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THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST PULPIT. Published monthly by the SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY. This publication will contain a sermon for each Sabbath in the year by ministers living and departed.

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An idea of the West Point standard of obedience and discipline is to be got from a story told by Mr. James Barnes in an article in the Outlook on "A Hundred years at West Point."

During the Civil War a young officer once reported to a volunteer brigade commander that he had orders from division headquarters to take a battery. It held the top of a sweeping slope on the front of the Confederate line, the shells from which were playing havoc with the Union infantry that were deploying through a wooded ravine.

"What!" exclaimed the volunteer brigadier, "Are you going to try take those guns with cavalry? Impossible! You can't do it."

"Oh, yes, I can, sir," was the reply, "I've orders in my pocket." This West Pointer did not doubt in the least what he was going to do, nor his capacity, and, strange to say, he did it. Advancing at a charge suddenly from the wood across the open ground, he took the battery in the flank before the enemy could change effectively the position of the guns, and he brought them back with him.

The Sabbath Recorder.

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EVERY thoughtful Christian loves to re-read the following lines from the pen of James Russell Lowell. It is a stanza from the Present Crisis, written in December, 1844, just when the earlier agitations

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

A SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST WEEKLY, PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY, PLAINFIELD, N. J. VOLUME 60, No. 14. APRIL 4, 1904. WHOLE No. 3084.

VAIN? A. H. L. Is it in vain we long for higher things And seek to know and do, and seeking Still do long yet more and more? Is it in vain we fight to conquer And from defeat wrest victory Lost loftiest purpose fall Before the good we search for Can be gained? It is not vain, such upward reaching, Though searching finger tips Find only vacancy elusive And naught to grasp or cling to. God hath ordained that striving Strength-begetting is, and comforting. Who reaches not nor climbs Dies empty handed.

AMONG the letters written today suffering, but has been a message to one who has just passed through a sharp ordeal, and lies upon a hospital couch patiently awaiting the return of full strength and physical soundness. In such experiences and in all corresponding experiences, whether through physical or spiritual trial, there is no adequate comfort except that the soul is upheld by this truth, "I do not stand alone. The fight is not my own." Not infrequently God's children realize that littleness, as to strength, which makes them feel that the battle must be fought for them by their friends, but most of all by that greatest of friends, the Father in heaven. He has ordained that this faith, and the sweet consciousness of his presence which come through such faith, shall be our greatest support in the hours of greatest need. From the first conception which the human heart has of God, to the last, his strength and helpfulness are most prominent features: God as Deliverer, Protector, marks all ancient Hebrew poetry, and gives strength and life to all Christian faith. Well may each child of God say: "O God, the Strong, the Great, No soul is desolate That calls on Thee."

EVERY thoughtful Christian loves to re-read the following lines from the pen of James Russell Lowell. It is a stanza from the Present Crisis, written in December, 1844, just when the earlier agitations

concerning the slavery question was developing. That was the beginning of the struggle which culminated in the Civil War. In the uncertainties and shadows of that hour Lowell said: "Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word; Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne.— Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own."

There are notes of comfort, calls to battle, and promises of victory in that stanza. We need such notes of comfort, such warnings and such calls to battle with each succeeding experience. Every life needs them which attempts to live worthily, and every heart needs them that has undertaken for itself, or for the world, anything worth undertaking. It is only those whose lives are overwhelmed with this—worldliness and with selfishness; that do not respond to such truths, and thank God for the hope which they awaken. But it is needful that we think of the truth expressed as something more than beautiful poetry, and as something for us as individuals. We must believe that the scaffolds which threaten to end the work of righteousness, are but temporary. As the Cross of Christ was only a momentary feature in his history and work, and as from it the Crucified One went to the tomb, which was rent not many days later, so the apparent overthrow of righteousness is only temporary. "Wrong forever on the throne?" By no means. God does not stand within the shadows in vain, "keeping watch above his own," and working out the larger results which we can never measure, but in which we must believe. All just views of life include the truths in the foregoing stanza. In so far as those truths find a place in the life of the reader he will be strong, brave, and as a whole, patient, although in his imperfect view he may sometimes wonder why God waits so long. Our readers will recall that this stanza was a favorite one in connection with the discussions of the slavery question half a century ago. What it seemed to promise was not then in sight. The future of human slavery was hidden by dark clouds that seemed impenetrable. They were far more than shadows. But the hopefulness which said, "Sometime God will rise," was not disappointed. God did arise, slavery did die. Our nation was redeemed, and out of the conflict was born full ground for larger faith that God is always standing within the shadows, keeping watch above his own. To-day, our redeemed and united nation is proof that

men are saved from their own mistakes as well as from the power of outward wrong. JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET is quoted as saying, "I think things had better not be said at all than said weakly." This thought of Millet was emphasized in the mind of the writer by a late conversation concerning a map, of whom one said, "He has brains, excellent purposes, and an unstained character, but as a public man he has no power to put things." We think the main element in that man's want of power in saying things, may be described best by the word, weakness. Preachers, reformers, all men and women who seek to lift the world up, need to learn the value of putting things powerfully. The greater the truth one has to deal with, and the more important the issue about which one speaks, the greater should be the power with which things are put. That Millet was right is often illustrated by the best of men. That which should be said with force and put with power had better remain unsaid than be put weakly. Truth is discounted when it is thus put, and the best of purposes are made powerless if they are not expressed with such strength as their nature demands. While these thoughts do not justify unnecessary sharpness, and while they never justify bitterness in attack, they do demand that every truth and every attempt to enforce or defend truth should be put with such strength, clearness and vigor as the value of the truth and its importance to the world require. Preachers and public teachers, of all others, should give heed to this suggestion and study the deeper meaning of Millet's words, "I think things had better not be said at all than said weakly."

A CHANGE of surroundings will not insure a change of heart. Enshrined in this truth is the essence of what we call conversion. It may be added that a change of words on a man's lips will not cure sin. Neither are they evidence that sin has departed from his heart. Men are not converted from without. Life, in every form comes from within, and the evidence of its character is found in the outward actions which it induces. We soon learn to defer judgment when a man says I am converted, until fruits produced by repentance appear in his actions. This was the thrilling message John the Baptist gave to those who crowded to listen to his burning words. He told them not to rely upon their ancient faith nor their lineage from Abraham, but to bring forth

THE CURE FOR SIN.

fruits meet for repentance. In addition to all the help which outward influences can give, including the work of the Spirit of God, conversion and regeneration must begin in the will and the heart of the individual. Sin and salvation, life and death, center around this truth. Among the many practical lessons it teaches is this: no man can escape from himself and no man can hope to be cured of sin, impurity or weakness by influences outside himself. He may be helped by them, but the source and center of actual reform and of new life is within himself. God calls, truth pleads, mercy waits; he must listen, accept and welcome these before life begins. That sweetest of passages in sacred writ, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock. If any man will hear my voice and open the door I will come in and sup with him, and he with me," puts clearly before us the truth that the human soul may bar the door against God himself. Not change of place, but change of soul, determines conversion, salvation, life and death.

Aimlessness is Waste.
 THERE is always an element of pathos connected with the expression, "A wasted life." We usually associate wrong doing, life turned to base and evil purposes, with the idea of waste. While this is a just conception, life is scarcely less wasted when it is taken up with matters of small importance, or with such varied and conflicting efforts and tendencies as bring nothing valuable to pass. Such a life may be free from things that are absolutely wrong in themselves, while it fails to accomplish anything which is absolutely or permanently good. The first step toward attaining anything valuable, is thoughtful and earnest attempt to accomplish something worth the while. Experience has shown that nothing worth the while is accomplished without steadiness of purpose and constancy in endeavor. These are attained only when a worthy desire fills the heart, and an equally worthy end is sought. The combination of such worthy desire and worthy end, determines methods and incites to action. A life cannot be wasted if the purpose and the ends sought are right. These are mighty forces driving, drawing, and guiding the life and all its endeavors. A butterfly is a thing of beauty, but as compared with the accomplishment of any purpose, its flitting here and there in the sunlight is valueless. The indefinite flitting or drifting of aimless lives is neither useful nor beautiful. We can forgive the gaudy-winged butterfly for aimlessness which we cannot forgive in an immortal soul. No one outside yourself can furnish the purpose or choose the aim that will make your life valuable. Each man for himself, is the only one who can save himself from aimlessness and a wasted life. God waits to aid men, but he cannot aid the man who is purposeless, aimless, flabby-souled, and hence wasted. It is not necessary that you should walk in paths positively evil, or go down to the depths of sin and impurity, to insure a wasted life.

Modern Business Methods and Individual Souls.
 THE somewhat common saying that "corporations have no soul" suggests a great field of thought touching the destruction of personal conscience, and therefore, the corruption of all life. It is well understood that as members of corporations men will do those

things which they would not think of doing as individuals. This phase of modern commercialism is prominent, and much is said concerning it. That it is fraught with many evils there can be no doubt. But we are impressed that another evil, less noticeable but not less serious, has come through modern business methods. This evil is best illustrated by great business enterprises in which men are trained to fill a given and comparatively small place, as parts of a great business machine. Unconsciously to themselves, men who are thus trained, lose in a greater or less degree, the sense of personal responsibility, except as applied to a very narrow sphere. Given a single thing to do which requires constant repetition, there is more or less danger that men become narrow in their scope of observation and their field of effort. Every requirement of business demands that they make the most of themselves, their time, and their powers within that specific limit. Having done that, their responsibility ceases. For the larger field the superintendent is responsible, and for the still larger field and the outcome of their efforts the general superintendent and, the owners must bear the responsibility. We think it is not difficult to see the probable, if not the actual, effect of such business training in lessening the sense of personal responsibility and in the dwarfing, if not the extinction, of conscience in them. Conscientious action within that small sphere has merit, but no man can meet the many demands in spiritual life and in the larger field of religious and of moral duties, who does not feel himself under direct and immediate obligations to take part and place in a constantly enlarging sphere of obligations and work. We are of the opinion that a careful census of any given church will illustrate the truth of which we here write. It is the misfortune of men thus hemmed in as to their field of action, rather than their crime, that they are kept from larger views and larger fields of effort in the Church of Christ and in behalf of the moral interests of the world. But not the least among the evils of those forms of business—now almost universal, and constantly increasing—by which men are reduced to parts of a great business machine, is the reflex influence of such lessening of personal responsibility and narrowing of their field of action, upon religious and spiritual life. The theme is a prolific one for preachers and teachers, who have to deal with the problems of life which this most commercial of ages is constantly presenting. The value of individualism in spiritual things, and the development of individual life along moral and religious lines cannot be overestimated, and the problem of securing such development is first among the problems of these days.

