

better things, singing as we go. The pastor also taught that we do not make enough of hope, or else we confound it with other experiences until it is comparatively valueless. That is undoubtedly true. In whatever way hope may be defined, it plays a large part in all that is best in human experience whether in the common affairs of every day life, or in larger spiritual experiences. God is the center of all hope, as he is the source and center of all life. Those who are his children rise to higher attainments in hope, as in all things else, only as they understand and appreciate its value and higher meaning. As the skylark is the most joyous of song birds, quickest on the wing, and accustomed to rise toward heaven like an unbroken stream of song, so hope, having its home in heaven, is meant to fill our lives until we rise joyous, triumphant and praiseful. If we give undue prominence to things which hinder better aspirations, we are likely to stifle hope and stop its singing. That hope may be at its best we must always keep in mind that every hindrance, and all earthly weaknesses, in the Father's wisdom and through his love, are meant to be temporary, while hope deals with the things that are eternal. We may not be able to separate hope from faith and expectation, but if it be given its true place it will vivify both faith and expectation and make all life more glad, all experience more joyous, and all hearts more songful. We are glad to share with our readers the suggestiveness and helpfulness of what the preacher said. You can remember his words easily, but it will pay you to write them in your heart, if you do not write them with your pen, lest you forget that "Hope is the skylark of Christian virtues."

WITHIN the last year or two much has been said concerning a strange disease in Africa, known as sleeping sickness. It is a variety of cerebro-spinal meningitis. The source of the disease baffled inquiry and medical skill for a long time, but it has at last been traced to the bite of the tsetse fly. It is closely allied to that form of malarial disease which is induced by the bite of a certain variety of mosquito. At first it seemed to be confined to the natives. More recently white people are involved as its victims. Its fatality has been strongly marked, and medical science is searching eagerly for an antidote. Being inoculated, the patient grows drowsy, then more drowsy, then unconscious, then the end. It has its counterpart in religious life, and what is here written is to emphasize that analogy. Whether there be in spiritual experience a single cause for the sleeping sickness, or whether there be many, it is as truly fatal as is the physical disease. A moment ago the conversation turned upon a man whose marked failure in life comes from putting off until to-morrow the doing of that which is demanded to-day. This putting off of duty in religion is a prolific source of sleeping sickness. Indulgence in wrong-doing is always an attendant upon delay in right-doing. It is well to realize that there are at least two tsetse flies which produce spiritual sickness. One may be named delay; the other, indulgence. Although they usually hunt in pairs, the bite of either is dangerous and has in it the elements of death. Individuals who are bitten grow weak, churches

decline, good causes are hindered, and God is dishonored, when those who ought to be the embodiment of life and activity grow drowsy in spiritual things, then more drowsy, then unconscious, then the end. Beware of the sleeping-sickness fly.

Great Things or Nothing. THERE are too many persons whose lives accomplish little because they are anxious to do something great, and, failing of the ability or opportunity for this they do comparatively nothing. We are too apt to think that great things are quickly obtained, and that the value of work depends upon the apparent greatness of it. If life be closely analyzed, greatness is the sum of results. All that is essentially and permanently great comes because numberless lesser things are combined into that which at last becomes great. Fidelity and care touching the lesser is the only ground for success in creating the greater. A man's life is attuned too low who does not aim at greatness through littleness. The writer remembers with gratitude that a book called "Greatness in Little Things," came into his hands very early in life. The book was a simple story. It had no great literary merit, but it was a source of wholesome inspiration and of the germs of greater impulses. To young and old alike, God is always saying, "He that is faithful in that which is least is also faithful in that which is greatest." Christ suggested more than a passing truth when He taught, in many ways, that the final reward which God waits to give to men is given to those, who, having been faithful over a few things, are at last made rulers over many things. Take care, reader, lest in your anxiety to do something great you fail to do anything worth the while.

AMONG the most comforting words which came from the lips of Christ are these: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." The abundance of divine life, whether expressed in Nature or in spiritual experiences surpasses measurement. That we may receive the benefits of this life in spiritual experiences we need to appreciate that it is abundant, and make provisions and demands, accordingly. The reader will recall that homely but pertinent saying of a preacher on the occasion of a great drought, when after a season of prayer for rain, some one brought out a dish holding a few quarts, to catch rain water. The preacher, meaning to teach a lesson of faith, said, with an earnestness which suggested indignation, "Get a barrel at least." Many Christians are weak in comparison with what they might be, and unfed with the bread that cometh down from Heaven, because they do not appreciate the abundance of divine life, and seek but a small supply when they ought to await an overwhelming from the divine fullness. The ancient Scriptures, notably the Psalms, abound in expressions relative to this divine abundance and the fullness and power of God's presence in our experiences. The reader will recall how Paul prayed that the Philippian church might obtain spiritual riches "that God might dwell in their hearts by faith that they might become rooted and grounded in love and be able to comprehend

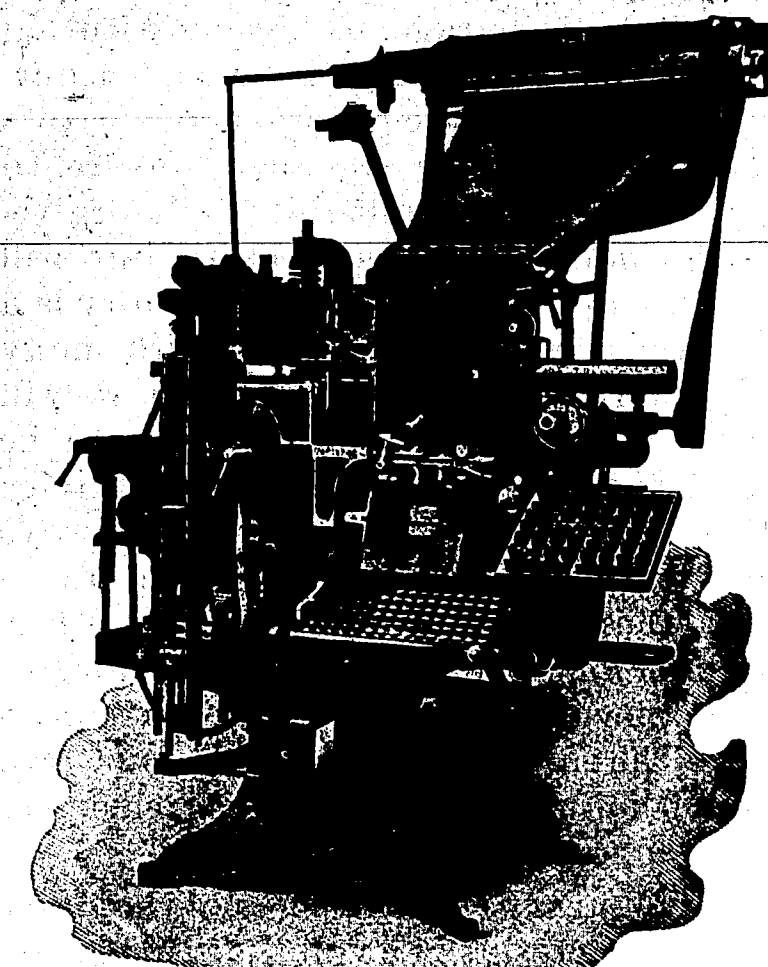
the length and breadth and depth and height of the love of God which passeth knowledge." The real point to be attained in every Christian life is not enjoyment, except as enjoyment results from the abundant indwelling of the divine life. It is life alone that gives enjoyment. All higher conceptions, all deeper peace, all the richest treasures of future life, come only when the abundance of the Divine Presence and Power is sought and realized in daily experiences.

WITHOUT posing as moral reformers, many of our great business interests are doing excellent work along the line of self-protection and moral reform, in what they require of young men employed by them. It is said that the Western Electric Company of Chicago has posted notices for the guidance of those whom it employs, which forbid excessive use of liquor and cigarettes. In other instances it is well known that complete abstinence from both these are required by employers. All forms of gambling, including betting upon races, is another point where business, to protect itself, becomes the instrument of moral reform. While such requirements are "strictly business" they rest upon the great fact that integrity of character and purity of life are essential to successful service in the business world. Dissipation of any kind lessens the ability of men to do what is required of them. Just conceptions on the part of men concerning what they ought to be, from the moral and religious standpoint, have an immense commercial value along lines of honesty, ability to accomplish what is put into their hands to do, and that general trustworthiness which is the real foundation of all permanent business interests. The world is accustomed to measure men, in the lower grades, by muscular power. In the higher grades it has been said that brains are the first requirement. In the highest grade, the world of business is gradually learning that character is more than brains and far more than muscle. It is easy to make a formula which religion, morality and business might well unite to adopt. That formula would run something like this: First, unimpeachable honesty and purity in character. Second, brains trained for the work in hand. Third, Physical ability to do that work well. In the last analysis character is one of the primary sources of all enduring wealth.

A HOPEFUL PROSPECT. The St. Louis Mirror has this story of a beloved president of an eastern college. One beautiful day the president was strolling over the campus with his wife. They were admiring the building, some of which had been erected by wealthy alumni. Presently they came to a noble hall, built of stone and occupying a commanding site. Over the main entrance was the marble tablet, which announced that the hall had been erected by "John C. Blank, as a Memorial to His Beloved Wife." The president stood for a moment and looked at the imposing pile. Then he heaved a sigh that might have held some envy. "Ah," he said, "that is what I should like to do for my college." He cannot understand why his wife should have looked so horrified.

Publisher's Corner.

OUR NEW LINOTYPE. Here is a picture of our new typesetting machine. Doesn't look very formidable, does it? Doesn't look as if it cost as much as a good-sized dwelling house?



It's a wonderful machine, however, lots of brain-work went into it, and brain-work comes high. This was set on the new machine. The type is of a size called 8-point, leaded, the same as has been used in the past for poetry and special notices. Leaded 10-point will continue to be used on the body of the RECORDER. The machine came into the office Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, the wheels began to turn at 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, and Thursday morning the Business Manager set the following line on the machine:

THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOC. April 14, 1904, will be considered a great day in the history of the SABBATH RECORDER. Lest we forget, let those who have failed to heed our previous calls, do it now.

TREASURER'S REPORT. F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer, In account with the AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY. For the Quarter Ending March 31, 1904.

To balance on hand Jan. 1, 1903	\$ 379 20
Funds received since as follows:	
Contributions as published:	
January	\$236 43
February	313 80
March	608 43—\$1,158 66

Income Account:	
George Greenman bequest	\$ 37 50
Maria L. Potter bequest	12 50
Sarah C. L. Burdick bequest	2 50
Ellen L. Greenman bequest	5 00
Paul Palmeter gift	5 00
Orlando Holcomb bequest	20 00
Joshua Clark bequest	6 00
Russell W. Green bequest	3 00
Miss S. E. Saunders gift, in memory of Miss A. P. Saunders	3 00
Julius M. Todd bequest	2 25
Nancy M. Frank	2 00
Account sale, Reuben D. Ayers farm, Unadilla Forks, N. Y. (one-half)	29 50
Seventh-day Baptist Memorial Fund, Tract Society Fund	8 68
Seventh-day Baptist Memorial Fund, D. C. Burdick bequest	124 84
Seventh-day Baptist Memorial Fund, D. C. Burdick farm	2 95
Seventh-day Baptist Memorial Fund, Geo. H. Babcock bequest	465 04
Seventh-day Baptist Memorial Fund, Sarah P. Potter bequest	6 32—\$ 736 08
Refund expenses of A. H. Lewis to Advisory Council	16 10
A. P. Ashurst refund expenses and salary not earned	51 65
Publishing House Receipts:	
January	\$1,193 47
February	1,379 35
March	1,102 66—\$3,675 58
Total	\$6,017 20

By cash paid out as follows:	
G. Veitthuisen, Sr., salary:	
January	\$ 50 50
February	50 50
March	50 50—\$ 151 50
A. H. Lewis, salary:	
January	\$166 67
February	166 67
March	166 66—\$ 500 00
George Seeley, salary:	
January	\$ 12 50
February	12 50
March	12 50—\$ 37 50
George Seeley, expenses:	
Postage	\$ 15 00
Duty on Tracts	18 88—\$ 33 88
Mrs. M. G. Townsend, salary:	
January	\$ 13 34
February	13 33
March	13 33—\$ 40 00
Mrs. M. G. Townsend, expenses	8 00
John Hiscox, Manager, RECORDER subscription from Woman's Board	2 00
Accrued interest on \$500 bond for Permanent Fund	4 17
J. A. Hubbard, Treasurer Demand loan	500 00
Interest on same	4 80
Publishing House expenses	3,377 60
Total	\$4,659 45
By balance, cash on hand	1,357 75
	\$6,017 20
E. and O. E.	F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer.
PLAINFIELD, N. J., April 1, 1904.	
Examined, compared with vouchers and found correct.	
	D. E. TITSWORTH, WM. C. HUBBARD, Auditors.
PLAINFIELD, N. J., April 8, 1904.	

FROM OVER THE SEAS.

I am sitting on deck, the morning is warm and calm, the sun shines on the Mediterranean and it looks like a sea of glass. We have now been at sea for sixteen days, with no severe storms and only an occasional shower. On each of the five days on which we have been on shore for sight-seeing, the sea has been calm for landing, the day clear for sight-seeing and warm enough for comfort with but few wraps. I judge that storms have preceded our ship several times during the voyage. An Arab driver at Algiers said, "Your God makes weather for you Christians, we have had constant storms and clouds here until you came." Each day has brought new and delightful experiences to the three Seventh-day Baptist travellers who never turned their backs on their native country until now. Never before were we aliens to furnish amusement for natives by our babble, until we stepped ashore on the Island of Maderia.

First of all we wish to thank our churches and the many kind friends who have contributed in so many ways to make the present trip possible and pleasant. There is a consciousness of selfishness while we enjoy so much that our beloved families, churches and kind friends cannot enjoy with us. The dream of our lives is being more than realized, and we pray that the brightest hopes of future usefulness to our friends and the Cause we so much love, may be fulfilled hereafter. It is because of this hope that we rejoice together in the privileges we are now enjoying. The most unpleasant experience, thus far, to me was in New York, when the Grosser Kuerfurst, decked in the flags of many nations, swung loose from her dock, with a thousand flags and handkerchiefs, waving above as many faces. These faces never seemed to me so dear, especially those of my wife and the group of friends who stood with her on the shore. When we had left the lower harbor the ship slackened to let off the pilot. For the next eight days and nights she never slackened her pace of 360 miles each twenty-four hours until we reached Maderia, 2,750 miles from the home land. The Golden Rule

evidently was not left in New York. I never saw before so many acts of kindness and unselfishness, so much doing as one would be done by, not only among the 820 passengers, but among the more than 450 members of the officers and crew of the steamer. There are many who have travelled much, who speak of the voyage in this respect as unlike any journey they have ever taken before. One man, who sits at our table, and who has crossed the Atlantic twenty-one times calls these hundreds of people a family. At family worship every night 500 people gather in one room to join in prayer and song, while we commit ourselves to God's keeping, not forgetting the loved ones at home. Our morning prayer-meeting is not so large, but each succeeding one is better. The German captain says, "There was never anything like it, this shipload of 800 people." Drinking, swearing and gambling are little heard of, and but few smoke. A crew of Americans could not compare with the Germans in patience and courtesy.

