pages in each issue devoted to new music by prominent composers at once establish The Household-Ledger upon a high plane in the home field.

In these days of concentration, nothing could prove more attractive to the reading public than the uniting of these three leading publications, which, under a single subscription price gives the reader the best elements of each.

The new child labor law in Illinois is considered to be the most advanced of any of the state laws on the subject. It has been worked for assiduously by women of the state. There was immense pressure brought to bear against it from glassmakers and other influential manufacturers. Its passage shows great courage on the part of the legislature. It provides an eight-hour day for children between 14 and 16 years of age, and absolutely prohibits night work by children. The law prohibits the employment of children under 14 in any gainful occupation at any time, and prohibits employment of any child under 16, night or day, during the months in which the public schools of his city, town or village are in operation.

The most important change in the law is that which aims to do away with the evil of false affidavits as to age, by which so many thousands of children under the legal age have found their way into the factories. The new law requires a central place of registration, which shall be under the charge of the Board of Education. Affidavits must be made by parent or guardian before an officer appointed by the Board of Education who is charged with the responsibility of investigating as to their truthfulness. The chances of deception are thus greatly reduced.—Woman's Tribune.

### THE HABIT OF KINDNESS.

I know of a home in which the very atmosphere is so charged with human, loving kindness that it is a delight to be a guest therein. I have been a guest in that home for weeks at a time, and I never heard a single harsh, unkind word spoken to or about any one. One day I said to the sweet and gentle mistress of the home:

"Do tell me, if you can, the secret of the beautiful and unfailing kindness that forms a part of the very atmosphere of this home. What is the real secret of it?"

"Why, I do not know that there is any secret about it. It is a kind of a habit with us. You know that some people fall into the habit of always complaining. Others form the habit of always speaking sharply, while still others are habitually morose, and sulk

continually. Now it is just as easy to form a good habit as a bad habit, and, if one would only think so, it is just as easy to form the habit of kindness as it is to form the habit of unkindness.

"Oh, say a kind word if you can; And you can, and you can; Oh, say a kind word if you can, And you can, and you can."

"If any one spoke an unkind word in the house, some one would be sure to sing these lines, and so we came to speak kindly nearly all of the time. So much happiness came from it that I resolved when I came into possession of a home of my own that habitual kindness should be the rule there."

"It is a beautiful rule," I said. "It is a rule that will bring peace and joy to any home, and, as I said before, any one can cultivate the habit of kindness."

I believe this to be true, and I am sure that Sir Humphrey Davy told the truth when he said: "Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort."—J. T. Harbour in American Mother.

TRACT SOCIETY—TREASURER'S RECEIPTS.

Table with columns for names, amounts, and totals. Includes entries for M. Henry Watson, J. H. Coon, A. Friend, and various churches and associations.

PSALM 46.

PROF. HERMAN GUNKEL, University of Berlin, Germany.

Yahweh\* is our refuge and protection, Mighty to help us in our need; Therefore we will not tremble, though the earth perish, And the mountains tumble into the sea;

Yahweh Sabaoth is with us, Our stronghold is Jacob's God! The stream with its branches makes glad the city of God, The holiest of the dwellings of the Most High.

Yahweh Sabaoth is with us, Our stronghold is Jacob's God! He has done wonderful things on the earth! He makes wars to cease the world over, He breaks the bows, and blunts the spears, He burns the shields with fire.

This psalm is a hymn of the last things; its colors are taken from the grand final world-drama, about which the great prophets wrote, and in which Judaism also believed.

\* In this and other places the author of this psalm wrote "Yahweh," but at a later time this word was replaced by the Jews with the word "God," to avoid the use of the most holy name.

† The refrain must be supplied in this place, for the sake of the symmetry of the strophes. ‡ This is the reading of the Septuagint instead of the Hebrew "chariots."

With majestic words of faith and unshaken confidence the psalm begins. Terrible troubles—says the old prophecy—shall come over the earth in the last days; there shall be dreadful throes to usher in the new age, an earthquake which shall destroy the very foundations of the earth.

One day—this was foretold—another flood will come over the earth (cf. the prophetic passages, Isa. 17: 12-14; Jer. 47: 2; et al.). As in the time of chaos before the creation the proud surging waters of the primeval ocean covered the earth (cf. Job 38: 11), till Yahweh's command drove them into the depth (cf. Psa. 104: 6 ff.), so, in the same way, at the end of time, the ocean will revolt against Yahweh's creation; roaring and surging the waters will come on; as they advance the mountains will shake because of their proud strength.

Yahweh Sabaoth is with us, Our stronghold is Jacob's God!

As in the first deluge the ark of Noah outrode the waters, so will Yahweh's people be saved on Mount Zion. Yahweh Sabaoth is the name of the God of Moses' Ark of the Covenant, as well as of the God of the Temple on Mount Zion. In his name the congregation rebukes the wild waters; against Mt. Zion the new chaos will be dashed to pieces.

While the first strophe takes us back to the time when the day of woe is approaching, the second strophe describes the bringing in of the new world and Yahweh's victory. Some say—thus ran the prophecy—Paradise, which was snatched away from men, shall be established again upon the earth. Then the stream of Paradise, with its four branches (about which the old legend tells us), will again pour forth its living waters.

Yahweh Sabaoth is with us, Our stronghold is Jacob's God! The stream with its branches makes glad the city of God, The holiest of the dwellings of the Most High. Yahweh is in the midst of her, she is not in danger, Yahweh will help her, when the morning dawns. Nations shouted, kingdoms were shaken; He gave command, then the earth trembled. Yahweh Sabaoth is with us, Our stronghold is Jacob's God!

And once more the poet strikingly contrasts the day of woe and the works of Yahweh. A detailed justification of this interpretation of the river may be seen in Gunkel, Commentary on Genesis, 2d ed., pp. 30 ff.

He introduces a new element of eschatology, which has now become familiar to us; a devastating war will sweep over the Holy Land, the North will pour out its masses of people, but before Zion the uproar shall cease (cf. Isa. 17: 12-14). Nations and kingdoms shall break forth against God's people. Then Yahweh's thundering voice shall be heard. His mighty words of command shall cause the earth to tremble. Thus is faith proved, and trust shown to be no illusion.

Yahweh Sabaoth is with us, Our stronghold is Jacob's God!

While the first strophe expresses the hope of Yahweh's triumphant coming, and the second tells of his advent, the third describes the joyful accomplishment of his victory. Yahweh's work is done! The crisis is past! The waters have disappeared, the nations are conquered. Men who lived and shuddered while God performed his astounding deeds, must now look upon Yahweh's works as finished. When he wrought those deeds nobody was permitted to watch him. God's works do not admit a spectator. Now that he has wrought his victory, come from Zion and look at the field strewn with dead bodies, which he has caused. Now all weapons are gone; the bones are broken, the points of the spears are blunted, the shields are burned. Never again upon the earth shall arms be lifted. Thus, with one mighty blow, Yahweh creates everlasting peace.

This hope for peace at the close of the present world-era belongs also to the prophetic thought of the future (cf. Isa. 2: 2 ff.; 11: 6 ff.). This hope, too, is of mythic origin: at one time, in the "golden age," God's peace is said to have been among men and animals. Now begin's Yahweh's glorious reign. From all that possibly might be said about it, the psalmist seizes upon these words with which Yahweh proclaims his ascension to the throne: "Cease your hostility," he commands all the nations, referring to their warfare against Zion; "Know who I am! I am called Yahweh." In this name of Yahweh the poet in his enthusiasm sums up the triumphant power of God. Says Yahweh, "I am the highest Lord of all nations, king and God of the universe."

And now for a third time sounds the refrain of the congregation, inspired by this sublime picture, Yahweh is with us, He is the God who helps and shields us!

This psalm is usually interpreted as referring to some specific historical event at some stage of Israel's past history. But such an interpretation is too limited and shallow. The words receive their full meaning only when made to refer to the great Messianic consummation of the present world-era. It contains a wonderful expression of the trust of the chosen people, and shows what immense enthusiasm lay in their Messianic hope. To Germans this psalm is especially dear, because it suggested to Luther that splendid hymn: "Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott."—Biblical World.

COLUMBIA RIVER SCENERY.

Columbia river scenery is rapidly claiming the attention of the traveling public, not only throughout the United States, but throughout the world. The scenic beauty of all other mountainous countries is now being compared with the scenery of the Columbia. The sentiment expressed in Thanatopsis.

"Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound Save its own dashing!"

is to-day decidedly reversed, for every year thousands of tourists sound loud the praises of the wondrous beauty of the upper Columbia.

To miss seeing the upper Columbia when visiting Portland, one might as well visit Switzerland, and not see the Alps; California, and not see the Yosemite; Niagara, and not see the falls. No better description of the Upper Columbia has ever been written than that from the pen Olin D. Wheeler in "Wonderland," which is published by the Northern Pacific.

"One who has or can command a day at Portland will find this trip the grandest of its kind certainly in this country, and possibly in the world. The natural scenery of the Rhine or the Hudson, in wild, stupendous grandeur, is not comparable to the Columbia. There are here, it is true, no stately castles as on the Rhine, nor beautiful, wide rolling manoral estates, as on the Hudson; nature, unconventional and at times almost riotic, holds wild sway here. No gentling, softening hand has smoothed out the wrinkles and leveled the furuncles of the old dame; they are now as they were a million or less years ago, rough and protuberant.

Savage cliffs, æolic winds, beetling crags, rasping cascades, angry slopes, threshing waters, obelisks of adamant, cataracts of pearls are the order here. Great headlands crowned with forest locks; massive, detached rock pinnacles; tenuous falls hundreds of feet high; giant peaks whose polls are swathed in cloud wrappings; palisades of lava, rising thousands of feet above the mighty river, overwhelm us by their vast and magnificent proportions and awe us by the tremendous intensity of it all. We are in the land of the Philistine, of titanic forms, and as our steamer cuts the waters of the inland sea above the Cascades, or the whistle and exhaust of the locomotive echoes against the cliffs, we feel our own utter littleness and know that the finger of the Almighty has touched with a great lasting glory, every crag and wave and mountain and waterfall.

Wind mountain is a noted landmark on the Washington shore. We are here in the heart of the Cascades swiftly—if the wind at Wind mountain be not too strong—plowing through by steamer or speeding alongside by rail a larger and grander Tappan Zee than the famed one of the Hudson. If the clouds hang low on some of the mountains and a dash of rain or a veil of mist curtains off a part of the scene, the effect is grandly heightened. In the time of Lewis and Clark, the Astorians and those following them, the river banks were lined with an almost continuous succession of Indian settlements and a racially lot their denizens were for the most part. Disease principally wiped them from the earth long ago, and naught save the grinning skulls and bleaching bones on the Sepulchre islands now remains of them, save here and there a remnant of a tribe or family.

Near the renowned Dalles is Memaloose Island, the place of the Indian dead. There are really a number of Memaloose Islands around the Dalles and all of them were used as burial places, but the particular Memaloose Island is below Dalles City, and is known by a rough stone monument which marks the last resting place of Vic. Trevitt, a white man, who preferred sepulture there to

being buried in the white man's burial ground. Bones and skulls are now found scattered over these islands in general disorder.

The Dalles, which lie some miles above the town of the same name have never failed to excite the wonder of the traveler. They extend for several miles, and the river, compressed into a narrow channel or channels, rushes, boils, seethes through a magnificent flow of basalt, having abrupt, vertical walls. Whirlpools and eddies are innumerable. Lewis and Clarke shot through these rapids successfully, and the Hudson's Bay Company men used often to take the chances, but it is dangerous in the extreme and many lives have been lost."—The Interior.

LOWER LIGHTS.

For Christ and the Sabbath. 2 Cor. 4: 6.

"SAFETY IN TOLL."

"I wished I might be safe, quite safe indeed From the world jungle; free again to find My sure way back unto a gentler kind Where, in home's clearing, there were little need To fear World's strife and it's contentious greed, I longed for quiet places, ways that wind Afield, at sweetest will of hare and hind, Lost ways and rare, in wood and glen and mead."

"A message came one day: 'My son, be strong; And then within the city's midst I knew The very calms I sought, I dared to stand Untrammelled of my coward fear and wrong; And, higher as my work about me grew, I felt as safe as any in the land.'" —Frank Walcott Hut in Feb. Chautauquan.

As with the physical life work produces muscle and strength, so it is with the spiritual. Jesus has given us life, and it is his desire that we should have it "more abundantly." The work of our Lower-Lights chain is to help spread the Gospel of Christ and his Sabbath truth; and it is very evident that this work will strengthen, and has strengthened, the workers. There ought to be more young men and young women in our Circle. Thank God for those who have joined, but are there not more whose business or study take them into dark places where the light of the Sabbath is not known, who are willing and anxious to shine for Jesus? Come in, and let us reason together. You will be a help and encouragement to the others, and they will be a help to you. In union there is strength, and an interchange of ideas through our correspondence system may be profitable.

Lower Lights who have sons and daughters or young friends bring them in. Each link adds to the circle of our influence. Our youngest member now, I believe, is fourteen years old, but there is no age limit. No one who has Christ in the heart, and who believes in the Sabbath, is too old or too young to help in this work. Isolated ones have felt the need of some definite plan of work, in order to accomplish more. The feeling of loneliness is greatly lessened if we feel that we have a God-given work to do, and that he is always near to guide and strengthen. Then there are the prayers of each Light for every other Light, a great source of strength.

Young people must be active. If they are not enlisted, body, soul and spirit, in God's army, the enemy is ever ready to entice them into his service. "He that is not with me is against me, and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." There are many who dare to stand and to let their light shine brightly for the church of their fathers. These are gaining strength, and are the hope of the

future; but occasionally some go from us, leaving an empty place and deep sorrow in our hearts.

ANGELINE ABBEY.

Our Reading Room.

DODGE CENTRE, Minn.—Minnesota and the Northwest have had a hard time this spring. Besides an exceptionally wet spring, which has nearly stopped work on the farm; we have had an unusual amount of sickness. Several are in bed at this writing, yet we hope to be able to enjoy and entertain our coming Association. We regard it a very important meeting.

Dr. Emerson Ayars, of Richburg, N. Y., has been visiting his parents here and renewing old-time acquaintances prior to his trip to Colorado and Utah.

The printed program for our Association bespeaks a general stirring up of our people.

Church work here is moving along about as usual, only we miss the presence and work of Bro. Ernst, who is now in Scott, N. Y.

Hastily, G. W. L.

THE LOST LEADER.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Just for a handful of silver he left us; Just for a ribbon to stick in his coat; Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us, Lost all the others she lets us devote. They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver, So much was theirs who so little allowed. How all our copper had gone for his service! Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud; We that had loved him so, followed him, honored him, Lived in his mild and magnificent eye. Learned his great language, caught his clear accents, Made him our pattern to live and to die! Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us, Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their graves! He alone breaks from the van and the freemen; He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves!

We shall march prospering,—not through his presence; Songs may inspire us,—not from his lyre; Deeds will be done—while he boasts his quiescence. Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire. Blot out his name, then,—record one lost soul more, One task more declined, one more foot-path untrod, One more triumph for devils, and sorrow for angels, One wrong more to man, one more insult to God! Life's night begins; let him never come back to us! There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain. Forced praise on our part,—the glimmer of twilight, Never glad confident morning again! Best fight on well, for we taught him,—strike gallantly, Aim at our heart ere we pierce through his own; Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us, Pardoned in Heaven, the first by the throne!

THINK and thank. And when we stop to think, how much occasion we all have for thanksgiving. We have read of a father who one winter's night was walking along, hurrying toward home, with his little daughter at his side. Suddenly she said to him: "Father, I am going to count the stars." "Very well," he said, "go on." By and by he heard her counting—"Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-four, two hundred and twenty-five. O, dear," she said, "I had no idea there were so many!" Just so, fellow Christian, have you never said within your soul: "Now, Master, I am going to count thy benefits," and soon found your heart sighing, not with sorrow, but burdened with goodness, and you saying to yourself, "I had no idea there were so many!" We are all too much prone to forget God's benefits. We have excellent memories for all our trials and sorrows and losses, but fail to recall our blessings. It seems that the very abundance of God's favors and their ever unbroken flow tend to make us all the more forgetful of the Giver of them all.

Young People's Work.

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

General Financial Statement of the Student Evangelistic Work Under the Charge of L. C. Randolph.

Expense—1901. Salary Quartet No. 1, 48 days. Expenses Quartet No. 1 and L. C. Randolph. Student Evangelistic half of this total expense.

Receipts. Cash received on field by Quartet No. 1 for Student evangelistic work.

Berlin. Waterford. Noyes Beach. Dunn's Corner. Rockville. Ashaway. Hopkinton. Plainfield. Adams Centre. Brookfield. W. Edmeston. Leonardville. New Market. Westerly.