Our Great Universities.
 THE Registrar of Columbia College has just compiled statistics concerning the number of students attending in the leading universities of the country. He places them in the following order: Harvard, 6013; Columbia, 4557; Chicago, 4146; Michigan, 3926; California, 3690; Illinois, 3661; Minnesota, 3550; Cornell, 3438; Wisconsin, 3221; Yale, 2990; Northwestern, 2740; Pennsylvania, 2644; Nebraska, 2247; Syracuse, 2207; Ohio State, 1710; Indiana, 1614; Missouri, 1540; Princeton, 1434; Leland

Stanford, Jr., 1370; Johns Hopkins, 694. When the reader adds to the foregoing figures, the number of pupils in our smaller colleges, and in the public schools of the country, the army of those seeking intellectual culture almost surpasses belief. In this army is found the antidote to the great mass of illiterate ones who come to our shores from foreign lands, or still remain uneducated in the less favored portions of our country. It is a well-known fact that institutions of learning in the West are growing more rapidly than in the East, and that the universities of the Middle West show the most rapid development, so far as the enrollment of students is concerned. That many of these most flourishing institutions in the Middle West are supported by the State is one of the reasons for their growth, but the facts taken as a whole show that whatever may be the adverse features of commercialism in these years, the desire for higher intellectual training and the efforts to secure it are marked characteristics of the times. The highest good to all interests involved demands that this wide-spread effort to secure intellectual culture should be accompanied by corresponding efforts toward high spiritual development. The best attainments in character, are along moral and spiritual lines, and these alone, can properly guide the great tide of intellectual culture which covers the land and marks the opening of the present century.

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First Brookfield.	21 06
Albion, Wis.	6 23
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Sabbath School	8 00
First Hopkinton Sabbath School, (Ashby)	5 09
Plainfield, N. J., Sabbath School	33 13
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Account sale Reuben D. Ayers farm, Unadilla Forks, N. Y. (one half)	\$ 608 43
29 50	
Publishing House Receipts:	
382 18	
720 51	
\$ 1,102 69	
Total	\$ 1740 62
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Plainfield, N. J., March 31, 1904.	

It is not success, but obedience, that is the measure and conditions of a Christian's joy.—Rev. James Millar.

God would show himself to us more often and more wonderfully if we would get eyes to see.—Christian Endeavor World.

Publisher's Corner.

We seem to have reached our subscribers at last. From the returns already received, it is evident that we have their approval and their financial assistance. We had a right to expect this, for it is your Publishing House, and every dollar that goes into it will be to make it better fitted to do your work.

We are reaching the culmination of our efforts to raise the money to pay for our Linotype equipment. We have ordered the electric motor, the metal pot, and the necessary metal, and expect the machine itself about the middle of the month. Then the office will be unusually busy—it has been busy for months.

One request we make—when you receive our statement for the publication sent you, do it now. That is, mail us the amount called for by the statement. It will be placed to your credit on our books, and you won't have to think of the matter again. Then your promptness will give us the amount when it will be doubly welcome to us. You know just how it is, in your own experience.

We have promised to tell you what our Linotype is to be. It's quite a problem to tell in the space at our disposal, and tell it so you will understand. The printer could be easily satisfied by the use of technical terms, but we want our subscribers, not printers, to understand what we are asking for.

Most people know that all papers and books were once printed from movable type—individual letters picked up one by one by the compositor, and arranged by lines and columns to form the desired page. It was slow, laborious work. The compositor picked the type up with his right hand, and deposited each one in a metal pan, called a stick, held in his left hand. An extra good compositor would pick up and arrange about 2,000 pieces of type, or 1,000 ems, of the size used on the RECORDER, in an hour. As the RECORDER contains close to 100,000 ems, it would take one man 100 hours to set up all the type used in one issue of the RECORDER. But a man can set type only eight hours a day, for he must replenish his type cases with type from the RECORDER of the previous week. So it would take one man twelve or thirteen days to set the type on one issue of the RECORDER.

Now the type composed by this man is cast piece by piece at a typefoundry, and costs fifty or sixty cents a pound. The daily use of it wears down the part that prints so that in six or eight years it does not print clearly, and is sold for old type metal, at seven cents a pound. The depreciation is very marked, as one can easily estimate. The RECORDER type has been in constant use for nine or ten years, and no longer does passable work.

For years men racked their brains to invent a machine to take the place of this slow and costly means of setting type—one attempt cost \$2,000,000, and was a failure. Finally one Mergenthaler, an ingenious mechanic, devised the machine which was the first successful one in existence—the Linotype. The persons in this company put in more than a million dollars before one came back. Now 10,000 machines are in use, the monthly output is 100, more or less, and the minimum price of \$3,000 a machine has made the company one of the strongest, financially, in the country.

The machine that has done all this, at one

time was rather crude, setting only one size type and only one width of column on a prominent New York newspaper. On the machine ordered for the RECORDER office, the operator, without moving from his chair, can set the reading matter of the RECORDER, with capitals, small letters, small capitals, and italics. By a little change he can set the poetry and the Sabbath School Lesson in a smaller type, and by a further change can set financial reports in a still smaller type.

But the RECORDER is only a small part of our work. Every week we get out the Visitor, monthly the Pulpit, quarterly the Helping Hand, yearly the Conference Minutes, besides school papers and general job work of ever increasing amount. We have already seen how long it would take one man to set the RECORDER. On the Linotype one man could set the RECORDER, working ten hours a day, in two days and a half, setting 4,000 ems an hour. Note the contrast.

The machine that does this does not occupy much more than a space three feet square, and six feet in height. A one-quarter horse power will run it. It doesn't use type; instead it assembles the molds or matrices to form the several lines to go to make up a book or paper. These matrices are of brass, kept in separate channels in a magazine, are brought in position one after another by the operators touch on a keyboard, similar to that of a typewriter.

When a line is full, a lever sets the matrices moving toward the mouth-piece of a pot filled with molten type metal. The operator has separated his words in this line by wedges, which are pushed taut automatically. Between the matrices and the mouthpiece is a mold, which determines the length of the line and its thickness. A plunger works, metal is forced into the mold, and a line-of-type is cast. This operation gives the name to the machine. The mold, which is a part of a large disk, revolves, and knives trim off any surplus metal from the slug thus formed, an injector pushes the line out of the mold, and it is now ready for printing.

This operation is repeated for each line in the paper or magazine. When the casting is over, a long arm descends, takes the matrices, and pushes them along a rod over the tops of the channels in the magazine. As each matrix has a system of nicks like a Yale lock key, and the rod over the channels has corresponding nicks, at the proper time the nicks coincide, and the matrices fall into their proper places.

While all this casting of one line has been going on, the operator has been assembling the second line, so that each line is cast in quick succession. This is where the speed comes in, for the operator uses both hands as does a piano player, and not having to make each line equal the width of the column, can do the work of four or five men.

With the new machine now being made, the careful pressman can print practically as well from the linotype slug as from regular type. The use of matrices gives a new type face to each line; and 1,500 pounds of metal will set as much or more than twice the amount of type. This fact will be greatly appreciated in this office, for we have not had type enough for any of our work except for the RECORDER, and that is not used for anything else.

In the limited space at our disposal it is

difficult to explain the workings in detail of the machine that has revolutionized the printing business. We hope by its use to do better work for our subscribers and our patrons; to do it more promptly; and better still, to do a larger amount more cheaply than ever before. Others are doing it; we hope to do it.

What would you do under similar circumstances in your business? If you are progressive, there is only one answer.

We are doing all we can in the matter; what will you do now?

RACE SUICIDE.

HOLT A. MILTON.

[The author of the following article is, as he alleges, a real editor of a New York magazine. But as the story is true in its essentials he prefers to use a *nom de plume*.—Editor.]

I am the managing editor of one of the New York magazines. I live in a pretty New Jersey suburb with my wife, my two children and my library. Wednesday is the "red letter" week-day for me, for then I take a late breakfast and spend the day at home, reading without interruption the week's accumulation of manuscripts. I have no telephone in my house, and as I live three-quarters of an hour from the office, I can count on escaping that host of literary aspirants who frequent the sanctum of any editor having the reputation of being accessible to callers.

The incidents that I am about to relate occurred on one of the Wednesdays a year ago last February, just at the time the whole country was discussing President Roosevelt's pronouncement on "race suicide." It was in the middle of the afternoon and I was comfortably ensconced in my Morris chair, with my feet on a stool, a blue pencil in my hand and my manuscripts on a chair beside me. I was in the best of humor, for I had just eaten a hot home-cooked luncheon, and, what is better still, had taken my time over it—two blessings I do not enjoy on the other working days of the week—and I was leisurely puffing one of my favorite cigars. A light wood fire burned gently on the hearth before me, and its balsam fragrance and genial warmth pervaded the room. My two little girls were out of doors with their nurse, playing in the snow, which was still soft on the trees and fences, and my wife, who always saves her household sewing until Wednesday, so as to sit beside me while I work, had just been called upstairs on some household errand. Everything considered, I was as satisfied with things in general as a sunned cat?

I had been at work all the morning, but still had about fifteen manuscripts to pass upon—a task which I calculated would require another hour's work, not much of a feat for a seasoned editor. We seldom have to read through one-fifth of the articles submitted to us, as those writers know who glue two of the inside pages of their manuscript together, and then, when it is "returned with thanks," find the leaves still stuck together! This Wednesday afternoon I was especially jubilant, for I had just made a discovery, which always sets the blood of any editor who knows his business a-tingle. I had chanced upon what seemed to me to be a work of genius from an unknown author. I had already begun to dream of the reflected glory I would soon enjoy as the editor who had bestowed upon the world the long expected "great American novelist," when the door-bell rang

and a card was brought to me on which was engraved the following inscription:

Mrs. Ida H. Jennings,
The Gibson Studios,
New York City.

The name was unknown to me, but I at once suspected it belonged to a reporter. It happens that the magazine which I serve aims to print in every issue one or two timely articles on controverted subjects, and when we send out advance sheets of these articles to the daily papers their editors are likely to send a reporter to interview me in regard to them, if the articles seem destined to make a sensation.

I was rather expecting to be asked to disclose the authorship of an anonymous article by a high prelate in the Episcopal church, which we had just printed. It was a panegyric of President Roosevelt's attitude on "race suicide," and among other things, it took occasion to denounce in no mistakable terms

"the sexless suffragists and bachelor maids,—those two new classes of women who are now to be observed for the first time in the world's history—a dire menace to the hallowed sanctity of the family."

I still held my visitor's card when the door opened and Mrs. Jennings walked in. I found before me an alert and prepossessing looking young woman about twenty-eight years of age. She was well dressed, and her clothes expressed rather that undefinable individualism affected by artists than the modes of the fashionable. With that straightforwardness that always comes from newspaper training she advanced to greet me, and said:

"Good afternoon, Mr. Milton; I trust I am not intruding, but I was told at your office that you were not to be in town to-day, and I could not wait until to-morrow to see you. To be brief, I am one of the special writers of the Star, and when the advance sheets of the sensational articles by the prelate on "Race Suicide" came in this morning, I thought I might be able to persuade you to let me answer it, for I knew the boast of your magazine to allow both sides of every question a fair hearing."