On the second and third days out many were quite seasick; our own immediate party suffered but little. I have enjoyed almost every moment, the wonders of sea and land which we have already visited. Of course, we have some professional travellers on board, some talkers, the man with long hair, the woman with the band-box—though in this case she has a cage of birds—and the spoiled American girl. Our little company of Sabbath-keepers learned long ago not to tell their history often, and never their troubles. If they are attacked by the talker they ask him what he thinks of the Sabbath question. We are always writing or busy when the band-box woman comes around, and the girl bothers only those who admire her folly. For eight days we lived out of sight of the wonderful world with its rush of business, its work and worry, its pleasures, joys and sorrows.

A great excitement arose when we sighted land, and Maderia rose out of the sea, her face bathed in the clouds 6 000 feet above, while the Atlantic washed her feet. The shallow water of her little harbor prevented our ship—which draws thirty feet—coming near the landing. We were met by small boats bearing the American flag. Our band enlivened the scene with music and soon we were wending our way through the narrow, crowded, cobble-stone paved streets of the city of Funchal, crowding between ox-sleds, dodging the great horns of oxen and the whips of their drivers, the persistent beggars and the laden donkeys.

At 3 in the afternoon as many as could crowd into the room, attended a meeting held by the missionaries of the Methodist Episcopal church which was made up largely of converted natives, who bore abundant testimony to their faith in Christ. The missionaries acted as interpreters for the natives, and in turn for those of our number who spoke. The Island of Maderia is a Portuguese colony under Catholic rule. The city authorities kindly opened the opera house for the Americans in which to hold a meeting, on condition that no natives attended, to prevent which soldiers were placed on guard at each door. This was a wonderful meeting. The English consul, Lord Dixon was made chairman. Developments showed that he was once the Sunday-school teacher of one of our party

and that he was born and reared near the home of Dr. John Potts, of Toronto, Canada, who was among the speakers on that occasion. Our meeting proved to be a perfect outburst of Irish eloquence, all about our countries and their flags and the conquests of the Sunday-school for Christ. Few if any of us ever saw the like before.

Our stop was for little more than twenty-four hours in this land of perpetual spring, with its terraced and grass carpeted mountains thickly dotted with white temples, houses and factories, with its dense population, people small of stature and dark of skin, dressed in summer garb, the men with straw hats, the women with heavy burdens on their heads, even worse than the American women carry in their present style of hat. No newspapers are seen on the streets for sale. The farms are about the size of an American garden. The working people generally go barefooted; there are no free schools, and we judge that few people can read. From the refuse of sugarcane they make a deadly drink, a cheap wine. Whole streets are given up to the sale of this drink. This beautiful island is 104 miles in circumference and produces in abundance most of the tropical fruits. Outwardly, it looks like a paradise, but we could not help recalling that line from a familiar hymn which says, "And only man is vile."

E. B. SAUNDERS.

TRACT SOCIETY—EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, April 10, 1904, at 2 15 P. M., President J. Frank Hubbard in the chair.

Members present: J. F. Hubbard, Stephen Babcock, D. E. Titworth, A. H. Lewis, F. J. Hubbard, W. M. Stillman, J. A. Hubbard, Corliss F. Randolph, J. M. Titworth, E. F. Loofboro, E. F. Randolph, O. S. Rogers, G. B. Shaw, W. H. Crandall, J. D. Spicer, J. P. Mosher, W. C. Hubbard, F. S. Wells, H. M. Maxson, A. L. Titworth, and Business Manager John Hiscox.

Visitor—Barton G. Stillman, of Brookfield, N. Y.

Prayer was offered by Rev. Eli F. Loofboro. Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Supervisory Committee reported all bills paid at the Publishing House, and the first payment made on the rental of the Linotype.

Voted, That the matter of forwarding printed matter to Rev. George Seeley be referred to the Business Manager and the Secretary of the Supervisory Committee with power.

The Treasurer presented his report for the third quarter, which on motion was adopted. He also presented statement of receipts and disbursements since the first of April.

He also reported a citation from the will of the late Mrs. Mary Starr Stillman, bequeathing \$250 to the Society.

Voted, That we accept with gratitude this gift, and we do hereby record our appreciation of this donation for the work of the Society.

Voted, That upon the payment of the bequest the money be placed in the permanent fund, whereby the income therefrom shall continually contribute to the support of the cause.

Secretary Lewis reported in general on his visit last month to Ashaway, R. I.

Correspondence was received from Rev. A. P. Ashurst, Rev. J. T. Davis and Mrs. M. G. Townsend, embodying reports of their work. *Voted*, That the matter of supplying suitable receipts for money received by canvassers be referred to the Business Manager and the Supervisory Committee.

Correspondence was received from H. C. VanHorn, Geo. W. Post and A. S. Maxson, the two latter referring to weekly contributions for benevolent objects.

A communication from Dr. L. A. Platts, relating to the program for Conference, was received, and on motion it was voted that the matter be referred to a committee consisting of Secretary Lewis, D. E. Titworth and Geo. B. Shaw, with power.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITWORTH, *Rec. Sec.*

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND.

QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES.

The Trustees of the Seventh-day Baptist Memorial Fund met in regular quarterly meeting at the Seventh-day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., Sunday, April 10, at 10 A. M.

Present: Pres. J. Frank Hubbard, Vice-Pres. Joseph M. Titworth, Treas. Jos. A. Hubbard, Stephen Babcock, Wm. M. Stillman, Henry M. Maxson, J. Dennison Spicer, Clark T. Rogers, Sec. David E. Titworth; (a full Board); ex-officio, W. H. Crandall, treasurer of Alfred University.

After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read, communications were presented from Rev. Geo. W. Lewis, and from Presidents Boothe C. Davis and William C. Daland, reporting upon the number of students preparing for the Seventh-day Baptist ministry at Alfred and Milton; and from B. F. Titworth and the church clerk of Riverside, Cal., enclosing pictures of the new church at that place, and expressing the gratitude of the church there for the aid rendered by the Board from the fund for aiding feeble churches, which enabled them to build the church; from Arthur E. Main, dean of Alfred Theological Seminary; Boothe C. Davis, president of Alfred University; E. M. Tomlinson, president of Seventh-day Baptist Education Society, setting forth the aims and needs of the Theological Seminary, its importance to our denomination, and soliciting an appropriation. Favorable action was taken on the request.

The Finance Committee presented its regular quarterly report, and also reported on some special matters referred to them at the last meeting.

The Treasurer presented his quarterly report, which having been duly audited, was upon motion adopted.

The Treasurer was instructed to forward to the various beneficiaries of the Fund the amount of income in his hands due them.

The Board appropriated a sum for the aid of students preparing for the Seventh-day Baptist ministry.

The minutes were approved and the Board adjourned.

J. F. HUBBARD, *Pres.*

D. E. TITWORTH, *Sec.*

The Business Manager invites all the friends of THE RECORDER to inspect its new Linotype. The presence of the machine is due to these same kind friends.

DEVOUT REMEMBERING.

Forgetting and remembering are results of the same mental operation. We remember when we fix our attention upon a past incident; we forget when we turn our attention away from it. In this, as in all our experiences, we are to overcome evil with good; we are to erase the pictures which dishearten, depress and discourage us, by substituting for them pictures which hearten, encourage and inspire; we are to forget our sorrows by remembering God's comfort; we are to forget our sins by remembering God's forgiveness. Our mind is more subject to our will than we are apt to think. The memory is a gallery whose walls are covered with many pictures; we can choose which picture we will look at. This is what Paul means when he bids us bring "every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ." It is always easier to turn our eyes from one picture to another than to close our eyes altogether. The easiest way to forget what is best forgotten is to remember what is best worth remembering. The easiest way to forget our own follies and failures and sins is to remember God's goodness.

The involuntary consciousness of the divine presence is the result of a voluntary attention to the effect of that Presence in our lives. If we wish that a sense of the Great Companion shall be always with us, we must fasten our attention upon those experiences which bear witness to his presence. This is the reason why the Bible lays such stress on special remembrances of God: Attend, it seems to say, to his manifestations of himself in special experiences; so you will learn to realize that he is in all experiences. "Remember that thou wast a bondman in Egypt, and the Lord redeemed thee." "Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations: ask thy father, and he will show thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee." "I call to remembrance my song in the night. . . . I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." "Seek the Lord and his strength, seek his face evermore. Remember his marvelous works that he hath done." This last verse interprets the other; it is by remembering his marvelous works that we seek his strength and his face. Remembrance of his past graciousness is the way to win the consciousness of his continual presence.

In this is the value of securing certain times and places for the special cultivation of our conscious fellowship with God. It is true that all places are holy ground; that all times are sacred times; that God is in all our experiences. But it is also true that we shall not see him if we do not look for him, and that the mind is so subject to the law of association that we shall most easily see him in all places and at all times if we form a habit of looking for him in certain sacred places and at certain sacred times. It is doubtful if Ezekiel would have seen God in the desert if he had not first seen him in the Temple. Even Christ had his special hours set apart to devotion; no man is so saintly that he can well dispense with aids to the devotional life which Christ found valuable if not absolutely needful. This is the value of public worship. We go to church, not for the sermon, or the music or the prayers; we go for the atmosphere. When I am with a hundred devout men and women, who have in some measure a consciousness of the divine presence,

or even a consciousness of their need of it, their vision gives vision to me, their imagination enkindles my imagination, their heart-hunger awakens my heart-hunger. This is the devotional value of sacred art. My grandchild has been making me a visit; and every morning we have taken him to the photograph of his mother, and he has spoken to the photograph: "Mama!" The picture has kept her in his remembrance. Doubtless there is a danger lest the soul shall substitute the image for the reality, the crucifix for the Christ. Whether the danger outweighs the advantage, whether the Second Commandment is to be interpreted as forbidding all graven images, or only all worship of graven images, I do not here discuss: for the object of these pages is not discussion, but exposition and interpretation. But I may remind my Roman Catholic readers that their own Church forbids them to venerate the image and bids them use the image never as a substitute for the living Person but only to recall him; and I may remind my Protestant readers that it may be less acceptable to Christ to forget him altogether than to recall him to our thoughts by means of a statuette or a picture. That we may rise above the use of sacred symbols I do not doubt; but no one can doubt that we may fall below it. This is the value of those quiet hours which the night sometimes affords us. Insomnia has lost its dread since I learned the meaning of the Psalmist's declaration: "My mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips when I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches." The sleepless hours are joyful hours if they can be spent in such remembrance. One does not lie tossing restlessly to and fro, wondering whether he shall ever fall asleep again, anxious lest he shall prove unfitted for the morrow's duties, trying to put himself to sleep by endless combinations of numbers or by repeating senseless rhymes; he lies restfully and reads in the book of his remembrance the record of his Father's love, or looks calmly at the morrow's duties or the morrow's perils because he looks at them as through his Father's eyes, or communes with his own heart and in its uninterpretable experiences hears the voice of his Father, or simply is still and knows that God is God; and he finally falls to sleep as a child in his Father's arms, and wakes in the morning more refreshed by his hour of sleeplessness than by all that the hours of sleep have brought to him.

The Great Companion is not dead. He is not talking, nor pursuing, nor in a journey, nor sleeping and must be awakened. It is we who are talking, and pursuing, and in a journey, and sleeping, and must be awakened. If we will stop our talking and listen, we may hear him; if we will stop our pursuing after we know not what, we shall find him at our side; if we will return from our journey into the far country, he will come forth to meet us; if we will rouse ourselves at the voice of conscience which every now and then pierces to our consciousness and disturbs our slumbers, we shall find ourselves in his presence. For still as of old is it true:

If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there;
If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.
If I take the wings of the morning,
And dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there shall thy hand lead me,
And thy right hand shall hold me.
If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me,
Even the night shall be light about me.
Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee;
But the night shineth as the day:
The darkness and the light are both alike to thee.

Our Reading Room.

HAMMOND, LA.—Bro. A. P. Ashurst speaks of affairs at Hammond, as follows: "I am delighted with my pastoral work in Hammond. We have had quite a number of visitors in our town during the winter, many of whom were regular attendants at our Sabbath services. Spring is now in full blast. Roses and other flowers are mingling their perfume with the air we breathe. Birds fill the air with song—the mockingbird, like a nightingale, sings us to sleep at night or gives us a serenade during the small hours of the morning. Nature is full of perfume and song. "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE.

"What if some morning, when the stars were paling,
And the dawn whitened, and the east was clear,
Strange peace and rest fell on me from the presence
Of a benignant Spirit standing near:

"And I should tell him, as he stood beside me,
'This is our Earth—most friendly Earth, and fair;
Daily its era and shore through sun and shadow
Faithful it turns, robed in its azure air.

"There is blest living here, loving and serving,
And quest of truth, and serene friendships dear;
But stay not, Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—
His name is Death: flee, lest he find thee here!"

"And what if then, while the still morning brightened,
And freshened in the elm the summer's breath,
Should gravely smile on me the gentle angel,
And take my hand say, 'My name is Death?'"

Death is, then, the forerunner of life; and the grave is the gateway of glory; and the Christian, though he is heavy of heart as he lays his loved ones away, because he will see them no more in the flesh, yet in the deep places of his soul he is comforted, and rejoices because life and immortality are brought to life in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, who tasted death for every man.

