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ABOUT BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

LEIGH HUNT.

About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight of his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made all of sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. About whose lowly,
But cheerily still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one who loves his fellowmen."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

Nothing so handicaps a man as being in debt. It is a dead weight about the neck, requiring the vitality that ought to be used in making progress, to be expended in the efforts of cases the poor fellow goes down in spite of all his efforts. This principle is thoroughly understood in the business world, and wise men make faithful effort to place the enterprises they love above the killing effects of debt, at the earliest possible date. Sometimes the necessity is so great that debts are unavoidable; but no time should be lost in discharging it.

The church or school that is encumbered with debt is also handicapped. It is too bad for either institution to be expending large sums of money for interest. And what shall we say of our boards? What a serious obstacle to their good work, when they are so involved as to be obliged to withdraw from fields of usefulness! With the Missionary Board over \$2,000 in debt, what a millstone hangs about our neck! And this is so unnecessary! If we had all done our duty, in placing the Lord's money where it belongs, there would be a surplus instead of a debt. How much better satisfied we would all be, if such were the case.

SUPPOSING 5,000 of our 10,000 church members should determine to pay \$1.40 each right away, to discharge the present debts of both boards, and to see them through to conference time with bills all paid? The thing would be done. How easy it would be! Some, of course, who are better fixed financially, could pay two or three times that small amount, and so make up for those who might not be able. But really, when we count only one-half of our people, it would seem

that no one need fall short of that amount. Come, friends, why not do it? It would be splendid! It would only be twenty-four cents per week for the six weeks before conference, for one-half of our people; or twelve cents per week for each one, if all were counted. And if you could send in your offering early, for the entire six weeks, it would pay the debt, stop the interest, and enable the treasurers to prepare their reports clear of debt.

PASTORS, why not read this item or its equivalent, next Sabbath to your people, and push this matter to a grand success? It would be so easily done if all would take hold, that everybody would be surprised. Indeed it ought to bring a splendid blessing upon all our churches, and we would all rejoice together. Why not all join hands, and straighten it all up before conference?

The fact that so many of our churches are without pastors gave rise to much discussion at some of the Associations. In the South-Eastern Association, six pastorless churches are sending up the Macedonian cry for help. Four in the Central Association, three or four in the North-Western, and one in each of the others, stand in the same plight. The Missionary Board are aiding thirty-three churches in the support of missionary pastors, and would be glad to aid the others, if they would only agree upon some one and call him to the work. Of course these churches are small, and in some instances two or three would need to join in the employment of one pastor. Some of them have made this effort, only to be turned down, and time and again was the assertion made, "we have no idea where we can find a man."

In looking over the fields, it is apparent that the young men contemplating entering the ministry are all too few. The spirit of the age seems to lead them toward other professions, or into the fields of business. This can be accounted for in part, by the fact that most of the professions, and the great business enterprises, offer greater remuneration than is offered by the ministerial profession. But this is not sufficient answer to the question: "Why do so few now feel called to the pulpit?" We believe there are as many truly consecrated souls among us now as ever, and that they would be as willing as ever to hear God's call, and to enter a life of self sacrificing service in the work of winning

souls, if the conditions in church and home were as favorable as they should be. We all know that certain spiritual conditions are essential before God's work can go forward. The spiritual atmosphere of any church must be in a good condition before souls are converted, as every one must know, who has had experience in revival work. It would seem that some such condition is needful before any church can bring forth consecrated candidates for the gospel ministry. There is more importance than some think in the command: "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he may send forth laborers into the field."

If our churches only had the burden of prayer for the Lord to send forth laborers, more young hearts would be led to think on these things. If our boys enjoyed the blessing of a church life, year by year, where the spirit of prayer for laborers to enter in the ministry, was the prevailing spirit, we would see more of them consecrating their lives to the ministry. How seldom do we find a prayer meeting where fervent prayers are offered for this purpose. Indeed, are not such prayers all too scarce in our pulpits? Think a moment. When have you heard a fervent prayer from your pulpit, that the Lord would move some young man to enter the ministry?

It is the Divine plan, that human agency shall be used to forward his blessed work. If souls are to be saved, some one must preach the gospel to them; and it a revival is to be had, the people—God's human agents—must pray and work for it, until the true spirit prevails, or no revival comes. And we should remember, that God has also planned to call young men into the harvest field in answer to prayer. If this were not so, He would not have commanded prayers for this purpose to be made. These are His conditions; and if they are habitually neglected in all our churches, we must expect a dearth of candidates for the ministry.

OH! for more mothers like Hannah of old, whose sons are given to the Lord before they are born. If more mothers prayed for their boys to become true ministers of the gospel, and then would set about making home influences such as would promote the growth of spiritual things; and if they would so order the home conversation that it would

Easter To Pay The Debt than we Think.
through to conference time with bills all paid?
The thing would be done. How easy it would be!
Some, of course, who are better fixed financially, could pay two or three times that small amount, and so make up for those who might not be able. But really, when we count only one-half of our people, it would seem

exalt the minister's calling, and plant favorable seed in the rich soil of young hearts, the next generation would show a splendid harvest of young, consecrated ministers among Seventh-day Baptist churches.

WE WONDER if the atmosphere in Seventh-day Baptist homes is such as could be expected to produce young ministers? Why is it that so many look slightly upon this noble profession, when they are casting about for their life work? Why is this calling the very last one to be thought of—if thought of at all? It is too often made the subject of jest; and joked about as though no young man who had any respect for himself, or who was ambitious to make his mark in the world, would ever choose the gospel ministry. And yet, the noblest character earth ever knew magnified this work, and urged men into it as if it were the one all-important work for man. And history shows, that the men of the gospel ministry in all ages are the ones who have led the race to higher things. Throughout all ages, the prophets, and preachers of truth and righteousness, have been enthroned in human hearts as have no other classes of men. They have been regarded as spokesmen for God, to men. What has wrought the change that makes the preacher's calling a life to be avoided and scorned by the young men of today? Undoubtedly there may have been some unworthy ministers; and some inferior minds may have chosen the ministry as a life work. But these objections are even stronger against other professions. Unworthy and inferior men have disgraced the lawyer's profession, and the medical profession; yea, and the teacher's, as well. This then cannot be the reason why boys shun the ministry; for they flock into professions where this objection is much more apparent. After all, may it not be true, that the home influence, under which the boys have been living during the molding period of life, has been against their becoming ministers? If there has been a critical spirit in the home, and the parents have always spoken slightly of the "preachers," how could the children be expected to have respect for the preacher's calling? If parents have been ambitious for their sons to become rich in worldly possessions; and seemed to care little about the "true riches," if they have always spoken as though the life of a minister was a hard lot, to be shunned instead of sought after, then no wonder the boys turn from it. They have lived in a home atmosphere that was squarely against their hearing any call from God to enter his harvest fields. The daily influence of home life will make boys deaf to the call of God, if it is always worldly. On the other hand, where the home life is strongly spiritual, the prospects are good for the children's ears to be open to his blessed voice.

HERE is a little item clipped from one of our "exchanges," that breathes the true spirit. Well, it is that man must have had a good home; and such a spirit of consecration will bless every home with which he has to do: "I have often wondered why everybody doesn't go into the ministry. Men talk about making millions in business. They

ought to make millions to repay them for not being clergymen. I had rather go to the rudest country church to speak to men crude and ignorant, and keep that little band pointing toward God's shining city, than do anything else in the universe or sit on any throne.—*Hillis.*"

A BOOKER WASHINGTON STORY.

"Booker Washington tells this characteristic story of one of his countrymen: 'I called an old negro farmer into my office and explained to him in detail how he could make \$30 an acre on his land if he would plant a portion of it in sweet potatoes, whereas, if he planted cotton, as he had been doing for years, at best he could make only \$15 an acre. As I explained the difference, step by step, he agreed with me at every point, and when I came near to the end of my argument I began to congratulate myself that I had converted at least one man from the one crop system to better methods. Finally, with what I fear was the air of one who felt that he had won his case, I asked the farmer what he was going to cultivate on his land the coming year. The old fellow scratched his head and said that as he was getting old and had been growing cotton all his life he reckoned he would grow it to the end of his few remaining years, although he agreed with me that he could double the product of his land by planting sweet potatoes on it.'"

"Poor old man!" you say, "What a pity he couldn't get out of the ruts of years, when it would be so much better for him to do so." Yes, indeed; but he is not the only man who works to disadvantage and has little success because he is bound to his old ways. Of course he would have to wake up, and stir about in a little different way from what his father had done if he were to go forward and ever see better days. This takes some grit, and many a man would jog along in the old ruts, and live from hand to mouth in poverty, rather than discard his old ways and make a hustle for new methods and improved plans. This class of plodders do not all live on farms, and in the South. Neither do they all belong to the colored race. It wouldn't hurt teachers and preachers to study this question a little now and then. Indeed, where can you find a trade or calling in which some do not suffer defeat, and jog along behind, because they are so adverse to the adoption of new methods?

No matter what may be the line of improvement suggested, whether church and denominational life, or in the business world, don't scratch your head and say: "I've done things this way all my life, and reckon it will do well enough yet awhile." "Times are changed and we are changed." And he who doggedly clings to old ways simply because they are old, and fights against the growing convictions of progressive men, not only robs himself of blessings, but blocks the wheels of progress, and deprives others of the good to which they are entitled.

If the old darkey had been urged to entirely abandon cotton raising, and take hold of some new thing, of which he had never heard, his refusal would not seem so strange. But he was only asked to modify his farming plans a little, by accepting what others about him had tried with good results; and which he knew had brought much good wherever

introduced; and it does seem strange that he couldn't accept the new way.

Well, we've seen some poor fellows who acted just as strangely about any modification or change in methods of church work. What a pity! Come, my plodding brother, catch something of the spirit of this living age! It is the only way to keep alive. Refuse to wake up now, and you'll soon be down among fossils, with a wide-awake, hustling Christian world doing excellent work for humanity over your forgotten grave.

EDUCATE THE NEGRO.

A CONSTITUTIONAL SOLUTION.

At the great educational convocation in Albany last week, one of the ablest addresses was delivered by Charles A. Gardiner, the famous constitutional lawyer, upon the "Constitutional and Educational Solution of the Negro Problem." It was a strong and convincing argument, favoring the national education of the negro as the constitutional duty of the nation. He believed this to be the only real solution of the problem. He pleads for the liberal and immediate appropriation of funds by the federal government, for the proper education of the negro to become a responsible citizen. After setting forth the facts regarding the constitutional settlement of many other problems, Mr. Gardiner proceeds as follows:

So to-night I plead for a constitutional solution of the negro problem. I plead for the same law for the negro as for the white man. "There must be some stage," said the Supreme Court, "when the negro takes the rank of a mere citizen, and ceases to be the special favorite of the laws." (109 U. S. 25.) That stage is now reached; and for the rights of the eight million southern negroes, as mere citizens, I plead to-night.

I plead also for the constitutional rights of the twenty million southern whites. Behold them staggering under a more grievous burden than oppresses any other Anglo-Saxons on the globe; yet rebuilding their shattered governments, reconstructing their ruined states, and heroically struggling to uplift the negro to a higher plane of humanity.

I plead, moreover, for the sovereign rights of the old slave states. How few realize that their powers over the negro are almost omnipotent, that their jurisdiction is practically absolute, and that with the states, therefore, rests the primary responsibility of solving the negro problem.

But their powers are not exclusive; they can and should be supplemented by the nation. So to-night I plead also for a broad, non-sectional, non-partisan, national solution; not Northern or Southern, not Republican or Democratic, but a solution that shall embrace the whole American people. Slavery was the crime of the nation, its curse was on all the land, and by the eternal laws of justice the whole nation must atone for it. How to expiate that crime is the negro problem. And the atonement will not be by one generation or two, nor even by us of the third and fourth, but a long line of posterity, generation upon generation, will continue to expiate the crimes of our fathers, perpetuated in a land of liberty and in the home of constitutional government.

What more sublime or patriotic task for this University Convocation than to blaze out a broad, constitutional and educational

path along which the teeming generations of the future may continue to evolve the true solution of the negro problem.

THE REAL PROBLEM.

After some figures on the condition in the South as to illiteracy, the great lawyer places the negro problem in quite a new light as follows:

"Behold an anomalous and unparalleled situation! The nation enfranchises millions of negroes, makes them citizens, thrusts them upon the State, and yet four million of them are to-day so densely ignorant, so criminally vicious, so indescribably poor and thriftless, that they neither comprehend their rights nor have the capacity to exercise or enjoy them. Listen to the late secretary of the Peabody Fund, as true a friend as the negro ever had: 'Much has been done for the negro, still a large proportion are as poor, as ignorant, as thriftless, as improvident, as unfit for responsibilities and privileges of citizenship and suffrage, as were their ancestors at the close of the great war. With a preponderant majority there is a low level of intelligence and morality and under the influence of the grossest superstition.'

"There is your negro problem. For forty years 'much has been done,' as Dr. Curry admits, yet there is your problem still; and it has only one possible solution. Recreate that festering mass of humanity; transform it into men. What constitutes a State? Not laws alone, nor mere protection of rights. It is 'men, high minded men, with powers as far above dull brutes endowed . . . as beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude; men who their duties know, but know their rights and knowing dare maintain. These constitute a State.' Let the States make the negro into such men and the negro problem will disappear. But to-day he is a Frankenstein, the terror of fifteen commonwealths, and if you do not recreate him, mark my words, your Frankenstein will some day turn and rend not fifteen States but the nation!

"With blacks exceeding whites three to one in many Atlantic and Gulf counties, two to one in many more, and outnumbering the whites in the six States as a whole, why must not those States speedily face the inquiry, what will the blacks do with them? 'A spider in his natural size is only a spider,' said Edmund Burke, 'ugly and loathsome, and his filmy net is only fit for catching flies. But suppose a spider as large as an ox and that he spread cables about us; all the wilds of Africa would not produce anything so dreadful.' You say no colored race has faced the Anglo-Saxon and lived, and the Southern whites are the purest Anglo-Saxons in the Republic; but remember this, never before has any colored race faced Anglo-Saxons, not only equal in numbers, but equal in rights and under a sovereign government that has guaranteed, and is able and bound to enforce, such rights. What, I ask, will the illiterate blacks do with the Atlantic and Gulf States? There is your spider already grown as large as an ox. Beware lest he spread cables about you. All the wilds of Africa would not produce anything so dreadful! There, I repeat, is your negro problem, and there is only one relief from the appalling situation. The negro is a citizen. Elevate him to the full standard of American citizenship. And there is only one possible means, education. Educated citizens, 'these constitute a State;' educated

in intelligence, industry, morals, and religion. And how thus to educate the negro—that in its last analysis is the negro problem."