"We shall be only too glad to print the right article on the other side," said I; "but, you will pardon me, I am not familiar with your work as a writer, and I do not know whether you have the—er—necessary qualifications."

"Oh, you misunderstand me," she broke in; "I do not mean that I would write the article under my own signature; I am well aware that magazines nowadays will take nothing signed by unknown names if they can help it. But the great suffragist, Mrs. Dido Stubbs, is lecturing to-night at Cooper Union, and as I know her views well and have already written four articles that she has subsequently consented to have published under her own name, I thought I might possibly get her to sign this 'story' for you if you will only give me the order for it to-day. I know I could prepare something that would completely answer Bishop Clay, for no one else in the Episcopal church, save the bishop, is master of such grandiloquent invective, and I therefore assume that he is its author."

"Yes," said I, ignoring the assumption as to the authorship of the article, "it is true that even the best of magazines print articles signed by celebrities and written by journal-

ists; I confess that we do so ourselves when it cannot be avoided, but such articles are always more or less perfunctory, and in this case Mrs. Stubbs' views are so well known and therefore trite, that I do not think she is the one to answer the prelate. Anyway, Mrs. Stubbs now represents a bygone generation; she may know all the arguments for woman's suffrage, but 'race suicide' is a new problem and we ought to have a new 'New Woman,' and not an old 'New Woman' to defend it."

"Of course," said Mrs. Jennings, somewhat crestfallen, "you are the judge and jury, and if you don't want it you don't. But my newspaper experience has taught me to make as many suggestions to editors as I can think of, for I am almost sure to get assignments on some of them. I suppose, then, there is nothing else I can do, is there? Shall I bid you good-by?"

"Wait a minute," said I, as a sudden thought flashed upon me; "I have an idea that may perhaps come to something. But first tell me, are you really a stalwart anti-Rooseveltian on the 'race suicide' question? And, if so, have you any special experience or knowledge that would enable you to write on the subject with insight and illumination?"

"Well," said Mrs. Jennings, "before I married I was the private secretary of Mrs. Malthus—you know she is the president of the Federated Women's Clubs of America—and through her I became personally acquainted with all the leaders of the women's movement in America and England. Moreover, for years I have been an untiring student of the woman question, and my views are every bit as radical and sound as those of Susan B. Anthony, Ida Husted Harper, and even Charlotte Perkins Gilman. And, what is more, in order to put these views into practice I have sworn to consecrate the rest of my life to the cause of woman."

"Then write the article yourself," said I, "and confound the good prelate. But, as your name is unknown to the reading public, we'll make the article anonymous, or print it under some such pseudonym as 'A Confessing Woman'—that will pique everybody's curiosity and make the article more talked about than if written by Mrs. Stubbs herself. Now, a few words of advice. The article will make no stir unless you are plain spoken, candid, and if necessary, sensational. Moreover, you must seem to reveal the very shekinah of the advanced woman's mind on 'race suicide.' The fact that you are a woman who is confessing, and not a mere man, will make people heed you; for your sex, and not ours, must settle the 'race suicide' question. If you can produce something acceptable and publishable, not exceeding 3,000 words in length, I will pay you \$75."

"I will have the manuscript in your hands in four days," said Mrs. Jennings. "Thank you for giving me the opportunity." She arose to leave.

"Please sit down again," said I, as I looked at my watch. "You still have twenty minutes to wait before your train leaves for town, and you will be much more comfortable here by the fire than in that little shivering railroad station. Besides, there will be time for you to tell me some of the things you are going to say in that epoch-making article."

Mrs. Jennings sat down. She waited a few minutes and then said slowly: "I think President Roosevelt's theory of large families is

simply brutal. When the country was young and the population sparse there might have been some excuse for asking women to bear and rear large families. The country needed them. But now the population is dense, the struggle for existence is becoming keener every day and the cost of living is rising. The conditions have entirely changed. What we want is better, not more individuals. Why should children be brought into the world by wholesale only to suffer, to toil and to die? Did they ask to come? Have they no rights? Why should fathers be expected to labor incessantly for those who, in the majority of cases, will never repay the sacrifice? And why, above all, should women give the larger part of their time from twenty to forty-five—the best portion of a woman's life—to the rearing of children? To ask a woman to go through the perils of childbirth because the Bible says 'replenish the earth,' may be a sufficient reason to a bishop and the whole tribe of bigots who ever prate about woman's 'sphere,' but it is no reason to the woman who thinks with her brain. You see," Mrs. Jennings continued, "I get excited when I hear men like Bishop Clay tell women what their duties are. My husband, who is an artist, never tells me what are mine. We have been married five years; we have no children and do not want any. We are both fond of literature, art, the theatre and of self-culture. We married so as to enjoy these things in common. We each try to treat the other as a rational being, and I am proud to be able to say that since we were married I have entirely supported myself. I have never asked my husband for a cent. I am sure ours is the highest, type of union; we are happy, and while we might be willing to have a child if we could bring one up without sacrificing our standard of life, we won't have any now; at any rate, not while we have to live in a flat.

"Of course," she continued, "after infancy is past there is much that is sweet in the companionship of little children, but there is nothing intellectually stimulating in the care of them; and no woman who faithfully discharges her duty can have sufficient time properly to cultivate her higher nature. I tell you, Mr. Milton, if men had to bring forth the children there would not be more than one child in a family; and if men had to undergo the drudgery of rearing them the male sex could never have produced an Aristotle, Shakespeare or Lincoln. It is this enforced burden of child-bearing and child-rearing, and nothing else, that has prevented women from competing with men and becoming the geniuses of the world."

"I suppose," said I, as Mrs. Jennings paused a moment, "you would not go to the extreme of Tennyson's 'Princess Ida'—you would allow husbands to exist, if not fathers?"

"Why, no," she replied, laughing, "I am not so absurd as all that! Personally, I like children, but I am one of those who feel difficult in their presence; I do not know what to say to them when they come to me. I suppose I should love one of my own, but, as I have said before, my whole sense of justice revolts when I hear such men as Bishop Clay and President Roosevelt unctuously dilate on the innate sacredness of motherhood. To show how silly their talk is, it is only necessary to ask them whether motherhood is sacred if not preceded by wifehood! I tell you,

Mr. Milton, you never hear a woman whose opinion is worth heeding arguing that—"

"Father, I want to kiss you."

Mrs. Jennings stopped; we both turned toward the door. There stood, hand-in-hand, on the threshold, my two little girls, sunburned Eleanor, three years old, and chubby Margaret, nearly two.

Both were bundled up so warmly in their white caps, coats and leggings, that they looked as round and warm as stuffed snow-birds. They had just come in from their play in the yard, and their pink-red cheeks glowed from exercise, while their four sweet baby eyes looked saucer-big at the strange lady at my side. If I say it myself, it was as pretty a sight as you would care to see.

"Father, I want to kiss you," repeated Eleanor. But neither she nor Margaret moved.

"Well, come in and kiss father," said I, "here I am."

Slowly and without a word, but all the time with their eyes fixed on Mrs. Jennings, they walked across the room, and each precious little girl put up a cold warm face to be kissed. Then, with equal silence and without removing their gaze from Mrs. Jennings, they walked back hand-in-hand toward the door. There, having lost their constraint, they were about to scamper off to the nurse, when I called: "Stop, little girls. Won't you say good-by to the lady before you run away and have your things taken off?"

Baby Margaret, as I must confess is her habit, paid not the slightest attention to this request, but Eleanor stopped, turned back and said: "Dood-by, pitty lady." Then, racing to the foot of the stairs, called up at the top of her voice: "Come, mother, come quick: A pitty lady's downstairs!"

Mrs. Jennings arose. She was evidently embarrassed, and I thought I saw a trace of moisture in her eye, though I will not be sure about this, since my wife says I am apt to be sentimental on occasions. At any rate, Mrs. Jennings hesitated a moment, and then said:

"Mr. Milton, will you pardon what I have said? I—er—I did not realize that you had children."

She paused, seemed about to say something further, but only added:

"I must be going now, or I shall lose my train. Good-by."

She held out her hand, and then, without another word, left.

I am still waiting for the article.—The Independent.

A HOUSE MOVING WORM.

The bag worm is a little smarter than his cousin, the caterpillar. Both make very snug little silken houses for themselves, but the bag worm lives in his and moves it around from place to place. When he becomes tired of living in one neighborhood, he simply crawls half way out of his silken sac and holding on to it with his back feet, walks away on his front ones, pulling his house along after him. Of course the house must be very strong to stand being dragged about like this, so he weaves in little twigs which make it very firm.

After a while the bag worm fastens its little house to the limb of a tree, crawls inside and changes itself into a pupa. Not satisfied with this the male worms crawl out again and become a moth. The poor female, meanwhile, stays in her house, lays some eggs and then dies.

BEYOND THE RIVER.

(Mrs. Ida F. Kenyon.)

M. E. H. EVERETT.

No more an alien and no more a stranger,
With all her loved ones vanished on before,
Her boat swept past the reefs and shoals of danger
To its safe anchor on the golden shore.

No taint of earth to mar its inspiration,
Her voice is lifted up in glorious song
With sacred praise and holy adoration
To Him for whom her soul had waited long.

Her lonely watch is over: He who bought her
Hath heard her prayer and bid the hot tears cease.

And with the guiding hand of mercy brought her
Unto the longed-for haven of her peace.

ROULETTE, Pa., March 21, 1904.

MONEY AND THE MINISTER.

Too much praise cannot be given to the article in a recent number of the Standard by Allan Hoben. I desire to follow out his thought, not in relation to the student life, but in the more active life of the ministry.

If a student leaves his student life hampered by debts, in most cases his usefulness is impaired at the very outset of his career. If he is compelled to raise money for church debts, it is a double trial he is called to face and overcome. Then the first question that comes up is "he single or married?" Most churches insist that a man must be married. The man nothing loath will find his true helpmeet, and enter upon the work of the ministry. Do churches consider the extra expenses attached to married life and make provision according? I know of a church in the middle west which rewarded the marriage of its minister by cutting \$100 from his salary, it never dawning upon its members how thoughtless and unkind the act was to their new pastor.

The financial side of a minister's life must not be thought of, or at least only whispered in the silence of some corner; yet every sane man and woman knows that a man's influence in the church is determined by the way he meets his obligations. The influence of a church in many a town has been lost completely from the simple fact that a former pastor could not possibly meet his obligations and was compelled to leave debts behind. Yet in spite of this fact a church will sometimes question a man's spirituality if, when called to the pastorate, he asks about living expenses, salary and other things which will tell him if he can work for the Master without running into debt. Having passed through the experiences of a candidating preacher for the past several months, (for which I hope the Lord will forgive me.) I think I know whereof I speak in relation to this matter.