Some there are who, going contrary to their natural instincts and their profoundest desires, expectations and hopes, deny the resurrection and immortality, because they cannot understand the mystery of it all. But this is shallow and contrary to reason and the scientific spirit, to say nothing of the spiritual interpretations that are disclosed only to those who are spiritually minded. St. Paul rebukes the man who asks, with the sneer of the skeptic, "How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?" "Thou fool," he cries, and points him to the ordinary phenomena of nature, and says, "That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die." Who can understand the mystery of the seed? And yet we believe in it. Why, then, should we be faithless and unbelieving relative to this other mystery of God's providence, power and wisdom? Science is not hostile to the idea of the resurrection and of immortality; the objection obtains only when science is misinterpreted. Science asserts that "we live in a world of mystery, and there is not a problem in the simplest and most exact of her departments which does not speedily lead us to a problem of the most profound sort, that we can neither solve nor elude." Some so-called disciples of science would have us believe that the life of the soul terminates with the life of the body, but John Fiske did not hesitate to declare that the "materialistic assumption that the life of the soul ends with the life of the body is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption known to the history of philosophy."—Christian Advocate (N. Y.)

Do it Now.

MASTERFUL PREACHING.

Two extremes, equally we fancy to be avoided, may prevail in regard to preaching. One is that which concerns itself particularly with great and sublime themes. It reaches up and dwells on the attributes of God, on the deep experiences of the Christian consciousness, on the mysterious themes that take hold of the other life. Such was the preaching of Robert Hall and Edward Irving, and in perhaps somewhat less degree of Thomas Chalmers. This form of the proclamation of truth limits itself most of all to that which is apart from current living. It is of importance and we would in no wise seek to diminish it. And yet it seems as though in the light of current thought and need to confine itself too much to that side of Christian experience. The other extreme to which preaching may go is that in which it concerns itself too exclusively with this present life and its passing affairs. It deals too much with industrial problems and commercial conditions and social relations. It busies itself too much with that which is of the present day. It lacks perspective and far-off vision and divine impulse. This form will give to us social treatises and ethical discourses and present-day homilies done.

The true conception of preaching, as it seems to us, and that which will make it masterful and of convicting power, is that which combines the two methods and extremes. It is that which strikes the keynote of eternal truth. It is that which analyzes the inner recesses of Christian experience. It is that which digs deep into the quarries of divine revelation and brings its lessons therefrom. But it is that also which brings those things into connection with daily living. It is that which places the shining figure of absolute righteousness before us, but shows likewise how it may come in to mold our imperfect lives. It is that which takes hold of the sublime things of God and connects them with the daily perplexities and practical problems we daily encounter. So it makes the Divine horizon encircle our earthly living and gives foundation and inspiration for its redemption. In the union of the two methods, we fancy, shall we obtain the recrudescence of pulpit power, and secure an agency more potent than any other for the regeneration of human life.—Baptist Commonwealth.

LOOKING OFF UNTO JESUS.

If men in the city walk the pavements with their eyes fixed upon the gutters, what does it matter though all the glories of a sunset are dyeing the western sky? They will see none of them; and if Christ stood beside you, closer to you than any other, if your eyes were fixed upon the trivialities of this poor present, you would not see Him.

If you want to see Him, shut out competing objects, and the dazzling cross-lights that come in and hide Him from us. There must be a "looking off unto Jesus." There must be a rigid limitation, if not excision of other objects, if we are to grasp Him. If we would see, and have our hearts filled with the calm sublimity of the solemn white wedge that lifts itself into the far-off blue, we must not let our gaze stop on the busy life of the valleys or the green slopes of the lower Alps, but must lift it and keep it fixed aloft. Meditate upon Him, and shut out other things.—Alexander MacLaren, D. D.

Missions.

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

THE Seventh-day Baptist Pulpit, published by the Missionary Society is doing a good work. It enables the pastorless small churches to have a good sermon from a Seventh-day Baptist minister, read at the Sabbath services each week. The scattered and isolated Seventh-day Baptist families in our country have thereby a sermon to read each Sabbath, and where two or more such families live near each other, they can get together on the Sabbath, have a sermon read by one of their number, and follow it with a Sabbath-school, or a prayer-meeting, or both. This monthly magazine of Seventh-day Baptist sermons is a missionary work. Almost every week a word of commendation and appreciation of it is received by the committee having its publication in charge. It is not self-supporting. We wish it might be. The subscription price is very low, only fifty cents a year. About four hundred and fifty copies are published monthly. There are one hundred and eighty subscribers. It is sent without pay to about two hundred scattered Sabbath-keeping families and to about fifty churches. We would like to have more subscribers. Are there not more who will subscribe for it, or send in a donation toward its publication, that it may become self-supporting? A majority of the subscribers have not paid their subscription for 1904. We would be happy to receive the dues.

LINE upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little. So here goes one. The Missionary Society is aiding twenty-eight of our small churches in the support of a pastor or supply. Now two reports are required at the end of each quarter. One report from the pastor or supply to the corresponding secretary of the Missionary Society for his use in making out his quarterly and annual report to the Missionary Board. Blank reports are sent out by him each quarter for that purpose to be filled out. Another report is required from the church clerk or treasurer at the end of each quarter to the treasurer of the Missionary Society, giving a statement whether the pastor or supply has served the church the entire quarter or not, and what is due the church for the quarter. The appropriation is made to the church and not to the pastor or supply, hence this report is required from the clerk or treasurer of the church, the one that has it in charge. It is very important that this report is promptly made, so there shall be no delay or lapse in the pastor or supply getting his money each quarter. The Treasurer of the Missionary Society will not send a check to the clerk or treasurer of the church until such a report is received by him. Because of a failure to do this, sometimes the pastor or supply has not received his money until a month or two after it is due, and in a few instances not until the end of the year, when he needed very much his money, and wondered why he did not receive it. It was not the fault of the Treasurer of the Missionary Society, but of the clerk or treasurer of the church that he did not promptly receive it. We hope that this paragraph will be read and re-read by every clerk or treasurer of the churches aided by the Missionary Society, and the requirements in it promptly met.

SHANGHAI, CHINA.

REV. D. H. DAVIS, D. D.

It has been some time since I sent you anything for your missionary page in the SABBATH RECORDER, so I will take advantage of our Chinese New Year's vacation, while I am more at liberty, and send you a few items.

New Year's day fell on February 16, and was celebrated after the old-time custom of burning a great deal of powder in the form of fire-crackers. To hear the noise one might think that the Chinese would spend all of their money in this amusement. The firing of these crackers is kept up almost constantly the first night, and for several days after it is more or less indulged in.

The last day of the year is one extremely full of hustle and bustle. The streets are filled with pedestrians rushing hither and thither apparently on urgent business. One very good custom the Chinese have is of settling their accounts at the close of each year. Shopkeepers are very persistent in collecting their bills, and this makes it an anxious time for those who have no money with which to pay. Money is often loaned for thirty per cent interest, and those who are obliged to hire are made all the poorer. It seems strange that under such conditions the Chinese are not more careful about contracting debts, but the ordinary Chinaman does not seem to worry under this burden, and I'm sorry to say that some Chinese Christians have not learned, as well as they ought, that scripture which says, "Owe no man anything but love." I presume, however, that the Chinese Christian is not the only one of whom this can be said. Merchants who are much in need of money often sell their goods at great reduction, in order to meet their obligations. Somehow at this time of year more fires occur in Shanghai than at any other season; it is probably so that the insurance companies may help liquidate debts. I believe I have heard of similar methods being taken in Christian lands. While goods are often sold cheaper at this time, on the other hand coolies, rickshaws and boatmen want higher wages for a few days; even the beggars who throng the streets are more persistent in their demands.

Gambling is the principal New Year's pastime of the Chinese (not Christians). Persons who do not indulge in this at any other time in the year engage in it. For three days at the opening of the year this vice is permitted to go on unrestrained in the Foreign Settlement, a very poor way of dealing with so great an evil.

The custom of giving New Year's presents has a much wider scope in China than in most lands, for it has to do not only with friends, but servants and employes of nearly every class expect presents, and in some instances it amounts to a demand. The second day of the year, when our local postman came with the mail, instead of putting the letters in the box as he usually does, he rapped at the door and said, "koong-hyi" (a New Year's congratulation). He stood smiling, which was as much as to say, "a New Year's *cumshaw*, please," and of course a *cumshaw* had to be given.

A New Year's custom which I have just learned is that the lekin duties are not demanded on goods passing the government stations along the interior water ways, hence many boats prepare to take advantage of this propitious day and rush their goods by

these places, but for other purposes boats do not run at this time.

There is always a great display of red paper decoration with word prayers written thereon invoking success and prosperity from the gods for the New Year. Would that these heathen people, who in these various ways show their desire for a blessing, might come to know the source from whence comes that for which they seek.

You are aware that the war cloud has again burst over these Oriental lands. Two of the powers that fought side by side in the Boxer trouble of 1900 are now arrayed against each other. Port Arthur is again the scene of battle. After prolonged deliberations the Russians and Japanese have broken their friendly relations and are at war. Although the Russians, like the Assyrians of old, have boasted of their superior strength, yet they have been humiliated in various engagements by the little Japanese nation. All nations I think, save perhaps, France, rejoice in the success of Japan, for she is fighting in the interest of the whole civilized world, and for this reason is worthy of the sympathy of all. One missionary has said, if it was right to pray for war, he felt like praying for Japan. I think all missionaries feel in the same way. Victory would not only seriously injure the interest of Japan but it would extend the tyranny which the Greek Church has inflicted upon the nations brought under Russian rule.

It is quite certain, so far as naval engagements are concerned that Japan will come off more than conqueror, but it is difficult to say what will be the result of the land engagements. It is possible that Russia may pour in such a body of troops on her Siberian railway that the Japanese will not be able to cope with her, and yet even here we hope the Japanese may be successful. It is high time that the Russian bear was routed from his Manchurian lair.

Next Sabbath, March 4, we have arranged to hold a service in which will be considered Bible translations, Bible societies, and Bible distribution. We are holding this service partly by request of the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and partly because we believe the subject is of importance to our Chinese Christians, that they may better know what it has cost to bring the Bible to them. There are many interesting facts connected with the history of the Bible which the Chinese ought to know. My first thought was to give this address myself, but upon further consideration I concluded it would be better to have Mr. Tong give it, furnishing him with all the material possible, with the hope that he might himself become better posted and thus be prepared to use his knowledge on subsequent occasions. I believe we shall have an interesting meeting. You are aware that the centenary of the British Foreign Bible Society occurs this year, that Society having been organized on March 7, 1804. An effort is being made by this Society to raise a special fund of 50,000 guineas, equal to over \$55,000 gold, in commemoration of the event. Has not our own Missionary Society any important history which might be taken for similar inspiration and effort in the work of our Society?

I have invited Rev. W. S. Burk of the Methodist South Mission to give us an entertainment with his phonograph on the evening after the Sabbath of the same day. Phono-

graphs are quite numerous in the Settlement, but few of our people or pupils in the schools have heard one. We are having it just at this time as a drawing-card to induce the boys and girls in the schools to return promptly. It remains to be seen whether this plan is successful or not. I am sure that those who do come will enjoy it.

From what I see in the papers, and friends write me, there has been a great contrast between the weather this winter in America and that of this section of China. We have had a very mild and dry winter, there has been very little rain since last September. We usually depend on rain water for cooking purposes but for months we have been obliged to have water brought from the waterworks. Within a year or so the Chinese have put foreign waterworks in the native city, and water is now brought within a short distance of our place. We hear that this year it is to be extended to the bridge just outside our premises. This will be very convenient in case of drouth.

Our foreign mails have been very much interfered with on account of the removal of all the Japanese steamers from both the Vancouver and San Francisco lines. We have been accustomed to have mails so frequently that we feel the delay very much.

The subject of a native pastor and evangelist for our Shanghai church has often been on my mind. I very much wish there could be such a worker. While Mr. Tong and Mr. Dzau have assisted from time to time in this work, we have not had for many years any regular native preacher. I have never felt like urging any one to take this place, for fear I should make a mistake, but it seems to me that the time has come when a special effort should be made in this direction. One difficulty is the matter of support. I have thought that perhaps the Missionary Board might be willing to furnish half of the support of such a pastor and evangelist. This I judge would be about \$120, Mexican, a year, or about \$60 United States gold. The remaining half might be given by the church and those on the field. I would be willing to assist myself in such an effort. That contributed by the Board might be reduced as fast as the church were able to take on the burden of his support.

There are only two connected with our church from which a choice could be made, those are Mr. Tong and Mr. Dzau. Mr. Tong's qualifications are the best, but one difficulty about choosing him is that he is teacher in the Boys' Boarding School and could not work in both positions. I should be very glad if the Board would take this matter into consideration and let me know their decision.

A letter just received from Mrs. Davis brings the sad news of Alfred's relapse. I had great hopes that a sea voyage would build him up which it seems not to have done. Then again I hoped his treatment in the sanitarium would bring relief, but this seems also not to bring the desired health. We have tried to do the best we could for his recovery, and have constantly sought the guidance of the Lord in what we have done. I feel confident we shall have the sympathy and prayers of our brethren and sisters during these anxious days which our wide separation makes more difficult to bear.

We were not able to have the phonograph entertainment on last Sabbath evening, as we had arranged, on account of a snow storm that began in the afternoon and continued

nearly all night. We have seldom had such a fall of snow. There was a beautiful clear world to look out upon the next morning, a sight we do not often see in this part of China. We have had a good fall of rain during the past week, which was very much needed. Our cisterns are again well replenished, for which we are thankful.

FEB. 27, 1904.

HAARLEM, HOLLAND.

REV. G. VELTHUYSEN, SR.

At the close of what I now will style: My winter campaign; I trust you will permit, that I give you some survey of my labors during that course of time. Besides the ministration of the Word of God in the church, the superintendence of the Sabbath-school and the pastoral labor in behalf of the resident and non-resident members and what furthermore is annexed always, to the duties of a pastor, I had a pretty busy time during this winter with work of the propagation of the principles of Christian Temperance. You know, we here are in this way laboring in a somewhat different way than they do in America. There, as we are informed, the lecturers for temperance are especially employed for that work. But, as for me, I answer the invitations affirmatively, if I see the way open; I mean, if time and money for expenses are at my disposition. And sometimes, but not always, the expenses are, wholly or partly supplied. My opinion is: I must go, if it is possible to go, because pleading for temperance, I do so in the name of our Saviour and Master, and thus bring to the people not only temperance, but the glorious gospel of God. I was in several places with this aim, and even once before a large audience in a Dutch Reformed church, who listened with the most serious attention and whose pastor showed great sympathy as I learned, when, after the meeting, he, in his parsonage where I was his guest, asked with great interest questions about this cause. My labors were not unfruitful in as much as several people declared to accept our principles. Of course, a particular kind of correspondence is one of the consequences. Further, our paper (monthly) *De Christen Geheel* Onthouder urges its cares.