SUPREME GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION.

The supreme gravity of the situation is set forth by a strong illustration as follows:

"How few even in this audience of scholars realize the supreme gravity of this situation! How few know there are more illiterates in the South to-day than ever before! A tidal wave submerged Galveston and a thrill of horror ran throughout the land. Do you not behold a huge tidal wave of negro illiteracy gathering force along the whole South-Atlantic and Gulf coast, slowly pushing its way inland, and submerging not one city nor one county only, but six sovereign States, and threatening as many more? On behalf of your white brothers of that submerged land, and of your sister States below Mason and Dixon's line, I would send out to-night such a clarion cry for national assistance as would thrill the conscience of the people and startle the nation into measures of immediate and permanent relief."

We wish space would allow the publication of the masterly arguments point by point, which followed this appeal; setting forth the constitutional grounds upon which he believes the government has the right to proceed with this mighty work.

IN TEXAS AGAIN.

H. D. CLARKE.

Leaving some work undone in Minnesota, Iowa and Nebraska, we were told to "go to Texas." There's no slang in that sentence this time. Many people have been mentally relegated to Texas and Guinea, but the Wabash and "K. T." Railway companies issue passes for us in this instance, and it is delicate and hard work this time.

Perhaps some RECORDER readers do not know that at noon time in Texas the sun is almost directly overhead, and no blankets are needed if you are away from shade or breeze. The fair sex, with graceful necks and dimpled arms and shoulders and pink skin, can wear mosquito-bar apparel—lacey, holey gauze, that show the flesh in spots, and have not sufficient density to obstruct the slightest zephyr. Parasols can cover all this cool affair, but we poor homely, bearded men have to carry grips and wear starched collars, neckties, suspenders, and wish we could sit a few moments on the Arctic circle.

We were in St. Louis over the Sabbath on our way, and at the Grand Union Hotel we consulted the city directory and found there was a Seventh-day Adventist church at 618 North Newstead avenue. So at 9 A. M. we started to find it. Walking past the Episcopal church on Olive street, we read these words in bold lettering, "Open daily; come in, rest and pray." That's refreshing! Why not? Had it been a week day we would have gone in for prayer and rest. We reckon the devil and saloon-keepers do not like that sign on a city church. When Seventh-day Baptists build their new churches in St. Louis and Chicago we hope they will be open every day and have a fountain of water at the door.

The Adventists have a beautiful church which cost \$7,000, the gift of one wealthy lady. By invitation we talked at the morning service a few minutes and again at the Young People's meeting, and received an invitation to lunch and an earnest request to come again and preach for them.

We also found in the great city an independent Sabbath-keeping missionary of no church now, who has regular service Sabbath-days and Sundays in the vicinity. We enjoyed a brief visit with him and his family. They were not acquainted with Seventh-day Baptists and wanted some of our publications. They have a son and daughter whom they are anxious to have attend some college of Seventh-day people. We will order a Milton College prospectus sent to them.

The next Sabbath found us within a few miles of the Seventh-day Adventist settlement at Keene, Texas. We determined to go there and worship with them. So on Friday we went, returning Sunday morning. Their Sabbath-school numbered 300. They have a printing establishment, an academy, sanitarium, and are even drilling for oil. Think of that "in these last days"! But no doubt they will use the money in missionary work. There is also an orphanage which we visited, nicely kept and supported by the earnings of a blind man. We addressed a large company of young people at 3 P. M. on our work for orphan children. We met one man who used to be a member of the Fouke (Ark.) Seventh-day Baptist church, and also found some people from Hammond, La., who know our people there. We enjoyed some very fine piano music at the Hotel Woods, run by an Adventist who showed us great courtesy. It is very pleasant when so far away from home and our own church, to thus be able to find Sabbath-keepers and worship with them. The next Sabbath may not be so favorable.

Texas has excellent crops this year, as far as we have seen, corn and wheat being especially more bountiful than in the North, where floods have ruined such a large acreage. We find that even in the "Sunny South" at this time of year baseball gambling is "all the rage," but there is more prohibition of saloons here than in some northern states. Many ex-Confederates are ashamed of the drink slavery in the North. They will be on hand in the great battle for freedom from the rum demon. Texas now has a Dr. Briggs heresy case. Dr. B. J. Briggs, of Austin, has entirely done away with hell, and his Methodist brethren are wrought up over it. They think some such locality is greatly needed for some Texas citizens. Mr. Briggs sets up a man of straw and deals it a tremendous blow. Here is a sample: "Just carry out to its inevitable logical consequences [the doctrine of hell] and the little child who breaks the law of the Sabbath by playing marbles must meet the same doom as the Urbans, Borgias, and other poisoners and assassins of history."

The Daughters of Confederacy in Texas are arranging to gather and preserve at the State Capitol the war relics or the many articles that have a war history. This of course will greatly interest northern visitors at Austin.

"Revival meetings" are now being held day and night in many towns. At Houston, one month of meetings gathered in sixty-two in the Christian church. The Holiness people are especially numerous and active in Texas. Our work here will probably take three weeks to accomplish.

The American squadron enters the harbor of Portsmouth, England, where a foreign fleet has never before been; and is welcomed by the King. National salutes were exchanged, and great courtesies were extended by the English people.

AN UNIQUE SERVICE.

Conducted by Rev. George B. Shaw,
Pastor of the Church at Plainfield.

Sabbath-day, July 4, was the ninetieth birthday of Elder Halsey H. Baker, of Plainfield, N. J., who for some years has edited the Science Department in the SABBATH RECORDER. On a previous Sabbath, Pastor Shaw had held a "children's service," and now, in view of this birthday of Elder Baker, it seemed good to him to arrange for an "old people's meeting." Accordingly he had asked seven old people of the denomination to write letters to be read at this meeting. These all responded; and the following six letters from the ministers will be of interest to many of our readers. We give them in substance as read, and we need not say that it made a very interesting service. Letters were also read from aged constituent members of the Plainfield church, as follows: Mrs. Mary Ann Rogers, Horseheads, N. Y.; Mrs. M. C. Randolph, New York City; and Thomas S. Alberti, of New Brunswick, N. J., who was also present at the meeting.

Pastor Shaw announced the text, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and, after brief, but most appropriate, remarks upon the duty of the young people's cultivating the spirit of respect for the aged, he read these letters, which closed the service:

DE RUYTER, N. Y., June 21, 1903.

My Dear Brother:—Your plan to make a religious reference to the birthday of our beloved brother, Rev. Halsey H. Baker, is most appropriate, for the history of a laborious and faithful man is the history of the times in which he lived. As we count generations, ninety years carries him back three generations. Having passed 83 winters I seem to be about the oldest man on our street, or in our social circle. Seventy years ago I was baptized by our pastor, Eld. Matthew Stillman, into the fellowship of the First Hopkinton church. At that time it was about the only church of our people in Rhode Island. It embraced several neighborhoods, and had enrolled on its church book about 900 members. Having been examined at a meeting of the Western Association I was ordained by Eld. James Bailey and Elder Andrus, and was assigned to Persia, N. Y. It appears that I have been a recognized minister of the Gospel for about fifty years. I have listened to sermons by Eld. Henry Burdick of Newport, R. I., the Coons, the Halls, and almost all the ministers of our denomination since the last days of Eld. Abraham Coon. But Brother Baker can remember incidents that happened before Queen Victoria was born. He can remember the Presidents from John Quincy Adams on, all but five administrations from our national independence.

For a man to live 90 years and yet retain his faculties is a remarkable occurrence. As we have followed him as he has bored into the depth of the earth and spread the sails of his airships to the breezes of the heavenly regions, we have almost trembled for his safety. It was while he followed the exploring fleet to the North Pole, that we thought he would be overcome by the "shivers," and be unfitted for his next paper on popular science. But the same precise, accurate, well-finished articles appeared the next week to the satisfaction of many readers of the RECORDER.

Ninety years' experience gives time for a long list of acquaintances and personal friends. It is a long time for work, for study, and for extensive usefulness in society. To live to such an age, a man must be endowed with a fine constitution, and observe carefully the laws of health; he must also take kindly to the ills and trials of this life. A mind thus endowed and sanctified by Divine grace, trusting in the daily care of the dear Redeemer, is a true comfort to his friends, and gives one a long life of usefulness to the cause we love. Our hearts go out in thanksgiving to God for sparing our friends as moun-

ments of God's mercy. But death is the Divine order; and as we approach the sunset of life, we offer the prayer of the Psalmist, when he said: "Cast me not off in time of old age, and forsake me not when my strength faileth."

Yours sincerely,
L. M. COTTRELL.

DODGE CENTER, Minn., June 7, 1903.

Dear Brother Shaw:—I understand that my dear old-time friend and brother, Rev. Halsey H. Baker, will be ninety years old on the Fourth of July. I wish to congratulate him for his extreme age, but more especially for the noble and efficient work he has done in the Master's vineyard. Ever since I first knew him in dear old Berlin, N. Y., I have had pleasant memories of him. Brother Baker's sister, Mrs. Greene, was one of our nearest neighbors while I was pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Berlin for eight years. The last time I met him was at the centennial meeting of that church. When I was in the eighteenth year of my age, I made a profession of religion and was baptized by Rev. W. B. Gillette, and joined the Second Alfred church. In 1841 I went to Wisconsin and became a charter member of the church at Albion, and was ordained as pastor of that church in 1843.

In 1846 I returned to Alfred to attend school, where I graduated in 1848. The same year I was engaged as principal of the school at Milton. While there I engaged Rev. W. C. Whitford as assistant teacher, at a salary of \$100 a term. When I resigned, he took my place and held it to the time of his death. To make the matter short I will summarize my life: Have been pastor of five churches, baptized over 200, attended 250 funerals, married 230 couples and have been a missionary under the Missionary Society. Although in the eighty-seventh year of my age, by the goodness of God I still live. Not quite as old as my dear Brother Baker. May God bless him, and may he die "the death of the righteous."

Yours in Christian love,
AMOS W. COON.

INDEPENDENCE, N. Y., June 12, 1903.

My Dear Brother Baker:—Brother Shaw has sent me a letter saying that the 4th of July will be your 90th birthday, and that he plans to have an old people's party, and asks me to join you by writing. I would much prefer to be there in person, but the distance is too great. It has been a long time since I have seen or heard from you, except as I have seen your name and read your articles in THE SABBATH RECORDER. At first it was "H. H. B.," and it took some time to learn who that was. I thought of you, but thought that you were too old to write such articles. When I was told who wrote them I felt that God had spared you to a good old age for a wise purpose; and I congratulate you, not only for the great number of years you have enjoyed, but also for retaining your mental powers, and I assume, your bodily health, as well.

My first recollection of you was when I was a boy of perhaps sixteen years, when you and C. M. Lewis came to my father's house on Potter Hill in Petersburg. I do not remember your business, but think that you and "C. M." had not yet commenced to preach. You wanted to get to Berlin, and I took father's horse and cutter and drove you down there. You took in everything you saw, and kept making your odd speeches, and so kept us in good spirits. I remember one thing that you, of course, don't remember; we stayed one night at Uncle Amos Green's and slept in adjoining rooms. I heard you say "yes, he is smart, but he needs much training." I knew who you meant, and it did me good. When I was about twenty I went to school to Carry Brown, and she gave me the training that I needed. Then I went to Alfred, and was among the first to study Greek and Hebrew. But my wife did me more good than all my schooling. I attribute all my success in the ministry to her. I never preached but I felt her prayers and it gave me inspiration. I don't think of a mistake she ever made—unless it was when she married me. I always felt that she was my superior, and in Heaven will be worthy of a higher place.

I was converted the winter before I was twelve years old. That was seventy-two years ago. Eld. John

Greene held a revival in Petersburg, and I was among the number that joined the church. Was ordained to the ministry when I was thirty-one years old, by the Second Alfred church. The examination was at the Western Association, held at Nile, and the examination ran into the second day, and came near shutting me out because I held that children were not born sinners. The ordination service was conducted by N. V. Hull, Thomas B. Brown, Thomas E. Babcock, and, I think, Leman Andrus. These brethren and most of the large congregation are now over the river and I am left alone to tell the story.

I served the church at Alfred six years, preaching one year before I finished school. Professor Kenyon used to tell the students, that when I came to Alfred, I was so green that he wondered the sheep had not eaten me up. For four years at Alfred, besides preaching three or four sermons a week and leading the prayer-meetings, I was also teacher of the village school, and Town Superintendent of Common Schools. There was a large congregation of young people, and they almost all became members of the church. I enjoyed my work very much.

I have not time to speak of my work at Independence. I have attended between 1,300 and 1,400 funerals, and weddings in proportion, but my work is nearly done. Last year I built a new barn doing half the work myself. I was 84 years old the thirtieth day of last March. Since the death of my wife and her niece twenty years ago, I have lived alone. I think the funeral sermons of my wife and her niece were the last that Eld. C. M. Lewis ever preached. I never heard better ones. He brought Heaven to us. I am trying to keep everything in good shape to leave. My love to yourself and wife.

Your brother in Christ,
JARED KENYON.

JANE LEW, W. Va., June 7, 1903.

Rev. Geo. B. Shaw.

Dear Brother:—I wish to extend through you, to my long loved friend, Eld. H. H. Baker, with whom I became acquainted at Shiloh, N. J., in the year 1856, my congratulations, in that he has been spared to us until he has reached the age of four score and ten, with intellect sufficiently clear to continue his department in our denominational paper. Please tell him for me, that I am a lineal descendant of William Davis of Wales. I was born on the farm where I now reside July 6, 1824. I was converted when twelve years old and was baptized by Elder Peter Davis, being received into the Seventh-day Baptist church of Lost Creek by the laying on of hands and prayer by Elder Stillman Coon of blessed memory.