When a church offers a man a small salary, and he finds that a prominent member pays more for the care of her poodle dogs than she is giving to the cause of Christ, if he loves his wife and children as he should, can he see the hand of God in a call from that church? Can a minister love his own flesh and blood so little as not to place them above the animal creation? When a church of over 300 well-to-do people offers a man a salary about equal to another church of 100 members, is it right or wrong for a man to encourage such small financial giving to God? How can spiritual blessings come when the financial side is allowed to be so little thought of in the church life?

When a member of a church quotes to the hesitating minister, "That the Lord will provide," he makes a mistake, because the Lord

provides through the generous giving of his people and that alone. It is true that Elijah was fed by the ravens at one time, but such a miracle has never happened since, and never will in the life of the church. It is the tribute paying of every child of God which will lift the financial burdens and make the ministry a success.

The minister who loves his wife and children and thinks nothing about their future in this world is not following closely the ideals of truest manhood. God gave us our loved ones to care for and we should do this to the best of our ability. I feel I am a lover of my Master and a servant in his kingdom when I know how as a man to care for my own.

Insist upon churches giving honest recompense for honest services and the kingdom of God will be exalted, the minister grow in spiritual power, and the churches feel the reflex influence which comes from a life of generosity.—The Standard.

LOOK ON THE SUNNY SIDE OF THINGS.

Should some down-hearted friend suggest that to try to see the good in his lot is like trying to extract sunshine from cucumbers, remind him that sunshine is just what makes cucumbers, and that accordingly it can be extracted from them. Few may know how to do it, but the lack is not in the vegetable. There is sun force in all things. Connection is direct between the light that pours in at the window and that which shines in eyes and smiles, in tones and manners and in thoughts. In all its transformations it is the heaven-force. "Glorify the room!" was Sidney Smith's way of ordering the curtains up and the obedient glory brimmed his page with laughter punctuations. Dickens was another who wrote his stories with curtains up and sunshine streaming through the study. "Rejoice," was the old Greek's way of greeting a friend. "Laugh until I come back," was Father Taylor's good-by to Dr. Bartol—parsons both. "How is the child?" called up another minister-father, forlornly, from the foot of the stairs, as he entered his home. "Peak as 'oo do when 'oo're laughing!" came back the voice of the sick child in reply. It was the baby who preached the gospel that time. Carlyle, in his dyspepsia, looking up at the stars, could groan, "It is a sad sight!" but the little girl looked up at the same sight and said, "Mama, if the wrong side of heaven is so fine, how very beautiful the right side must be!"

The habit of looking on the laughter side can be learned. Ask any person who has won his cheer the secret of his victory, and he will quite likely tell you a story of some dark day when he vowed that he would see sunshine. Lydia Maria Child, a woman well acquainted with trial, has left it on record: "I seek cheerfulness in every way: I read only chipper books; I hang prisms in my windows to fill the room with rainbows." . . . Remember Emerson's mudpuddle:

"But in the mud and scum of things
There always, always something sings!"

Remember Luther on his sickbed. Between his groans he managed to preach on this wise: "These pains and troubles here are like the type which the printers set: as they look now, we have to read them backwards, and they seem to have no sense or meaning in them; but up yonder, when the good Lord prints us off in the life to come, we shall find that they make brave reading." Only we need not wait until then.—W. C. Gannett.

Missions.

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

FROM REV. D. H. DAVIS.

SHANGHAI, CHINA, Feb. 17, 1904.

The following extracts from a budget letter by Rev. D. H. Davis, will be of interest to the readers of the RECORDER:

You will notice from the above date given that yesterday was China New Year, and this accounts for my having time to write. The schools are now dismissed for the New Year holiday and we shall have some relief from some of the regular duties of our missionary work; in my case, however, it will be a change of work in some directions. I am glad to say that the superintending of the work on the new mission house is nearly over, there only remains now the finishing of the painting. This I expect will be completed within another two weeks. It will take, however, about a month after the painting is done before the home will be fit for occupation.

Exchange is the worst it has been for two or three years. The cause is unquestionably the beginning of hostilities between Russia and Japan, giving an advance in the price of silver. Should Japan's success continue as brilliant as it has been since the beginning of the war, we may expect that hostilities will soon be over. It is to be feared, as it seems to me, that the Russians will not be so easily conquered on land as on sea. It is well that China has declared herself neutral, or else the Russians would at once attack Peking. I presume Russia would prefer that China should not remain neutral. It is very evident that Russia with all her promises has never intended to leave Manchuria, and will not unless she is compelled to do it.

For the last six months the relations have been so threatening that business has been greatly affected, especially so in Central and Northern China. The Chinese government has issued proclamations strictly commanding the people to maintain order, and I have no doubt but that order will be preserved.

I think the experience of 1900 has taught China that it will not do to rise up against the foreigners. The lesson then learned is not to be easily forgotten. China is coming more and more to see the need of reform in some directions, especially in her system of education. She feels her weakness in this particular, but she doubtless makes the mistake in supposing that reform in this particular is all that she needs. We all know that she needs something more than western education to save her from dissolution. What she needs more than anything else is a thorough regeneration of life which the gospel of Christ is slowly but surely working out in the hearts of some, and this number is increasing year by year.

It has now been two and a half months since Mrs. Davis and Alfred left me. It is not necessary to tell you that I have felt the separation a good deal, but I am getting on better than I supposed I could.

The Lord always prepares us for the burdens we are called to carry. I feel that he has been very gracious to me in this respect. I trust it may be the Lord's will to restore Alfred to health and make him useful in the work of his kingdom in the world. I am sure I shall have your united prayers in this matter. I trust also that Mrs. Davis' return home will do much in arousing a little more

interest in the foreign mission work, for surely we need to be zealous in this as in all other Christian work. May the Lord abundantly bless us in the work upon which we have already entered for the year 1904.

FROM J. C. DAWES.

NORMAL, ALA.

Your kind favor of the 10th inst., is duly received. I have made several journeys in the States, and have seen the condition of things that exist among the people. As for the people of my race I have taken peculiar notice of their social and religious life; I have witnessed their good and evil conduct, and I fear that the evil outweighs the good. Aside from my books my time has been spent, and is being spent, in devising plans by which they may be made a better people religiously, intellectually, socially and financially. As opportunity affords, I let my voice be heard in their churches, schools and prisons. I am sorry to say and actually ashamed to say that through idleness and bad conduct the prisons are crowded with men and women of my race. In one of the prisons in which I preached there were 48 women as convicts, and 45 of them were colored women.

I don't confine my visit to cities and towns only, but also to villages and plantations. On the plantations, the colored people are almost like slaves. They haven't their own homes; they are tenants on the lands of those who were once slaveholders. The miserable log huts in which some of them live are incommensurable; fathers, mothers, and children are packed up in these huts—really, I don't know how they manage to exist; for night after night they inhale the carbonic acid gas that each exhales. The money they earn, they spend all on their backs and in their stomach. While the daughters of their landlords are being protected by the impregnable bulwark of lynch law, their daughters are being used to gratify the animal passion of their landlords. They must either endure these insults or quit their lands, and having no homes of their own they cannot quit. These things have become great burdens on my mind. So I feel better to keep silence while I labor. Again, the religion that is being taught them by their ministers is so erroneous, that it is exceedingly hard to undo what they have done. The plain teachings of God's word, which is perfect obedience to the commandments of God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ is a strange doctrine to them; I find that their teachers and ministers oppose this truth. Still by God's help I have determined to promulgate this truth until the time comes for me to leave this country for Africa.

In the city of Nashville, a colored brother who was once a Baptist minister has accepted the Sabbath; he is working at his trade as shoemaker; his wife and son have also accepted the Sabbath. He hasn't a church of his own now, he has resigned from being a pastor, but occasionally he holds Bible readings in his house, and sometimes in the homes of his friends. His name is E. C. Jones. While studying in the Medical College in Nashville, I repeatedly made known God's ways to my fellow students; and just about the close of school, one of them accepted the Sabbath, and was assisting me in testifying this truth to others. He is a Jamaican. He promised to go to Africa with me as a co-worker. Three of the medical students will be going to Africa beside myself, viz; two Jamaicans and one

African; finding that these gentlemen have decided to go and practice in the same place to which I shall be going, though I have done two years in the study of medicine, I have decided to take some other studies. I am now studying the art of printing in this seat of learning. While in Nashville, I spent seven dollars in printing tracts, for making known God's truth to my people; so I deem it fit to study the art of printing, that when I return to Africa I may use both the pulpit and the press in promulgating the truth. While in this seat of learning, on Sabbath days I get one of the students to go with me in the plantations to make known God's ways to the people. I have decided to spend three years more in this country before I return to Africa. D. V. I shall be in Washington, D. C., by next fall.

FROM REV. GEORGE SEELEY.

PETITCODIAC, NEW BRUNSWICK, CANADA.

In these days there is a growing unrest in the minds of many persons regarding the observance of Sunday as the true Sabbath of the Bible, and hence this appeal to their pastors to deliver sermons on the subject in order to set the matter at rest in these minds and give them some assurance they were doing right to observe it. I judge this from the number of discourses which appear in various periodicals from time to time, and the common newspapers of the day are glad to publish them in order to make sale for themselves and create a sensation in favor of the Sunday, which they keep and their forefathers have kept for ages past. Some years ago, and not many either, nothing was ever said in this country on the subject of how Sunday came into use, and all people of all denominations never for a moment thought otherwise than that it was the Sabbath of the Creation week and of Sinai and of Christ and the Apostolic church.

Anything else would have been the farthest from their thoughts, and indeed heresy of a serious nature, so much so that if they dared to say so, their exclusion from the communion of the church would be the result. Our Protestant denominations will not suffer any to remain within their ranks who dare to talk such sentiments to others, out they must go, they may be allowed to remain in fellowship by keeping their tongues silent. But it happens that those who can trace Sabbath truth cannot keep their mouths shut on so important a subject, involving so much as the Sabbath law of the Fourth Commandment requires at their hands. And since Canada began to be stirred by the distribution of Sabbath literature, and the agitation made by some over-zealous person in the neighborhoods where Seventh-day doctrine is preached in schoolhouses, to shut the doors against all such intruders and troubleshooters of peaceful communities so far as Sabbath truth is concerned, schoolhouse trustees are afraid to say anything to encourage a preacher to come into their communities to preach.

Here is an instance I know to be true. A leading trustee said to me, "I cannot ask you to come into our schoolhouse, but you can come and I'll be there to hear you. I will not invite you nor oppose you. I'll give out your appointment, and be present." And that same man has read on the subject our best tracts, and our periodicals have been welcomed in his family. And so I am welcomed also whenever I go among them.

Another plan of deriving information on the subject of Sunday is that of enquiring through their favorite secular newspapers the origin of Sunday, as these preachers are shy to tell where the thing comes from and how it originated.