The sad duty of cutting off a member of the church had to be exercised some weeks ago, because a sister gave herself, in spite of frequent exhortations and warnings, in ungodly ways. We pray for her return. Next Sabbath we hope to accept a sister, 23 years of age, in the church by baptism. She is a maid-servant, living at Bussum, a lonely Sabbath-keeper. Her mistress, however averse to the Sabbath, has consented that she henceforth keep the Sabbath, because she (the mistress) will not dispense with her, and intends to try till May next, whether it will do. Still two other baptisms are in sight. One of the candidates came to the knowledge of the truth by a so-called accidental acquaintance with our monthly "De Boodschapper." That monthly urges its ordinary time and cares. You know I am the editor, as well as the manager and the expeditor. 2,000 copies are printed monthly; sometimes more. Tracts and other pamphlets are steadily spread; especially in Amsterdam by means of the German brother, whose love and zeal for the Lord's cause you are acquainted with by my last letter. Brother and Sister Graafshal are now together, she having arrived also at Java. The prospects of their labors are not

yet clear, because he was, as he told in his letter to us, still looking out for land.

Our dear Sister Jansz is always laboring with all the self-sacrifice the love of Christ pours out in her heart. A great disappointment, we may say, a heavy, very heavy-blow, came to her and us, and to the Cause of the Lord, because our brother, Jacob Bakker, unawares withdrew himself, and, of course, also his wife, from the intention to come and be the helpers of Sister Jansz. Feb. 8, his intention was yet unaltered, for then he said to us: "When I will have arrived in India, then, I trust, my labors will show that my heart is warm for this cause;" and Feb. 15th he wrote: "After a serious (and that since a considerable elapse of time) consideration and extensive contemplation we feel that we cannot keep our conviction that God calls us." Now, it seems to me that that "considerable elapse of time" is not very considerable. Brother and Sister Jacob Bakker have now started for America. And so all our prayers and supplications; I may say night and day, all our efforts to gain help and all the blessings God bestowed on these efforts were in vain. But I trust I'm in vain as to Brother Bakker. And no doubt God permitted this heavy disappointment, because he will prepare something better.

You know the ministers of our queen intend to give our country a "better Sunday law, and that we were looking out for a movement in the sense of agitation, public agitation, against eventual unjust stipulations in that bill. But in another bill, regulating the labor, the same government gives, so it seems to me, undeniable proof, that it will not suppress anybody because Sabbath-keeping," for one of the articles says that "anybody who belongs to a church or society that keeps another weekly rest-day than Sunday must have full liberty of his master to rest full 24 hours consecutively, viz: that day his church or society acknowledges as the weekly rest-day." Till now the bill of the new Sunday law is not published, but we think the other bill shows that we have all reason to rejoice in the disposition of our government towards us, as Sabbath-keepers. God bless all his people, in their words and cares for the Cause of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

March 24, 1904.

MAY READ BIBLE IN SCHOOL.

The Kansas City Supreme Court has rendered an opinion which in effect declares that the Bible may be read in the public schools of Kansas. The case is one brought by J. B. Billard, of Topeka, to compel the City Board of Education to permit his son, Philip, to re-enter the public schools, from which he had been suspended because, on the advice of his father's attorneys, he refused to attend school in the morning exercises when the Bible and selections from the Psalms were read to the pupils. The District Court refused to order the Board of Education to re-admit the pupil, and this decision has been affirmed. The Supreme Court says:

"A public school teacher, who, for the purpose of quieting the pupils and preparing them for their regular studies, repeats the Lord's Prayer and the twenty-third Psalm as a morning exercise, without comment or remark, in which none of the pupils are required to participate, is not conducting a form of religious worship or teaching sectarian or religious doctrine."—Public Ledger.

Woman's Work.

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

OVER HIS OWN.

M. B. CLARKE.

All-seeing, invisible, everywhere present,
Alike near the beggar or king on his throne,
Beholding the action and judging the motive,
Our God watches tenderly over his own.

To thousands uncounted in each generation,
He waits to be gracious, his mercy is shown,
To guide them in danger, to save in temptation,
Our God watches patiently over his own.

The sins of the fathers how many inherit,
How many still cling to the evil well known,
Refusing the mercy, refusing forgiveness,
Which God freely offers, to make them his own.

With those who will love him and keep his command-
ments,

With those who will trust in his mercy alone,
He dwells as a Father, he dwells as a Saviour,
Our God watching lovingly over his own.

WESTERLY, April, 1904.

Mrs. Abbey Morton Diaz, a writer of children's stories that were well known and beloved by the children of twenty or more years ago, died at her home near Preston, April 1. She wrote for the Young Folks, the Youth's Companion and other widely read periodicals. Her William Henry books, written during the time of the Civil War, were perhaps the best known, and call up pleasant memories of the story books of our childhood. Her first story was printed in the Atlantic Monthly in 1861, and her writings for old and young have since then brought to her a world-wide reputation. Her father was a man who was interested in educational affairs and a worker with Horace Mann. It was largely due to the instrumentality of Mr. Morton that normal schools were established in this country. The daughter naturally became a teacher, and her original methods of work brought her success. Her first literary work was the writing of songs to add zest to the Christmas entertainments given in the school where she taught. She was ever interested in the questions of the day, and was considered one of the reformers of her time. In her girlhood, she was secretary of a juvenile anti-slavery society that did much towards turning public opinion in that direction. She founded and was for many years president of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston, and in this way helped to bring out much of the latent power in the women with whom she came in contact and helped them to be better and more intelligent wives and mothers. As a lecturer on ethical subjects she has been favorably known, and her pen has been busy and her voice heard on the platform till almost to the end of her long life.

WOMAN'S BOARD REPORT.

The Woman's Board met in regular session at Milton, Wis., April 5, 1904.

Members present: Mrs. Daland, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Platts, Mrs. West, Mrs. Whitford, Mrs. Babcock.

Owing to the illness of the President, Mrs. Clarke, Vice President Mrs. Daland presided.

After Scripture reading and prayer, the Secretary read the minutes of the last meeting, which were approved.

The Treasurer's report was read and adopted, and while the report shows a gain in contributions over the past months, it still seems necessary that more money to meet current expenses be sent in.

Mrs. Townsend's monthly statement was presented.

The Corresponding Secretary read letters as follows:

A letter from Mrs. Trainer, of Salem, Secretary of the South Eastern Association, who wrote asking advice concerning the preparation of the program for the Woman's Hour at the coming Association.

Mrs. Lucy F. Randolph, of Fouke, Ark., wrote that it seems impossible to arouse much interest in denominational work in the South-Western Association owing to the widely-scattered condition of the workers. She also wishes to dispose of a white embroidered table center-piece, that has been sent to her by a non-resident member, the money from the sale to be used for missionary purposes. If any person, or any of the societies can help to effect a sale for this article, Mrs. Randolph will be glad to hear from them.

Mrs. Diland read extracts from a letter received from Dr. Palmberg in reply to her monthly missionary letter—one of the series arranged for by the Board.

Mrs. Platts read a very interesting letter from Mrs. Sara G. Davis. Plans for the China Christmas box were discussed, which we hope may be given in the Woman's Page within the month.

MRS. S. J. CLARKE, Pres.

MRS. J. H. BABCOCK, Rec. Sec.

REPORT OF PLAINFIELD SOCIETY.

(Read at Annual Church Meeting.)

Most of you are so familiar with the work and workers of the Woman's Society for Christian Work that there may be nothing new to you in our report, but we feel that you are all interested in our work, and we are glad to give you this brief survey. There are 64 names enrolled as resident, 8 non-resident and 14 honorary members. The present officers are Mrs. G. H. Babcock, president; Mrs. D. E. Titsworth, vice-president; Mrs. T. B. Titsworth, corresponding secretary; Mrs. A. T. Maxson, recording secretary, and Mrs. F. A. Dunham, treasurer. Our routine of work has been about the same as usual, with sewing meetings once in two weeks and business meetings once a month, at which time reports are received from the several committees: Visiting, Entertainment, Missionary and Tract. The Visiting Committee keeps the Society informed of the sick and their needs. The Tract Committee writes letters to absent sisters of the church, frequently receiving pleasant responses. This committee also made a canvas of the church in the interests of the Tract Society, securing several new subscribers to the RECORDER. The Missionary Committee have packed and sent a barrel of clothing, valued at \$50, to Miss Emily Newton, Fayetteville, N. C., in response to an appeal from her.

The Entertainment and Refreshment Committees are important factors in our Society; they have arranged several pleasant and profitable affairs, among them the annual supper in March and "An evening in Holland." This was an instructive entertainment, giving a sketch of the queen and her happy subjects; also a story of the Seventy-day Baptist history in that land. The men of the church, as has been the custom for a few years, arranged and served a supper in November which added \$45 to our treasury. Our committee in conjunction with the Social Committee of the Y. P. S. C. E., solicit and

serve the supper for the annual meeting of the church.

The work for these sewing meetings is planned by the directresses, and a small band of faithful workers come together to do the work. Our sewing meetings have been made especially interesting by the readings from Via Christi. Some member would read aloud, so while our fingers were busy doing for others, our minds were enlightened as to the work of united missions and we were cheered in our work.

Our Society keeps in touch with local organizations through its representatives. These ladies bring to us knowledge of the workings and needs of these organizations, and this naturally keeps up our interest in them.

Mrs. Margaret Randolph, one of the three living constituent members of the church is very ill. Several times one of our members has visited her in her home in New York, and we sent her a New Year's Greeting with a substantial evidence of our interest in her welfare which she appreciated she sent us a message of love and gratitude.

The Treasurer's report shows receipts from Oct. 1, 1902, to Oct. 1, 1903, \$325.46; out of this the Missionary Society has received \$53, Tract Society \$54, Home Missions \$42, S. E. I. A. \$10, China Mission \$7, Miss Burdick's salary \$20, Dr. Palmberg \$76, Woman's Board \$6, Educational work \$50, Miscellaneous bills \$31.89, leaving a balance of \$9 14.

Local charities have been remembered as follows: Children's Home \$26 Relief Association \$53, Hospital \$15, M. A. H. \$13, W. C. T. U. \$18 60, Fresh Air Fund \$5, Young Woman's Club \$30, Needle Work \$15.

Two of our older members have been called to the home above, and while in later years they could not often attend our meetings, we were always sure of hearty support and a kindly interest from Mrs. C. H. Stillman and Mrs. Utter; Mrs. Utter served for several years as our representative in the Children's Home.

Our corresponding secretary has been called upon to write letters of condolence to our friends who were passing through affliction and sorrow. The bond of love is strong and the sorrow of one is the sorrow of all.

Our Society has been established many years and death has taken some of our best workers. Each year the number of workers grows less, but we hope for new recruits. We bespeak the co-operation of our younger women. The older women will not shirk, but the time is not far distant when many of us must lay down the work and the younger ones take it. How much better and easier you can do the work, if you are trained for it, and the time for training is now.

We are keeping on in the good work, trusting that He in whose name we labor will accept our work.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. T. C. SMITH, Rec. Sec. pro tem.

THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

"I have taught my children," said a mother I know, "to come to me immediately for even a pin scratch. I do not mean to exaggerate little pains, but my father who was a physician, taught me how easy was precaution beside cure. I always keep on hand two good antiseptics, listerine and boracic acid in solution. Every fresh wound

or scratch is bathed cleanly and wrapped in sterilized cheesecloth before a particle of dirt can enter it. One so often finds children with stubborn sores on their hands or feet, which take forever to heal. They were probably caused by a rusty nail, by the dirty sort of a knife one finds in a boy's pocket or by a broken bottle which may have held anything. The ugliest wound of this sort, if cared for immediately, will heal immediately. In nearly every city during the winter, a course is given on nursing and simple surgical work, which a mother may find both interesting and profitable. If this is not available I would advise every mother to go to her physician and pay him a fee if necessary for a lesson on cleaning a wound and bandaging it, as well as what to do for the bruises and contusions which are of daily occurrence in the growing family.—Good Housekeeping.

The following is a description of the interior of a Chinese room, taken from a book on the houses, furniture and habits of the Chinese written in 1757 by William Chambers: The sidewalks are matted three or four feet upward from the pavement, the rest being covered with white, crimson or gilt paper. Instead of pictures, they hang on the walls long pieces of satin or paper stretched on frames and painted in imitation of marble or morocco, on which are written moral sentences or problems. The movables in the room consist of chairs, stools and tables, made sometimes of rosewood, ebony or lacquered work, and sometimes of bamboo only, which is cheap, but very neat. When the movables are of wood, the seats of the stools are of marble or porcelain, which, though hard to sit on, are far from unpleasant in a climate where the summer heats are so excessive. In the corners of the room are stands four or five feet high, on which are plates of citron and other fragrant fruits, or branches of coral in vases of porcelain, and glass globes containing goldfish.

THE POWER OF CHEERFULNESS.

It is not easy to be cheerful when everything one undertakes seems to go wrong, especially after one has done his very best. When the business enterprise that looked so promising ends in disaster; when the little dinner party, so carefully planned, fails, or, at least, is not the success you hoped it would be, because at the last moment, the principal among the invited guests sends a polite note, begging to be excused on account of illness, or for some other reason; when the position for which one has worked and waited so long does not materialize; when your plans for going to college—plans which it has taken years of toil and sacrifice to carry to the point of success.—are suddenly overturned by some unforeseen occurrence,—these, or any of the thousand and one disappointments, great and small, which come to the most sheltered lives, to the greatest of fortune's favorites, are trials to one's soul. But what of that? Are we to sit down and weep and wail and bemoan our hard luck because things go wrong? That is the easiest thing to do, to be sure. The ignoble thing usually seems easier to do than the noble thing. But what of the results? If you rise superior to your disappointment, whatever it may be, you are adding a hundred per cent to your power to conquer future difficulties.—Success.

AN actual breakfast in a workingman's family in Indianapolis was analyzed by the State Board of Agriculture and only one of the seven articles of which it consisted, namely, the potatoes, was found to be normal. These and the bread were the only articles not colored, and the bread, which was soggy and insufficiently baked, contained glucose and malt extract. The other articles were analyzed as follows:

Fried Sausage—Colored, like the greater proportion of sausages on the market, with aniline red and adulterated with about 10 per cent of flaked corn grits.

Apple Butter—Colored with aniline red and loaded with glucose.

Butter—Colored with azo-dye—and adulterated with water. This butter contained 27 per cent of water; the legal standard is not to exceed 15 per cent of water.

Coffee—The coffee had been glazed with a glazing mixture composed of dextrine and starch, colored with brown aniline dye.