I entered the gospel ministry at the age of seventeen years, and in the year 1847 was called to ordination as an evangelist, at Lost Creek, by an Association composed of Ohio and Virginia churches. I was ordained by Elder Peter Davis assisted by Elder Azor Estee. I feel that I have had a good time. All my afflictions have been mingled with mercy; my trials crowned with victory. If I had my life to live over again, I would ask for no other occupation or higher honor, than to be a Seventh-day Baptist minister. But I should hope to be a better man, more holy, more devoted, and more like Jesus.

Yours in hope of eternal life,
S. B. DAVIS.

HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y., June 10, 1903.

Dear Brother Baker:—I congratulate you on your long, happy and useful life. From near the commencement of your housekeeping I have ever found your home a pleasant one. During the years that we were in Rhode Island, away from our homes and families, you manufacturing planers, and I arranging molars and incisors, I very highly prized every opportunity to be with you. As a rule I knew more when I left, than when I came, and felt better prepared to meet the demands of life.

I am sure all who appreciate your Popular Science writings are physically, mentally, morally and spiritually, much better prepared to help others, and acceptably serve God, than they could have been without them. If I live, I shall be eighty-four years old in December. I was converted when nine years old. Three years later I was baptized and united with the First Alfred church. I was ordained in 1848 at Hartsville, N. Y., in what was then a new, never-used barn, that stands on the opposite side of the road from the Hartsville church. Eld. N. V. Hull preached the sermon, Eld. Thos. E. Babcock offered the prayer, Eld. James H. Cochran gave the charge, and Eld. Hiram Cornwall the hand of fellowship. I am in poor health since I was eighty-two. The several almost deadly smash-ups tell on me now. "The mistakes of my life have been many, the sins of my

heart have been more;" but my object, my study through life has been, to make my next sermon, better than my last one.

Yours truly,

H. P. BURDICK,
MILTON JUNCTION, Wis., June 10, 1903.

Rev. Geo. B. Shaw.
Dear Brother:—Yours of June 3 received and contents considered. I never had the pleasure of meeting Brother Baker, but have known of him as his name was familiar among our people fifty or sixty years ago. I believe he was a convert to the Sabbath about that long ago, and I hail him as a comrade of olden times and compliment him as of the company of those who keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. I cannot say much in a short letter, but let our churches remember that association works assimilation, and that aggressiveness leads to success. Compromise is destruction to our cause. Sabbath-day, the eleventh of April last, was my ninetieth birthday. About 1840 I was called by vote of the church to exercise my gifts in the ministry. I was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry at a session of the association composed of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Virginia and Ohio, at Port Jefferson, Ohio, in October, 1842. The ordination service was conducted by Eld. Lewis A. Davis and Eld. Peter Davis. In 1846 I came to Wisconsin where I have since resided, employed in farming, and am now waiting for the call to cross the river.

Fraternally yours in the faith,

R. C. BOND.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Another cloud-burst calamity near Jeanette, twenty-eight miles east of Pittsburg, Pa., was among the sad things recorded for July 5. It is the old story of a bursting dam, above a town, with homes wiped out, and a hundred drowned. A wall of water forty feet high swept down the narrow valley, carrying everything before it. The dam was part of a summer resort, and the town was well filled with people.

A disastrous fire on July 5 destroyed the freight house on the Lehigh Valley pier at Jersey City, making a loss of \$250,000 to \$300,000. Thirty car-loads of flour were a total loss, and the greater part of 600 car-loads was badly damaged. The fire started by electricity about 5 P. M., and was the most disastrous in Jersey City for years.

Our export trade with Canada, for the year just ended, shows a larger total than in any previous year; and the increase for the entire "British North America" during the year was twelve million dollars. The entire trade was one hundred and twenty-five millions. This is the largest increase in the history of our commerce with Canada. Quebec is by far the most important to our trade; as this province shows the greatest gain. With no other country except Germany, has there been such gain in export trade. The total export trade with British North America, has been double that of the import trade. This makes a good showing for our side of the ledger.

Each day brings some surprising development in the animus of the race war in our country. The South is no longer the only field for this conflict; but it seems to have taken deep root in some Northern states. On July 7, six persons were killed and twenty-five injured at Evansville, Ind., in a battle, where soldiers were trying to save a dozen negroes, in the jail, from a fierce mob, determined to lynch them. Where will this matter end?

On July 7, a head-on collision on the Southern Railroad at Rockfish, Va., killed twenty-three persons and wounded several more. "Disobeying orders" given as the cause.

Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore is now hastening to Rome to attend the conclave of

cardinals for election of a new Pope, which will occur within nine days after the death of Pope Leo XIII. His death is looked for at any hour.

In Russell, Kan., a few days ago, laborers sold their services at auction, so great was the demand for harvesters. Bids started at \$2.50 per day, and ran to \$3.20 before any one accepted the bid. Some who worked in Russell harvest fields last year brought almost fabulous prices—one stacker who bound himself to stack all the grain one header could cut, brought \$6 per day. The sale was conducted by a regular auctioneer, and reminded people of the days of slavery. The men bound themselves to obey orders and do faithful work for thirty days. At Bison, Kan., thirty farmers stopped a train with a red light, made by winding red cloth about a lantern, and took off fifty harvest hands who had been consigned to counties further west.

Howard county, Mo., placed a \$200 license tax on every "Uncle Tom Cabin-show." The spirit of anti-bellum days still prevails in regard to Mrs. Stowe's famous novel.

The new element, Radium, is attracting much attention in Medical Circles, as Radium rays are reported to have cured a long-standing case of cancer that had been repeatedly operated upon without success. Tests are now being made in New York, and it is claimed to be far superior to X rays.

A deal of \$1,500,000 in coal lands in Harrison county, W. Va., was made at Clarksburg last week.

The Pope has a magnificent private fortune, the probable distribution of which has caused considerable comment of late. It is also a subject of much anxiety to the Pope himself. The collection of jewels is scarcely exceeded even by the royal families of the world. One of its treasures is a present from President Kruger, out of the Kimberly mines, valued at \$4,000,000. One ring contains a diamond valued at \$250,000. Over 2000 sacred chalices and vessels used in ceremonies of the church, and many other treasures, belongs to this fortune. And his ready money is estimated at \$20,000,000, most of which is deposited in the Bank of England.

At the last writing before our forms are made up on July 10, the Pope is reported to be "on the brink of death." His physicians have given up all hope, and say that he may drop away at any moment.

A CURIOUS SACRED RELIC.

It is stated by General Charles W. Darling, Secretary of the Oneida Historical Society, at Utica, N. Y., that in the Vatican, at Rome, is carefully preserved a sacred relic, the same being an epistle to the Senate and people of Rome, written by Publius Lentulus, who at that time was a ruler in Judea. The document reads as follows:

"There appeared in these our days a man of great virtue, named Jesus Christ, who is yet living amongst us, and by the Gentiles is accepted for a prophet of truth, but his own disciples call him the Son of God. He raiseth the dead and cureth all manner of diseases. A man of stature somewhat tall and comely, with a very reverend countenance, such as beholders may both love and fear; his hair is of the color of the philbert full ripe, and plain almost down to his ears; but from the ears downward somewhat curled, and more

orient of color, waving on his shoulders. In the midst of his head goeth a seam or partition of his hair, after the manner of the Nazarites; his forehead very plain and smooth, his face without a spot or wrinkle, beautiful with a comely red; his nose and mouth so formed as nothing can be reprehended; his beard somewhat thick, agreeable in color to the hair of his head, not of any great length, in the midst of an innocent and mature look; his eyes, gray, clear and quick. In reproving he is terrible, in admonishing courteous and fair spoken, pleasant in speech, mixed with gravity. It cannot be remembered that any have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep. In proportion of body, well-shaped and straight; his hands, arms right and delectable to behold; in speaking very temperate, modest and wise—a man for singular beauty surpassing the children of men."—Christian Work.

FIVE LITTLE FOXES.

By-and-bye, I Can't, No Use in Trying, I Forgot, I Don't Care, are sly little foxes. Some one has found out the following way to get rid of these troublesome little foxes, and we advise our readers to try it when they see them around:—

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named—Bye-and-bye.
Then set upon him quick, I say,
The swift young hunter—Right-away.

Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox—I Can't.
Then, fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave—I can!

No use in trying—lags and whines
This fox among my tender vines.
Then drive him low and drive him high
With this good hunter, named—I'll try.

Among my vines in my small lot
Creeps in the young fox—I forgot.
Then hunt him down and to his pen
With—I will-not-forget-again.

A little fox is hidden there,
Among my vines, named—I don't care.
Then let I'm sorry—hunter true—
Chase him afar from vines and you.

—Selected.

TRACT SOCIETY.

Treasurer's Receipts for June, 1903.

Mrs. Wm. H. Utter.....	\$ 1 00
A Friend.....	50
A Friend, Wisconsin.....	8 70
Stephen Clark.....	5 00
Mrs. C. Champlin, Medford, Oklahoma.....	3 00
E. B. Fisher, Marlboro.....	1 00
Mrs. B. W. Bentley, Westerly.....	5 00
Churches:	
First Hebron, N. Y.....	1 07
DeRuyter, N. Y.....	5 00
Weldon, Iowa.....	4 00
Plainfield, N. J.....	34 20
Seto, N. Y.....	2 01
First Alfred, N. Y.....	44 02
Parsippany, N. J. (Sabbath-school).....	9 25
Milton Junction, Wis.....	31 65
Chicago, Ill.....	12 00
Friendship, N. Y.....	3 75
Nortonville, Ind.....	26 50
First Brookfield, N. Y.....	15 00
First Genesee, N. Y.....	15 38
Marlboro and Shiloh Semi-Annual Session.....	2 90
Collections:	
Coloma Station (Mrs. M. G. Townsend).....	4 67
Evansville Institute (Mrs. M. G. Townsend).....	15 36
North-Western Association.....	35 55
Central Association.....	19 03
Western Association.....	20 73
917 27	
Income:	
Interest, George Greenman Bequest.....	15 00
Publishing House Receipts.....	\$ 201 50 286 62—488 22
Loans.....1,500 00	
Total.....	\$2,320 49
E. & O. E.	
F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer.	
PLAINFIELD, N. J., July 5, 1903.	

THE last thing for one in bereavement, seeking comfort, is to be idle. Then the grief feeds upon the life itself, and wastes and wears it out. But when in our sorrow we turn away from self to ministries of love for others, our hearts find comfort. Thus, and thus only can we learn to live without one who has been everything to us in the past.—J. R. Miller.

Missions.

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

EVANGELIST J. G. Burdick has been resting awhile at his home in Alfred, N. Y. He goes to Salem, W. Va., the middle of this month to supply the Salem church while its pastor is away, and also to organize and train a choir for the music at the coming General Conference.

EVANGELIST M. B. Kelly and a quartet consisting of Ray Rood, Ben Johanson, Charles Nelson and Welcome Wells, are in South Dakota holding gospel tent meetings among our Scandinavian brethren. They commenced the evangelistic meetings with the Big Sioux church near Dell Rapids. They will hold meetings also at Big Springs, South Dakota.

MRS. M. G. TOWNSEND has been doing missionary and colporteur work in Northern and Central Wisconsin. She will carry on that work this summer in Iowa and Minnesota. In the autumn she will probably do such work in Southern Illinois.

The months of July and August are, in New England and we might say all over our country, devoted to rest, recreation and pleasure. It means in almost all of our villages and towns a depletion in the congregations on the day of public worship, and the adjournment of some of the Bible schools for a month or two. In some places near the ocean and lake resorts, the congregation for worship will not be diminished because of the influx of visitors, who fill up the pews made vacant by the absence of the regular worshippers. This gives an opportunity for the pastors who remain at home during the summer to speak to new audiences. In the churches where the pastors take a vacation, opportunity is given for the people who remain at home to hear new preachers, and in some instances fine pulpit orators, who are out for a change and a vacation. As a rule these summer vacations do not improve spiritually the churches. It generally takes the hard work and extra effort of the pastors for several months after the vacations are over and the usual worshippers in their places to bring up the churches and Sabbath-schools to the spiritual and working condition they were in before the vacation. Summer resorts, whether at ocean or lake, or on the mountains, are not conducive to spiritual life and growth. While some take with them to these resorts their Christ and religion, we fear the majority leave them at home. Religion and Christian service take also a vacation. The summer vacation is devoted to the dance, to card playing, whist parties, to a carnival of pleasure and sport. These are a wet blanket upon spirituality and growth in grace. It is not the place, and there is no time, to speak of the hope that is within us, and to lead some soul to the saving knowledge of Christ. There are grand opportunities at such places for such work, but how little improved! We are almost led to believe that our summer resorts, at least many of them, as they are conducted, are a curse to society, to the home, and to the church, because of their fashionable follies, questionable practices, the false notion of life inculcated by word and example, and brazen abandon. At many of these fashionable resorts there is such a mental and physical strain in the continuous

round and whirl of pleasure that the devotees of these resorts return home in a worse physical condition, and in many instances moral condition, than when they went there. These resorts have no charm for me. Let me go rather to some quiet farm house by the seaside, or lake side or on the mountain side, where pure lives, pure water, pure air, good plain, wholesome food are, and there rest, read, ride, fish, stroll, row, without bib and tucker and starch; go, do, and come as you please; and go home with heart better, nerve and muscle tingling with strength and vigor, the brain clear, with liver and digestive organs in good condition, all ready and in trim for solid and effective work.

ORGANIZED EVANGELISM.

A. C. DIXON, D. D., BOSTON, MASS.

Evangelism may be divided into three classes—pastoral evangelism, church evangelism and professional evangelism. The first command of our Lord was, "Follow Me, and I will make you to become fishers of men;" and among his last commands was, "Feed My sheep." The fish, with its environment of darkness, grub and gravel, by the process of the new birth, has been transformed into sheep, fitted for the highest environment of landscape, sky and sun. "Ye must be born from above" is the keynote of the Gospel of Christ. You cannot cultivate fish into sheep, and when the work of training the natural man has displaced the work from above by which we "become partakers of the divine nature," the heart of the Gospel has been removed, and only the lifeless corpse, galvanized into semblance of life, remains. The Babel process of reaching heaven by building from beneath is still popular in some quarters, but the ladder let down from heaven is still God's method.