Our tracts tell of its Pagan-Romanized origin, but that does not fully satisfy their half awakened minds, that is sectarian, and hence their enquiries to newspaper editors whom they suppose know every thing. The following was published in perhaps the most widely circulated and amongst the largest of Canadian periodicals—"The Montreal Herald and Weekly Star"—which is a most excellent family journal on nearly all subjects. The issue of the 16th inst. has the following:

Sunday—T. J. B.—There is no definite information as to when the observance of the first day of the week was substituted by the Christians for that of the seventh day, the ancient Jewish Sabbath. It undoubtedly arose among the earlier practices of the Christian church, and was regarded as the fittest day to be held as sacred, because in the words of one of the Fathers, "it is the first day in which God changed darkness and matter, and made the world; and on the same day, also, Jesus Christ, our Saviour, rose from the dead." Various additional reasons taken from the Old Testament were advanced by others of the early Fathers in support of the observance of this day. The first law, either ecclesiastical or civil, by which the Sabbath observance of Sunday is known to have been ordained, is an edict of the Roman Emperor, Constantine, A. D. 321, forbidding all work but necessary husbandry on the "venerable Sunday." In the Theodosian Code, it is enjoined that "on the Sunday, rightfully designated by our ancestors as the Lord's day, all lawsuits and public business shall cease." Since the ninth century, Sunday has been a thoroughly established institution of the Christian church as a day of rest and religious exercises, and one exempt from any occupations of a purely secular character, except such as were necessary.

The editor as you see very clearly does not attempt to give any scriptural ground for it, as he may know better than to do so. The article tells its own story and shows how truth is finding its way through piles of rubbish.

"LIVE" WIRES.

"Don't touch that wire!" was the warning given a young man who was standing on a ladder, forty feet from the ground, painting a house. The caution was given in the best of faith, and his friend standing on the ground called out as earnestly as though his own life depended upon it. Again he said: "Rob, don't touch that wire, it's—"

He doubtless meant to say the wire was "live," for it was an electric wire, but before the words were out of his mouth, the young man, attempting to reach over the wire to paint a spot beyond, let his wrist come in contact with it. He uttered a faint ejaculation, as though about to cry from pain or to call for help; then he reeled, evidently in an attempt to free himself, when he lost his balance and fell heavily, head foremost to the ground. His friend rushed to his side, as did a policeman and others, but too late—the young fellow was dead.

Young men and women are constantly being warned by parents, pastors, and friends not to touch the many "live" wires of sin, which are everywhere to be seen. Be on the lookout, keep always far away from temptation.

Woman's Work.

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

THE PALATINE.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Leagues north, as fly the gull and auk,
Point Judith watches with eye of hawk;
Leagues south, thy beacon flames, Montauk!

Lonely and wind-shorn, wood-forsaken,
With never a tree for Spring to waken,
For tryst of lovers or farewells taken,

Circled by waters that never freeze,
Beaten by billow and swept by breeze,
Lie the island of Manisees,

Set at the mouth of the Sound to hold
The coast lights up on its turret old,
Yellow with moss and sea-fog mould.

Dreary the land when gust and sleet
At its doors and windows howl and beat,
And winter laughs at its fires of peat?

But in summer time, when pool and pond,
Held in the laps of valleys fond,
Are blue as the glimpses of sea beyond;

When the hills are sweet with the brier-rose,
And, hid in the warm, soft dells, unclose
Flowers the main-land rarely knows;

When boats to their morning fishing go,
And, held to the wind and slanting low,
Whitening and darkening the small sails show,—

Then is that lonely island fair;
And the pale health-seeker findeth there
The wine of life in its pleasant air.

No greener valleys the sun invite,
On smoother beaches no sea-birds light,
No blue waves shatter to foam more white!

There, circling ever their narrow range,
Quaint tradition and legend strange
Live on unchallenged, and know no change.

Old wives spinning their webs of tow,
Or rocking weirdly to and fro
In and out of the peat's dull glow,

And old men mending their nets of twine,
Talk together of dream and sign,
Talk of the lost ship Palatine,—

The ship that, a hundred years before,
Freighted deep with its goodly store,
In the gales of the equinox went ashore.

The eager islanders one by one
Counted the shots of her signal gun,
And heard the crash when she drove right on!

Into the teeth of death she sped:
(May God forgive the hands that fed
The false light over the rocky Head!)

O men and brothers! what sights were there!
White up-turned faces, hands stretched in prayer!
Where waves had yit, could ye not spare?

Down swooped the wreckers, like birds of prey
Tearing the heart of the ship away,
And the dead had never a word to say.

And then, with ghastly shimmer and shine
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
They burned the wreck of the Palatine.

In their cruel hearts, as they homeward sped,
"The sea and the rocks are dumb," they said:
"There'll be no reckoning with the dead."

But the year went round, and when once more
Along their foam-white curves of shore
They heard the line-storm rave and roar,

Behold! again with shimmer and shine,
Over the rocks and the seething brine,
The flaming wreck of the Palatine!

So, haply in fitter words than these,
Mending their nets on their patient knees
They tell the legend of Manisees.

Nor looks nor tones a doubt betray;
"It is known to us all," they quietly say;
"We too have seen it in our day."

Is there, then, no death for a word once spoken?
Was never a deed but left its token
Written on tables never broken?

Do the elements subtle reflections give?
Do pictures of all the ages live
On Nature's infinite negative,

Which, half in sport, in malice half,
She shows at times with shudder or laugh,
Phantom and shadow in photograph?

For still, on many a moonless night,
From Kingston Head and from Montauk light
The spectre kindles and burns in sight.

Now low and dim, now clear and higher,
Leaps up the terrible Ghost of Fire,
Then, slowly sinking, the flames expire.

And the wise Sound skippers, though skies be
fine,
Reef their sails when they see the sign
Of the blazing wreck of the Palatine!

WHEREVER the hand of famine or pestilence has brought disease or the ravages of war have carried in their train accident and death, the Red Cross Society is known for its noble, efficient service. Faithful women bearing the sign of the red cross on their arms have always been quick to obey the call to go where and when they were most needed. A party of young women, under the direction of Dr. Anita Newcomb M'Gee, have gone to Japan from Washington to aid the Japanese branch of the same society in the care of soldiers wounded in the war now in progress. A new line of work has been inaugurated in Philadelphia by the Red Cross Society, whereby young women of New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Pennsylvania will be given free a nurse's training. The expense of this enterprise will be defrayed by interested and wealthy people in the states mentioned. The school is particularly designed to benefit young women in small towns and villages. These young women, when trained, will be ready to respond to the call of the Red Cross Society in case of war or national calamity. Another important branch of this work has been organized in Boston, by the formation of classes where instruction will be given in First Aid to the Injured. The students will receive practical lessons in bandaging and dressing of wounds and the general care of accident cases.

RED CROSS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

In Great Britain no financial support is given to the society by the government. In France no financial support is given, but in time of war an indemnity of 20 cents a day is allowed to the society for each sick or wounded soldier cared for. In Germany the society is allowed to establish lotteries, but no direct government aid is given. The Netherlands pays the salary of the society's secretary and makes an allowance for certain expenses. Belgium gives support in time of war; Denmark contributes \$1,000 annually; Austria, \$2,400; Switzerland, \$5,000; Japan, \$1,250, from the Emperor and Empress. Russia gives no fixed sum, but a small tax is allowed on the sale of certain railroad tickets. In time of war the government pays for the care of the wounded by the society. It appears from the report that the organization has large funds in most of the important European countries, and it is said that since 1868 it has rendered aid in seventeen wars, and since 1872 in over twenty great calamities. The greater part of the funds used is from voluntary contributions. It is also said that in all countries of which inquiry was made the society has the confidence of "the leading people."—New York Tribune.

A SEA SHELL SOCIABLE.

A sociable not only unique but profitable was held at Brookfield at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Erastus Maxson on February 18, under the auspices of the Woman's Missionary Aid Society.

Mr. Elmore C. Hibbard, to show his interest in the Society, had sent them a short time previous to this date a barrel of shells from the Bermuda Islands. Beautiful they were in form and color. "Conch shells, rough in ex-

terior but rosy pink and exquisitely polished by Nature's hand upon the inside; king conchs, shading from warm dark brown to rich cream color; brain corals and great white fan corals of wonderful construction and sea fans, of vegetable lace, stained with veins of royal purple."

The Society wanted to put this gift to some use whereby these beautiful sea treasures would be not only a source of pleasure but a means of enriching the treasury and so broadening their work.

A Sea Shell Sociable was the result of much thought and was held at the time and place above mentioned. The following program was presented:

Piano Solo
Poem.....The Sea Shell
Vocal Duet.....What are the Wild Waves Saying
Reading.....The Wreck of the Palatine
Song.....Shells of Ocean
A Legend of the Sea—Illustrated

The last number on the program, A Legend of the Sea, was a story written by Mrs. T. J. Van Horn and illustrated with charcoal sketches by Clarence Beebe. The scene was laid on Block Island and is the story of a vessel wrecked by means of false signals that was told by Whittier in his Wreck of the Palatine.

Following this interesting program came a supper, no less interesting, that so far as possible carried out the idea of the sea in the food and manner of service. A small admission fee was charged, many of the shells found ready purchasers and these, with the proceeds of the supper brought into the treasury a goodly sum, and was a source of enjoyment to all.

THE first seven years of a child's life are the most important in his entire existence as far as his future mental development is concerned. The normal child not only gains physically, in this time, one-half his adult height and one-third his adult weight, but has gained more knowledge of the external, material world than he will gain at any other period of his existence. This is a destructive as well as a constructive age, with instincts which nature has provided for the purpose of coming in contact with the material world. The intelligent, sympathetic mother and father can do more in the way of intellectual awakening at this period in nature's school, than all the teachers in the common schools in later years. In fact the teacher is handicapped unless the child has been trained to observation before school age. Thus instructed the childish instincts have had their day, and he has stored away a host of sense of impressions for future use.—E. M. Barrett in The School Journal.

OPPORTUNITIES.

In one of the Greek cities there stood long ago a statue. Every trace of it has vanished now, as is the case with most of these old masterpieces of genius; but there is in existence an epigram which gives us an excellent description of it, and as we read the words we can discover the lesson which those wise old Greeks meant that the statue should teach to every passer-by.

The epigram is in the form of a conversation between a traveler and the statue.

"What is thy name, O statue?"
"I am called Opportunity."
"Who made thee?"
"Lysippus."

"Why art thou standing on thy toes?"

"To show that I stay but a moment."

"Why hast thou wings on thy feet?"

"To show how quickly I pass by."

"But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"

"That men may seize me when they meet me."

"Why, then, is thy head so bald behind?"

"To show that when I have once passed I cannot be caught."

We do not see statues standing on the highways to remind us of our opportunities for doing good and being of service to others, but we know that they come to us. They are ours but for a moment. If we let them pass, they are gone forever.—Boys and Girls.

SERMONIZING AND PREACHING.