Gravy—Made of flour, milk and drip from the colored and adulterated sausage.

"A WELL SPRINGING UP."

Once, on a hunting trip, I had occasion to pass across the plains of Western Texas. It was a veritable desert scene; a broad, cloudless sky, set with a blazing, burning sun, crowned the vast stretch of parched, seared plain—an arid, treeless, streamless, almost blossomless, eaten-out range of prairie dogs, cactus and dwarfed leafless shrubs. The few scattering clusters of mesquite bushes were stunted in their youth; the grass was withered in the valleys and erased from the wind-swept knolls; the soil was seamed and wrinkled like a face grown old with care rather than age. An undergrown, sickly-green cactus here and there lent the only touches of color to the monotonous gray landscape; a startled jack rabbit, or an occasional wandering wolf and now and again a lone prairie dog gave the only signs of life. There were no clouds by day; they were withered in the burning air. There was no dew by night; it perished before it reached the parched lips of the starving soil.

It was a desert with undeveloped possibilities of fertility and fruitage, having mighty potentialities of life inactive for want of vivifying water. It waited for the master touch to awaken it into newness of life.

One day a wise man passed by that way; he looked beneath the superficial and observed possibilities of reclaiming the waste land. He purchased a part of the valley and set up machinery for the purpose of boring an artesian well. The drill went down through the burning crust five hundred feet, eight hundred, one thousand; finally, at thirteen hundred feet depth, a stream of clear, pure, living water burst forth from its underground imprisonment and breathed its breath of life upon the dying plain. The drooping flower lifted up its head and smiled; the withering grass quenched its thirst and was glad; the desert rejoiced. Other wells were drilled near by, and others more distant, until the whole surrounding valley was watered and lived with new life.

When I recrossed that plain in after years, I was amazed at the wonderful transformation which had been wrought. It was truly a regeneration of nature. Where once had been a barren waste, now lay a fertile valley clad in living green, decked with flowering gardens, crowned with rich fruitage and dotted with

peaceful, prosperous homes. The desert had passed from death to life on the opening of the "well springing up into life."

A railroad came; the scattered homes became a village; a church was erected, and there was opened another well—the well of living water springing up into everlasting life; and about it was formed an oasis in the desert of the fallen, sinful world—a place where the burdened found rest, where the weary found peace and where the dying found life.

Every life has two possibilities. Death and life reign in the world side by side, each seeking to conquer the other. The natural state of the man in sin is like the bare, grim, desert waste. Man is already dead in sin, and "the wages of sin is death." The superficial, sensual, worldly, sinful, selfish life of man in the unrenewed state is like the unreclaimed desert. The desires and appetites of the physical nature increase, while the capacities for the enjoyment and increase of such life wither and die under the burning sun of passion. The man unrenewed passes from death unto death.

As beneath the desert runs the deep, hidden stream of water, so beneath the waste of sinful life flows the stream of life proceeding from the shadow of the throne of God. In the incarnation God ceased to dwell outside human nature and dwelt inside the human race. As in Adam all died, in Christ all are made alive. Jesus Christ comes to unite man and God. The Master's touch in the new birth opens the channel clogged with human selfishness and sin, and we have within us a well springing up into everlasting life.

The reborn soul with its well of living water becomes an oasis of life, ever increasing and spreading to reclaim the world from death unto life, from sin unto God.

When you permit Christ to open this well of living waters in your soul, then is "your life hid with Christ in God. When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."—The Interior.

WHY PRAY?

President King of Oberlin College answers a correspondent of the Congregationalist, who asks, "God knows what I need, why, then, should I pray?" as follows:

Christ, it should be noticed, argues the other way; "Your Father knoweth"; "after this manner, therefore, pray." One has only to reverse the supposition of the question to get a little different light on the subject. Should we argue, God does not know what I need, and therefore I will pray? Christ's own thought in Matthew seems to contain clearly these considerations: We are not to pray because God is reluctant and his will must be battered down by persistent repetition; nor as a short-cut to things, making prayer largely a selfish appeal for the material; but because God knows and cares and loves, we dare to pray and may pray. Where we are really vitally concerned in a matter, we shall find that, whatever our theories concerning prayer, we shall be really, virtually praying. We must pray; we cannot help it; and Christ says simply we may pray. Moreover, God cannot give himself and his best blessings except to responsive hearts. Prayer is this opening of ourselves to God. God always respects sacredly our personality; he does not thrust himself upon us. He only knocks; it is for us to open the door. And prayer does just this.

Young People's Work.

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

"What I Am Going to Be, I Am Now Becoming."

MARCH 22, 1904.

To-morrow we reach Malta. To-night we have a lecture on Malta. Have been so busy sight-seeing, visiting, watching the ocean, writing in my diary, etc.

ATHENS, March 26.

We have just had a fine dinner at Hotel Bretagne, crab salad, roast beef with potatoes, pudding, two kinds of cheese, rolls, so crisp and fresh and plenty of oranges. I ate three without a struggle. The butter is soft and sticky ever since we left New York, but good. We ate in an open court with the sun shining down, I with my hat off. Oranges on trees set in large pots were growing a few feet away. I have not suffered with the cold at all, but these Eastern climates are not as warm as I expected to find them. Although we ate in the open air, I have worn my winter suit and warm underwear all the time, and to-day my light overcoat. I am getting lots of good from the trip. It is splendid, and more than I expected. There is not much of a library on the vessel. I will rest and enjoy the ocean for you. I do not get time to write as much as I should like.

From a Personal Letter by Dr. Palmberg.

MARCH 10, 1904.

I am very much enjoying the school work now that I have a real hold of it. At first I felt so much as if I were just filling up space that it was hard to feel enthusiastic over it. Since the New Year's vacation, I have taken hold of it with new vigor as if it were my own work, and am determined to do the best I can with it in every way, be the time short or long. There is only a little trace of my illness, dengue, in the fall left, and I am getting strong and enjoying life. My dear little baby is a pleasure to me, although I spend little time with her except at night, and then she sleeps straight through always. I have the strictest rules as to her feeding and no one dares give her anything to eat except at the proper times and the things I allow. To that I attribute her continued constant good health. She is very bright and cunning and sweet; also pretty good, even according to my standard. This is partly, if not entirely, the result of my firm rule and sure penalty for naughtiness. She understands it all very well and is now learning to take pleasure in being good. Everyone loves her. You see I can say more about her good points because she is not really my own!

How delightful to visit those old places in Germany that you mention—they are sanctified by long use in God's service—so much more delightful than it is even to visit ancient places in China, for here they are all ruins of a better age and civilization, and only go to show how the constant rule of heathenism drives a nation into decay. There was a time when the Emperor at least worshiped the one great God.

C. E. Society at Portville.

On Sabbath afternoon, April 9, a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was organized in the Portville church.

At a previous meeting the requirements of the pledge had been carefully considered and their importance emphasized. A committee

had been appointed, also, to draft a constitution. This committee reported on the day of organization; and, after the adoption of the constitution, officers were elected as follows: President, A. J. C. Bond; Vice President, Stanley Brown; Recording Secretary, Winifred Langworthy; Corresponding Secretary, Katie Maxson; Treasurer, May Cohoon. Although few in number, the society starts off with much promise. Two who joined as active members are young converts, having made a public profession of Christ at the time of our special meetings in the winter. The society will be a means of growth to them and others. One young lady said: "I am glad to sign the pledge, for it will help me to be faithful in reading my Bible. I could not live a Christian without daily prayer, but I neglect to read my Bible sometimes."

We hope to add to our number, but we shall measure our success mainly by the growth in spirituality and in practical Christian service of those who assume the obligations of the pledge and the responsibilities of officers, committee members and prayer-meeting leaders. PRESIDENT.

Report of Intermediate Society.

The past year has witnessed a closer union between the three Christian Endeavor Societies than has ever before been established. This is shown, in one way, by the fact that more meetings have been held together, sometimes the Junior and Intermediate uniting with the Senior Society, and again the two younger societies uniting. For the Thanksgiving service the three societies met together, a member of the Intermediate acting as leader.

Just what has been the cause of this closer feeling of unity it would be difficult to determine, but it is certain that the feeling has been strengthened by the fact that two committees from the Senior Society, the Missionary and Prayer-meeting, have met with and helped plan the work of the two corresponding committees of the Intermediate. These two committees are the only regular ones in the Intermediate Society. The members, under the direction of the Missionary Committee of the Senior Society are now making a quilt to be given to Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Taylor, city missionaries, for use in their work. While the members sew, someone reads to them about missions.

Aside from the help given by the Senior Society, which has been of great value, the members of the Missionary Committee have also planned some work by themselves. Under their direction, a Thanksgiving dinner was sent to the Relief Association, and eight unbleached cotton sheets were made for the Children's Home. The members have been in correspondence with two children of Redbird, Ark., to whom they sent Perry pictures of Christ at Christmas time. They send to them regularly the Christian Endeavor World and Sabbath Visitor. As many as eight papers and magazines are regularly sent to different people in the south. Several very interesting meetings have been held when they have studied of the missions and people of different countries, including the Arctic, Norwegians, Chinese and our native Indian. We have been grateful for the helpful talks given us by members of the church and Christian Endeavor Society. This afternoon one member con-

tributed in making the Easter service helpful and interesting.

The Prayer-meeting Committee has to appoint leaders and see that they are notified. One sociable was held at the home of the superintendent, when an enjoyable evening was spent playing games.

For the Bible study, we have been learning recently the general theme of the books of the Bible, and in this way have studied Genesis, Exodus and Leviticus, pausing occasionally to give an outline of some prominent character. We have been interested in tracing the journey of the children of Israel.

The only source of income this year has been from the weekly collections and from the Children's Day collection, and we have given our usual contributions. \$3 to China Mission, \$3 to Tract Society, \$2 to Westfield Camp, also \$1 toward payments of catechisms and \$2 to Children's Home, in addition to paying for materials used in sewing and for the chicken for Thanksgiving dinner. The collection at the special Christmas service was used in buying a plant which we sent to Elder Baker.

The officers of the Society are: Robert Mitchell, president; Eva Rogers, treasurer; Milton St. John, secretary; Boardman Moshier, church secretary.

We trust that the names of these as well as all the members of this Society will be found on the records of the church, in years to come, among those who faithfully carry on the work of the church.

Mrs. F. J. HUBBARD, Supt.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., April 3, 1904.

EDUCATION SOCIETY—EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING.

The Executive Board of the Seventh-day Baptist Education Society met in special session at Alfred, N. Y., April 10, 1904, at 1:30 P. M.

Present—Prof. E. M. Tomlinson, Rev. J. B. Clark, Rev. B. C. Davis, Rev. A. E. Main, Rev. E. P. Saunders, Prof. A. B. Kenyon, Mrs. Belle G. Titworth, Mrs. A. B. Cottrell, Rev. W. C. Whitford.

The President, Prof. E. M. Tomlinson, called the meeting to order. Prayer was offered by Rev. J. B. Clarke.

Rev. W. C. Whitford was elected Secretary *pro tem*.

A letter from the Corresponding Secretary of Conference in regard to the program of the next annual session of the General Conference was presented.

Voted, That we approve the outline program suggested by the President and Corresponding Secretary of Conference.

Voted, That we suggest that the order of the arrangement of the sessions for the interests represented by the three Societies be in the order of the age of the Societies: Missionary, Tract, and Education.

Voted, That we make no suggestions in regard to the subjects and speakers for the afternoon devoted to Educational interests, but leave the program entirely to the Conference Committee.

Voted, That President E. M. Tomlinson, A. B. Kenyon and W. C. Whitford be a committee to prepare amendments for our Constitution, to bring into accord with our charter, and that this committee have their report inserted in the Annual Report.

The minutes were approved, and the meeting adjourned.

E. M. TOMLINSON, Pres.

W. C. WHITFORD, Sec. *pro tem*.

Children's Page.

TEDDY'S QUERY.

One brother was tall and slim,
The other chubby and short,—
Teddy sat looking at them one night,
Apparently lost in thought.
"Mamma," he asked, at length,
"Which would you like the best—
For me to grow north and south, like Tom,
Or like Willie, from east to west?"
—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

MARCUS' SERMON.

"There! That's what I call fun, solid fun; and we've had two hours of it, too. Come on, now; let's go home. I'm hungry."

"So am I, and tired, too. I just wish we hadn't three miles to walk for our dinners."
"Ho! That's just where you missed it. You ought to have brought your bike, like me."

"Yes, and had it stolen while I was out here. Not much, I don't."

"You would better believe mine won't be stolen. See there."

The boys looked where Lon pointed, and there was his wheel with Marcus, his big stag hound, standing by it on his hind legs, with his fore paws on the handle bar. The poor dog looked ready to drop from fatigue, but held his place stoutly until his master came up and spoke to him.

"You don't mean that you left Marcus guarding your wheel in that position all this long two hours!" said Hal in astonishment.

"Of course I do. What else is he good for I'd like to know!"

"Why, of course it was right for him to watch the wheel, but I'll be switched if I'd have left a dog in that uncomfortable position all this time. You ought to be licked for making him do it, and I'd like to be the one to lick you."

Lon looked ashamed for a moment, and then he bristled up, boy fashion, and pulling off his jacket he cried,—

"Come on then; let's see who'll do the lickin'."

"Sho! No. I'm not going to fight. I'd rather pat this old fellow. Good dog! You know how to obey orders, don't you Marcus? Gee! Wouldn't he make a soldier, though! I wonder how many of us mind what we are told to do as well as he does? But come on, boys. Dinner is waiting, and I, for one, am all ready for it. Say, Lon! George, Marcus and I will race you home, if you are on a wheel. Now! One, two, three, and away!"

and off went boys, dog and wheel, down the country road, leaving a big cloud of dust in their wake.

"Father," said Lon, a day or two later, can't I have a gun? Lots of the boys have them and they have great fun shooting birds and ducks and things."

"And what would you do with the birds and ducks and things after you had shot them?"

"Why, eat them of course, Father; they are mighty nice eating."

"Well, perhaps so; but I would rather buy my ducks at the market for a few years yet than to trust my twelve-year-old son with so dangerous a toy as a gun."

"Oh, father, lots of the boys have them."

Well, if other boys fathers choose to risk the lives of their sons and their playmates by putting guns into their hands it is their own lookout, but I cannot. No, my boy. Wait until you are seventeen, at least, before you

handle so dangerous a thing. And Lon," added Mr. Mackie, as he rose to leave the room, "I expressly forbid you to go with any boy who has a gun in his hands. It is very dangerous and foolhardy, and I will not have you risk your life in any such way. Remember, now. You are neither to handle a gun or pistol or to go with boys who have them." And he closed the front door behind him, leaving Lon in a very rebellious frame of mind.