Received from Young People's Societies: Berlin. Plainfield. Rockville. Westerly. First Verona (Suburban Society). Hornellsville. New Market. Verona. W. Edmeston. DeWitt. Little Genesee. Brookfield. First Alfred.

Received from Missionary Society. Dr. S. C. Maxson, Titica. Ladies' Evangelical Society, Alfred. First Alfred Church. Quartet No. 2 collected at Hickernell and Blystone. Profit on books. Received from First Hopkinton church toward L. C. A. Burdick's expenses. H. E. Davis collections at Shingle House and Main Settlement. Received for work. Profit on books. W. L. Greene, received at First Hebron. Received at Hebron Centre. Profit on books.

Summary 1901. Total expenses. Total receipts. Deficit.

Expenses—1902. Deficit from previous year. Salary of Quartet, 36 days. Expenses of Quartet.

Students' evangelistic half. Salary J. N. Norwood, 72 days. Expenses J. N. Norwood.

Receipts. Cash received by Quartet in field for student evangelistic work. J. N. Norwood collected at Main Settlement. At Shingle House. Profit on books. Received from First Alfred church. E. D. Cartwright.

Summary—1902. Total expenses. Total receipts. Deficit.

Received in 1903: First Alfred church. Dr. S. C. Maxson. E. D. Cartwright. First Alfred Y. P. S. C. E. Bradford Seventh-day Baptists.

Summary—1903. Deficit. Receipts.

WHAT THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE HAS BECOME. The States and Territories of the purchase produced 264,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1900, valued at \$152,000,000—more than

half of the wheat crop of the whole United States; 1,013,000,000 bushels of corn, or forty-eight per cent of the country's product; thirty-eight per cent of the country's oats. The wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, cotton, hay and potatoes produced in this region in 1900 brought \$755,000,000, and its farm animals were valued at \$825,000,000, thirty-eight per cent of those of the whole country.

From that celebrated pioneer experiment in wheat-growing by Oliver Dalrymple, a wealthy Minnesota farmer, in the Territory of Dakota in 1876, quickly came magnificent results. In 1902 North Dakota stood second in the list of wheat-producing states, and Minnesota first. These with Missouri, South Dakota, Nebraska and Kansas, all in the Louisiana Purchase, led all the rest of the country last year in wheat-growing. Much more than half of the country's 670,000,000 bushels grown in 1902 (valued at \$422,000,000) was grown in the states of the old Jefferson tract.

And the story of corn is similar. Illinois stood first in corn yield in 1902, as in most years. The four Louisiana States of Iowa, Missouri, Nebraska and Kansas, led all the rest of the country. More than half the country's corn crop, valued at \$1,017,000,000, was produced in the territory of the Purchase. Iowa was second in 1902 in the production of oats, Illinois being first. Another Louisiana state, Minnesota, was second that year in barley production, California leading. Iowa was second in hay, New York heading the list. Two-thirds of the country's 195,800 tons' yield of beet sugar for 1902 was grown by the territory west of the Mississippi. Texas, a region which belonged to Louisiana at the time Bonaparte transferred the province to the United States in 1803, but our claim on which was given up to Spain by President Munro in 1819 as part of the price which we paid for Florida, and which we did not recover until Polk's days in 1845, produces almost a third of the entire country's cotton. \*Texas, however, is not included in Louisiana in any of the figures given in this article.—World's Work.

SCHOOLBOY COMPOSITIONS.

Sympathy for the trials of a teacher's life gives way to a momentary envy when one occasionally gets a glimpse of the surprisingly original versions which their pupils give of matters long familiar. Nothing, for instance, could be more refreshing than this contribution to history by a school boy:

"Alfred the Great was King of England many thousands of years ago. The Danes came to conquer the country, but Alfred went to their camp and played upon a harp so beautifully that the Danes all rushed down into the sea and were drowned. The Danes were a red-headed people and therefore very fierce." Equally surprising is the following revelation:

"The Americans made the revolution because they was tired of tea and wanted coffee. Also because there was not enough taxation."

It is to be hoped that the author of a Washington's birthday essay was mistaken in one of his assertions, namely:

"George Washington was noted for being the only great statesman and patriot who never told a lie nor wanted a third term."

A "Columbus Day" essay contained this tribute to the great discoverer: "Columbus meant to discover India and

not America. He was a good man and tried hard not to discover America, but fate was against him and he was cruelly put in prison by the Spanish who seemed to have known what would happen sometime."

A boy who had evidently read books written in England is responsible for this definition:

"Treason is another name for molasses."

One lad was able to quote an old saying, but the addition he makes shows him not quite satisfied:

"A weed is a plant whose use has never been found out. A man who would find out would be a very useful citizen."

A youngster with a strictly logical turn of mind says:

"Africa is called the dark continent on account of the darkies."

A youth who had not the least desire to "speak disrespectfully of the equator," gave this definition:

"The equator is a broad belt of land, 47 degrees wide, and extends east and west through the hot regions of the torrid zone."

A boy who had heard the last echoes of a now obsolete discussion made this declaration:

"Shakespeare was a great man who wrote many fine poems. He was assassinated by two conspirators named Donnelly and Bacon."

After all, this is not much worse than the candidate for a position on the police force, who said in his examination paper that Lincoln was shot by Ballington Booth.

THE HIGHWAY COW.

EUGENE J. HALL.

The hue of her hide was a dusky brown. Her body was lean and her neck was slim. One horn was turned up and the other turned down. She was keen of vision and long of limb; With a Roman nose and a short stamp tail, And ribs like the hoops on a home-made pail.

Many and many a well-aimed stone, Many a brickbat of goodly size, And many a cudgel swiftly thrown Had brought the tears to her loving eyes, Or had bounded off from her bony back With a noise like the sound of a rifle-crack.

Many a day had she passed in the pound For helping herself to her neighbor's corn, Many a cowardly cur and hound Had been transfixed on her crumpled horn; Many a teapot and old tin pail Had the farmer-boys tied to her time-worn tail.

Old Deacon Gray was a pious man, Though sometimes tempted to be profane, When many a weary mile he ran To drive her out of his growing grain. Sharp were the pranks she used to play To get her fill and to get away.

She knew when the deacon went to town. She wisely watched when he went by; He never passed her without a frown; And an evil gleam in each angry eye; He would crack his whip in a surly way, And drive along in his "one-horse shay."

Then at his homestead she loved to call, Lifting his bars with crumpled horn; Nimbly scaling his garden wall, Helping herself to his standing corn; Eating his cabbages, one by one, Hurrying home when her work was done.

His human passions were quick to rise, And striding forth with a savage cry, With fury blazing from both his eyes As lightnings flash in a summer sky, Redder and redder his face would glow, And after the creature he would go.

Over the garden, round and round, Breaking his pear and apple trees; Trampling his melons into the ground, Overturning his hives of bees, Leaving him angry and badly stung, Wishing the old cow's neck was wrung.

The mosses grew on the garden wall, The years went by with their work and play, The boys of the village grew strong and tall, And the gray-haired farmers passed away One by one, as the red leaves fall; But the highway cow outlived them all.

Children's Page.

WATCHING FOR PAPA.

She always stood upon the steps Just by the cottage door, Waiting to kiss me when I came Each night home from the store. Her eyes were like two glorious stars, Dancing in heaven's own blue— "Papa," she'd call like a wee bird, "Is looten out for ool!"

Alas! how sadly do our lives Change as we onward roam! For now no birdie voice calls out To bid me welcome home. No little hands stretched out for me, No blue eyes dancing bright, No baby face peeps from the door When I come home at night.

And yet there's comfort in the thought That when life's toil is o'er, And passing through the sable flood I gain the brighter shore, My little angel at the gate, With eyes divinely blue, Will call with birdie voice, "Papa, 'Is looten out for ool!"

A QUEER PARTNERSHIP.

A college boy visiting in a Southern city was much interested in the street vendors who swarmed past his boarding place, and whose cries floated up to him. One day, he noticed a colored boy carrying on his head a board covered with boxes of strawberries. But, unlike the others, this boy was not calling out his stock. He walked slowly past several of the houses, then came back and crossed into the park, and stood or walked about diffidently. The boy on the veranda watched him for some time, deciding at length that he was new to the business, and too bashful to enter the competition for attention.

At home the onlooker had been noted for the strength and heartiness with which he emitted the college yell, and also for his impulsiveness and disregard for conventionalities. Suddenly a new thought seemed to strike him, for he seized his hat and rushed down stairs and out upon the street, going straight to the strawberry vender.