There is a vast difference between sermonizing and preaching. One respects the theme; the other an audience. One discusses a subject; the other appeals to men's consciences. One is ruled by the methods, analysis, or argument; the other is guided by the desire to move men to resolve and to do. He who sermonizes has his library before him; he who preaches has his audience before him. One who sermonizes seeks to embellish his discourses with the graces of rhetoric; one who preaches seeks power from on high. One who sermonizes expects compliments; one who preaches expects conversions. Speeches carefully prepared in the study and carefully delivered from the pulpit pass for fine sermons, but it will often be said of the most effective preacher that he is no sermonizer. Nevertheless a sermon well arranged, well prepared, strong in thought, polished in diction, fervently delivered, if it be on a great and opportune gospel theme, and aimed prayerfully to move men in obedience to God's Word, is the grandest and most effective of all preaching. Such union of sermonizing and preaching is rare. A good sermonizer may be a poor preacher; a good preacher a poor sermonizer. The preacher must have a purpose, and that purpose must be to save men from sin and death. He who is most successful in this work is the greatest preacher.—Arkansas Methodist.

ALL THEY COULD AFFORD.

As an illustration of the nature of Southern negroes, the Rev. D. J. Sanders, the negro president of the Middle University of Charlotte, North Carolina, related the following incident to some members of the Presbyterian General Assembly at a recent meeting. The story is reported by the New York Times.

Negroes are great lovers of pomp and ceremony, of titles and decorations, and the members of a large but ignorant negro congregation in North Carolina conceived the notion that it would add very much to their influence as a church if their pastor could append the initials D. D. to his name.

One of the brethren learned that a certain institution in the North would confer such a degree for a price. He wrote, and got a letter from this institution, stating that fifty dollars would secure the desired honor.

Meantime the members of the congregation went to work to raise this fifty dollars, but their utmost efforts failed to secure more than twenty-five dollars.

The committee-men put their heads together and it was finally decided to send the money, with this message, to the Northern institution: "Please send our pastor one 'D,' as we are not able to pay for the other at this time."

Our Reading Room.

LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y.—Leonardsville has been very quiet the past few weeks, owing to the bad condition of the roads and the prevailing disease, "grip." Few have escaped, and in many families the whole household has had it.

The series of musicals, planned by Mrs. Fred Babcock for the benefit of the Women's Benevolent Society, has been postponed twice on account of sickness. One was held in December.

Pastor Cottrell was called to Richburg by the death of his father-in-law, not long since. The Rev. Mr. Jackson, of West Edmeston, occupied the desk in his absence. The Sabbath following his return, Mr. Powell, of Adams Centre, gave us a good sermon. Next Sabbath is the annual roll-call of the church. The pastor has sent out over a hundred letters, and more than fifty have responded by letter.

Our Home Department of the Sabbath-school has ninety scholars and is doing good work. Absent members write cheering letters of their interest in Sabbath-school work and their enjoyment of the Quarterlies.

The winter has been extremely cold and snowy. Roads have been blocked, but the warm sun of the last few days is fast melting the ice and snow, and bare ground is seen in some places, though in the country there are drifts ten and twelve feet deep. W.

MARCH 24, 1904.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.—Rev. T. J. VanHorn preached his farewell sermon from the Seventh-day Baptist pulpit Sabbath morning. On Saturday evening a farewell reception was tendered Rev. and Mrs. VanHorn at the church, at which many parishioners and others assembled to express their appreciation of the good work these worthy people have done in this community and their regrets at parting with them as they go to another field. The best wishes of the community are extended for their future welfare and happiness. Mr. VanHorn and family left for Ashaway, R. I., Monday, where they will remain for about a month before going to their future home at Albion, Wis.—Brookfield Courier, March 30, 1904.

GRANDMOTHERS.

Where are the grandmothers? Once they were plentiful, and wholly delightful. One had no difficulty in finding them, for they wore white caps or pats of lace bowed with lavender ribbon on their soft, silver-tinted hair. They wore gold-rimmed spectacles, and white lawn aprons in the mornings, and black silk ones in the afternoons, and had pockets in their gowns. They knew how to knit—fancy stitches and patterns, perhaps, but always the baby's socks, the boy's long stockings, and mittens for every one.

They were people of leisure, and had time to listen, tender patience to answer the unending questions of the children, to croon a lullaby to the weary baby; and had always a word of sympathy and comfort for the ones who were busy and harassed with the stress of the day and its cares.

They could tell such fascinating stories—these grandmothers; stories of their own childhood, and Bible stories, and fairy lore; and they could sing. To the critical ear the

wavering, untrained voices might not have made melody, but the ballads of romance and the hymns of the faith which they sang, have sweet, unending echoes. Their rooms came to seem like no other rooms; they were peaceful havens where bustle and fret and strife and envy had no place, for their owners were tender of heart and pitiful, and of large charity.

They were familiar with the Bible, and always knew on the instant where to find the books of James and Corinthians, and Hosea and Esther; but the book they loved the best and read the most was Revelation, because they were drawing so near to its wonderful mysteries and blessings. Years have passed since they went out into the glory of its revelation—these sweet, saintly grandmothers whom we remember with such love and longing;—and rarely do we see their like; but when we do, we crave to touch even the hem of their garments and ask of them a benediction.—The Interior.

A SERMON FOR TO-DAY.

Like the silver tones of an evening Angelus sounding the hour when work shall give place to prayer falls this restful call on the ears of the world's workers, telling them that the time for struggle and toil has passed and the time for prayer and peace has come. From the minaret of his own experience the Divine Watcher sees a world engaged in labors from whose dreary monotony there is no release. "Come unto me all such," is the invitation, "and I will give you rest."

How urgently the world of to-day, with its mad hurry and haste and superficial rest, needs to heed this call! It is repeated in Scripture in many forms, but the burden of its cry is always "Come." Here is no vague invitation, "come now" is the plain meaning, and rest is immediately given. No one can doubt the sincerity of such an invitation, there is a constraining power in its tenderness that appeals to the "weary and heavy laden," to whom it is extended. "Tired and overweighted" is another meaning of these words, and while physical troubles are not alone or even chiefly intended it would be a mistake to suppose them to be excluded. Our difficulties are often complex in their origin and we do not always know from what source they arise. There is a form of soul weariness which arises from a deep sense of failure. No matter what a man's religious creed, provided it is a creed and not a mere catalogue of opinions, he will find it no easy matter to live up to it.

To many this is a discouraging fact and the conviction of failure is one of the hardest burdens to carry. But that is not the hardest form of religion which makes us satisfied with ourselves; indeed, a certain self-satisfaction will alone furnish us with incentive to attempt to better our past. The creed that a man can live up to, and that without half trying, is not worth the having. It is not the satisfied conviction, "I have reached my ideal," that gives us peace, but the thought "I am nearer to it than I was a while ago." The knowledge that in spite of mistakes we are making progress means tranquillity. "I will give you rest" means "I will teach you how to succeed." However unable we may be to diagnose our disease, we are always sufficiently aware of the symptoms. Why we are tired and overweighted we may not always

know, but we are never in doubt as to the fact. Perhaps times have been hard and work is scarce, whether due to strikes or cold weather, you have struggled hard to support your families, and have worked as faithfully as you know how. Your religious beliefs may be many or few; perhaps you have never formulated them clearly in your own mind; that is not, however, the important point in regard to this invitation. It is this: You are discouraged, the call makes no exceptions; it does not read, "Come ye discouraged Christians," or "Come ye faithful disciples;" it's a broader call than that; the invitation includes you.

Or perhaps health has failed and you have become disqualified for work; you cannot dig, and you are, of course, ashamed to beg. Possibly you have almost reached the point when you feel it is better for you to die than to live. You "have never subscribed to any creed," you say; well, none the less, the invitation is for you. Often death visits the home. The son is trying to supply the place of the father or the daughter of the mother. Duties are many and onerous, vexations frequent and not always trivial; the burden is heavy on your young shoulders; it is certain the invitation is for you. Many hear this Angelus who do not stop their work to pray. Perhaps you think you have no time. Try it. See if he will not give you rest. After all, it is not so much what God gives you as what he is to you that means rest to the discouraged heart. In its fullest meaning the Angelus is this: "Come unto me all ye discouraged ones and I will be your rest."—I. F. Berg.

SUGAR BUBBLES.

Most boys and girls have played Soap Bubbles, but I suppose many have never heard of Sugar Bubbles. That sport is reserved for the children of maple sugar makers. When the syrup is being boiled down to sugar, one of the primitive ways to find when it is boiled enough to grain well is to see if it will blow into bubbles. A loop of wire is dipped into the boiling syrup and then placed near the mouth and blown. If boiled enough, the sugar adhering to the loop will be blown off in small bubbles, which are almost as light as soap bubbles, and so hot that they float about and drop on the floor, sometimes without bursting, and when stepped upon break with a pop. Wherever they fall and burst they leave a sticky spot, but never mind, it is fun for the children.

GREAT THOUGHTS IN FEW WORDS.

One moment's sin may cost a lifetime's sorrow.

Reverence is the chief joy and power of life.—John Ruskin.

Facts in religion and in science have the right of way.—Dr. Noble.

Patient waiting is in its time the highest duty of a faithful soul.—H. Clay Trumbull.

You can never do more than you ought to do. If you do you commit a wrong.—C. R. Henderson.

Repentance does not consist in austerities and penances, but begins in the love of God.—Luther.

It is thy duty often times to do what thou wouldst not; thy duty, too, to leave undone what thou wouldst do.—Thomas a Kempis.

Refinement is more a spirit than an accomplishment. All the books of etiquette that have

been written cannot make a person refined. True refinement springs from a gentle, unselfish heart. Without a fine spirit a refined life is impossible.

The precepts of Jesus are the essential elements of his religion. Regard these as your rule of life and you build your house upon a rock. Live them out, indeed, and you have entered the kingdom of heaven—you even now enter it.—Canning.

Christianity wants nothing so much in the world as sunny people, and the old are hungrier for love than for bread, and the oil of joy is very cheap, and if you can help the poor on with the garment of praise, it will be better for them than blankets.—Henry Drummond.

FAILURES THAT PROMISED WELL.

In New York harbor, not long ago, a pilot only twenty-one years old, and not long in possession of his license, was assigned to take one of the biggest ocean greyhounds down to the sea on a foggy day. It was his first assignment of such importance. In his agitation and anxiety, after passing the most difficult points in that tortuous and narrow channel, he ran the steamer fast aground within sight of Sandy Hook. Thus at the very outset his career is blighted, perhaps ruined.

Why? Because he undertook a responsibility before he was fit for it. Sometimes men have the misfortune of being cornered by fate and forced into untimely responsibility. But more often they permit their vanity, or their eagerness to get on, to silence that still small voice which says at such times to all but out-and-out fools: "You know you aren't fit for this yet." And the worst of it is that most of the careers that are thus ruined are careers that promised well.

If a man of the right quality gets on too slowly, that need not trouble him. His order to advance will come, and he will go ahead the faster for the delay.

BABY'S CRACKERS.