"Father never lets me have anything," he muttered stormily.

"Hush, hush, Lon," replied his mother. "You know that is not true. Your father is very kind and indulgent to you in anything that is for your good, but you are far too young to be trusted with firearms. But come, it is schooltime, so hurry along or you will be late."

Time passed on, and Lon had nearly forgotten his desire for a gun in the multitude of other pleasures that crowded about him when one afternoon James Fisher, a boy somewhat older than himself, joined him on his way home from school, and, throwing his arm coaxingly over his shoulder said:

"Say, Lon, come around by Mace's repair shop with me. He's got a beauty of a gun in his window and I want you to see it. There! Isn't it a beaut? and only three dollars, too. I'm going to have that gun, you'd better believe; but my mother is scared to death if she see one, and I can't take it home. Let me keep it in your tool shop, will you?"

"But my father won't let me touch guns."

"Oh, you needn't touch it. Besides, it is not loaded, and won't be loaded while it is in your place, and that is what he is afraid of. He did not say that you should not have an unloaded gun round. You need not tell him that it is there, either, and then he won't worry."

Finally Lon allowed himself to be persuaded, and the gun was purchased and safely hidden in his little carpenter's bench, where James paid it daily visits.

At last, one bright summer day, the boys planned a trip to Hunt's Mills. They were to carry a lunch and spend the day there, rowing about the pond in punts, fishing, swimming, etc. At the last moment James appeared, carrying his rifle.

"Say, Jim," shouted Lon, "drop that gun. I'm along this trip, and I don't travel with guns."

"Not much, you don't," sneered James. "Who has been harboring a gun all summer, I'd like to know? Needn't set up for a goody-goody at this late day. Receiver is as bad as the thief, I'm told."

"Oh, come on, Lon," cried Hal. "Don't go off that way. We'll go by ourselves, you and I, ahead of the rest. Let Jim take his old gun if he wants to. We can keep out of range of it."

Finally Lon allowed himself to be persuaded, and started off with Hal. But deep down in his heart all day was the feeling that he ought not to be there, that his father would not approve, and would not think his excuses good ones.

After lunch Lon, James, Hal, and George got into a punt and rowed out into the pond. James had his gun with him and soon began to handle it in a way that alarmed the other boys.

"Say, Jim," called out Lon, "stop point-

ing that gun at me. It will go off the next thing you know."

"I'm not pointing it at you. I'm aiming at that sandpiper. See him? There he goes. There! There's a crow. I'll have a shot at him." And James wobbled his gun frantically about, trying to follow the motions of the crow, pulling the trigger as he did so.

In a moment there was a faint gasp from George, and with a cry of "Oh, you've killed me," he fell from his seat to the bottom of the boat.

Lon and Hal sprang to raise him, while James, too shocked and dazed to move, dropped his gun and stared open-mouthed.

"Shut your mouth, Jim," shouted Hal, "and row. Row for your life or you'll hang for murder." And then finding James too paralyzed with fright to move, pushed him down into the bottom of the boat, seized the oars himself and rowed with all his strength for the shore.

Hunt's Mills was three miles from the city, but Lon, after helping Hal to lift George from the boat, and lay him under a tree, mounted his wheel and fairly scorched for the nearest doctor. How he reached him or what he said to him he never could remember. The first thing he could afterwards recall was kneeling with Hal and the doctor over the almost lifeless form of poor George, while James lay face downward on the grass near by, shaking from head to foot. A small crowd of people had followed them out from the city, and soon George's father and his own were kneeling beside them.

"Yes, he is living," said the doctor, "and he may recover, but I cannot tell. We must get him to a hospital and extract the ball if possible. I fear it is dangerously near the lungs, but hope it has not penetrated them." And he at once made preparations to lift George into an ambulance which had just arrived, and the sad little procession started for home. As they came into the city, James, with dry, staring eyes and shaking limbs, pressed up to Lon.

"Let me go home with you," he begged. "I can't go to my own. My father will lick me to death for having a gun, and my mother will scold like fury; and I can't bear it now. I didn't mean to kill him; you know I didn't, and they ought not to hang me. Please let me go with you."

Lon's father glanced at James, and his heart was filled with pity for the boy. He knew Mr. Fisher to be a man of violent temper and very intemperate, and with small mercy for his children when angry with them; while his mother was a weak, nagging woman, whose whole thought was of herself and her ailments. He saw that James sorely needed help just then, and not punishment, and that he could look for no sympathy at home; so, without more words, he sent a message to Mr. Fisher, telling him where James had gone, and took him home, soothed and quieted him until tears came to his relief, and then sat silently by him until the poor boy, late at night fell into a restless sleep.

Many anxious days followed, while George lay in the hospital, hovering between life and death. James went home the next morning, but spent much of his waking time at the Mackie's. At last the reports from George were more favorable. Little by little he gained in health and strength, and one night Mr. Mackie brought home the glad news that

he was considered out of danger. Lon and James were lying on the grass on the lawn. At his words James sprang up and threw his hat into the air with a ringing shout, but Lon rolled over and lay with his head in the grass, his eyes full of tears.

Just then Marcus came up, wagging his tail, and poked his cold nose down into Lon's hidden face, licking off the tears. Lon put his arm round the dog's neck and drew him down beside him.

"I don't deserve to be your master, do I, old boy?" he muttered, as he gently pulled the dog's ears. "I don't begin to mind as well as my dog does."

"What's that?" said Mr. Mackie, seating himself on the step near by, and fanning himself with his straw hat, for the evening was a very warm one, "what has Marcus been doing now? If he has been into mischief I'll have him shot at once," he added jokingly, as he saw Lon's serious face.

"Oh, father, I'm the one to be shot, not Marcus," cried Lon, sitting up in the grass. "If I had minded you about the gun one half as well as Marcus minds me when I tell him to do anything, all this dreadful trouble needn't have happened." And then he told his father and James the story of the bicycle.

Mr. Mackie listened attentively, patting the dog's head all the while, and when Lon had finished he said,

"Well, boys, Marcus certainly is a hero. Good dog, Marcus! You are a perfect sermon on obedience—text, prologue, headings and summary—and I am not going to say a word to spoil it. There is the dinner bell. Want a bone, Marcus? Come on, boys, and let us see if there is a bone on the table for Marcus."—Advance.

IN VICTIS.

W. W. STORY.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life— The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife; Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame, But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart, Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part; Whose youth had no flower in its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away, From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone, With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus—its psalm for those who have won; While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet, Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of defeat, In the shadow, with those who are fallen, and wounded, and dying, and there Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brow, breathe a prayer, Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only the victory win, Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within; Who have held to their faith, unswayed by the prize the world holds on high; Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die."

Speak History! Who are Life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say, Are they those whom the world called the victors—who won the success of a day? The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans, who fell at Thermopylae's fray, Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate, or Christ?

Do it Now.

OUR GREATEST NATIONAL HIGHWAY.

The Indian trails were the threads which first bound the East and the West. Soon a large number of these threads were twisted, so to speak, into a few cords—hard, rough pioneer roadways which wound in and out among the great trees and morasses in the forest shades. Then came a few great, well-built (for their day) roadways which meant as much commercially and politically, in their age, as the steel hawsers which in our time have bound and welded a great people so closely together.

The greatest of those old-time highways was that wide avenue opened from Cumberland, Md., through Pennsylvania, the "Panhandle," and on across Ohio between 1806 and 1840. It is popularly known as the Old National Road; its legal name was the Cumberland Road. It was the logical result of Washington's cherished plan of binding the trans-Alleghany region firmly to the East. It was largely promoted by Albert Gallatin, who, in 1806, made a report as Secretary of the Treasury strongly urging such works of internal improvement. But its best friend and staunchest champion was Henry Clay; and beside it stands to-day a monument to his memory near the little hamlet which bears his name—Claysville, Pa.

This great road was born in the act of Congress of 1802 which enabled the State of Ohio to enter the Union. Section VII of that act decreed that the money received from the sale of one-twentieth of the public lands in Ohio should be applied to building roads from the navigable waters of Atlantic streams to and within the new State "under the authority of Congress." The matter was put in charge of the War Department, and soon commissioners appointed by the President of the United States were surveying a route for a national boulevard from East to West. The first government appropriation was dated 1806 and was thirty thousand dollars.

Words cannot describe the intense wave of enthusiasm which swept over the West when it was known that this mighty new power in Western life was actually to come into existence. Our government never carried out a more timely or popular measure. For it was as timely as it was popular; when the Revolutionary War was over a great stream of immigration poured into the West, but the Indian War of 1790-95 severely checked it. With the treaty of Greenville the great social movement again began, and the War of 1812, in turn, again interfered to postpone the genuine settlement of the Old Northwest. This national road was begun at Cumberland, Md., in 1811, and, even in the dark days of the war, was slowly pushed along over the Alleghenies by way of Uniontown, Pa., toward the Ohio River. When the war was over it was nearing its destination, and in 1818 was open for traffic to Wheeling, Va. (now West Virginia)—[The Chautauquan.

AT THE PARTING OF THE WAY.

In his first voyage across the Atlantic, Columbus, already far out to the west for which he was bound, saw a flight of birds and, believing that they would make for the nearest land, he determined to follow them. They whirled about and flew south-west. He changed the course of his vessels and pursued them and so he reached the West Indies. But for birds he would have landed in Florida,

and our country at this hour might have been under rule of the Spanish Crown and the Romish Church. Now the child's cry that made Ambrose a bishop, the birds' flight that saved America for us are not so important in their vast, far reaching issues as the decision which you make in the highest interests of your life when you stand at "the parting of the way."

The importance of this thought grows upon us when we remember that very often to choose the wrong road is so easy and so pleasant. It is "At the Parting of the Ways" that Lowell sees the two figures and hears the one say, "My name is Duty, turn and follow me," and the other, "I am called Pleasure, come with me." And only when he had gone far from Duty did his friend Pleasure pall and die and fall "a handful of gray ashes at my feet." Would it have been easy or hard for Joseph to yield in the house of Potiphar and fall into sin? Men fall into sin, but they climb into holiness. When Agrippa sneered, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," how easy and how natural and how pleasant it was for him to go on in his own path. Sin was very fair as she sat by his side, and Pleasure was very genial as she waited at the feast, and Honor was very sweet as she hailed him her favorite. The alarming discovery we make often too late! too late! is that when we chose the wrong road we chose that one which it was the easiest to choose. It needs an effort to find virtue, none to find vice; an effort to find the right, none to find the wrong; an effort to go to Canaan, none to stay in Egypt; an effort to follow Christ, none to remain where we are. So Jesus needed to say, "Agonize to enter in at the strait gate." "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, that leadeth unto life; and few there be that find it."—The Watchman.

A MIRACLE.

"I regard a miracle," said Uncle, "to be merely such an interference with the established course of things as infallibly shows us the presence and action of a supernatural power. What o'clock it is w' you sir, if you please?" "Half-past twelve, exactly," replied Smith. "Weel sir," said Uncle, "it's one o'clock w' me. I keep my watch a little forrit. But I may have a special reason noo for setting my watch by the railway, and so, ye see, I'm turning the hands o' t' around. Noo wad ye say that I've violated the laws o' a watch? True, I've done what watchdom could na hae done for itsef, but my action is only the interference o' a superior intelligence for a suitable end, but I hae violated nae law. Weel, then, instead o' the watch, say the universe; instead o' moving the hands, say God acted worthily o' himself, and we hae a' that I contend for in miracle—the unquestionable presence o' an Almighty hand working the divine will."

"When a man declares to me, 'I cannot believe in miracles,' I reply 'I can because I have witnessed them,'" writes Drummond. "When and where?" On a certain street in this city is a man, who was, a week ago, given over to every form of vice and brutality, and who is now a good citizen, an honest workman, a kind husband, a loving father, a pure, upright man. Surely that is such a miracle as makes me forever believe in the possibility of miracles.

Restful Nonsense Corner

"This is carrying things too far," said the man, as he followed his wife into the fifteenth department store.—Columbia Jester.

SPRIG BOEM.

Glad ab I that sprig has cub; Soon the liddle bees will hub. Ad the boids id the tree Will be sigig eogs to be. Sood the gampus will be green, Where the studees may be seen Wid their rain goats gust aside, Showing all their raiment fide. This sprig boem must now close So the boet may blow his dose. —Cornell Widow.

I shot an arrow into the air; It fell to earth I know not where, Till a neighbor came and raised a row Because I shot his Jersey cow. I breathed a song into the air; It fell to earth I know not where, Till Edison came and gave me the laugh— He had it in his phonograph. —Yale Record.

"SONGS WITHOUT WORDS."

ROBERT BURDETTE.

I cannot sing the old songs; Though well I know the tune, Familiar as a cradle-song With sleep-compelling croon; Yet though I'm filled with music As choirs of summer birds, "I cannot sing the old songs"— I do not know the words. I start on "Hail Columbia." And get to "heav'n-born band," And there I strike an up-grade With neither steam nor sand; "Star Spangled Banner" downs me Right in my wildest screaming, I start all right, but doubly come To voiceless wreck at "streaming."

So, when I sing the old songs Don't murmur or complain If "Ti, diddy ah da, tum dum," Should fill the sweetest strain. I love "Tolly um dum di do," And the "trilla-la yeep da" birds, But "I cannot sing the old songs"— I do not know the words.

DER OAK UND DER VINE.

CHARLES FALLEN ADAMS.

I don'd vas preaching voman's rights, Or anyding like dot, Und I likes to see all peoples, Shust condemnt mit dheir lot; But I vants to gondradict dot shap Dot made die leedle sh oke; "A voman vas der glinging vine, Und man, der shturdy oak."

Berhaps, sometimes, dot may be drue; Budt, den dimes outd off nine, I findt me outd dot man himself Vas peen der glinging vine; Und yen hees friends, dhey all vas gone, Und he vas shust "thead pruke," Dot's ven der voman shteps right in, Und peen der shturdy oak.

Shust go oup to der paseball groundts Und see dhose "shturdy oaks" All plantd roundt ubon der seats— Shust hear dheir laughs and shokes! Dhen see dhose vomens at der tubs, Mit glothes outd on der lines; Vhich vas der shturdy oaks, mine friends, Und vvhich der glinging vines?