The Holy Spirit wrote to a pastor, "Do the work of an evangelist," and the pastor's primary work is ever to win souls to Christ. "What man of you having a hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?" The temptation of the shepherd is to be content with feeding the ninety and nine. There is such congeniality among them and they are so devoted to him. His sheepfold has become a sort of mutual admiration society. Going out after the lost one is sometimes rather rough, disagreeable work; but he must do it, else the old sheep will soon die off or move to another field, and leave him with an empty pen.

Church evangelism means that every member should be a soul-winner, and that the soul-winning spirit should permeate and dominate all church organizations. What the alphabet is to literature and the multiplication table is to mathematics soul-winning is to the church. Shakespeare never gets beyond the alphabet, and Sir Isaac Newton never leaves the multiplication table. Building a church without evangelism is like making a literature without an alphabet or a Principia without the multiplication table. This soul-winning spirit should dominate the Board of Deacons, the Board of Trustees, the Dorcas Society, the Reading Circle, the Athletic Club, and every organization connected with the church. Whatever be their various duties their business is to win souls to Christ and train them for soul-winning service. The church, institutional or other-

wise, which allows its philanthropic or intellectual activities to displace soul-winning, may be a useful club, but it has ceased to be a church of Christ.

The great fisheries, with seines four miles long drawn in by steam-engines, require large capital, and the net worked by hand demands some outlay. But the successful angler may be equipped with plain rod, line, hook and bait. God carries on his wholesale fishery for men through great geniuses like Whitfield, Finney, Spurgeon and Moody, but most of the work is done by personal face-to-face talk. It is popular now to call it the new evangelism, but it is as old as the New Testament. Christ talking to Nicodemus at midnight, to the woman at midday, and winning his disciples, one by one, is our example.

Professional evangelism means that some Christians feel called of God to avow their purpose to give all their time to the primary work of soul-winning, and it has Biblical recognition. "He gave some evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers." Evangelists come first in order, for it is the evangelist who gives the pastor work to do. Jesus Christ and the apostles were professional evangelists. He avowed the purpose of his life and death in the words, "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." Every apostle was a traveling evangelist, going first into the destitute regions, winning converts and organizing churches, then, like Paul, visiting these churches and working with them in special services.

Now, the need of the day is that pastoral evangelism, church evangelism and professional evangelism should work together. The church, with its pastor, should be the basis and center of evangelistic work. The professional evangelist is needed as a co-worker with pastor and people. The pastor, relieved of preaching, can give his time and strength to personal house-to-house visitation, while the evangelist with his new voice and testimony to the old truth, will attract and win many whom the pastor cannot reach. Let the church reach out into the open air during the summer, and into the secular hall or theater during the winter. Jonah on the streets called Nineveh to repentance. The great revival under Ezra was begun and carried on in the open air. The Bible is largely an open-air book. Deacon Olney told me that more converts came into the Metropolitan Tabernacle, of London, as the result of open-air preaching than through the sermons of their distinguished pastor. Paul reached Ephesus and all Asia in the hall of Tyrannus. There is in almost every town and city such a hall to which the people are accustomed to go for all sort of things. There the fish swim. Make it a soul-saving station, and from it feed the churches with new converts. Such a hall should be a rallying point for all evangelists, and from this center will fly the sparks of evangelistic fire all over the community. Nothing can take the place of the assembly for prayer and preaching. Every Pentecost begins with the assembly for prayer and continues with the assembly for preaching. The people must come together. It makes the kind of atmosphere in which the Holy Spirit delights to work and strikes the keynote of evangelism for the individual. The assembly at Pentecost was baptized in the Spirit as with a rushing, mighty wind,

and then the tongues of fire "sat upon each of them." The baptism of the assembly gives the tongue of fire to each and every individual.

Evangelism also furnishes a basis of fraternal union and co-operation between all our great societies. "America for Christ" means that the Home Missionary Society believes in evangelism. The primary purpose of the Missionary Union is the conversion of the heathen, and the foundation for the work abroad is laid in the evangelization of the home field. Winning souls to Christ is the principal aim of the Sabbath-school and colporteur work of the Baptist Publication Society, and why should not the Education Society seek the evangelization of our colleges and universities and strive to make them radiating centers of evangelistic zeal? The modern missionary movement for the evangelization of the world began in the University of Halle, where Franke and Spener prayed and preached. The foreign mission revival in America began in Williams College and was continued at Andover. Princeton, Yale, Brown and Amherst were once centers of revival power. Under Timothy Dwight's preaching at Yale hundreds of young men were converted and sent out into the world aflame with evangelistic zeal. There is no conflict between higher learning and intense evangelism. The great Apostle to the Gentiles was a man of university training.

Let there be an organization of our evangelistic forces, with the church as basis and center, by which all societies and individuals shall work together with God every day in the year for the winning of souls to Christ. Such organization, full of the life of the Spirit, will do more than any other agency to strengthen our churches, Christianize education, inspire with missionary zeal and hasten the coming of the Kingdom. — The Home Mission Monthly.

PRINCIPLES.

It is not strength of brain that saves a man, or orthodoxy of creed, or connection with a church. All these have often proved to be but ropes of sand. They are not proof against the tides of temptation. There must be firm, heaven-implanted principle; for no one is safe in business, or in politics, or in social life, or anywhere, when conscience is unloosened from God. The parting of the cable may be unseen for a while, it may even be unsuspected; but it is a mere question of time how soon the backslider may strike the rocks. Jesus Christ never insures anyone who unites with His Church, and yet has no "anchor sure and steadfast which entereth within the veil," and "binds fast to Christ Himself." And if you ever reach heaven, my brother, you will come in, as I have often seen vessels come into yonder harbor of New York, with the storm-tide anchor swinging proudly at the prow. "There are ships," said the eloquent Melville, "that never go down in life's tempests. They shall be in no peril when the last hurricane shall sweep earth and sea and sky, and when the fury is overpast, and the light that knows no night breaks gloriously forth, they shall be found on tranquil and crystal waters, resting beautifully upon their shadows." These are they who have been piloted by the Holy Spirit; these are faithful ones whose inner soul was anchored to Jesus Christ.—Theodore D. Cuyler, D.D.

Woman's Work.

Mrs. H. ENRY M. MAXSON, Editor, Plainfield, N. J.

A SUNSHINY WOMAN.

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

She always seems so pleasant that
I often wonder what good fairy,
By magic of some wand's fiat,
Decreed her moods and manners airy;
And smiles—I marvel much thereat
When care's great cross is hers to carry.
Yet, be dull grief or gladness present,
She hath the art of seeming pleasant.

To beauty slight would be her claim,
Likewise to grace or lofty station,
And, though she bears an honored name,
Her heart's never felt that quick pulsation
That comes with picking fruits of fame
And earning critic's sweet oblation.
Her placid life hath known no wimple,
Yet smiles keep e'er her cheeks a-dimple.

I think the fates or fairies must
Have, when with graces they endowed her,
Bethought how beauty flies as dust
And fame doth crumble into powder,
While smiles live on, and, being just,
This greater boon than all allowed her—
A grace most sweet in queen or peasant,
The one of always being pleasant!

—The Housekeeper.

The Board of Missions of the Methodist Protestant church are rejoicing over the growth of their mission work. They have seven men and their wives now on the foreign field, and the Woman's Board is supporting six women in addition and are to send out two more during the summer. The women will then have five missionaries in Japan and two in China to represent them.

The Scripture Text Movement, of which experiment is about to be made in New York, was started in Chicago in 1901, by prominent Christian Endeavor workers. The beginning was on a small scale, just as much as they were able to pay for, but it has increased till now the Gospel message is sent out in eighty cars daily, and plans are being made to increase that number. Space in waiting-rooms, reading-rooms, and business offices have been secured for this purpose, and the Endeavorers of Chicago are hoping to raise the funds to insert scripture texts in newspapers and periodicals as regular advertisements.

WOMAN'S HOUR AT THE NORTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

The program for the Woman's Hour was arranged by Mrs. Mary Whitford, Association Secretary, and was in accordance with the readjustment plans. A paper was prepared by the Corresponding Secretary of the Board, but in her absence and that of Mrs. Whitford, the Board was represented by Mrs. E. D. Bliss, who read the paper:

THE WORK OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD.

The aim of this Board is two-fold. We are seeking to awaken a greater interest among the women of our denomination in denominational work, and also to secure from them contributions for the different lines of work pertaining to denominational interests. To do this, we appeal to them through their Benevolent Societies, of which there is usually one or more in each church. Where there are no such Societies, our Associational Secretaries try to find some one who will do this work and secure contributions.

The Secretaries also try to keep the lone Sabbath-keeping sisters in touch with the work through correspondence. It would seem therefore that every woman in our denomination ought to know all about the work of the

Board. But we are busy women, with many and varied cares and responsibilities, and unless these things are often brought before us, we are apt to forget, or allow other things to crowd them out of our minds. As of old the prophet said "Precept upon precept, precept upon precept; line upon line, line upon line, here a little and there a little," so we need to bring these things before you often, lest you forget about those things which are so vital to the interests of the denomination.

We ask for a more hearty co-operation of the women with the Missionary and Tract Societies. You have aided them materially in the past and we ask that you do still more. These Societies have long borne the heat and burden of the day, and it is but their just due that we rally generously to their support. Do you ask what you can do? For the Missionary Society, you can, by means of committees appointed by your Benevolent Societies, solicit funds which may be used to cancel the debt which hangs like a great cloud over that Society. You can hold missionary meetings in your Societies, meetings which shall be so full of the mission spirit that a deeper interest will be taken in all lines of work that pertain to the spread of the gospel.

For the Tract Society you can insist that the SABBATH RECORDER—our denominational paper—be taken in your own home, if it is not already there; then you can, by means of committees, or otherwise, secure subscriptions for this paper, both from those in arrears, and from those who do not have it. Endeavor to have the RECORDER taken in every home. Do you know that only about fifty per cent of our Seventh-day Baptist families are subscribers for this paper? Did you know that last August, when the Tract Society made its annual report to the Conference, that there were then *three thousand dollars due* on unpaid RECORDER subscriptions, and that this meant an indebtedness of one thousand dollars for that Society? Oh! shame on our people that this should be! How can our Societies do the work they are called upon to undertake, when they are so hampered?

Then there are tracts for free distribution. Do you not know of persons in your locality or among your acquaintances who might be helped by them? We are asking for contributions for the Educational Fund for young women. We feel it is imperative to the growth and advancement of our denomination, that our young people receive a broad and liberal education, and to do this, our schools must be thoroughly equipped in every way. They cannot be maintained on the money paid in for tuition, but must have permanent funds from which to draw their needs. The scholarships for which our schools are so earnestly working, are furnishing just such endowments and are worthy of your consideration.

Recognizing the benefit derived from these scholarships, the Woman's Board at their last July meeting decided to take one in each of our denominational schools—Alfred, Milton, and Salem—for the benefit of our young women. The following terms were agreed upon by the trustees of these Institutions and the Board: At Alfred, free tuition shall be given one person each school year, after \$100 has been paid and so long as not less than \$25 is paid annually on the principal amount of \$1,000. At Milton and Salem the terms are, free tuition will be allowed one student

after \$50 has been paid and so long as not less than \$50 is paid annually on the principal amount of \$800. Payments have been made on each scholarship, but only at Milton has there been sufficient paid in to entitle a student to receive benefit from the scholarship. The scholarship at Alfred is named "The Susie Burdick Scholarship;" the one at Milton, "The Mary F. Bailey Scholarship;" and the one at Salem "The Sara Gardiner Davis Scholarship." Thus will the names of some of our loved workers be perpetuated in the years to come. May their lives be an inspiration to the students who shall be beneficiaries of these scholarships. All through the Northwest, there are young women who are dependent upon their own resources to obtain their education. They are confronted with many difficulties, for there are so few ways by which they can augment their slender means, that of necessity they are very much handicapped in their efforts, and who can blame them if they sometimes become discouraged and give up the struggle? It is this class of struggling students we wish to give the benefit of these scholarships. We are anxious that many more may be taken, not only for the benefit of the students, but for the schools. Our schools are calling for the students, and our young women are crying out for an education. Who will help to bring the two together?

It is a well known fact that special work gives enthusiasm, and at the same time adds interest to the regular routine of work, and I would suggest that some of your Ladies Societies, perhaps two or more, combine together and take a scholarship in Milton College. The Ladies' Society at Milton has taken one, and a young lady is receiving benefit from it. Who will do likewise?

Another work the Woman's Board has taken up this year, and from which they are hoping for great results, is the missionary colporteur work done in connection with the Missionary and Tract Societies, by our joint agent, Mrs. M. G. Townsend. She works in the interest of missions, temperance, and Sabbath Reform; holding meetings in public places, and by house to house canvass. In her visits at the homes she distributes tracts, and where they do not have the RECORDER, leaves copies of that paper. She also endeavors to acquaint the women with the work of the different Boards and to enlist their sympathy and help in the work. When in Sabbath-keeping communities where there are no pastors, she preaches on the Sabbath-day, teaches in the Sabbath-schools, and in one or two places has organized Ladies' Societies. In short she does whatever her hands find to do and that with her might. So far she has been working in Central Wisconsin, but if she continues in the work, we hope to send her to other states. In a few towns she held conventions in the interest of temperance and Sabbath Reform. At one of these conventions, the Ladies Church Quartet from Milton accompanied her, and added much to the interest of the meeting. She is a woman eminently qualified for this work, having been a public worker in the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Ohio for many years. She is enthusiastic and fearless in her teachings of the Sabbath, and by her winning ways makes friends wherever she works. The contribution to this work, so far, has come in slowly, and we need much more to make

up the \$200 we have pledged toward her support for this year. May we not expect a generous gift from the sisters of this Association? Does it seem that we have asked too much of you already?

Ah! but this is the Lord's work. He has put it in our hands, and we should undertake willingly all He has entrusted to us. Let us remember, He does not require of us more than we are able to perform, and we cannot expect a blessing unless we are faithful to His interests. We have the promise in His Word, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than it meet, but it tendeth to poverty." He also says "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom."