No one noticed baby as he toddled quietly out of the room, leaving his blocks scattered over the floor. When I missed him, I searched in all his favorite hiding places, under the dining-room table, in the linen closet, and even in the coal bin. Then I began at the top of the house and worked my way down, looking in every room until I came to the pantry. There I found him sitting before a new box of crackers. Piled up around him, like a wall of fortifications, were those he had already taken from the box. I stooped to pick them up, and found that a bite had been taken out of the corner of each, leaving a little circle of his month and the print of his teeth. There were just eight whole crackers in the box.—Christian Register.

Jesus is the light of the world. He is the Sun of righteousness. Other great and wise men have lived, but they were inferior lights. They gave light to a few. An artificial light sends its rays out for a little way. The electric light held aloft in the hand of the Statue of Liberty in the harbor of New York can only be seen a few miles away. But the sun shines for all the world. As the earth turns round day by day the sun pours his rays on every continent and every shore. So Jesus shines for all people. He is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.

Children's Page.

MY TEMPER.

I have a little temper, 'Tis like my pony gray,— Unless I watch it closely, It tries to get away, And rear and kick and trample On all who near it stand; And so I try to curb it, And hold it well in hand. No good to use a snaffle: I keep a tight curb-rein, And speak to it quite gently,— Yet sometimes all in vain. It is so much the stronger, It gets away from me; But I will be its master Some day, as you shall see! —Cleveland Plauder.

NOT A BEAR STORY.

M. A. S.

It was our first summer in the mountains. Grandma, mama, the baby and I were staying in the little cottage at the edge of the great woods. The second morning after we arrived mama, who had slept downstairs with the baby, said that she heard the heavy footsteps of some animal on the porch during the night, and that she thought it must have been a bear. Mr. Landsdowne, who lived on the nearest farm a quarter of a mile away, laughed at the idea when we told him, and said no bears had been seen in that county for fifty years. We were not entirely convinced however, for were there not at our very doors two forest clad mountains which might harbor any kind of wild beasts? As we heard nothing more for sometime we concluded our visitor must have been a big dog.

One evening I was invited down to Mr. Landsdowne's house to play games with his children, and mama went with me. Baby was asleep in the front room and grandma was writing letters in the sitting-room across the hall. Suddenly through the open door she heard the sound of heavy footsteps on the porch, followed by a scratching on the wire screen. "Oh, the bear is between me and the baby!" she thought, and her heart nearly stopped beating as she realized their defenseless condition. She seized the lighted lamp and started for the door. There she saw—not a bear—but a clumsy animal all covered with bristles and spines, slowly climbing up the netting door. At the sight of the light he jumped down and disappeared in the darkness. His body was no bigger than that of a cat, but the quills with which it was covered made him look as big as a peck measure, and his slow, clumsy footfalls had deceived us as to his size.

He was one of a family of hedgehogs that lived in a nearby field. They afterwards made us frequent visits at night, searching I suppose for salt, of which they are very fond. They sometimes serenaded us, too, with their peculiar whining cry, which sounded as if they were trying to sing a musical scale. Then they would creep through the open underpinning of the kitchen and gnaw on the floor with their sharp teeth until it seemed as if they would gnaw the house down. One of them did finally gnaw a hole in the floor big enough to creep through, and that night he tipped over and broke our milk pitcher and spilled all of the baby's milk.

We put a board over the hole, but the next evening he pushed it aside and came into the kitchen before we had retired. We all were anxious to see our prickly guest, and we

found him much more afraid of us when we went out with the light, than we were of him.

Such a chase around the kitchen and woodshed as he led us! The clumsy creature finally hid his head (ostrich fashion) under the stairs, and there we left him, hoping that he would stay until morning so that we could take his picture. Perhaps he did not want to look pleasant for the photographer; at any rate before morning he had squeezed through a crack and gone back to his hole in the ground.

That summer we were surrounded by wild creatures: a chipmunk lived in the wall opposite us, a deer left its dainty footprints beside our brook, a whippoorwill often sang on our doorstep and a phoebe bird built its nest under our rafters, but none of our visitors disturbed us in the least except the hedge-hog, when we thought he was a bear.

Boston, March 25, 1904.

BETTER WHISTLE THAN WHINE.

Two little boys were on their way to school. The smaller one tumbled and though not hurt he began to whine in a boyish way—a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a fatherly way and said:

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy; don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle." And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy-whistle. Jimmy tried to join in the whistle. "I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he; my lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that's because you haven't got all the whine out yet," said Charlie; "but you try a minute and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did, and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.—Junior Christian Endeavor World.

THE LEGEND OF THE POPLAR.*

The forest trees slept. The leaves were still. Even the quivering, shimmering poplar leaves were quiet, and deep was the hush over the whole forest. Once a sleeping little bird broke the silence by a call to his mate; then all was still again, until nearer and nearer came the cautious footsteps of an old man. He entered the wood and peered carefully in every direction; no one was in sight, and he went further into the wood. With every step dry leaves rustled, and every now and then a twig cracked. He could see nobody, to be sure, but the noises terrified him. He was startled each time a twig snapped, and he kept looking nervously over his shoulder. Still he saw no one, but his courage rapidly oozed away and soon was entirely gone. Another noise, and he thrust among the thick branches of a poplar tree a heavy round object that he had hugged tight under his cloak. Then he turned and hurried out of the wood as fast as his stiff old limbs would carry him. Not a tree woke, and only the old man himself knew what was hidden in the poplar tree.

The next morning the trees awoke to see a most beautiful day dawning. Only the afternoon before a shower had washed old nature bright, and it seemed this fair morning as if some of the beautiful rainbow tints still lingered in the air. The poplar was shaking a few last drops from its leaves and looking proudly at the shade it cast—for the thick

branches of the poplar were straight in those days—when a cry went ringing through the forest. It was the voice of Iris, beautiful goddess of the rainbow.

"The pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow has been stolen! Stolen! Know you anything of it?"

The trees shook their heads in denial. Who would be so base as to steal the pot of gold from Iris? Not they.

On sped Iris in her rainbow colors to seek Father Jupiter. She told him the calamity, and the anger of the universe was kindled.

"We will find its hiding place, my daughter," he said, and straightway the eyes of Jupiter were turned from the sights of Olympus to those of earth.

"Who knows the hiding place of the pot of gold?" thundered Jupiter.

"Not I, not I, not I!" chorused the trees.

"Lift up your branches to show you speak the truth," commanded the mighty Jupiter; and lo! to the surprise of every tree and to the poplar tree of all, from the branches of the poplar first fell the treasure. Scornfully all the other trees looked on the poplar, and the poor poplar shivered and trembled. Soon, however, the poplar straightened and stiffened.

"Never again," it solemnly said, "shall my thick branches shelter the stolen goods of others; always, hereafter, shall my branches point straight to heaven to declare my innocence and signify my truthfulness." Long, long ago this happened but the arms of the poplar are upraised to this day.

THE TROUT-BROOK.

CARE WARNING.

You see it first near the dusty road, Where the farmer stops with his heavy load, At the foot of a weary hill; There the mossy trough it overflows, Then away, with a leap and a laugh, it goes At its own sweet, wandering will.

It flows through an orchard gnarled and old, Where in spring the dainty buds unfold Their petals pink and white; The apple-blossoms, so sweet and pure, The streamlet's smiles and songs allure To float off on its ripples bright.

It winds through the meadow, scarcely seen, For o'er it the flowers and grasses lean To salute its smiling face. And thus, half hidden, it ripples along, The whole way singing its summer song, Making glad each arid place.

Just there, where the water, dark and cool, Lingers a moment in yonder pool, The dainty trout are at play; And now and then one leaps in sight, With sides aglow in the golden light Of the long, sweet summer day.

Oh, back to their shelves those books consign, And look to your rod and reel and line, Make fast the feathered hook; Then away from the town with its hum of life, Where the air with worry and work is rife, To the charms of the meadow brook.

A FORMAL INVITATION.

It was high noon on Monday, when a knock was heard at the door. The Chinese servant opened the door, says the New York Times, and found a tramp of long and varied experience.

"I've been travelling," he said, "and am in mighty hard luck. I've lost all my money and I'm hungry; very, very hungry. Can't you please give me a little bite of something to eat?"

The Chinaman comprehended the situation at once. A benevolent, placid smile spread itself over his entire countenance.

"You likee fish?" he asked of the tramp. "Yes, I like fish first-rate. That will do as well as anything." "Come Friday," said the hospitable heathen as he quietly closed the door.

*From "Trees in Prose and Poetry." Glas & Company, Boston.

Young People's Work.

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

All For Jesus.

MARtha M. WILLIAMS.

"All for Jesus, all for Jesus," oft repeated words and dear, To the heart that longs to serve Him, who hath borne our sins and fears, How they vanish like the white frost, as it meets the sun's warm ray, When the smiling face of Jesus greets us in the onward way. Tho' our all may be but little, if 'tis given cheerfully, Mites will be approved in heaven, sowing for eternity.

"All for Jesus, all for Jesus," may I consecrate my all, To the God of my salvation, who can save from sin's enthrall. May I ever love and trust Him, who has bent a listening ear, To the many long petitions, begging Him to quickly hear.

And to answer the entreaties, that were oft in silence made; Trusting in the God of mercy, who is merciful to save.

"All for Jesus, all for Jesus," we have felt thy presence near, When we sought for grace and pardon, so to read our "little clear."

How we prayed for strength and courage to fight onward, faltering not, That the shield of fate might ever save us from the world's dark blots; Praying that our faith be strengthened, that the battle we may win, Putting on God's needful armour to protect from blows of sin.

"All for Jesus, all for Jesus," who has taught us all to give To the one from whom is given all to us, that we may live. There is one who has with patience, pointing to the realm above, Said, "Stand fast, and ever trust me!" He who is the God of love.

And the weary soul when pleading, faint, and sick, and tempest tossed, Hears Him saying, "Anchor quickly; you must hasten or be lost.

"All for Jesus, all for Jesus," may this ever be our cry "Onward, upward," be our motto, as the days go swiftly by. May we emulate our Saviour, on whose face fore'er did shine,

The splendence of his nature, filled with heavenly love, divine. May the radiance of that glory be reflected in each one, So that when our toil is ended, we may hear the glad "Well done."

WEST EDMESTON, N. Y.

Extracts From Dr. Palmborg's Last Letter.

"I intended to write to you by the last mail but was very busy just then holding examinations and closing the school for the New Year's holidays (Chinese). The war is a great subject of thought just now, having started in with great noise. No Japanese steamers are running between China and Japan, consequently our mail is sometimes delayed a good while. We have been having it so often lately that it seems rather hard to go back to once in two weeks as it sometimes is and will be even longer I suppose, unless some other steamers are put on to replace the Japanese. I have been quite busy since school closed doing little odds and ends that have been waiting for this time, making calls that I have no time for when school is in session and now I have had three days of a delightful visit to Mrs. Fitch, of Ningpo. This morning we walked out to see the new Chinese college building, a very large building, not quite finished. Mr. Fitch is to be president of the college. He has already bought \$2,000 worth of scientific apparatus for it. I have just met two Europeans who are employed in a Chinese college in Shansi. One of them is a Swede who has studied in the University in Upsala, where I was born. In Ningpo I met a lady in the Presbyterian mission whose home is in Plainfield, N. J. The world is not so big after all."