Vhen sickness in der household comes, Und veeks and veeks he shtays, Who vas id fights him mitout reed, Dhose veary nights und days? Who beace and gonfort always prings, Und cools dot fet-red prow? More like id vas der tender vine Dot oak he glings to, now.

"Man vants budt leedle here below," Der boet von time said; Dhers' leedle dot man he don'd vant, I dink id means, inehed; Und ven der years keep rolling on, Dheir cares and dhroubles pring, He vants to pe der shturdy oak, Und, also, do der glinging.

Maype, vhen oaks dhey gling some more, Und don'd so shturdy peen, De glinging vines dhey haf some shance To help run Lila's machine. In helt and sickness, shoy and pain, In calm or shtormy redder, "T vas beddher dot dhose oaks und vines Should always gling toggedder."

THE BLESSED BURDEN.

REV. O. P. GIFFORD, D. D.

Glancing out of the window the other day, I saw an express wagon drive up and stop, the driver stepped down, walked to the back of his wagon, looked in to make sure the trunk was handy, turned, stepped toward the door to see the number, slipped in the snow, fell headlong and struck his hand hard against the stepping-stone; he rose to his feet rubbing his hand, looked at the stone, at the snow, and probably (man-like) blamed everything but the man who had slipped. After seeing the number he stepped back, shouldered the trunk (weighing one hundred and thirty-five pounds), and walked across the snow without slipping, minding his steps, looking down—he must be careful, with such a load on his back.

Blessed burden! it held him up by holding him down, compelling care for fear of consequences. Have you noticed that most men who slip are the men who bear light loads; who are careless because there is nothing to care for?

Crushing sacrifices the skin, but saves the wine. The burden of soil on the seed compels a struggle that comes out in a body. The weight of water on the turbine wheel is the condition of electric power.

John Spreull, of Glasgow, was imprisoned by Claverhouse because he defended religious liberty. His crest was a palm tree, with two weights hanging on each side of it from its fronds, and the motto, "Sub pondere creso"—I grow under a weight. This is true of all life. The weight of the soil on the buried seed, the weight of the air on the growing plant, are conditions of growth; when the weight is lifted the life escapes. Paul says, "Let us lay aside every weight," but if we should, every weight, the weight of the body, we should leave the track, leap like the flame toward the sun and disappear.

Art stood one day by a child's grave; the hand of love had set a basket of offerings on the grave and covered it with a tile to protect from the birds; the basket stood upon the root of an acanthus plant, the plant growing under pressure wove its life into a crown of beauty.

The burden of the basket laden with an offering, weighted with the tile, compelled the acanthus to struggle for expression; the struggle gave the world, through art, the capital of the Corinthian pillar, the most beautiful capital in the world. Blessed burden!

Simon, the Cyrenian, attained an earthly immortality by bearing the cross a few rods; lifting for a little the tree that lifted the Son of Man for the world's redemption.

Iron ore comes from the mine, but steel comes from the furnace of fire. The baptism of fire must be accepted if the soul is to be tempered to great enterprises.

"For Life is not as idle ore, But iron dug from central gloom, And heated hot with burning fears, And dipt in baths of hissing tears, And battered with the shocks of doom To shape and use."

The Son of Man was "made perfect through suffering." He bids the world take his burden and his yoke.

Look about you: the men who come to least in the world carry least; these who sit in slippred ease get no muscles thereby. The careless soul slips and bruises itself, the bur-

dened soul steps carefully, the burden is the angel that bears thee up lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. The boat that will not bear the burden of the oarsman, drifts; the soul that shuns burdens finds slips and bruises. Blessed be burdens!—The Watchman.

MARRIAGES.

CLAIR—COATS.—At the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Clarke, Nile, N. Y., March 26, 1904, by the Rev. Willard D. Burdick, William L. Clair and Hazel K. Coats, both of Wirt, N. Y.

RANDOLPH—GREENE.—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, Nile, N. Y., March 9, 1904, by the Rev. Willard D. Burdick, Birt J. Randolph, of Wirt, N. Y., and Cora B. Greene, of Cuba, N. Y.

VARS—SHERMAN.—At Niantic, R. I., April 7, 1904, by Rev. C. A. Burdick, Mr. John P. Vars and Mrs. Alberta S. Sherman, both of Niantic.

DEATHS.

CRANDALL.—In Albion, Wis., April 6, 1904, of pneumonia, Mr. William Crandall, aged 71 years and 2 months.

Mr. Crandall was the son of Their (or Theodore?) J. and Lucy Nye Crandall, and was born in Westerly, R. I., Feb. 6, 1833. Two brothers, Benedict and John Crandall, and one sister, Mrs. Abbie Langworthy, still live in Westerly, and one brother, George Crandall, and one sister, who married a Saunders, live in Wisconsin, with other relatives unknown to the writer. He came to Albion in 1865, and lived single until 1885, when he was married to Mrs. Abbie Prosser, who survives him. Funeral services were held at the house in Albion, on Friday, April 8, conducted by Dr. Piatts, of Milton. L. A. P.

DUNHAM.—In Dunellen, N. J., April 5, 1904, Mrs. Susan M. Dunham, wife of the late Deacon Henry V. Dunham, in the 70th year of her age.

She was baptized by Rev. Walter B. Gillette in 1849, and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church in New Market, N. J., where she maintained a consistent Christian life until called to her eternal home. L. E. L.

DUNN.—In New Market, N. J., April 8, 1904, Mrs. Joanna R. Dunn, aged 80 years.

In May, 1833, when eleven years old, she became the subject of saving grace under the ministrations of Rev. William B. Mason, and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church in New Market. After sixty-nine years of faithful Christian service, she has been invited to enter into the rest prepared for those that love Him. L. E. L.

HUFFMAN.—At her home in Gentry, Ark., Feb. 27, 1904, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Mabel Huffman. J. H. H.

LANPHERE.—In Westerly, R. I., March 30, '04, George Rogers Lanphere, in the 78th year of his age.

George Rogers Lanphere was the son of Hezekiah and Deborah Clarke Lanphere, and was born in the town of Wakefield, R. I., Feb. 14, 1827. He lived in South Kingstown until he was seventeen years old, when he went to Potter Hill to work in "the mill." In 1845 he went to Rockville as overseer in a mill at that place. Jan. 15, 1848, he was married to Lucy Emily Burdick, of Rockville. In 1849 Mr. Lanphere removed to Hope Valley, entering the machine shop at that place, where he remained for eight years. In 1859, he began work for the C. B. Cottrell and Sons Company, continuing there until quite recently. Mr. and Mrs. Lanphere celebrated their golden wedding in 1898—Mrs. Lanphere having since died. Three children had been born to them, but they are survived by but one, Geo. H. Lanphere, of Westerly. Mr. Lanphere was of kind disposition, an exemplary Christian, and for many years a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Rockville, in which connection he died. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. C. A. Burdick and Dr. O. U. Whitford, at the residence of his son, Friday, April 1, and interment at Rockville the following day. C. A. B.

SMALLEY.—In Dunellen, N. J., March 10, 1904, at the home of his son, Golden Smalley, William Henry Smalley, in the 68th year of his age.

The deceased was a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church in New Market, N. J. L. E. L.

VANHORN.—Lena E. VanHorn was born at East Beaver, Kansas, Oct. 22, 1822, and died at her home in Gentry, Arkansas, Feb. 17, 1904. J. H. H.

Sabbath School.

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1904.

Table with 3 columns: Date, Lesson Title, and Reference. Includes lessons for April 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, May 7, 14, 21, 28, June 4, 11, 18, 25.

LESSON V.—PRAYER AND PROMISE.

LESSON TEXT.—Luke 11: 1-18.

For Sabbath-day, April 30, 1904.

Golden Text.—Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find.—Luke 11: 9.

INTRODUCTION.

The Seventy did not return to Jesus all at once, and it is probable that the two kept returning and going forth again several times. Luke preserves for us a reference to the delight that they expressed in their work, and our Lord's teachings in response to their words.

The beautiful parable of the Good Samaritan has its place also between last week's lesson and this. By this parable Jesus taught that we owe a debt of loving kindness to every one who is in need.

The reference to the visit of Jesus at the home of Mary and Martha teaches that personal allegiance and steadfast devotion to Jesus as our Master is the central feature of our service to him. This is to be expressed to be sure by outward acts, but these are not of the chief importance.

In the first paragraph of our lesson for this week we have in an abbreviated form the prayer which in Matthew's Gospel we find recorded in the midst of the Sermon on the Mount. There has been much discussion as to which Evangelist has recorded it out of its natural order. It is however more than probable that it finds its proper place in both connections, and that Jesus taught twice in nearly the same words. Now that the disciples ask for a form of prayer Jesus recalls what he had spoken more than a year before.

King James' version following the Received Text with poor manuscript authority gives phrases which are omitted in the revised versions. Some scribe in copying this portion of Luke's Gospel inserted from memory what seemed to him omitted portions of the prayer.

The latter portion of our lesson has several verses in common with Matthew's report of the Sermon on the Mount.

TIME.—Some time after the feast of tabernacles in the year 29; perhaps in November.

PLACE.—Perea.

PERSONS.—Jesus and his disciples.

OUTLINE:

- 1. The Lord's Prayer. v. 1-4.
2. The Parable of the Friend at Midnight. v. 5-8.
3. The Promises to Him Who Asks. v. 9-13.

NOTES.

1. Lord, teach us to pray. This request is evidently for a form of prayer. It is said that the Jewish rabbis were accustomed to give their pupils forms of prayer. As John also taught his disciples. We have no record of this. It is very likely that the disciple who made this request was not one of the Twelve.

2. Father. The longer form, "Our Father who art in heaven," is copied from Matthew's account. Some of the prophets of the Old Testament had the conception of God as the Father of the nation of Israel. It remained for Jesus to teach that God is the Father of each individual who trusts in him. Hallowed be thy name. That is, let it be venerated and regarded as holy. Thy kingdom come. That is, may thy dominion be established. We are to pray that God's power may be triumphant over the forces of darkness and evil, and that his way may extend to the end of the earth. "Thy will be done," etc. In King James' version is another addition from Matthew's account.

3. Give us day by day our daily bread. Passing now

from general petitions for the triumph of God's kingdom, we come to petitions for personal needs. The Greek word translated "daily" is found nowhere else in the New Testament except in the parallel passage of Matthew, and nowhere in all classical Greek literature known to us. It is probably to be understood as referring to the coming day.

4. And forgive us our sins. The need for spiritual renewal is just as real as the need for daily bread. For we ourselves also forgive, etc. This is not an argument to show that the suppliant has earned forgiveness by reason of the forgiveness that he has given to his fellowmen. He shows rather that he is in a condition to receive forgiveness because he has himself a forgiving spirit. It is a matter of no great concern whether our Saviour used the word "debts," as we find in Matthew's Gospel or "trespasses" as in the prayer book (compare Matt. 6: 14, 15) or "sins" as we find in this verse. If he used the word "debts" it was evidently as a figure for sins. And bring us not into temptation. Since God rules by his providence over all the affairs of men, it is proper for us to make our petition that we be spared from the trying circumstances. This spirit of distrust of our own ability to stand temptation is not inconsistent with the admonition of James to count it all joy when we fall into temptation; for he is thinking of the blessed results for the one who endures. We should not be worried by the suggestion that God may bring us into temptation, for it is only as all the circumstances and situations of life are under the control of God that he may be said in any sense to bring us into temptation. On the other hand James expressly says that God cannot tempt any man. James 1: 13. "But deliver us from evil" is another clause inserted from Matthew's account.

5. By the Parable of a Friend at Midnight our Saviour teaches that prayer is sure to bring its reward. At Midnight. A very unopportune time to make a request. Lend me three loaves. This is not the verb meaning to lend on interest as a business transaction, but to lend as a friendly act.

6. For a friend of mine has come to me from a journey. It was customary then, and is still in that country, for people to travel in the night in order to avoid the heat of the day. And I have nothing to set before him. This was a very serious matter. To fail in a matter of hospitality was considered a disgrace. This fact explains why the man would go out at midnight to borrow bread.

7. Trouble me not, etc. The reply that was to be expected for such a request at such a time. Your petition is inappropriate; I would not only greatly inconvenience myself, but also disturb my children in order to grant it. It is a practical impossibility for me to do anything for you before morning.

8. Because of his importunity. Literally, shamelessness. He would not give for friendship's sake, but constrained by the shameless importunity of the one who came for bread he at last yielded. As many as he needeth. It was the trouble that he minded. Now that he has risen he gives as much as the other desires.

9. And I say unto you, etc. Our Saviour draws a general conclusion from the parable. Compare Matt. 7: 7-11. Ask, and it shall be given you. If a man will give from such motives, how much more will our heavenly Father grant our requests since he really delights to give? There is every incentive for us to continue asking, and to ask with earnestness. Our Saviour's blessed promises are to be sure general statements, and it is easy for us to find what seems to be exceptions to the rule. Sometimes a man may ask in words for that which he does not really want, then it is no wonder that he does not get it. Or it may happen that we don't really know what we want, and get what we want rather than specifically what we asked for. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, prayed that her wayward son might not go to Rome, for she feared that he would yield to the sinful allurements of that wicked city. He went to Rome and was, through the teaching of Ambrose, brought to conversion.

10. For every one that asketh receiveth, etc. An emphatic repetition of the thought of v. 9. This is true of the bad things as well as of the good.

11. And of which of you that is a father, etc. Our Lord now uses another illustration to show how reasonable that it is to expect that our Father in heaven will grant our request. The natural affection which a father has for his son will prompt him to give the good thing which the boy asks for. It would be a very unnatural father indeed who would make a mockery of the boy's request by handing him, instead of the nourishing loaf of bread, a stone which might have indeed a certain outward resemblance to the loaf, but is utterly worthless. A fish—a serpent. These also might have a

certain resemblance; but what father would so cruelly treat his son as to give him instead of the good thing that he asked for that which is not only valueless but harmful?

12. Egg—scorpion. It is said that a scorpion lying asleep with its legs curled up looks not very unlike an egg.

13. If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts, etc. The conclusion is obvious. In the case of men with an inclination to evil there might be some doubt as to whether they would also grant the requests of their children; but in practice we see that they usually give to their children the good things and not the evil. Since then there is no evil inclination in God, how much more shall we be confident that he will answer our requests? The Holy Spirit. In the parallel passage in Matthew we have "good things." An earthly father will supply the temporal necessities of his children, and so will our heavenly Father. But the heavenly Father will go yet further and bestow the presence and power of the Holy Spirit upon those who really desire this blessing. The fact that he gives the physical blessings so freely is presumptive argument that he will give also the spiritual blessings.