"For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is golden grain.
Seeds which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.
Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden, God will bear both it and thee."

The question of a helper for Dr. Palmberg is ever uppermost in the hearts of the Board. No one has yet been found who can go to her relief. It is true, for a time she maintained that the work was not hard for her; but it is constantly increasing and greater demands are being made on her time and strength, and while we are waiting for some one to go to her, she is doing double, yes, triple duty, bravely and cheerfully to be sure, but just so surely is the work a strain upon her constitution and a menace to her health. We most earnestly desire and pray that some one may go to her before she is obliged through ill-health to give up the work. Some one who will share the work with her, and who will also be a companion to her in her lonely position. But we need to do more than pray. Shall we not bring this question before our young women who are planning for their future? It may be that a word spoken by us shall lead to the training of some one who can devote her life to this work.

Dear sisters, in all our work for the Master, we need to put that first. We are too prone to first use our time and means and strength on our own pleasures and that which we think will contribute to our happiness, and then give to the Lord if there is any left. We need a greater personal consecration, and it is only by this consecration that we can attain to that high standard of Christian living which shall enable us to do more perfectly the work of the Master.

YOUR HIGHEST MOMENTS.

It seems to me there is no maxim for a noble life like this: Count always your highest moments your truest moments. Believe that in the time when you were the greatest and most spiritual man or woman, then you were your truest self. Think of the noblest moment that you ever passed, of the time when, lifted up to the heights of glory, or bowed down to the depths of sorrow, every power that was in you was called forth to meet the exigency, or to do the work. And then believe that the highest you ever have been you may be all the time, and vastly higher still, if only the power of the Christ can occupy you and fill your life all the time.—John Wesley.

Education.

JOHN MUIR.
RAY STANNARD BAKER.
The Outlook.

(Continued from last week.)

Since coming to Wisconsin he seldom had been more than a dozen miles from his father's farm, and yet he started out with barely six dollars in his pocket, full of vague hope and innocent ignorance, never expecting that anything wonderful would be seen in any of his whittled machines, and he was greatly surprised that they opened all doors to him. When the train that was to carry him to Madison came in, the conductor showed so much interest in his curious bundle that he was emboldened to ask permission to ride on the engine, although he had not been on a railroad-train since coming from Scotland. He did not know that it was against the rules; he was completely fascinated in the locomotive as a marvelous mechanism; and astonishing as it may seem, a momentary glance at his strange bundle so interested the conductor and the engineer that he was actually allowed to ride on the tender, except when nearing stations, all the way to Madison. Next to a trip on a mountain avalanche, which he took quite involuntarily years later, he says it was the most exciting ride he ever had. When he reached the Fair grounds, he found the superintendent only too pleased at the prospect of exhibiting such marvels, and they soon occupied a prominent place in the fine arts hall, where young Muir, too shy to pose as the inventor, mingled with the crowd and heard the admiring comments of the spectators. Though suddenly finding himself a celebrity, he refused, quaintly enough, to read the accounts of his inventions which appeared in the newspapers, because his father had always warned him of the deadly poison of praise. After various adventures in Madison and Prairie du Chien, studying mathematics, drawing, pattern-making, etc., he learned from a student he chanced to meet that he could attend the State University at a cost of a dollar a week or even less; and for four years he was a student, supporting himself largely by working in the harvest-fields, by teaching school, and doing all manner of odd jobs. He was especially interested in mathematics, geology, chemistry, and botany, taking the same course in chemistry year after year, and spending much time besides in experiments, caring comparatively little for the languages, or for the usual rewards of a college career. At the end of his irregular four years' course he departed, without a diploma, though years later his Alma Mater felt honored in making him a doctor of laws and Harvard University conferred on him the degree of Master of Science.

Though he found himself becoming more and more interested in the natural sciences, he did not lose his enthusiasm as an inventor. His room at the University must have been a place of wonders. Besides the getting-up machine, young Muir built a desk so operated by clock-work that it brought his books before him, each in its turn, and exactly at the time when he should begin its study. After the time-arrangements had been made at the beginning of the term for each study, the machine continued to operate whether he was on hand or not. Another invention registered the growth of plant stems during each of the

twenty-four hours. It is related that where he once taught school he fitted up a machine which lighted the fire for him every morning, so that he did not have to reach the school-house so early.

It was during his college course that his deep love for wandering afield and studying out-of-door life first began to manifest itself in botanical rambles around the Madison lakes. After leaving the University he vanished in the northern wilderness about the Great Lakes to study the plants and rocks. When his bread-money was spent, he worked on a farm, and again in a mill on the Georgian Bay, where hand-rakes, broom and pitchfork handles were manufactured, and where he invented an entirely new set of automatic machinery, which saved about half the labor formerly involved; he spent all his spare hours in the adjacent woods. But he was not ready yet to give himself fully to outdoor scientific work, which, in those days especially, would not have yielded him bread, to say nothing of butter. Next he went to Indianapolis, where he found employment for a time in a carriage-material factory, and where an unfortunate, or perhaps fortunate, accident deprived him for a time of the sight of one eye, and probably changed the course of his whole career. Writing of this accident to his friend, Mrs. Carr, the wife of one of his professors at Madison, he said:

"I felt neither pain nor faintness, the thought was so tremendous that my right eye was gone, that I should never look at a flower again." Escaping from his dark room, he set out on yet longer walks, determined to lay in as great a store as possible while light lasted.

In 1867 he started from Louisville with a plant-press on his back, a small bag, and three books—the New Testament, Burn's poems, and Milton's "Paradise Lost." Thus free and glad, he made his way, afoot and alone, over a thousand miles to Florida, where he reveled for a time in the deep flowery swamps and jungles, crossing then to Cuba. During most of this journey he slept on the ground out-of-doors, both by preference and because he had no money to pay for other lodgings. He did not avoid human habitation, nor did he seek it, finding his deepest pleasure in winning the secrets of the woods. Even at this early day he revealed the rare sensitiveness toward what may be called the personality of trees and flowers, which finds such delicate and poetic expression everywhere in his later writings. He writes to Mrs. Carr:

"The dear little conservative green mosses have elevated their smooth shining shafts and stand side by side, every cowl properly plaited and drawn down just far enough, every hood with its dainty slant, their fashions unchanging because perfect."

Though originally intending to explore the Amazon River from its highest source to the sea, Muir found himself so racked with fever contracted in the Florida swamps that he departed for California by way of the Isthmus of Panama. It is significant of his great love for the mountains that he should have remained just one day in San Francisco, though it must have been at that time, April, 1863, a most fascinating city, brilliant with the color of the new Western life. He set his face eastward, where the white Sierra, which he was soon to know so well, rose in the distance.

In his accounts of this trip on foot through the wonderful San Joaquin valley, then in its virgin glory of plant and flower, mostly untouched as yet by plows and "hoofed locusts," one is conscious in every line of a fine note of exultation. He was free in a pure wilderness; he had escaped.

"Sauntering in any direction," he writes, "hundreds of these happy sun-plants brushed against my feet at every step, and closed over them as if I were wading in liquid gold. The air was sweet with fragrance, the larks sang their blessed songs, rising on the wing as I advanced, then sinking out of sight in the pollen sod, while myriads of wild bees stirred the lower air with their monotonous hum—monotonous, yet forever fresh and sweet as every-day sunshine. Hares and spermophiles showed themselves in considerable numbers in shallow places, and small bands of antelopes almost constantly in sight, gazing curiously from some slight elevation and then bounding swiftly away with unruffled grace of motion.

"The great yellow days circled by uncounted, while I drifted toward the north, observing the countless forms of life thronging about me, lying down almost anywhere at the approach of night. And what glorious botanical beds I had! Often-times on awakening I would find several new species leaning over me and looking me full in the face, so that my studies would begin before rising."

A few months after leaving San Francisco Muir reached the Yosemite Valley, and there, in the midst of all that was glorious in nature, he decided to renounce all his inventions and devote his life to the study of the inventions of God. Though he could live on little enough—he has said fifty cents a week—that little was necessary, and one season he herded sheep, and then he made his mechanical knowledge serviceable in building a small sawmill in Yosemite, to be used for cutting fallen trees. The hotel-keeper who employed him was somewhat doubtful of his ability, for Muir had earned the title of "one of them botany fellers," but business having called the owner away for a few months, he was glad on his return to find the mill running. Out over the water-wheel Muir built himself a little cubby of a den, hanging like a swallow's nest to the gable of the building, with one window opening to the grandeur of the valley. It was approached by a steep, narrow plank ladder, making it rather difficult of access to careless visitors. Here he kept his treasures, his collections of cones and plants, here he filled some of his voluminous note-books with sketches and closely written memoranda, and here he entertained Emerson, though he must have trembled when he saw the tall, angular, awkward form of the poet climbing his perilous ladder. Undoubtedly he showed Emerson his treasures with the same unconscious enthusiasm with which he exhibits them to-day. "Man," he says, with a quaint bit of Scotch in his voice, "but that's a grand tree," or, "Isn't that an awful queer muggins of a cone!" Anyway, we know that Emerson enjoyed Muir, and insisted on seeing much of him, and that when he returned he told Asa Gray about him, and when Gray visited the Sierras he searched Muir out and made a friend of him. Muir paid his highest compliment to Emerson by comparing him with the grandest trees. "He is the Sequoia of the human race." Afterwards other botanists

besides Asa Gray came to the Yosemite—the famous Torrey, Sir Joseph Hooker, and others—and they all sought out Muir, not only for his extraordinary knowledge of the plant-forms of his valley, but for himself, his quaint philosophy, and his abundant humor. More than once Muir was tempted by his friends to quit his life in the mountains, which they looked upon as a hardship, but he with joy, and take up a professorship somewhere in the East; but he replied that there were plenty of professors in the colleges and few observers in the wilderness. Nothing, indeed, has ever tempted him far from the mountains.

(To be continued.)

THE SONS OF MINISTERS.

Perhaps most persons have heard the vicious old proverb which attacks the sons of ministers as turning out badly. No saying is more utterly groundless. Statistics have been furnished to show its falsity. It is a matter of interest, however, to consider some of the facts that have been collected at various times as an answer to this slander.

Not long since the following appeared in the Congregationalist, and is worthy of preservation:

"A noted French scientist and savant, De Candolle, has made some original investigations which conclusively show that the ranks of science and learning are especially indebted to the sons of clergymen. He affirms that they actually outnumbered for two hundred years, in the roll of eminent men, any other class of families, not excepting those of the directly scientific professions—physicians, surgeons, and chemists. Among the sons of ministers he enumerates the following: Agassiz, Linnaeus, Euler, Hallam, Sismondi, Jonathan Edwards, Whately, Parkman, Bancroft, the Wesleys, Beechers and Spurgeons, Young, Cowper, Thomson, Coleridge, Tennyson, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Charles Kingsley, Matthew Arnold, Maurice, Dean Stanley, Macaulay, Thackeray, Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Swift, Sterne, Hazlitt, etc."

Let each one make a list of those men in his own acquaintance who are known to be the sons of ministers, and he will find a long and respectable table roll, not only of ministers, but also of useful and successful men in the ranks of business, science, authorship, educational work and statesmanship. Each Presbytery of the church will show a long list of sons of ministers who have taken up the work to which their fathers gave their lives. Presidents Cleveland and Arthur were ministers' sons, as were Peter Stuyvesant, Adoniram Judson, Jonathan Edwards, Timothy Dwight, Henry Clay, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Samuel Finley Breese Morse, Justices Stephen J. Field and Brewer, Henry Ward Beecher, and many others. United States Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, is a minister's son, and there are others in the senate with the same family history.

Of course some ministers' sons have been worthless, and some have been bad. They have been full of human nature. Other men's sons also have turned out badly.—Selected.

THE earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.—Parker.

EVERY man's life is a fairy tale, written by God's fingers.—Hans Christian Anderson.

Young People's Work.

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

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

The problem of keeping our young people in the denomination is a serious one. It is vital, in that it affects the future of the denomination. In this community it is a fact, stern and sad, that our smartest and brainiest young men, those with great natural gifts, are leaving the Sabbath for their particular field of work. One young man, a personal friend of mine, who is practicing the legal profession in a great city, has not only sacrificed his Sabbath but also his entire religion for his profession. There is another person, one of those whom God seems to have endowed with supernatural ability, who is a success as the world counts success but whose life is Sabbathless and immoral. Both these individuals were brought up in Christian homes; both had loving parents to care for them; the father of one was a preacher in our own denomination. I recall these instances, not from a pessimistic standpoint, but that we may get an intelligent view of the question.

The young people of the present time have peculiar inducements and allurements confronting them. They have more opportunities of promise open to them than did young people forty years ago. Each year witnesses innumerable doors open to competent young people of our denomination. As fast as our young grow able they are welcomed into the active fields of the outside world. Taking the above demand into consideration, it is harder for the educated and fitted young person to revere the Sabbath than it was years ago.

It is difficult to suggest one solution to so intricate a problem. As a physician's prescription is composed of a number of ingredients, my explanation is made up of several suggestions: "Three things shape a man's destiny: heredity, circumstances and the man." The first need not be considered in this connection. For the moment, we will pass over the second to the last and most important point. The essential factor in this solution is consecration of the man. When a person is truly consecrated, all his powers and gifts are dedicated to the Lord. There is no exception to this rule, "not a mite do I withhold." So I say, first convert your young people; then all their talents will belong to the cause and to the denomination.

When the religion of Jesus Christ takes hold of a person, I care not what his vocation or aspirations are, he is a changed man. Henceforth he is not striving for himself but for his Master. He will do his best in his particular line "for the glory of God." No fears need be entertained for his future, for "everything works together for good to those that love the Lord." When he is living for his Father his whole life, in whatever field of labor, will be in harmony with Divine Will. Let us consider the second feature in a man's destiny—the force of circumstances. Some people claim a man should not be affected by circumstances. I have yet to find an instance where the person has not, in some degree, been influenced by his surroundings. Therefore, I say, surround our young with Christian influences; make it easier for them to do right and harder for them to do wrong. Let us counterbalance the evil attractions of the

world by interesting and inspiring testimony meetings; by soul-stirring sermons; by strong song services. Socially, let us try harder to bring enjoyment into the lives of the young people. I believe most of the young men of to-day are waiting to be saved. If our denomination does not claim them some other one will. Why don't older Christians take pains to give them a hearty handshake and a God bless you. Why aren't they more enthusiastic over their religion? Why do they not show forth more clearly the joy there is in Christian service?