The Use of the Imagination in Everyday Life.

Some object to fairy tales, fables and all fiction and compel their children to read only true stories. This is as great a mistake as to compel them to read only fiction, and perhaps greater. It shuts them out of a world which children naturally enjoy and thus takes away one of the chief incentives to reading. Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward says, "The fairy story need own no graver aim than to give a happy hour to the young readers who love and crave this kind of literature." But it is entirely possible to teach the highest truth and principles of right living by means of the fairy story. For example, Miss Muloch's "Little Lame Prince," is a wonderful story. "It means more than it says, it is as full of interest as if it had not a moral." The edition published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, with its fine introduction, is a good, inexpensive one. The same publishers have also Ingelow's "Three Fairy Stories," "Six Nursery Classics" and Ruskin's "The King of the Golden River." With these and many others the child may be amused, while at the same time his literary taste and imagination may be rightly trained before he is able to read for himself.

M. V. O'Shea says, "How easily the art of reading would be acquired if children could get their practice upon such gems as 'The King of the Golden River.'" The content is so enticing that no effort will be spared by the little reader to penetrate the covering that conceals it! The story is so concrete and realistic, its lessons are not obtruded, the reader easily conceives that he might be one of the actors. And this it is that fashions conduct, to have presented to one an ideal of action in such a way that it seems entirely possible in his everyday life and is at the same time exceedingly attractive."

From literature the child unconsciously gains an ideal for himself. Certain lines of conduct are represented as very desirable, while he gains a distaste for other ways of doing. He needs concrete embodiments of his ideals, yet if we hold up as examples people of his acquaintance or even historical characters, his confidence is liable to be rudely shaken by the discovery of imperfections. The fairy ideal is one which will never disappoint him and if rightly presented he will realize the truth of the spiritual world. Let him understand that Santa Claus is real. He is the spirit of good-will and love for each other. He himself may be one of Santa Claus' helpers. Always deny the charge that there is no Santa Claus. Just as the power to represent the ideal in art is greater than the power of imitating nature, no matter how perfectly, so is the power to represent the spiritual in literature.

We say then that imaginative literature is a valuable means of education in moral, spiritual and intellectual ways, a means which Christ used very largely when he taught by parables.

Do not be afraid of over stimulating the imagination. This does not mean of course that we should frighten children by calling up horrible creations to startle them from sleep or make their waking hours a nightmare or give them a dread of the dark or of being alone. Whoever does these things commits a crime against the child's rights. If you know only horrible stories of ogres and hobgoblins and Bluebeards, save them until

the children are too old to be injured. But there are many helpful children's stories, such as Alice in Wonderland, Through the Looking Glass, Miss Muloch's Adventures of a Brownie, Charles Kingsley's Greek Heroes, Hawthorne's Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales and those found in the Heart of Oak books. Remember that many of these tales were once the common belief of the people. Sir Walter Scott says, "The mythology of one period would appear to pass into the romance of the next and that into the nursery tales of subsequent ages."

The sense of humor has been called a saving grace. The nonsense rhymes of Mother Goose, though teaching no moral lesson perhaps, contribute to this kind of education and may be used like a fairy wand to change a cross child into a happy one. "Imaginative work does much to vivify ideals, to inculcate high standards of conduct, to bring sweetness and light into the many lives that otherwise would have been dull and gray." Fiction is useful to rest the brain worker, prevent nervous exhaustion and insanity.

It is by the aid of the imagination that students can picture to themselves the events of history and thus aid their memory. The imagination helps them to learn mathematics and thus cultivate their reason. What a sad time it is when one without imagination tries to learn geometry. It is sometimes lack of imagination that makes people stupid and uninteresting in conversation; no one can write real poetry without imagination.

It is by means of the imagination that we are enabled to sympathize with each other. In her farewell address to the British Woman's Temperance Association, Lady Henry Somerset said, "The habit of judging is a failing peculiar to those who try to give their lives to the highest. The reason lies in the fact that we have so little power to place ourselves in the position of others, that we cultivate so little that 'angel of the mind,' that we call imagination, that we tramp through life upon the tender blades of other people's aspirations and that we are so apt to undervalue the difficulties and intricacies of other souls. What is an overwhelming temptation to me may be none to you; what you have fought fiercely in battles that none but your own conscience know, may never have touched my life, and it is this many sidedness of our wonderful existence which we have often failed to comprehend and which has led to much of the careless judgment that is passed on others."

MRS. R.

The Junior Committee.

MRS. W. D. BURDICK.

There is no good reason why the Junior Committee should not be one of the busiest committees in the Christian Endeavor Society, for there are certainly many ways in which such a committee can give valuable help in the work of the Juniors.

First, The committee can arrange to have one or more of its members attend the Junior meeting each week.

Let them be on the watch for places to help and ready to assist in any way that the superintendent may wish.

Perhaps there is some corner where there is not much interest in the singing, or where it would be difficult for a diffident Junior to offer a prayer.

That is the corner where one of this committee is needed. Once in that corner, she

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THE SWEETEST LIVES.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.
The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The Book of Life the shining record tells.
Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich.
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.

The use of anæsthetics in surgery and in extreme cases of suffering, is a physical blessing: but as a whole, whatever dulls the sense of pain in the nerves, if the experience be repeated, is likely to increase disease and, finally, to destroy the nerves.

This result is apparent in the use of popular stimulants and narcotics. Nevertheless, the drug business is one of the most flourishing, while the use of intoxicating drinks and tobacco are among the most powerful and prevalent of habits. A similar state of things exists in the moral and religious world, in the matter of conscience. The conscience-numbing habit is widely prevalent and is the more deleterious because the results do not appear as prominently as do the symptoms of physical pain. As in the case of the opium eater, indulgence in conscience-numbing agencies is likely to be a personal matter which is carefully hidden from other eyes. Perhaps one of the reasons why men indulge so much in opiates for the conscience is the dimness with which they apprehend the fact that punishment attends such indulgence, and that the gradual numbing of conscience means spiritual decay and final death. As the thoughtless youth puts the hour of death far away, so men are likely to consider that evil results touching spiritual life do not come immediately, and that in some way they can be avoided. The exact opposite is true. Such results, though they seem slight, come with each succeeding effort to silence the voice of conscience or quiet that anxiety which always attends disobedience, at first. Those long periods of argument and indulgence, during which men struggle to overcome their better aspirations, or, half willingly yield to their baser temptations, are not merely preparatory stages for death. They are the development of spiritual disease and the beginning of dying. As the patient under the surgeon's knife feels no pain for the time, but must struggle through days of suffering and darkness before the normal course of life again can be restored, even

at the best, so spiritual narcotics give temporary oblivion to evil results upon the soul. Soon or late, however, each soul must awaken and pass through the inevitable and greatly increased suffering which attends all attempts toward recovery. Worst of all is the possibility, and in many cases the probability, that these attempts to recover will be as futile as the hopeless efforts of the opium eater are to shake off the chains of that death-bringing habit. He who indulges in either physical or spiritual opiates has already entered upon the way of death.

THE LARGER UNIVERSITIES ARE MAKING SEVERAL CHANGES AND RE-ADJUSTMENTS AS TO COURSES OF STUDY, COMBINING AND SHORTENING COURSES SO AS TO HOLD MEN THROUGH BOTH THEIR PREPARATORY AND HIGHER STUDIES.

In doing this they strike somewhat directly at the work of the smaller colleges. Whatever may be the results upon the attendance in the smaller colleges, no one can thoughtfully consider the relation between such colleges and the great universities without seeing that the one great value of training in the smaller college is found in its ability to develop character on the part of the student. In the university little or no immediate contact is possible between the student and the teacher. The training which the university gives is a sort of wholesale system of education in which the individual factor is too nearly lost. The exact opposite is found in the smaller schools, and since the men and women who make up the teaching force in the smaller college are certain to be those who have a high appreciation of the value of their personal relation to the student, the development of character in the student must become an increasingly important item. It is already an established fact that, in general, the intellectual training gained in the smaller college is quite equal in practical value to that secured in the larger university. On the other hand, the higher moral and religious tone which is likely to obtain in the smaller college, and the actual breadth of view in regard to life and its work which is developed, places such colleges in the front ranks as character builders. When we consider the superior value of character on the part of the educated, and, on the other hand, the great evils which result when the higher type of character is lacking, the value of the small college, which is likely to be more or less a denominational college, as a character builder and, therefore, as a conservative and uplifting influence in the world, takes highest

place. While it remains true that character is the most important element in life, and notably in the lives of educated men and women who are to be leaders, the mission of the small college will remain an important, if not the most important factor in our whole system of education.

SCARCELY A WEEK PASSES but that the dearth of evidence appears in our exchanges that in all Protestant denominations there is a more or less acute consciousness that the supply of ministers is decreasing.

The Congregationalist of March 26 declares that the disparity between the number of ministers going forth from Congregational theological seminaries and the increase in the number of Congregational churches "grows wider year by year." The Westerly Sun of March 28 contains the following: "A conference 'to stimulate interest in the Christian ministry as a profession' has been held in New York the past week. Young men will not enter the ministry as they enter other professions, 'for the money there is in it,' but solely 'for the love of it.' We hope the conference took into consideration that fact." The fact which is stated by the Sun suggests many important conclusions which we have not space to enumerate at this time. In view of all the facts, it is clear that the men who do enter the ministry are men of great devotion, men who have a much higher sense of their duty to the world and the Truth than the average man has. On the other hand, it is clear that these men have not, by inheritance or otherwise, much of worldly possessions or of money. The struggle through which they must necessarily pass to secure such intellectual training as will make them efficient in the ministry is inevitably great. That they must expect only the barest living, by way of salary, after they have struggled to secure preparation, is an important factor which the Church of Christ ought to consider for the sake of its own safety and as a matter of justice to such men. That those who have thus devoted themselves to the higher interests of the world, in the midst of years which tempt into other lines of action, ought to secure for their work a larger recognition of the real value of such services from the standpoint of money, than has yet been given to them. Those who look with anxiety and alarm in view of the present situation as to the supply of ministers ought to consider with equal anxiety whether the church is not failing in a vital point touching the financial value of the ministry, and whether that failure is not

A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

The following story is told of a zealous parson and a shepherd who was not a regular church-goer.
" Well, John, I have missed your face in church."
" I dinna doot that."
" And have you not been to church all this time?" was the parson's next question.
" O't aye have I; I've been many times in the kirk over the hill."
" Well," said the parson, " I'm a shepherd myself and do not like to see my sheep wandering into other folds and among other pasturage."
" Well," said John, " that's a difference, ye ken; I never mind where they gang if they get better grass."

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