"You've got some fine berries there," he said.

"Yes, sah; dey's mighty fine." Then diffidently, "Reckon yo' gwine buy some?"

"No, I don't live here. But say, why don't you call out like the others?"

"Dat's what I done ax mysef," frankly. "But 'pears like 'I see no vice. Dis my firs' time out."

"But you've got to call if you want to catch trade. Here, let's see if I can balance that thing."

He took the board of berries from their unresisting owner and balanced it upon his head, then allowed his hands to fall slowly to his side. Instantly the board began to tilt. The colored boy's hands rose quickly to the rescue of the berries.

"Don't recon yo' kin do it boss," he grinned. "Yo' ain' got de sperience."

"No, I see I haven't. Well I guess I'll have to do it this way," raising a hand to each side of the board. "Now you follow close behind me."

The other boy obeyed, evidently wondering what was to follow. A few steps forward, and then, "Strawberries, fresh and handsome!" rang out in a voice which penetrated into every house and street for blocks away.

People turned wondering, those near grinning, others pushing forward to see whence came the clear, penetrating, unusual cry. At the next house, a woman was standing on the piazza. As a second call rang out, she walked down and opened the gate.

"Would you likesomestrawberries, madam?" the boy asked, lowering the board and bowing very courteously; they are very fine ones, I assure you."

"Well, I don't know," answered the woman, looking at him rather than at the berries. "How much are they worth?"

"Er—I don't know. How much?" to the boy behind.

"Fi'teen cent." The woman laughed comprehendingly. "Oh, I understand," she said. "I was wondering how you happened to be in the business. Yes, they are fine ones; I will take three boxes."

At the next house, two more boxes were sold, and one at the next. At the end of ten minutes the boy gave the empty board and a handful of small silver to his companion.

"There you are," he said; "it takes push to make business. You must do something so folks will look your way. Don't forget."

"No, sah," the white teeth showing: "I'ae bound to 'member; an' I t'ank yo' sah. In de mawnin' I'ae gwine holler if I has to shet my eyes from skeeredness. I is sho'."

"That's right. "Well, good-by, and good luck to you."—Selected.

PASS IT ON.

Once, when I was a schoolboy, going home from the far-away little town in which I dwelt, I arrived in Bristol, and got on board the steamer with just enough money to pay my fare; and, that being settled, I thought, in my innocence, that I had paid for everything in the way of meals. I had what I wanted as long as we were in smooth water. Then came the rough Atlantic, and the need of nothing more. I had been lying in my berth for hours, wretchedly ill, and past caring for anything, when there came the steward and stood beside me.

"Your bill, sir," said he, holding out a piece of paper.

"I have no money," said I in my wretchedness.

"Then I shall keep your luggage. What is your name and address?"

I told him.

Instantly he took off the cap he wore, with the gilt band about it, and held out his hand.

"I should like to shake hands with you," he said.

Then came the explanation—how that some years before some kindness had been shown his mother by my father in the sorrow of her widowhood. "I never thought the chance would come for me to repay it," said he pleasantly, "but I'm glad it has."

As soon as I got ashore I told my father what had happened.

"Ah," said he, "see how a bit of kindness lives! Now he has passed it on to you. You remember, if you meet anybody that needs a friendly hand, you must pass it on to them." Years had gone by. I had grown up and quite forgotten it all, until one day I had gone to the station of one of our main lines. I was just going to take my ticket, when I saw a little lad crying; a thorough gentleman he was, trying to keep back the troublesome tears as he pleaded with the booking clerk.

"What's the matter, my lad?" I asked.

"If you please, sir, I haven't money enough to pay my fare. I have all but a few pence, and I tell the clerk that if he will trust me I will be sure to pay him."

Instantly it flashed upon me, the forgotten story of long ago. Here, then, was my chance to pass it on. I gave him the sum needed, and then got into the carriage with him. Then I told the little fellow the story of long ago, and of the kindness to me. "Now, today," I said, "I pass it on to you; and, remember, if you meet with any one who needs a kindly hand, you must pass it on to them."

"I will, sir, I will!" cried the lad, as he took my hand, and his eyes flashed with earnestness.

I reached my destination and left my little friend. The last sign I had from him was the handkerchief fluttering from the carriage, as if to say, "It is all right, sir; I will pass it on."—Home and School Visitor.

THE DOOR-STEP SPARROW.

Our little door-step friend is the very smallest of all the brown sparrows. He wears a reddish brown cap, and a gray vest so plain it hasn't a single button or stripe on it. He is a dear, plump little bird, who sits in the sun and throws up his head and chirps away so happily that people call him the chipping sparrow.

He comes to the door-step and looks up at you as if he knew that you wanted to feed him, and if you scatter crumbs on the piazza he will pick them up and hop about on the floor as if it were his piazza as well as yours.

One small chippy, whom his friends call Dick—used to light on the finger of the kind man who fed him, and use his hand for a dining-room, and sometimes, when he had had a very nice breakfast, he would hop up on a finger perch, and sing a happy song!

Dick was so sure his friends were kind and good that as soon as his little birds were out of the nest he brought them to be fed, too. They did not know what a nice dining-room a hand makes, so they wouldn't fly up to it, but when the gentleman held their bread and seeds close to the ground, they would come and help themselves.

Chipping sparrows don't like to live close to their next-door neighbors. They don't mind if a robin is in the same tree on another bough, but they want their own branch all to themselves.

And they want it to be a branch, too. Other birds may build their nests on the ground, or dig holes in tree trunks, or even hang their nests down inside dark chimneys if they like, but chippy doesn't think much of such places. He wants plenty of daylight and fresh air.

If you were a bird and you could find a kind family fond of birds, don't you think it would be a good thing to build near them? Perhaps they would drive away the cats and help protect your brood. Then on hot summer days maybe some little girl would think to put out a pan of water for a drink and a cool bath. Some persons, like Dick's friends, are so thoughtful they throw out crumbs to save a tired mother bird the trouble of having to hunt for every morsel she gets to give her brood. Just think what work it is to find worms enough for four children who want food from daylight to dark!

The vines of a piazza make a safe, good place for a nest, if you are sure the people haven't a cat and love birds. I once saw a chippy's nest in the vines of a dear old lady's house, and when she came out to see how the eggs were getting on, she would talk so kindly to the old birds that it was very pleasant to live there. In such a place your children are protected, they have a roof over their little

heads so the rains won't beat down on them, and the vines shade them nicely from the hot sun.

On the lawn you will find the soft grasses you want for the outside of the nest, and in the barnyard you can get the long horse hairs that all chipping sparrows think they must have for a dry, cool nest-lining. Chippies are called hair-birds, they use so much hair. I have seen a chippy's nest that hadn't another thing in it. It was just a coil of black horse-hair.

Did you ever look into a chippy's nest? The eggs are a pretty blue, and have black dots on the larger end.—Bird Lore.

#### THE OLD BLACK TEA POT.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

Sitting by the chimney corner as we grow old, the commonest things around us take on live meanings and hint at the difference between these driving times and the calm, slow moving days when we were young.

Now here beside me, for instance, is an old high clock—the kind whose one weight hangs on groaning chains—such as the first Swedish settlers brought with them on their barkentine, the "Key of Calmar," the first vessel to sail up the bay yonder, then silent and nameless.

It reminds me of just such a clock which stood in a farm house in Pennsylvania fifty years ago, and of a little circumstance concerning it which has a curious significance.

I was a visitor one fall in this house, a large stone homestead set on a low hill with its barns and corn ricks and cider presses, hedged in by orchards and rolling wheat fields, while beyond stretched miles of forests of oak and sycamore. Nowhere in this country, from sea to sea, does nature comfort us with such assurance of plenty, such rich and tranquil beauty as in those unsung, unpainted hills of Pennsylvania.

The farmer's family belonged to what in England would be called the upper middle class, and in France the *haute bourgeoisie*. Their kinsfolk were the small lawyers, doctors, ministers and farmers of country places; these men drove the plow, the women milked, cooked and sewed. But there was a Knabe Grand in the parlor and fine damask in the linen closet, and on a couple of shelves some books—Scott, and the Spectator, and Bunyan's Complete Works, cook books and Caesar, and Black on the Horse.

I don't believe you could find just that kind of people now in the whole country.