I believe the blame, in a great measure, lies in ourselves, if our young people do not grow up to be useful members of our own denomination instead of adopting some other one or of drifting entirely away. Give the young people something to work for. Give them something definite and tangible to look forward to. Assist persons needing employment to work in our own denomination. To this end I heartily approve our denominational employment bureau. Get the young to attend our quarterly meetings, associations and conferences. Get them into the spirit of the purpose of our denomination. Give them responsible work in our society, that they may feel they are a help to it. Keep them interested in our affairs, and they will not desire to leave us even materially to better their situation. A YOUNG MAN.

THE RELATION OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TO CHURCH AND INDIVIDUAL LIFE.

Read at the Young People's Hour of the Association at Middle Island, May 16, by Erlo Sutton.

Society has a great many uses to which she may put men and women of sterling worth. It needs those who have caught a glimpse of life in its truest sense, and who are consecrated to their Master's service. The great need of the day is for men and women who are ready to help better mankind and have the courage to give up the pleasures of this world to accomplish this end. Some may say, "no one outside the ministry can be found, who, having such an ideal, is helping society." Should any one think this to be so, let him look at facts as they exist. There are thousands of young people who are helping to better humanity.

The question then comes to us, "what is the relation of Christian Endeavor to church and individual life?" It is the same as school is to education. It is impossible to do a work well without first having made the necessary preparation. The Christian Endeavor Society is a school in which young people are trained for greater and better work. If we are to obey and follow Christ, we must begin at an early age to build that character that will stand the test of time. Where can we find a better place to begin to build that character than in the Christian Endeavor Society.

If Christ had not commanded that we help our fellow man we could even then all see enough reasons why we are under obligations to do something for humanity. Have not our parents or friends done for us, that for which we can never make just returns? Reason tells us to pass the good deeds on and enrich the race by adding to the legacy of the past our highest powers. If those living at the present time do not cherish higher ideals than those of the past have had, they are not living up to their privilege. The conception of those living at present should be higher and

keener because of the achievements of the past. The achievements of the past point us to a higher ideal of life. We stand on an advantage ground over all who have preceded us, since each generation has reared the foundation upon which the next one has begun to build, therefore more is expected of us than of any preceding generation.

Work, such as young people get in the Christian Endeavor, better fits them for the work of the future by laying a solid foundation for Christian character. No one can develop a sound healthy body without exercising the physical powers. Just so exactly in our Christian life. We grow by spiritual activity. There are a great many ways in which this activity may be obtained, but there is certainly no better place than in Christian Endeavor work.

Of all the aids to Christian life the study of the Bible is most important. If carefully, prayerfully and thoughtfully read it is an un-failing source of counsel and help. It contains truths suited to the needs of young people in every walk of life. In the Christian Endeavor work young people have an opportunity for the study of God's word that they do not have elsewhere. The daily readings instil into them a desire to know and do God's will, thus fitting them for life's greater work.

Nothing in the way of results, coming within the realm of mind and matter, ever come to pass without good causes, nor is it possible for man to bring them to pass without some intelligent knowledge as to the ways and means of obtaining them. Men and women, who have their places in the activities of life, should know what ought to be done and the best way of doing it; they should possess the incentive to persistent endeavor by knowing why it should be done.

Prayer is a great means of spiritual strength. A prayer does not consist of mere words, inspired by a great mind to win the applause of people, but must be the true expression of the soul. It is an earnest talk with God. The petitioner asks for what he most needs; begs forgiveness for wrongs committed; seeks for divine help and gives praise for mercies given.

A great many young people have a dread of praying in the presence of older people, while if in the presence of those of their own age they do not have that fear. By work in the Christian Endeavor they are preparing themselves to take their place in church work. We do not come into the possession of great strength at once, but gain little by little. By performing the duties that come to a Christian Endeavorer strength is gained until we are able to perform the greater activities of life.

The training received in youth is that which will give us strength in after life. Thus the training received in the work of the Christian Endeavor strengthens the individual life and by strengthening individual life the life of the church is strengthened.

The Christian Endeavor is a training school for church workers.

TO-DAY only is thine, which if thou procrastinated thou losest, which loss is lost forever.—Jeremy Taylor.

WHILE man is growing, life is in decrease, and cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.—Young.

Children's Page.

A BOY'S MOTHER.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

My mother she's so good to me,
If I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good—no, sir!
Can't any boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm glad or sad;
She loves me when I'm good or bad;
An' what's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me.—
That don't hurt,—but it hurts to see
Her cryin'.—Then I cry; an' nen
We both cry, an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts and sews
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;
An' when my Pa comes home to tea,
She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said,
An' grabs me up an' pats my head;
An' I hug her an' hug my Pa
An' love him purt' nigh much as Ma.

A NOISELESS FOURTH OF JULY.

MAY A. WOODRUFF.

Once upon a time, in a village named Merryville, there happened the strangest thing that you can imagine, a Fourth of July without any fire-crackers or rockets or noise or burning of fingers or faces or clothes; and this is how it came about.

Merryville was a small town where every little boy and girl knew every other little boy and girl; but the children there were just like the children in larger cities, for, as the Fourth of July drew near, they began to save their pennies for all the delightful things which make that great day the most glorious one of all the year—as they declare.

Fourth of July was close at hand, the pennies had become dollars and were just about to be transformed into fire-crackers, powder and pandemonium producers generally, when a dreadful thing occurred in Merryville which made the children forget for a while that there were such things in the world.

One beautiful June day Pastor Ellis drove out into the country to visit a sick lady, taking his little daughter, Marigold, with him. The old horse jogged steadily along, the old buggy creaked and rattled as usual, the father and child chatted and laughed merrily and trouble was the farthest from their thoughts.

When he reached his destination, Pastor Ellis went in alone to call, leaving Marigold holding the horse outside without thought of fear, for the old animal was always willing to stand for any length of time.

All of a sudden there came tearing down the road from the direction of the village something which had never been seen upon the streets of that out-of-the-way town before. It was an automobile, and where it came from or whether it went no one ever discovered, but it left misery enough in its wake.

The old horse which, so far as I know, had never been frightened in its life before, threw up its head, snorted, and with one tremendous leap started madly down the road, little Marigold screaming back in piteous, terrified tones:

Papa! Oh, Papa! Papa!

The people of Merryville had rushed to their gates when they saw the strange "machine" dashing through the streets, and they were still lingering about in groups, watching with awe and admiration the cloud of dust which it had left behind, each telling the others all that he knew about it, when their attention was attracted to a sight which was no less strange to them than the one which they had

just beheld. It was Pastor Ellis' horse, which had never been seen going faster than its customary jog, tearing along the road at locomotive speed, dragging a wreck of a buggy and being urged onward by pieces of broken harness which were flopping about it.

Instantly the greatest consternation prevailed. Had their beloved pastor been killed? And Marigold—some one had seen her with her father—what had happened to her?

The younger people started off in haste toward the direction from which the horse came, the older ones bringing up the rear.

Upon the outskirts of the village they met Pastor Ellis marching along with a set, white face, carrying the motionless form of his little daughter. He looked neither to right nor to left, but stalked past the people without a word, never pausing until he reached home and had placed the little figure in the arms of her agonized mother.

Bonnibel's papa was the doctor, and Bonnibel was Marigold's dearest friend. Bonnibel was watching at the door of her home for her papa to come back from the pastor's, whither he had hurried upon hearing of the accident. There was a frightened question upon Bonnibel's pale lips, and when at last her father came she could scarcely makethem frame the whispered words,

"Is she dead, papa?"

She had never seen her father look so troubled, but he answered,

"No, child, no," as he passed her, and she was sure she heard him mutter under his breath, "Worse than dead!"

What could he mean by that? She went about all the afternoon with a great sorrow in her heart, wanting to ask questions, but not daring to.

That evening, after she had gone to bed, she heard her father and mother talking together.

"And there is no chance that she can ever walk again unless the operation is performed?" mama was saying.

"Not the slightest," replied papa. "Don't you think that her father will make a great effort to raise the money for it?" continued mama.

"I don't see what the poor man can do," answered papa. "With his large family and small salary, it is more than he can do to make ends meet, as it is. He is in debt now, and he has no property that he can sell or mortgage. Their railroad fare to the city and back alone would be no small item, to say nothing of the great cost of the operation and the many other expenses, for they would have to be gone several weeks at least."

"And then to think, said mama, sadly, "of all the money that will be blown away on Fourth of July, when a very small part of what is spent in celebrating might be the means of curing poor little Marigold."

She lay awake for a long time that night, thinking, and just before she turned over on her pillow to fall asleep she whispered to herself,

"It shall be a s'prise to mama and papa and to everybody."

The next day she took her dearest little boy friend into her confidence.

"Marigold can never walk again, Georgie," she said, "unless they have a lots of money, and I heard mama say that if they had some-

of the money that is spent in celebrating on Fourth of July she might be cured. I know the little girls will give up theirs and I want you to 'suade the little boys to give theirs, too, Georgie;" and of course Georgie said he would.

I think he would have had a hard task if all the children had not been feeling so sorry over the accident that had befallen their favorite little playmate, Marigold, that it had temporarily driven all thoughts of Fourth of July from their minds. Then, too, Georgie was a leader amongst the boys and his propositions were always looked upon with favor by the others, so he had little trouble in collecting the money from them for Bonnibel.

Two or three days afterward Bonnibel went to her papa with the money safely tied up in two of her little handkerchiefs, for there was so much she couldn't get it all in one.

"There is sure to be more than enough with such a much," she thought gleefully, "but I 'xpect mama can tell us what to do with all that's left over."

She placed the handkerchiefs in her father's hands saying, simply, "It's to make Marigold better;" and when, after he had patiently counted all the small coins, he told her that it was a big sum to come from such little folks, but that it was not nearly enough, she threw herself into his arms and sobbed as if her heart would break, she was so disappointed.

Then mama proposed a plan which made her forget her grief. It was that they should celebrate the Fourth by having a social on the village "green." The mothers would furnish ice cream, cake and lemonade, and the children could sell it and make some money that way to add to their fund.

Everybody liked the plan, so they all hurried around and when Fourth of July evening came everything was in readiness for the social. It was a warm, cloudless evening, the "green" was looking beautiful with its decorations of flags and Japanese lanterns, and the band, which had offered to play for the occasion, was at its best, for it was playing only simple national airs.

People came from all the country around, and they all bought as much ice cream as they could possibly eat. Never before had so much money been made at a social in Merryville, but still there was far from enough.

The children began to look sad until the papas came to the rescue, then the sunshine came back into their faces for they knew that when the all-powerful papas took hold of anything there was no cause for further worry.

Each of the papas gave some money and when the required sum was raised it was given to the children. They added it to their money and a delegation of them took it all to Pastor Ellis.

"I wonder why he cried about it," said Bonnibel as they came away, "I should most think he would be glad."

A few days afterward Marigold and her father left for the big city hundreds of miles away; but the worry was not over, for they were not sure that Marigold could be cured.

One day, however, after a weary waiting, a letter came to Bonnibel's father which made him look very happy. He told something to Bonnibel which made her look very happy, and she could scarcely eat her dinner, for she was in such a hurry to tell it to the other children.

That afternoon a merry group of them were gathered upon the village "green" and they were all talking very hard and fast. "Marigold is coming home in just a little while," Bonnibel was telling the latest arrival amongst them, "and she will be just as good as new. I asked papa and he said so; and, oh, ain't we just too happy!" she exclaimed, as she caught hold of the nearest little girl's hand and began dancing around with her. Then half the children joined hands and whirled about, laughing and shouting and singing, and the older people looked at them and smiled and said pleasant things to each other and went singing about their work; and Merryville was the happiest town in the whole wide world that day, all because the children had been willing to give up their Fourth of July pleasures for the sake of a little playmate.—Advance.

HOW LITTLE OF OURSELVES WE KNOW.

LORD MORPETH.
How little of ourselves we know
Before a grief the heart has felt!
The lessons that we learn of woe
May brace the mind as well as melt.
The energies too stern for mirth,
The reach of thought, the strength of will,
Mid cloud and tempest have their birth,
Through blight and blast their course fulfill.
And yet 'tis when it mourns and fears,
The loaded spirit feels forgiven;
And through the mist of falling tears
We catch the clearest glimpse of heaven.

COLLEGE GIRLS AND THE HOME.

I would urge a college training upon each girl, if only for the sake of the home she now has and the home that may yet be her own. Think for a moment, what she may bring back to the home from which she goes out to college, to share with the parents, who in their youth had no such chance as they have given her! They may not care for her Latin and Greek, perhaps, but they always care for the general interest and knowledge that, while it does not rob them of their daughter, gives them a companion and friend.

Think what the college girl, who has kept the love of home alive and warm in her heart, may be to the younger brothers and sisters, whose admiration for her makes them as wax in her shaping hand! There are no measurements to tell how infinitely more she can be in the life of her elder brother, because of the training that lets her look out on life from his point of view, knowing what he knows, able to move with him along lines of thought where companionship is wise and best.

By and by, when she enters the home of her heart's choice, what a power she has of sharing a still dearer life, in whose inmost recesses she ought to be at home! What a treasure she may bring, not of mere facts out of mere books, but of trained faculties, developed judgment, power of adapting means to ends—all gifts to be applied to the home problem, so complex and so changing as to tax her resources at the best. She may be all that is possible as a woman, yet there is none too much of her for the varied demands of wifehood and motherhood and the home.

For its dear duties, her mental training cannot be too thorough, or her heart preparation too tender and warm. If now and then, she wearies of the small nursery tasks, and feels she has little use for college training, let her remember that it has fitted her to be, by and by, the close companion and the most intimate friend of the boy in the cradle, when he, too, passes out into life through the portal of college days.—Mary Lowe Dickinson, in Success.

Our Reading Room.

MARLBORO, N. J.—The semi-annual joint communion service of the Marlboro and Shiloh churches was held with the Marlboro church Sabbath morning, June 27. A large congregation enjoyed the service. The sermon was preached by Rev. E. B. Saunders. Just before the Lord's Supper Eld. Mills welcomed two of our young men who were recently baptized, Howard Davis and Frank Davis, sons of Dea. H. L. Davis and Supt. Eber Davis, respectively.

The appearance of the interior of the church has been greatly improved by raising and enlarging the choir and pulpit platform, and by the new carpet which was recently laid.

The southern section of the Salem County Local Union met at Marlboro July 7. Good music was furnished by the Christian Endeavor Society. One of the features of the evening was a Question Box on Christian Endeavor work. This part of the program was in the hands of Rev. E. B. Saunders, who did it ample justice. An excellent address on "Christian Endeavorers in Training for Public Life" was given by one of the visiting pastors.

Miss Susie Harris, President of our Christian Endeavor Society, closed the session of her school by a festival, the proceeds of which, fifteen dollars, she very generously gave to the Christian Endeavor Society. The people of our congregation and neighborhood were glad to see and hear our former pastor, Rev. L. D. Burdick, who made a short visit here on his way to the South-Eastern Association. Misses Kate Davis, Emily Fogg, Bernice Ayars, Agnes Fisher, and Messrs. Wilbert Davis, and Robert Jones, have returned from Alfred. Mr. and Mrs. George Ellis, of Dodge Centre, Minn., are spending the summer with Mrs. Ellis' parents.

A Progressive Supper, or the "Feast of Seven Tables" will be given by the Ladies' Aid Society next week. The supper will be served in seven courses—one course at each of the seven tables. Those who eat supper will be allowed seven minutes at each table. At the expiration of that time a bell will tap which will be the signal for moving to the next table.

E. F. D.

SALEM, W. VA.—To all the brethren and sisters of our beloved Zion the members of the Salem Seventh-day Baptist church would extend their hands of welcome.

We are looking forward to the coming sessions of the General Conference with more than ordinary interest. We recognize the fact that great questions of denominational interest are before us. Questions for which solution should be found at this session of Conference. These are not sectional questions, but they have a bearing upon the advancement of our work along other lines. Because of this it is imperatively necessary that there shall be a large representation present. The people of Salem have opened their hearts and their homes for the coming of these representatives. We extend to all who can come our hospitality and assure you we shall be greatly disappointed if you do not come and that, too, in numbers that shall tax our ability. Come! Come! Come!!!

PASTOR.

AFTER THE FOURTH.

The brutal debauch of noise and stench and fire and death is over. At least we may hope it will not be prolonged greatly into this traditional day of rest and peace. To-morrow the country will take up again the practical round of work, a considerable proportion of which for some time will be the repairing, so far as possible, of the ravages of the "Glorious Fourth." There are burned buildings to rebuild. There are sick and maimed people to be nursed back toward health. There are blinded and crippled victims to be cared for all the rest of their lives. There are the dead to be buried and their survivors to be comforted. It will be some days yet before all the ghastly returns are in. Could they all be compiled on a single scroll they would "stagger humanity."

American independence was the most precious thing ever secured by this nation. It deserves all possible remembrance and fitting commemoration. But it is not fitting that the celebration should cost more than did the thing itself. Yet we suppose there were few battles in the Revolutionary War more costly, in the consumption of money, in the destruction of property and in the loss of limb and life, than was last week's celebration; and it would not be rash to reckon that the aggregate of losses in Fourth of July celebrations during the century and more has been greater than that in all the battles of the Revolution. Such a record may to some unthinking ones denote a high degree of patriotic ardor. To the judicious mind it rather denotes a low degree of patriotic common sense.—New York Tribune.

THE THEORETICAL AND THE PRACTICAL.

There is no such antagonism as many persons seem to imagine between the theoretical and the practical. Of course if you mean by "theoretical," vague, visionary, there is; but that is not the correct significance of the term. A theory is simply the mental picture of a situation or of the action of forces. A good theory always works out exactly as you supposed it would. When the workmen driving their tunnels from opposite directions found when they met in the heart of Mt. Cenis that they had not varied half an inch in five miles from a straight line that was the engineer's perfect theory reduced to practice. The reason why so many theories do not work is that those who made them did not take into account all the facts. The theories that are built on all the facts, always work, and work perfectly. What the "practical" man means when he sneers at theories, is not theories but bad theories, for just in proportion as the practical man is efficient he works on his own or some one's else theory, and if he means by being "practical" that he does not care to understand the theory of his work he is not a safe man to have about. If he is an engineer his engine will be in danger of blowing up; if he is a carpenter his doors and windows will be apt not to fit. Only the kind of action in this world is perfect—action from instinct—when we act from reason we have to work from a theory, and the perfection of the work depends primarily on the correctness of the theory.—The Treasury.

The choice reward of a true man's work is not the applause of the street, which comes and goes, but the pride of them that love him.—Ian Maclaren.

Popular Science.

H. H. BAKER.

THE NEW PURE FOOD LAW.

On the first day of the present month, the new law preventing the adulteration of food products went into operation, and we have the promise that it shall be vigorously enforced. Three departments of the Government are to take a hand in clearing out the tremendous wicked frauds which have so long been practiced that unless the people actually raised and prepared their own food they have not been secure from adulteration that would actually destroy their health, or even their lives, by gradually undermining their constitutions, thus precipitating an early death. Such, for instance, is the adulteration of flour by marble dust, and the raising of bread by using alum, a compound of double sulphates, by the union of aluminum, chlorium, or manganese sulphate, commonly an alkaline metal. It is said alum will whiten an inferior grade of flour, and is a powerful astringent and a swift destroyer of health.

The Department of Agriculture is to make the scientific examination, and judge of the effect of adulterations. The Treasury Department is to give due notice to all people, and the Legal Department is to arrest and punish the adulteraters. Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief chemist of the Agricultural Department, may rest assured, that he has no small task on hand to unravel and expose the schemes of the get-rich-quick scamps everywhere to be found; also the State Department will keep our consuls well informed of the danger to which we are exposed, and also will inform our people through the numerous boards of health, which are to be found in every city and town throughout the country.

We are furiously anxious to see the working of the "scientific" part of this reformatory movement of Congress, and we believe that it will become exceedingly "popular." We would now like to know what proportion of the last ten pounds of sugar we purchased at five and one-half cents a pound (awful cheap) was glucose, (which is only one and one-half cents a pound) and what part was really sugar, made from beets. We judge by what we know of the Dutch standard, i. e., by the amount required to sweeten our coffee, that the ten pounds consisted of six pounds of aldehydes of hexatomic alcohols, made from refuse of corn by acids, and four pounds made from the saccharine juice of beets mixed. Indeed we would like to know how much borax we had eaten when we had consumed the six pounds of corned beef we last purchased, and what effect it had produced by welding, and making us more solid, or what was the effect upon our nervous system of the acetic acid or annotto, the one to prevent fermentation, and the other to give the appetizing, rich, golden color, to the last three pounds of butter we purchased, to adorn our table, and to make more savory the light, delicate, feathery biscuits, brought to high perfection, by the use of the "Only Pure Royal Baking" cream of tartar, all of which go to make up a compound very delectable indeed. We hope to be able to throw some light hereafter over the schemes and ways of these blackhearted rascals who for greed are adulterating our everyday foods and drinks with poisons—how we pity the smokers—this is causing many to early droop and die.

A gentleman gave a duplicate of his breakfast, lunch, and dinner to an expert chemist, to analyze and report the poisons in his menu for a single day. The chemist reported as follows: Breakfast—Smoked beef (*borax) stewed in cream, (boric acid), codfish cakes (borax), milk (formaldehyde), maple syrup (glucose preserved with sulphurous acid), sausages (borax); lunch—Clam broth (borax) cold tongue (fluoride of borax), jam (salicylic acid), cider (salicylic acid); dinner—Hamburger steak (sulphites), tomato catsup (benzoic acid and aniline dyes), canned corn (benzoic acid). *The poisons are inclosed in parentheses.

MARRIAGES.

BOND—VAN HORN—In Salem, W. Va., June 17, 1903, by Rev. Theo. L. Gardiner, assisted by Pastor Witter, Mr. Alva J. C. Bond of Roanoke, W. Va., and Ora E. Van Horn of Salem.

BELLAND—CLARKE—At the residence of the bride's father, Fred Clarke, near Walworth, Wis., June 23, 1903, by the Rev. M. G. Stillman, Mr. Robt N. Belland and H. Adaline Clarke.

DEATHS.

DAVIS—At Middle Island, W. Va., Mariah Davis, aged 71 years.

Mariah Davis, daughter of George and Ellanore Sutton, was born in Greenbrier, W. Va., July 8, 1832. She was married in 1851, to Amaziah S. Davis. Seven children were born of this union, five of whom are now living and were present at the burial. Mr. Davis preceded her to the other world Jan. 19, 1890. Since Mr. Davis' death the youngest son has devoted himself to the task of making a home for the mother.

Sister Davis was converted about nineteen years ago and united with the Middle Island Seventh-day Baptist church. She afterward united with the Black Lick church, of which she was a member at her death. Burial was had from the Greenbrier church. Services conducted by Pastor Witter. Text, James 4: 4.

E. A. W.

CRANDALL—In Farina, Ill., April 20, 1903, Harold Carlisle, only son of Harry B. and Mamie Carlisle Crandall, aged 6 years, 8 months, and 4 days.

Harold was born near Farina Aug. 16, 1896, and passed peacefully away April 20, 1903, at his home in Farina. He had been a great sufferer for the past six years, but his patient, loving disposition had greatly attached this little fellow to his relatives and friends. During this time all that medical skill or loving affection could do was done, though so young and once so full of promise to fond hearts, yielded the struggle, and we tenderly laid the little lifeless form away at rest. Lovingly floral offerings, which almost hid the little white casket from view, only the more deeply impressed the sorrowful friends of his pure life. Six little girls sang three beautiful songs and Rev. Seeger spoke words of comfort.

CHESTER—Gilbert S. Chester was born December 3, 1844, and died June 11, 1903.

Brother Chester was baptized by Eld. Henry Clarke, March 6, 1858, and united with the Second Hopkinton church the same day, of which church he remained a member till death. For a number of years prior to his death he was not well and it was thought best to take him to Butler Hospital, Providence, R. I., which was done March 16, 1894, where he died as above mentioned. Of the immediate family two brothers, Albert I. Chester and Amos Chester, survive him. On Sabbath-day, June 13, the body was brought to the First Hopkinton cemetery and, after brief services at the grave, was buried beside his parents.

L. F. B.

DAVIS—In Salem, W. Va., Joel H. Davis, aged 83 years. Joel H. Davis, son of William F. and Rachel Davis, was born on Flint Run in Doddridge county, October 12, 1820. In 1843 he made profession of faith in Christ at a revival meeting at Buckeye. In the autumn of 1845 he was united in marriage to Charlotte Strother. Ten children were born of this union, three of whom are now living.

His beloved wife preceded him to the better world April 16, 1897. All his life but two or three years was spent on Flint Run. When his health began to fail some months ago he was taken to the home of his son Franklin Davis, in Salem, where he received the most tender care. Although a great sufferer, he was patient and uncomplaining.

In his death the Seventh-day Baptist church has lost a faithful, earnest member of sixty years' standing and the community a helpful citizen. His desire in life was to live for the things of God and to do what he could for the church and truth.

Burial services were held at the Salem Seventh-day Baptist church, conducted by Pastor Witter, Sabbath morning, June 20. Text, John 11: 28. E. A. W.

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

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

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

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Employment Bureau Notes.

WANTS.

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.
 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.
 9. 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.
 10. 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.
 11. 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.
 13. Wanted, for general housework in family of three. Christian woman, Seventh-day Baptist, about forty. No objection to widow with quiet, well behaved little girl not under seven years. Address immediately, stating capabilities and wages expected. Lock Box 121, Spotswood, N. J.
 14. Wanted, a man to work on farm, one that understands farm work, and is good milker. Work for four or five months, or by the year if we can agree. A. R. FITCH, Bradford, Pa., Kendall Creek Station.
 15. Wanted, a good painter for machine-shop work. Steady employment.
 16. A stock of general merchandise for sale in Seventh-day community (New York State). Present stock about \$700, should be increased to \$1,000. Post office in store pays about \$100 a year and telephone about \$40. Write at once for full particulars.
- If you want employment in a Seventh-day Baptist community, write us. If you want Seventh-day Baptist employees, 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.

BINDER TWINE.

Farmers, send me your order for Binder Twine. I can save you Five Cents on Every Pound you buy. My Twine is New Twine, manufactured in 1903, from Selected New Fibre and made by a mill that is not now, and never was, connected with a trust. I will furnish Standard Manila Twine, 500 feet to the pound, at Eight Cents per Pound, and pay the freight charges and duty to any Station in the United States. Send cash with the order. Remit by express money order.

Address EDGAR L. HASTINGS,

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Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1903.

THIRD QUARTER.

Table of lesson dates from July 4 to Sept. 26, listing scriptures and topics such as 'Israel Asking for a King', 'Saul Rejected as King', etc.

SAUL REJECTED AS KING.

LESSON TEXT.—1 Sam. 15: 13-23.

For Sabbath-day, July 25, 1903.

Golden Text.—"To obey is better than sacrifice."—1 Sam. 15: 22-31.

INTRODUCTION.

If we accept the theory of the two sources of the book of Samuel, chapter 15 will follow very naturally after chapter 12, while chapters 13 and 14 may be reckoned with chapter 11.

It seems from chapter 13 that in the early years of Saul's reign that Israel was grievously oppressed by the Philistines and that Saul was able to raise only a scanty army of six hundred men to resist them.

The time of this lesson is very much in doubt. Saul was a young man when he was anointed, and now his son is a warrior of note.

There is another account of the rejection of Saul in chapter 13, but the reason is not very evident.

The early verses of the fifteenth chapter tell of Saul's commission from Jehovah to go and exterminate the Amalekites. This people was a tribe of Bedouins that distinguished themselves in their opposition to the Israelites in their wilderness journey.

From 2 Sam. 1 we see that an Amalekite slew Saul, or at least said that he did, and the Amalekites were also the enemies of David when he was king; so we may infer that they were not completely destroyed.