One cool September afternoon the clock mender came to the farm on his rounds. He drove a stout gray mare in a little wagon with one seat and a box at the back, in which were his tools and a basket of provisions, for he made long journeys across the Pennsylvania mountains, and there were few country inns in those days. Each farmer's wife when he was going away gave him a plentiful "piece" for two or three meals. He managed to visit a farm house once in each year, gathering the cream of the gossip from the Juniata to the Ohio.

We saw him coming up the long avenue of oaks and sycamores waving his whip cheerfully. He had, too, a little horn which he tooted to give notice of his coming. The farmer was in the meadows a mile away, but his wife welcomed him, and bade him carry his carpet sack to the spare bedroom, for it

was a matter of course that he should stay all night.

Then he went into the living room and hurried, box in hand, to the high clock in the corner. His hostess ran after him with an anxious face.

"Yes, yes, I understand," he said, and stepping on a chair put his hand behind the gilt dragon on the top of the clock and brought out a black earthen tea pot with a broken spout, and gave it to her.

"I know," he said, with a significant nod as she hurried away. "I doctor all the clocks in Pennsylvania west of the Alleghenies and there is not one in a hundred which has not an old tea pot on the top. It is the farmer's bank."

Later in the day my hostess beckoned me into her room and lifting the lid of the old pot held it before me. It was full to the brim of coins, gold eagles, silver dollars, Spanish "levies" and "flips," even copper cents.

"That is our bank," she said, with a proud smile. "We started it the day after we were married. Penny by penny. All John could scrape up. My money for butter and for the calves. Jem never could have got through college but for this old pot, and all Molly's plenshing when she was married came out of it."

The broken tea pot was significant of the business habits of the average American of that day. He worked steadily; he had scarcely heard of speculation; if he became a "warm" man it was by dint of saving. The old tea pot held countless comforts denied, countless innocent pleasures given up. His object in work or in saving was to educate his children—to push them on. He must add acre to acre to the farm for Joe; he must help Bill into the law—"Bill had a gift of the gab;" he must give Harry his schooling for the ministry. There was a feeling in his class, almost universal then, that one son in a family should be given to the work of the Lord.

Twenty years later I went back to the old farm. The orchards, the yellow wheat fields, the great silent woods were all swept away. In their stead a vast plain, treeless and grassless, stretched to the horizon. Here and there upon it, huge derricks and pyramids of hogsheads of petroleum rose against the sky. The farm house was gone; in its stead were the shops and saloons of a busy drunken town.

My old friends had struck oil; their well was one of the largest in the state. Money poured in on them in streams, in floods. It ceased to mean to them education or comfort or the service of God. It was power, glory. They grew drunken with the thought of it. The old people hoarded it with sudden terror lest it should vanish. Their only son came to the East with his share and his idiotic excesses made him the laughing stock of all New York. He was known as Coal-Oil Billy, and drove every day on Broadway in a four-in-hand with white horses and a band of music. He died, I believe, in an almshouse.

This was thirty years ago. You will search now in vain in that neighborhood for the old type of farm and farmer. There are no longer little dairies where the women beat their fragrant butter into shapes, stamp them with their initials, and send them proudly into market. The butter is made by men *en masse* in huge creameries and handled by wooden paddles. The farmers' daughters, if they are

well-to-do, are travelling abroad; if they are not, the girls are stenographers or saleswomen in some city.

Nowhere will you find the old black tea pot hidden, with its little pathetic hoardings.

Nowhere, either, will you find the mad craze of sudden wealth. Coal-Oil Billy belonged to a generation that is dead.

We have grown used to money. The handling, the increase of it, is the chief business of life now with most of us. The farmer's wife no longer gives her mind to the small ambitions of sewing rag carpets or making jelly. Even she has her little investments. She keeps an eye on certain Western gold mines, in which she has secretly "taken a flyer," now and then; she even buys on a margin through a broker, unsuspected by her husband or the boys.

We all have more money now than in the old days. We use it well or ill, according to our temperaments. But am I wrong in thinking that the money itself is now the object with us as money was not among decent folk in that earlier time? Why is this? Because there is now in this country a distinctly marked aristocracy of wealth, which has only existed since the Civil War. We want to accumulate our hundred thousand or our millions because they will buy us a place in that class; buy power and social prestige for us; a place in Newport, a little for our daughters, a house in Carlton Terrace. Our fathers starved their lives to put coins in the old tea pot, but those coins were to give education to their boys and service to the Lord.

But these things now have dropped into a secondary place. Money—money *per se*—is foremost.

The brew of the old black tea pot is well nigh forgotten among us.—Independent.

#### CAN TACT BE TAUGHT BY RULE?

When the Northwestern Christian Advocate calls attention to the importance of tact as an essential qualification for the Christian minister, its words waken an echo in the heart of every man who has given any serious attention to the problems of church life and work. Probably more men fail in the ministry from lack of this quality than from any other cause. Few ministers break down morally. The churches will stand a deal of poor preaching if the preacher has their respect, confidence, love. The man who can grip his fellow-men, tie them to himself, is in a position to influence and direct the lives about him, whatever may be true as to his scholarship or lack of it.

But when we come to ask ourselves how a tactless man can be taught tact, we face a most difficult problem. The Advocate's suggestion of a department in our theological schools where this highly important quality shall be taught, awakens numerous questions. Where, in a business school, is tact being taught successfully? Some of us would like to visit that school and study its methods. How will you persuade those men who most need such a course to take it? As a rule, the less tact a man has the more profound is his conviction that it is just at this point that he excels. Can you teach knowledge of human nature by a text book? or impart tact by means of rules? Would not the tact evoked by such means be of about the same unreal and wooden character as the etiquette which

results from the study of books devoted to that subject?

Two things must ever be taken into account in any explanation of the presence or absence of tact in an individual. The first is natural endowment. It is perfectly natural for some people to make friends, to "get along," pleasantly with their fellow-men. It is absolutely unnatural for others to do this. The latter class may be improved, but it is doubtful if they can ever be entirely cured. All the instruction in the world would not make them what some others are without effort. It is as impossible to impart tact to some men as it is to teach a pig to chant the Gloria in Excelsis. Second to nature as productive of this essential quality is experience. Men come to know men by knowing men. It is a pity that so many of the men entering the ministry pass from the shelter of home into the preparatory school, and thence to college and theological seminary without ever seeing anything of humanity outside of a very narrow circle. If the potential minister could have a couple of years in business it would do him a world of good. If he would spend two or three years as a pastor between the college and seminary courses, the result would be very beneficial to himself, whatever might be the effect upon the church. He needs, as a part of his training, to be brought into close touch with non-professional people. Some of our seminaries realize the importance of this practical training, and are using their students in work which brings them into constant contact with men and women. No descriptor of human nature or carefully prepared precepts for the guidance of the minister can ever take the place of actual experience.—Standard.

#### ABOUT BEAVERS.

In his habits the beaver resembles the muskrat; he likes to live along the bank of a stream, not too swift. He is decidedly herbivorous in his tastes, using for food green cornstalks, weeds, and the bark of trees, such as the quaking asp, willow, cottonwood, etc.

The only entrance to his nest is from the bottom of the stream; it is often to be found under a clump of overhanging willows, the roots of which help to keep the dirt from caving in. He digs upward, plastering his hole with mud and bracing it with sticks until he gets high enough above high water level to make his nest. These animals are wonderful workers. I have known them to stop up a two-inch pipe with grass, mud and moss. It had been laid to the center of their pond, in perhaps four feet of water. The pipe at the end had a strainer placed over it. The pump house was about one hundred yards away. How they discovered the water was escaping from the bottom of the pond, I do not know; but every morning, and sometimes in the night, the workmen had to go to the pond, wade out, and clean off the end of the pipe.

Besides being the most patient of all animals, the beaver is a model housekeeper. "As neat as a beaver" should be considered by all housekeepers as a high compliment. Every stick is carried out of the nest after the bark has been peeled off for food, and thrown into the stream.

He sometimes builds a "house," but he prefers a stream deep enough to allow him to lay down his food for the winter in its bed, for if shallow it is quite likely to freeze up and cut him off from his winter's supply. He lays

down his fresh-cut poles close to the bank, with the butt ends up-stream to prevent their floating down and away from his hole.

Almost helpless on land, he is perfectly at home in the water, his broad, paddle-shaped tail and his large webbed hind feet making excellent "oars." His front feet, strange to say, are laid close to his belly in swimming. Like men (with the exception of some oriental races, who use their toes about their daily work quite as cleverly as their hands), the beaver uses his "hands" in doing his work. The old story about his using his tail for a trowel is not reliable to any extent.

These animals usually herd together in small families, go upstream during the spring freshets, and remain there. If their dams are cut out, a dog can be sent into the hole and the occupants driven out. They are then easily caught and killed, as they are so clumsy on land and see but little. They have a wonderful scent, which makes it impossible to trap them on land. To trap them even in water requires more or less practice on the part of the trapper. He has a cunning creature to deal with, and he must proceed carefully.

Like the muskrat, the beaver can swim a long distance under the ice by breathing upward and inhaling again as he swims across. This breath is seen to collect in bubbles under the ice. An occasional "air-hole" also serves him, so that I have known him to cross under ice a lake a mile and a half wide.—Forest and Stream.

#### MARY LYON'S DEVOTION.

A beautiful example of Christlikeness and consecration is portrayed in the life of Mary Lyon of Mount Holyoke Seminary.

How fittingly was it said of her that "She seemed to stand between her pupils and God to assist them in learning his will." "Is it according to the law of love?" was a question she often pressed home to her pupils in the settlement of their difficulties. The Bible had the first place among her text books. She said at one time, "Education, property, time, influence, friends, children, brothers, and sisters, all should be devoted to the great object of the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom and the salvation of men."

A few days before her death, she said, "There is nothing in the universe I fear but that I shall not know all my duty, or fail to do it."

#### HALF A POINT WRONG.

A gentleman crossing the English Channel stood near to the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship, but a sudden flapping of a sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass. "You are a half point off the course!" he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when only a half point is so much thought of."

"Ah! half a point in many places might bring us directly on the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands upon the rocks of falsehood.

Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering for the rocks of crime. And so of kindred vices. The beginnings are always small.—Exchange.

He was a stranger, cycling through Boston. You could tell it from the cautious manner with which he picked his way down the principal street. It was evening. A gentleman approached the cyclist. "Sir," said he, "your beacon has ceased its function." "Sir?" "Your illuminator, I say, is shrouded in unmitigated oblivion." "Really, I don't quite—." "The effulgence of your radiator has evanesced." "My dear fellow, I—" "The transversal ether oscillations in your incandenser have been discontinued." Just then an unsophisticated little newsboy shouted across the way: "Hey, mister, your lamp is out!"

#### Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75 c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

#### Employment Bureau Notes.

##### WANTS.

Give us your ideas on how to accomplish the most good with the Bureau. Send the secretary short articles for publication—your ideas along employment lines for Seventh-day Baptists. Notify us when a "want ad" should cease, and also let us know if you have been benefitted by the Bureau.

1. Seventh-day Baptist partner with little capital to put a patentright on the market.
  2. Wanted, a farm-hand at once, near Walworth, Wis. Work the year round. Good wages.
  3. Want to employ a good painter and paperhanger at once in a Kansas town.
  4. A young man would like a job in electrical plant or machine shop, with chances to learn the business. Best of references.
  5. A draftsman, with experience as draftsman, designer; technical graduate; will be open for work about June.
  6. A young lady, with state (Pennsylvania) Normal certificate desires to teach among Seventh-day people; would accept a position as clerk in a store.
  7. A man on a small truck farm in New Jersey. Must be good with horses. Will have some teaming to do, including coal to haul. Work the year around.
  8. Employment for unskilled and skilled laborers in machine shop and foundry in New York state. About \$1.25 per day for unskilled, and \$1.75 to \$2.25 for good mechanics. Living expenses very cheap. Low rents. Seventh-day Baptists with the same ability are preferred to any one else.
  9. Wanted at once by single man living with his parents on a pleasant farm in southern Minnesota, a good, honest single man. One who would take interest in doing the farm work while the owner is away on a business trip during part of summer. Such a man would be appreciated and given steady employment and good wages.
  10. A man and a boy to work on dairy farm, at Nortonville, Kan. Steady employment at good wages. Good chance for boy to work for board and attend graded school eight months in the year.
  11. A lady with New York State Life Certificate as teacher, wishes a position in said State among Seventh-day Baptist people.
- If you want employment in a Seventh-day Baptist community, write us. If you want Seventh-day Baptist employes, let us know. Inclose 10 cents in stamps with requests to employ or to be employed. Address,  
W. M. DAVIS, Sec.,  
No. 511 West 63d Street,  
Chicago, Ill.

## Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.  
 Edited by  
 REV. WILLIAM C. WHITFORD, Professor of Biblical  
 Languages and Literature in Alfred  
 University.

### INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1903. SECOND QUARTER.

April 4. Paul's Farewell to Ephesus.....Acts 20: 24-38  
 April 11. The Resurrection.....I Cor. 15: 20, 21, 50-58  
 April 18. The Law of Love.....Rom. 13: 7-14  
 April 25. Paul's Journey to Jerusalem.....Acts 21: 31-39  
 May 2. Paul Arrested.....Acts 21: 30-39  
 May 9. The Plot Against Paul.....Acts 23: 12-22  
 May 16. Paul Before Felix.....Acts 24: 10-16, 24-26  
 May 23. Paul Before Agrippa.....Acts 26: 15-29  
 May 30. The Life-giving Spirit.....Rom. 8: 1-14  
 June 6. Paul's Voyage and Shipwreck.....Acts 27: 33-44  
 June 13. Paul at Rome.....Acts 28: 16-34, 30, 31  
 June 20. Paul's Charge to Timothy.....2 Tim. 3: 14-18  
 June 27. Review.....

### LESSON XIII.—REVIEW.

For Sabbath-day, June 27, 1903.

Golden Text.—The Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom.—2 Tim. 4: 18.

#### NOTES.

Our lessons for this quarter from the Book of Acts give us a glimpse of the last period of the spread of the Gospel recorded for us in the Bible. The Book of Acts may be divided into four sections: (1) the Beginning of the church at Jerusalem to the Martyrdom of Stephen, (2) the Spread of the Faith from Jerusalem to Antioch, (3) the early Work of Paul (his missionary journeys, etc.) (4) the later Work of Paul.

It is of this latter period that we have been studying. The manner of Paul's work is changed, but he was none the less certainly engaged in efficient labor for the Master. In Lesson 1 we have an example of how Paul turned over the work of caring for a church unto those who might carry on to completion the task begun by Paul in a particular city. Lesson 4 gives another picture of the love that the early Christians had for one another just because they were disciples of a common Master, and Paul's steadfast devotion to duty, even when the path of duty led into certain danger. The predictions of Paul's friends were realized, (Lesson 5.) He was seized by the Jews and escaped from death only by the interposition of the Romans. Even in these straits Paul is intent upon the preaching of the Gospel. The Jews failing to have Paul convicted of any serious offense, plan to murder him, but are prevented. (Lesson 6.) Before Felix Paul boldly confesses that he is a follower of Christ, and makes the governor tremble by his plain statement of the truth of man's responsibility in the sight of God. (Lesson 7.) Before Agrippa Paul delivers an eloquent oration and is intent not so much upon his own vindication as to make the Gospel message forcible and plain to this dissolute monarch. (Lesson 8.) Lesson 10 tells of the shipwreck, and of Paul's influence among the two hundred and seventy-six. At Rome, in spite of his chain, Paul was steadfastly engaged in the work of his Master. Here, as elsewhere, he showed his eagerness that the Jewish people especially should become believers in the Messiah Jesus. (Lesson 11.)

Besides the eight lessons from the Book of Acts we have had four lessons from Paul's Epistles, and these words which Paul wrote help us to understand the life and character of the man. Lesson 2, from First Corinthians, sets forth one of the cardinal doctrines of our religion, that of the resurrection. This is appropriately studied as an Easter lesson. The two lessons from Romans give us an impression of the value of this the greatest of the Epistles. Lesson 3 is from the practical part of the Epistle, and is appropriately chosen as a temperance lesson. Lesson 9 is chosen from the climax of the doctrinal portion of the Epistle, and tells of the real life that the Christian enjoys through the Holy Spirit, free from all condemnation. Lesson 12 forms a fitting conclusion to this series of lessons, and gives us the swan-song of the Apostle Paul, a declaration of triumph for the servant of Christ.

### BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.

Many cities of the United States are in the state of industrial war. One hundred thousand men are now on strike, with probably several times as many in close sympathy with them. Over against them is the aggressive propagandism of the newly formed Employers' Association, with inflammatory speeches by its president and its secretary. The

ordinary citizen is uncertain whether he lives in civilization or in barbarism. He dare not promise to build a house, buy a meat, or change his linen. With the avalanche of injunctions about them, business men and laborers alike begin to wonder whether they are citizens or subjects.