TIME.—Probably in the latter half of Saul's reign.

PLACE.—Gilgal.

PERSONS.—Samuel, the prophet; Saul, the king.

- OUTLINE: 1. Saul Excuses Himself. v. 13-16. 2. Samuel Shows what Jehovah Has Done for Saul. v. 17-19. 3. Saul Blames the People for His Sin. v. 20, 21. 4. Samuel Pronounces the Rejection of Saul. v. 22, 23.

NOTES.

11. It repenteth me that I have set up Saul to be king. Compare verse 29. It is interesting to notice that he has in the same chapter the statement that God re-

pented, and that he cannot repent. The reference is in neither case to sorrow for sin: that would be an absurdity. It is true also as stated in verse 29 that God cannot change his mind. He may seem to change his mind, but that is because of a change in the conduct of men. If Saul had continued such as he was when he was anointed king the favor of God would have been constant toward him. When Saul altered his attitude toward God it was necessary that God should seem to change his attitude toward Saul.

12. Saul came to Carmel. About seven miles to the southward of Hebron. Saul would naturally pass through Carmel on his way home from his expedition against the Amalekites who inhabited the region south of Judah. He set him up a monument. To commemorate his victory.

13. And Samuel came to Saul. Evidently at Gilgal. Compare verse 33 at the end. I have performed the commandment of Jehovah. A statement in direct contradiction of the revelation just received by Samuel.

14. What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep. Saul had been commanded to destroy utterly the cattle of the Amalekites as well as the people. Here was a very evident proof of the falsity of Saul's claim of obedience to the command of Jehovah. There was no logical course left open for Saul but to confess his sin.

15. For the people spared the best of the sheep, etc. Saul makes a double excuse, neither portion of which could have any real weight. First he throws the responsibility upon the people, just as if a king with any semblance of control over his people could not deter them from so flagrant an act of disobedience against Jehovah.

16. Stay. Or, as we would say colloquially, Hold on a minute. Samuel asks Saul to cease from making such flimsy excuses. This night. The night just passed. We would say, Last night.

17. Though thou wast little in thine own sight. The verb is not expressed in this clause in the original. It must be supplied in the English translation, but the tense will vary with the opinion of the translator. The meaning is evidently that although Saul was very humble when he was chosen king, and indeed properly so, yet since God has made him king he ought to have some control over the people. And Jehovah anointed thee king over Israel. This clause belongs with the next verse and should be regarded as beginning the sentence.

18. The sinners, the Amalekites. They were to be destroyed on account of their sin, which was particularly manifest in their hostility to the Chosen People on their way to the Promised Land. See introduction. Even if the moral principle may seem obscure to us, we may be sure that it was very apparent to the children of Israel in that day. What from our point of view was an act of cruelty was to them a religious duty.

19. But didst fly upon the spoil. Forgetting his religious duty as the executioner appointed by Jehovah, the king had become a freebooter, intent only upon getting as much of the spoil as possible.

20. Yea, I have obeyed the voice of Jehovah. Saul seems to be going on the principle expressed by the false proverb, A lie well stuck to is as good as the truth. He argues that partial obedience is to be reckoned as full obedience. But partial obedience is really no obedience at all. And have brought Agag the king of Amalek. He cites as a sign of his obedience that which is a manifest token of his disobedience. Saul probably saved Agag that his presence as a captive might testify to the great victory that he had won.

21. But the people. Again Saul tries to throw the blame upon the people. Chief of the devoted things, to sacrifice unto Jehovah. This at first sight looks like a very plausible excuse. But really it is no excuse at all; for it is a contradiction of terms, to speak of offering unto Jehovah that which had been already devoted to him. This is only a trifle less absurd than to speak of taking money from the contribution plate to give to some benevolent work.

22. Hath Jehovah as great delight, etc. Samuel lays bare the sin of Saul in most vigorous language. The prophetic utterance is presented in the form of a poem of eight lines. The external forms of worship are of no account when compared with that reverence that is shown by obedience. Compare Psa. 51: 16, 17, Micah 6: 6-8, and many other passages.

23. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft. Rebellion was Saul's particular sin. Samuel says that this is as bad as divination by means of supposed responses from false gods. To inquire of false gods was virtual apostasy from Jehovah. Compare Deut. 18: 10, and the notes on that passage in the lesson for Sept. 6, 1902. It is possible that this sin is especially alluded to because Saul had taken vigorous measures to put away witchcraft out of Israel. Stubbornness is parallel with "rebellion." Perhaps the word would be translated just as well, "arrogance" or "presumption." It was the sin manifested by Saul in doing as he pleased. As idolatry and teraphim. Perhaps we should render, "as the inquiry of the teraphim." The teraphim were images of household gods. Rejected thee from being king. A solemn announcement of Saul's deposition.

24. I have sinned, etc. Some have supposed that Saul was hypocritical in this confession, and that therefore he is not forgiven. But our author means to represent that he has gone so far in his rebellion that the sentence of deposition could not be rescinded.

25. And turn again with me that I may worship Jehovah. Samuel's presence seemed to be necessary for the validity of the worship that the king had in mind.

27. Saul laid hold upon the skirt of his robe. That is to detain him. As Samuel moved away the garment was torn.

28. Jehovah hath rent the kingdom of Israel from thee this day. This accident is to Samuel the figure of the doom pronounced upon Saul. Compare the rending of the robe of Ahijah, 1 Kings 11: 30, 31.

29. Strength of Israel. There are various translations instead of "strength,"—glory, victory, eminence.

31. So Samuel turned again after Saul. Very likely he concluded that it would be proper to give Saul the outward honor of his presence, as it would be necessary for him to continue for some time as the nominal king of Israel.

TWO TRUTHS.

HELEN JACKSON.

"Darling," he said, "I never meant to hurt you." And his eyes were wet. "I would not hurt you for the world: Am I to blame if I forget?"

"Forgive my selfish tears!" she cried, "Forgive! I knew that it was not because you meant to hurt me, sweet,—I knew it was that you forgot!"

But all the same, deep in her heart Rrankled this thought, and rankles yet: When love is at its best one loves So much that he cannot forget.

THE BIBLE'S TRAIL OF LIGHT.

You can trace the path of the Bible across the world from the day of Pentecost to this day. As a river springs up in the heart of a sandy continent, having its father in the skies; as the steam rolls on, making, in that arid waste, a belt of verdure wherever it turns its way, creating palm groves and fertile plains, where the smoke of the cottage curls up at eventide, and marble cities send the gleam of their splendor far into the sky,—such has been the course of the Bible on earth. There is not a boy on all the hills of New England; not a girl born in the filthiest cellar which disgraces a capital in Europe, and cries to God against the barbarism of modern civilization; not a boy or girl all Christendom through, but their lot is made better by that great Book.—Theodore Parker.

AN INCIDENT OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

When our SABBATH RECORDER came this afternoon—July 3—my mind went back to an incident of forty years ago to-day. I was a soldier boy in the rifle pits at Vicksburg. My good father wished that while I was in the army I might still keep in touch with our denomination and have good reading; and so he saw to it that the RECORDER followed me wherever the mail bag could go.

It was our business at Vicksburg to stand in our rifle pits and keep loading and firing at the upper edge of the long yellow ridges of earth over against us, if peradventure we might hit the head of some incautious Confederate. In the meantime we kept our heads well down below our own protecting line of works.

About 3 o'clock on the afternoon of July 3, forty years ago, I got tired of this loading and firing. I set my musket against the fresh bank of earth before me and lay down to rest. I took the latest copy of my RECORDER and was getting well interested in some items in that part of it corresponding to the present "Reading Room," when my comrade, Henry Marston, shouted out: "Joe, bring your gun here quick—mine isn't loaded! There's a Reb standing right on top of the works—quick, quick! But there are more of them coming up! The whole line of them. What in the name of General Grant can they mean!"

Now, just outside our lines, big ripe blackberries grew in luscious profusion. We could not see to pick them in the night and it was not at all healthful to go after them by day. They had for several days tantalized us by being so near and yet so far. We thought now that while the fellows on the other side were allowing us a cessation of hostilities we'd use our time to advantage, and so we got into the berry patch. We soon saw that they as well as we had berries close at hand, between the Confederate lines and ours, a deep ravine. In picking berries both they and we worked down the hillside.

Hundreds of times since then the sight of the SABBATH RECORDER has brought this incident of forty years ago to-day to my mind. H. W. Rood, Company E, 12th Wis. Madison, Wis., July 3, 1903. WHEN TWO EXTREMES MEET. An incident of especial interest to the student of American history was narrated at a large convention held at the old Cathedral town of Norwich, recently, by the Hon. J. H. Tillet, M. P., who delivered the address of welcome to the assembled Sunday-school teachers, who met to celebrate their Centennial Anniversary. The speaker said: "It is

In three minutes we were all mixed up—Johnnies and Yanks—picking berries. Their first question was, "How do you'ns stand this hot weather?" We assured them that we had never had a better time,—that we were in good health and had plenty to eat. They were free to admit that they were finding it "mighty hot inside." They said that they had had "mule meat for breakfast and powerful thin, too." One disconsolate fellow sitting on a log drawled out: "I want to see my maw!" They told us when we had made particularly good shots and we gave them like information. They gave it as their opinion that they could not hold out much longer, while we assured them that we were in condition to continue the siege as long as we pleased. We had got well into the discussion of questions concerning the war, slavery, states' rights, etc., when a colonel of their side came down the hillside cursing them roundly for taking such a recess without permission, and ordering them back into their works.

They left us with many a good bye and some muttering, for picking blackberries and discussing the war was pleasanter than shooting. When they were half way up the bank some of our men said that as like as not the Johnnies, once in their works, would shoot half of us before we could get back to ours. The suggestion had a wonderful effect, for we quit borrying and stood not upon the order of our getting inside our lines. We climbed and scrambled with might and main for the hilltops on our side. I was one of the last to get in. I fell when forty feet from our rifle pit. Not feeling that I had time to get up I came in on the home stretch on my hands and feet, falling flat on my back where I had left my RECORDER open at the "Home News."

Though our chivalric friends over across got into their works before we did they did not fire a shot until we, too, were safe out of sight. Then the balls began whizzing again over our heads. We began firing, too, while we wondered what had been the cause of so unusual an incident. Half an hour later one of our officers came and told us that Generals Grant and Pemberton had been holding an interview, the subject of surrender being under consideration, and that this had been the cause of a cessation of firing. Our boys were almost wild with delight at the prospect and they cut various capers to give expression to their satisfaction. We did little firing after that. The next morning, July 4, a little after 9 o'clock, a white flag was displayed from one of the principal forts of the Confederates and—the siege was ended. It was a glorious Fourth! Many interesting incidents followed directly, but this story is already long enough.

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.

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

not generally known that in the neighboring Church of St. Andrew there is interred the mortal remains of Abraham Lincoln, the progenitor of the great Emancipator, who wrought such a mighty service to the cause of Freedom, the renowned and illustrious martyred President, Abraham Lincoln; but singular to relate," the speaker continued, "there is buried the remains of the progenitor of another man whose name and fame is not regarded with favor. In the old churchyard of St. Peter's, Muncroft, is interred the mortal remains of Wilkes Booth, the unfortunate ancestor of the cowardly assassin of the illustrious Lincoln." The speaker stated this information was attested by and certified to by a well-known archaeologist of international repute. This is a sad and melancholy fact that good and evil ofttimes run side by side, while a visitor to the quiet churchyard little supposes that the two little mounds cover the remains of so distinguished and noted parentage, the one to honor, the other to dishonor.—Joshua E. Wills.

Special Notices.

THE next Sessions of the Quarterly Meeting and Ministerial Conference of the Southern Wisconsin and Chicago Seventh-day Baptist churches will convene with the church at Albion, July 24-26, 1903. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Any who may come by railroad to Edgerton will be provided with conveyance to Albion, if notice of time of arrival is sent either to B. T. Jeffrey or the undersigned. S. H. BABCOCK.

SABBATH-KEEPERS in Utica, N. Y., meet their 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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REAL ESTATE.

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The Sabbath Recorder.

A. H. LEWIS, D. D., LL. D., Editor. JOHN HISCOX, Business Manager. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS. Per year, in advance, \$2 00

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FALL TERM OPENS SEPT. 1, 1903. WINTER TERM OPENS DEC. 1, 1903.

Theo. L. Gardiner, President, SALEM, WEST VIRGINIA.

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IT IS COMMON.

So are the stars and the arching skies, So are the smiles in the children's eyes; Common the life-giving breath of the spring;

Common the grass in its glowing green; So is the water's glistening sheen; Common the springs of love and mirth;

Common the fragrance of rosy June; So is the generous harvest moon, So are the to-wering, mighty hills,

Common the beautiful tints of the fall; So is the sun which is over all; Common the rain, with its pattering feet;

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WHOLE No. 3047.

So are the stars and the arching skies, So are the smiles in the children's eyes; Common the life-giving breath of the spring; So are the songs which the wild birds sing,— Blessed be God, they are common.

Yes, Go To Conference. DON'T fail to read Pastor Witter's pressing invitation to go to Conference. The Salem people don't want another such disappointment as they experienced the last time Conference was there.

Why Not Fill The Shops Already Open To Us? If there were a stronger disposition on the part of young men to enter the doors already open to them, and to show themselves worthy, then there might be more encouragement for capital to establish new places for Seventh-day boys.

MUCH is being said now-a-days about the necessity for business industries for Seventh-day Baptist boys; and one would think by some of the talk that no doors are open for them to-day.

There is one good reason why these things are so. Our boys will not fit themselves to fill such places. Why don't hundreds of them start in at the beginning and learn the machinist's trade?

The vast difference in your condition and that of the heathen to-day is due to the difference between your religion and theirs. The religious element in man is the great motive power that has shaped and molded the character of nations in all ages.

employment, if they were only prepared for such work. And how many more could be used in other towns among us, we know not.

Then What is The Matter? These things are so. Our boys will not fit themselves to fill such places. Why don't hundreds of them start in at the beginning and learn the machinist's trade?

The vast difference in your condition and that of the heathen to-day is due to the difference between your religion and theirs. The religious element in man is the great motive power that has shaped and molded the character of nations in all ages.