Yet one thing stands out clear in all this—the growth of the reliance upon law rather than upon violence. Threats of violence are still made by the representatives of the labor unions, and threats of an equally lawless sort are made by their opponents; but none the less, riots are less frequent than one might fear, and both employers and workmen are turning to arbitration. If the attitude of newly formed labor unions and those employers who for the first time are brought face to face with an actual industrial struggle is warlike, the older unions and the combinations of employers which have for years been in the habit of dealing collectively with their men, are coming to a more cordial understanding and a fairer recognition of each other's positions. While the general atmosphere just now is one of struggle, there are undoubtedly growing up various forces making toward peace.

The disappointing thing in the situation is that the Christian church is inconspicuous as a peacemaker. It would be expected that a body of men whose watchword is fraternity would be among the most zealous champions of mutual concession. In some cases, it is true, the clergyman is called in as arbitrator, and his decision is the expression of the great principles for which he avowedly stands; yet the voice of the pulpit is not what it should be in such a critical situation. It is crying in the wilderness, but it does not yet proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord. A religious teacher should have a message if he is to speak upon economic subjects. But what is his message to be? It is presumptuous for him to give advice as to how a business should be conducted, and worse than folly for him to urge upon either party passive submission to the demands of the other. Yet as an honest man and as a follower of his Master, he cannot disregard the obligation laid upon him, and upon all those whom he represents, to assist in the ending of hatreds and struggles.

Has the gospel anything to say to the capitalist and to the labor union? It certainly has no economic program, and is utterly silent as to the production of wealth. Has it any part to play in the world that now is, or must it content itself with assuring people of justice after death, and misery this side of heaven? The question answers itself. Religion has a role to play in this world of industry quite as much as in the world of good manners. Only it is not economic. It does not need to wait upon political economy or sociology. It has a distinct mission, one which, if it fails to perform, no other agency will accomplish; and this mission is to make men loving. Why not drop hereby hunting and take up this duty? Why not teach church members that they do not escape moral responsibilities because they unite in unions or corporations? We need to be taught that there is no excuse for the good man who allows a bad man to act as his representative in matters of business, or for a philanthropic organization which supports itself by funds wrung by conscienceless agents

from its tenants. Above all, do we need to be taught that preparation for war is a heathen way of insuring peace, and that the Christian method is to avoid war by removing causes of dispute. A Christian society may punish; it should never fight. This law is as true of industry as of politics. A world kept at peace by fear of strikes and lockouts is as hideous a caricature of Christendom as a world kept at peace through fear of armies.

As far as the church itself is concerned, the situation is a very simple one: The production of men who have the spirit of Christ and are ready to sacrifice privilege for the benefit of other people. And that means strong preaching. A religion which, no matter what its pious phrases, actually leads a man to hold fast to everything he possesses, whether it be money or advantage, has no right to call itself Christian. It is mere barbarism. Obey it and you will be following the medicine-man. Conciliatory arbitration, with the accent upon the first word, is the practical contribution Christian men can make to the industrial situation. And Christians must make this contribution without fear of the contempt of those who prefer fighting to discussion; without fear of being called amateurs in practical affairs; without fear of anything except the rebuke of one's own conscience. If the Golden Rule is inoperative outside pious books, let us be honest with ourselves and say so. If reconciliation between men is less possible than reconciliation with God, let us say that also. Only let us also not deceive ourselves in another particular. Let us be honest and label ourselves heathen.—Christendom.

### A BRIGHT MIDSHIPMAN.

On board a man-of-war bound to San Francisco from China was a young midshipman named Walters. He was a favorite with the officers, and had in him the talent for making a fine officer. The midshipmen on board stood their watch forward, and every hour it was their duty to come aft and write up the weather column of the ship's log, showing the readings of the barometer and thermometer, and to heave the ship's log to ascertain her speed.

The captain, in company with the officer of the deck, was walking the weather side of the deck conversing, when Midshipman Walters came aft to write up the log. The barometer, a mercurial one, was hung in the captain's cabin, and Walters, after having read it, helped himself liberally to the captain's sherry on the cabin sideboard. In walking the deck the captain happened to glance down the cabin skylight, and saw the midshipman's proceedings. When Walters came up on deck to heave the log, the captain addressed him as follows:

"How is the barometer, sir?"  
 Walters saluted, and said: "Steadily rising, sir; steadily rising."

The captain then asked: "And how is the decanter, sir?"

Walters was taken aback, but with a steady voice replied: "Steadily falling, sir; steadily falling."

The reply was too much for the captain, and, bursting out laughing, he said: "Young man, your bright reply has saved you from punishment; but it is a long way to Frisco, so hereafter I beg of you not to consult the decanter as often you do the barometer."

### THE NATIVES OF JAMAICA.

Interest in our new possessions in the West Indies must include the character of the people there. A writer of the Christian Advocate, Anne Spottwood Young, has given several descriptions of life in Jamaica, which are not only interesting, but suggestive of some important characteristics of the people there. For example, the following:

It is really astonishing the way in which nature comes to the native's aid, even in housekeeping affairs. In one of the villages I found a great mango tree, full of budding fruit, and shading the ground on all sides for some distance. This in itself is not unusual, for mango trees are plentiful, but this particular tree was a veritable freak of nature. It grew upright for three feet, then made a complete right angle of its trunk, and grew parallel with the ground for, perhaps, eight feet, then upright again, branching out in every direction. The horizontal trunk was covered with dishes, pans, kettles and clothes. It formed an admirable natural shelf and catch-all for the accommodation of the numerous black folks it so kindly befriended. Pigs, goats and chickens are as plentiful as the "picneys" themselves, and are fully as privileged. Indeed, in some instances the old song, "They keep the pig in the parlor," is almost literally true. The babies, known always as "picneys," live on goat's milk to a great extent, and seem to thrive fairly well. Cow's milk is a luxury, practically known only to "de white Buckras," which is the native name for the white people of the island.

The vague replies one gets in answer to questions are always amusing to the tourist: "How far is it to the turn of the road?"

"Not too far."  
 "Well, how long will it take to reach the sea from here?"

"Not too long," is the somewhat ambiguous reply.

"Are your picneys big or little?"  
 "Big nuff."

After the courtesies of the day are exchanged, however, and a little real interest is displayed, one often receives some funny replies. A native's house is always called his "yard," and instead of asking, "How many children have you?" one should say, in order to be understood, "How many picneys born in your yard?" In answer to this question one native replied:

"Well, missus, we had ten, but de Lahd was berry good, an' seven ob dem went back!"

When a child dies he goes back; when a man, woman or animal dies "him gone dead." We once inquired of a small boy the fate of a crocodile recently captured.

"Was he killed?" we questioned.  
 "O, no, missus," was the reply; "him dead hisself."

"Him" is a pronoun used to refer to almost everything, "Him sick berry long time; him heap trouble for true," may be a fond sentiment, referring alike to husband or wife, son or daughter, pig, horse or donkey.

Their conversation is difficult to understand at first, since they have a peculiar way of talking very fast and of cutting off the last syllable of their words. For instance, "Big man's house" is, in their dialect, "Bim-ahaus," and "Go by water," "Gobiwa." They throw in the letter "a" also whenever

they can. Upon seeing an automobile for the first time one native said:

"Massa buggy a wark a pass an' no harse didey!" ("Massa's buggy is walking past and no horse is there.")

Another native from the mountains exclaimed when he saw a boat for the first time:

"Hi! Hi! Me nebbah seen buggy wark pah'n watah!" (Meaning, he had never seen a buggy walk on the water before.)

When the important time comes for a baby to cut its teeth its faithful mother does not so describe the phenomenon to interested friends and relatives. She says instead, "Him blowin' bone." If she should speak of "cutting teeth" her baby would lose them all in quick succession, according to her superstitious ideas.

### WHAT HABIT MAY DO FOR US.

Habit has its place in the spiritual life no less than has inspiration. No grace comes to perfection in any character until it becomes as unconscious as is breathing or walking. And to that we attain by the constant repetition which forms the habit of right action. The child's first efforts at walking are clumsy and even perilous. By repeated use its limbs acquire the firmness and the capacity of response to the will, which ceases to be wonderful to us. The girl's first efforts to find her way among the keys of the piano, and to fit the action of her hands to the note on the page before her, are troublesome and wearing. But with practice the power to play music at sight will come, if there be the perseverance that is needed. And so people acquire the skill to adjust the action of their lives to the divine law, not in a day, but by patient continuance in well-doing, often after a clumsy and unpromising manner at first, but with growing ease and naturalness, as the habit of doing right becomes "a second nature." Let us, therefore, not be discouraged, for either ourselves or others, at the clumsiness or the imperfection with which our service of God makes its beginnings. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."—S. S. Times.

AGE without cheerfulness is a Lapland winter without a sun; and this spirit of cheerfulness should be encouraged in our youth if we would wish to have the benefit of it in our old age.—Colton.

IN choosing one's friends we must choose those whose qualities are inborn and their virtues of temperament. To lay the foundations of friendship on borrowed or added virtues is to build on artificial soil; we run too many risks.

### MARRIAGES.

JAMES—HAMER.—At the Seventh-day Baptist Parsonage, North Loup, Neb., June 6, 1903, by Rev. A. B. Prentice, Mr. Royal N. James and Miss Sarah Hamer, both of North Loup.

### 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.

BEE.—Everette Raymond, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond N. Bee, died May 30, 1903, at North Loup, Neb., aged 8 months and 21 days.  
 "He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom." Is. 40: 11. A. B. P.

The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something and those who sit still and inquire: "Why wasn't it done the other way?"—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

### Special Notices.

Alfred University, Commencement Week, Outline Program of the 67th Anniversary.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20.

10.30 A. M. Annual Sermon before Christian Associations by Rev. Frank S. Child, Fairfield, Conn.

8.00 P. M. Alfredian Lyceum, Public Session, the play, "Mrs. Wiggs."

SUNDAY, JUNE 21.

8.00 P. M. Baccalaureate Sermon by Pres. Davis.

MONDAY, JUNE 22.

2.00 P. M. Academy Graduation Exercises.

8.00 P. M. Orophilian Lyceum, Public Session.

TUESDAY, JUNE 23.

10.00 A. M. Athenæan Lyceum, Public Session.

10.00 A. M. Annual Meeting of Trustees.

1.00 P. M. Stockholders' Meeting.

2.00 P. M. Alleghanian Lyceum, Public Session.

2.00 P. M. Trustee Meeting, Reorganization.

8.00 P. M. Annual Concert.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24.

2.00 P. M. Alumni Association, Public Session.

7.00 P. M. Alumni Banquet.

THURSDAY, JUNE 25.

9.30 A. M. Commencement Exercises.

2.00 P. M. Class Exercises.

8.00 P. M. President's Reception.

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

SEVENTH-DAY 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.

HAVING been appointed Missionary Colporteur for the Pacific Coast, I desire my correspondents, and especially all on the Coast who are interested, to address me at 302 East 10th Street, Riverside, Cal. J. T. DAVIS.

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.

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. W. D. WILCOX, Pastor, 516 W. Monroe St.

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

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. Preaching service at 11.30 A. M. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. E. F. LOOFBORO, Acting Pastor, 326 W. 33d Street.

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WHOLE No. 3043.

TEARS.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.
Not in the time of pleasure
Hope doth set her bow;
But in the sky of sorrow,
Over the vale of woe.

Through gloom and shadow look we
On beyond the years;
The soul would have no rainbow
Had the eyes no tears.

It is here. The rain beats on the eastern windows; most welcome music, and it covers the sea, and the thirsty fields on the other side are shrouded in the thrice welcome floods. The sky is making amends for long-delayed promises. People who must be out of doors are glad to enjoy their discomfort, while those who need not go out, stand at the window to look, listen and be thankful. The editor was going afield for an hour or two this morning, but he rejoices that his plans are changed. It is better to sit and write of rain than to walk over roads deep with powder dust, and meadows where the grass crackles under foot, and the parched sod is the crematory of dead flowers cut short in blossoming. No doubt our fears of evil have been exaggerated, although all the Eastern land has had cause for fear and anxiety. Nature, like human souls, has wondrous forces in reserve and unseen power to regain when much or all seems lost. The thirsty ground will drink, and drink, and drink, today. The flowers and grasses, and the farmers' grain which hung their heads yesterday, wilting and waiting, are lifting themselves with joyous smiles and laughter, even now, when the rain is but an hour old. The fields are surfeited with delight already, and life is coming back into ten thousand times ten thousand leaves, and flowers, and roots. The birds, hidden from the rain, chirp in softened song. Everything is glad, glad, so glad.

Dividing Lines.

At various times we have passed and repassed a given mile of territory which lies between the Wisconsin and the Fox Rivers, in the state of Wisconsin. The waters divide within that territory, the Wisconsin going toward the Gulf of Mexico, and the Fox to Lake Michigan. The grade between the two streams is slight, and an artificial canal, now unites them. Similar watersheds are familiar to the reader. The lesson we seek is already suggested. In purposes and actions our lives often come to such points of division. Very slight influences determine the immediate course which thought and action take under such circumstances, and thus determine final results. We remember one summer when high water in the Wisconsin River overflowed this dividing space, and sent great floods down the valley of the Fox. That valley was almost entirely free from poisonous reptiles, but the floods from the Wisconsin brought hundreds of poisonous snakes with it, scattering them along the valley of the Fox, and not a few were injured and some lives were lost, because these serpents were cast on shores where none suspected they could come. The home of our boyhood was then infested with these dangerous reptiles for the only time in its history. So when the floods of passion, appetite and ambition are allowed to come into a life, they bring evils, endless evils, evils one dreads to name. The necessity of guarding our lives at the watersheds where choices and purposes tremble in the balance, cannot be too highly appreciated, nor too carefully regarded. A few rain drops, gathering in a depression scarcely larger than the palm of one's hand, may be the beginning of a streamlet which, from such a watershed, increases fast into the devastating flood. A handful of thoughts, a few drops of wrong purpose, an unholy desire, may flood

Evil Associations.

Our pastor preached, the other day, from the text which is usually translated, "Evil associations corrupt good manners." He made a much better translation than that and taught us some pertinent and important lessons. It is told of a celebrated artist, Sir Peter Lely, that he would never allow himself to look upon a poor picture, because he had found by experience that whenever he did so, he unconsciously transferred some of the faults of that picture to his own canvas. He was not unduly careful, and the lesson which is taught thus, is of highest value in Christian living. One cannot come in contact with evil, unless guarded against it, without being con-

taminated, and even when guarded against it, something is likely to be lost. We are made to be like that which we are familiar with, molded by that which we think, and fashioned by that which we see. What the poet says of vice is not an extreme view:

"Vice is a monster, of such frightful mien,
That, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet, seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

We are told by the Apostle to abstain from all appearance of evil; that means, keep away from evil companionships, drive out evil thoughts, turn away from the slightest suggestion which contains any evil. Remember, to associate with any thing, with any thought, or person, time or place, is to be molded by it.

Influence of the Jews.

It is frequently noted by religious newspapers that the increase of Jewish population in New York City is a definite factor which must be considered in any forecast as to religious influences. One of our exchanges says: "The wisest man cannot forecast conditions in our American cities. Thousands, if not millions, of dollars invested in Christian churches on the East Side in New York bid fair to have been misinvested, so steady and voluminous is the influx of Jews to that part of the city, the rich Jews seeking the upper, and the poor Jews the lower sections of the quarter." Another evidence of Jewish influence is seen in the fact that the Presbyterian Union of Philadelphia, lately had before it the chief officials of the Jewish charitable agencies of that city, expounding to them the ancient principles of Jewish charity found in the Talmud and the modern methods of applying those principles under radically different social conditions.

Helpful Sermons.

It will help those of our readers who are preachers to transfer their point of view from the pulpit to the pew, frequently. Two representative criticisms of sermons are heard frequently. Of some sermons men say, We cannot exactly describe the sermon. It was able and brilliant, but one went home from listening to it to speculate and philosophize, rather than to believe and do; there was not much soul food in it. Any sermon, concerning such things may be said, justly, fails in one, if not more important, essentials. Sermons should make people think, but speculation and theorizing do not constitute thinking in the best sense. Every sermon should awaken thought which results in convictions touching duty, and in actions. When a sermon sends people away filled with longings for higher and better living, an important point is gained. Men need to be sent away from listening to pray that God will grant wider fields of service and make them more of a blessing to the world. Every sermon should in some way put the life and teachings of Christ alongside the life and actions of the hearer. It should also build a barrier between the hearer and everything sinful. It should be a safeguard against selfishness and idle living. In a word, every sermon should be such that under the blessing of God it will fill the hearers with better purposes, stronger faith and greater incentives, to immediate action concerning all that is right.