THE LARGER PRAYER.

EDNAH DOW CHENEY.

At first I prayed for Light;
Could I but see the way,
How gladly, swiftly would I walk
To everlasting day!

And next I prayed for Strength;
That I might tread the road
With firm, unflinching feet, and win
The heaven's serene abode.

And then I asked for Faith;
Could I but trust my God,
I'd live enfolded in his peace,
Though foes were all abroad.

But now I pray for Love;
Deep love to God and man,
A living love that will not fail,
However dark his plan.

And Light and Strength and Faith
Are opening every where! —
God only wait'd for me till
I prayed the larger prayer.

TEXAS LOCAL-OPTION SUSTAINED.

The Supreme Court of the United States has all but invariably upheld every law for the regulation or suppression of the liquor traffic which has been tested before it. The only exception has been with the statutes enacted to prevent the importation of liquor into prohibition territory from other states. In this case the rights of interstate commerce are so delicate that it is hard to attain the object desired without infringing them. But it is expected that the pending Heppburn-Doliver bill now before Congress will meet this situation and prove acceptable to the Federal judiciary. But apart from this one point, practically all imaginary forms of legislation for restricting the liquor business have now been distinctly approved by the court of final national resort. The Texas local-option law is the latest to stand the test; in a recent decision the court reaffirms its old doctrine that the power of a state over the traffic in intoxicants is absolute and runs to the point of extinction if the state wills it. It is now firmly established as the infrangible rule of law in this country that the business of selling liquor is without any vested legal right whatever and exists simply by sufferance, which the people may withdraw whenever they like. This Texas decision will go far to support by precedent the bill of the Ohio Anti-Saloon League for option in residence districts. This measure passed the Ohio House by the remarkable vote of 72 to 31, and obtained a favorable prestige in the Senate when an advantageous reference to committee was secured for it by a majority of 2. The Interior.

IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH



TONICS OF SOCIETY.

CLARA COLTON.

It is a common fault not to make room enough for the individuality of others. If others' ways are not our ways, we are often too ready to call them peculiar. Many stand so in awe of public opinion that they would rather sacrifice their own convictions and convenience to conventional ideas than to brave the adverse criticism of the world and run the risk of being called eccentric.

Individuality is all that keeps mankind from sinking down to a Dead Sea level of insipid sameness. A world without people of strongly marked traits, "peculiarities," if you please, would be unutterably tame and stupid. And yet how easily words of criticism fall from the tongue regarding those whose conduct deviates from that of the generally approved type of humanity. They should rather be considered as valuable tonics of society exerting a wholesome and stimulating effect.

There are the candid people who pride themselves on never putting a sugar-coating on truth. They seldom bestow praise and often express unfavorable comments. They seem to do this unconsciously of anything except duty performed. People should be given a correct estimate of themselves, they say. These lovers of the whole truth and nothing but the truth at all times and places do not have a soothing effect, it is true; neither does a mustard plaster, but it has its providential uses. We are often too ready to throw a veil of excuses over actual sins. We try to make pleasant traits of friends offset actual remissness. "He's a good fellow, but," etc.; "He might be worse," etc., are often heard in palliation of sins. This is weakness; and the world needs the bitter but invigorating medicine which outspoken people furnish. They are a valuable corrective for the well meaning flattery which is too commonly given and received.

On the other hand, taffy is needed to counter-balance the bitter tonic of the candid people. There is a place in the world for golden gossips to pass on the good things they hear; the bits of encouragement and good cheer. Some one says we want less epitaphy and more taffy to sweeten the acids of human nature.

Inertia is undoubtedly a quality of mind as well as of matter. This tendency is counteracted by a part of the human race who seem to have been created for the only purpose of keeping their fellow-creatures stirred up to duty. They are the very essence of exactness and promptness, and expect others to be the same.

They not only do their own share of work conscientiously, but are vigorous in bringing others up to the mark. They make excellent reformers and chairman of committees, and yet we often wish they would let us take things more easily, when we should be grateful to them for serving as electric batteries to rouse us from the lethargy of inactivity.

Another tonic-like influence is that excited by those people in every community who are always on the other side of every question. It is true they seldom bring others round to their way of thinking, but they do, though in a small minority, lead the majority to more careful investigation and broader views. We learn from their influence to look at a subject in all its aspects before deciding upon it, and to analyze our reasons for believing or rejecting a theory or plan.

Then there are the cautious, conservative people who throw a wet blanket over the enthusiastic zeal of others by suggesting difficulties in the way and discovering clouds on the other side of every silver lining. They are often very patience-trying, but it is better to consider them as a useful opiate to quiet and steady the nerves of those who might otherwise go too far in their exuberance of enthusiasm in favor of or against things and theories.

Let us then not be too ready to call people "odd," or "peculiar," or "disagreeable." If there were no higher motive, the fact that the friction produced by contact with the sharp corners of such characters makes our own more symmetrical is sufficient reason why we should be thankful for so-called peculiar people who serve the purpose in society that salt does in soup. Let us remember that the most conventional of us to-day even when we carry our umbrellas are doing what was first done by some forefather who was at first dubbed eccentric and laughed at by that dictatorial dame, "Public Opinion."

Eccentricity is not originality any more than originality is eccentricity. Eccentricity is merely differing from others and may arise from affectation, perverseness, love of notoriety, or it may be only the natural and inevitable outcome of an abnormal mental equipment.

Originality is a course of conduct which differs from that ordinarily pursued, but at the same time is always conformed to the permanent principles of taste and benevolence. Original minds work for and toward truth, but by new and unthought-of avenues.

It is easy to call a man a "crank" or a "visionary schemer given to wild goose chasing;" but the facts remain that it is the cranks in the world of ideas as well as in the realm of iron that make things move, and make them move onward in an ascending plane.

Every man who has ever started any new enterprise has received the valuable advice, "That is an impracticable plan." But once the ship is successfully launched, lo and behold! the former advisers of the "visionary," "impracticable," "cranky," "scheming" man are all eager to get on board his craft and sail with him to the shores of prosperity.

We need more individuality to keep the world's wagon of thought out of the rut of conventionality. Let us be true to the courage of our convictions, in our actions and opinions, and broadly generous and charitable in our estimate of the views and deeds of others.—The Christian Work and Evangelist.

Do it Now.

Special Notices.

QUARTERLY MEETING.—The next Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin and Chicago churches will be held with the church at Milton, beginning on Sixth-day, April 29, and continuing through the following Sabbath and Sunday.

The entire program has been made with a view to a general discussion of the subject of the Bible, with assignments as follows:

- 1. Sixth-day P. M.—What is the Bible? Rev. R. a. Some account of the books of the Bible, Rev. R. B. Tolbert.
b. Inspiration of the Bible, Rev. M. G. Stillman.
2. Sabbath Eve.—Prayer-meeting.
Topic—Why do I love the Bible? Rev. O. S. Mills.
3. Sabbath, 10 A. M.—Sabbath-school.
Lesson—Prayer and Promise. Luke 11: 1-13.
Leader, Superintendent of Milton Sabbath-school.
4. Sabbath, 11 A. M.—Sermon, Rev. G. J. Crandall.
The Bible for an age of Indifference and Irreligion.
5. Sabbath, 3 P. M.—Sermon, Rev. W. D. Wilcox.
The Bible God's voice to man concerning man.
6. 4.15 P. M.—Young People's Prayer-meeting.
Topic—Answered Prayers. Acts 4: 23-31. Leader, Miss Ethelyn W. C. Daland, D. D.
7. First-day, 10.30 A. M.—Sermon, President W. C. Daland, D. D.
Topic—The Bible as Literature.
8. First-day, 2.30 P. M.—Young People's Program:
First. Methods of Bible Study.
a. By Topics, Books, in Courses, etc., J. L. Skaggs.
b. Spirit of Study—Reverently, Inquiringly, in Faith etc., Miss Jennie Rose.
Second. The Influence of Bible Study upon Personal Character. Mrs. Carl Sheldon.
This program will be followed by a general consecration service, led by B. F. Johans n.
The assignments for these last topics have not yet come to hand, but they will be made in due time. The general topic is one of great interest to all our people, and we prayerfully and confidently look for a profitable session. L. A. PLATTS.

The Treasurer of the General Conference would like to call the special attention of the churches to Pages 59 and 60 of the Minutes recently published. Address:

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD, Alfred, N. Y.

SEVENTH-DAY Baptists in Syracuse, N. Y., hold Sabbath afternoon services at 2.30 o'clock, in the hall on the second floor of the Lynch building, No. 120 South Salina street. All are cordially invited.

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

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

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

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between State street and Washash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. W. D. WILCOX, Pastor, 516 W. Monroe St.

THE Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist church, Washington Square South and Thompson Street. The Sabbath-school meets at 10.45 A. M. Preaching service at 11.30 A. M. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. ELI FORSYTHE LOOFBORO, Pastor, 321 W. 28th Street.

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One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund.

Alfred University was founded in 1836, and from the beginning its constant and earnest aim has been to place within the reach of the deserving, educational advantages of the highest type, and in every part of the country, there may be found many whom it has materially assisted to go out into the world to broader lives of useful and honored citizenship. That it may be of still greater service in opening a way to those seeking a college education, it is provided that for every one thousand dollars subscribed and paid into the Centennial Fund, from any town in Allegany or Steuben counties, N. Y., or any county in any state or territory, free tuition be granted to one student each year for the Freshman year of the College course. Your attention is directed to the fact that any money which you may subscribe, will in conjunction with that subscribed by others in your town or county, become a part of a fund which will forever be available in the way of assisting some one in your own vicinity. Every friend of Higher Education and of Alfred University is urged to send a contribution to the Treasurer, whether it be large or small.

Proposed Centennial Fund. \$100,000 00
Amount needed, June 1, 1903. \$96,564 00
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HOW TO MEASURE SERMONS.

The late Dr. Parker once said: "It is a popular error to mistake that length is the only dimension of a sermon."

A man said to a minister: "Your sermons are too short." Said the minister: "If you will practice all I preach you will find them quite long enough."

A sentence may be a sermon. You may measure sermons as you measure stars; not by their apparent bigness or littleness, but by the light they send through space. If a sermon reaches high enough, and penetrates keenly enough, it does not much matter about its length.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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VOLUME 60. No. 17.

APRIL 25, 1904.

WHOLE No. 3087.

WAITING.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave do more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

OPINIONS and theories come and go.

Our knowledge of truth and goodness are error increases or decreases according to circumstances. Religious and political creeds change in form from time to time. But it has been well said, "The curse of sin and the bliss of righteousness remain as real as they ever were." Because men's opinions concerning rewards and punishments and the symbolism which finds expression in creeds, are subject to change, every theory concerning life should be tested by fundamental realities, and not by the conceptions or expressions of any one generation or time. Men are slow to comprehend that the fundamental truths expressed in the Decalogue and the teachings of Christ are permanent factors in the make-up of the world. The laws which govern matter, and the fundamental principles that appear in Nature, are not less universal, imperative and everlasting than are the corresponding laws in the moral universe and in spiritual things. These fundamental moral truths are a part of the great world-order. They are the really significant part which gives character to all the rest, and destiny to all men. Scientific truth, whether in material or spiritual things, in the last analysis, is knowledge of what God has ordained and inwrought in the universe. Permanent principles and laws exist in the moral and spiritual world with the same absolute-ness as in the material world. There is nothing haphazard in either, however much our imperfect knowledge may fail to comprehend how these laws operate and what their

final results must be. There is neither chance nor luck nor uncertainty in the operation of the great fundamental thoughts of God. Every law, whether in the material world, the realm of intellect, or of spiritual experience, is a thought of God, and like God, is imperative, universal and unending.

It is announced that President Remsen, of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, has made the discovery that few students in that institution are familiar with the Bible. In discussing "the woeful lack of good English in schools," President Remsen lately declared that one great cause for this lack of good English is the general neglect of the reading of the Bible in homes and in colleges, and that this neglect is "a grave menace to the development of true literary style." These statements by President Remsen created so much interest that he decided to make a test, which would bring out the facts in the case. An article was chosen which contained two Biblical references, one to the Ethiopian changing his skin, and the other to the shadow moving backward on the dial. This article was read before a class in the University, and its members were asked to tell where the quotations were from, and to say whether their use in the article read was justified by their meaning and the connection in which they were originally used. The result of this is told in the words of President Remsen, published by the New York Tribune of April 12, as follows: "I read every one of those eighty papers, and the writers had evidently struggled with those questions in a wonderful way. Some few knew, in a general way, that the quotation about the Ethiopian was from the Bible, but that was all. Several connected it vaguely with a leopard changing his spots. Some hazarded a well known book of natural history concerning the spotted leopard. Others evidently connected it with jungle tales, and gave Kipling as the source. Only one man out of the eighty knew exactly the allusion and where it came from. I felt a keen interest in that young man, and when his card was brought to me a few days later I went gladly to welcome him. His errand was wholly foreign to the Biblical quotation, but as he was leaving me, I remarked, 'You are a close reader of the Bible.' 'Yes,' he responded in some surprise, 'I do read the Bible closely. I hope to study for the ministry.'" This incident, coupled with similar facts, is its own criticism upon prevalent tendencies and weak points of popular education. Deeper than all this, however, is the truth that

such ignorance concerning the Bible, results in a corresponding and serious lack of those moral and religious influences which are essential to true manhood, and which, throughout the history of the world, have centered in the Scriptures. It is not only a knowledge of good English that is lost: certain fundamental principles of noble manly character are lacking when men are ignorant of the Bible.

The Case Of Senator Burton.

The fact that United States Senator Burton, from Kansas, after a fair trial, has been convicted of bribery, as shown by the late investigations in the Post Office Department, and that he has been sentenced by fine and imprisonment, is a matter for both shame and satisfaction. That a man holding such a position should be thus criminal is cause for shame. That his wrong-doing has been thoroughly sifted by competent courts and that he suffers punishment as any other man would, is cause for satisfaction. In his case we have a clear example of the reactionary power of evil doing against itself: but when our government and courts of justice are strong enough to secure such conviction and punishment there is increasing ground for confidence in the strength and permanency of our institutions. Evil does not flee from God, and justice does not always sleep. Burton had his price, but he could not purchase the U. S. District Court of Mo. In passing sentence on Burton, Judge Adams said: "Your conviction necessarily results in your punishment. Its importance, in my opinion, is not confined to its effect upon you. Your exalted station in life and the character of your offense give unusual significance to your conviction. It demonstrates that the law of the land is equal to any emergency, and that it can be administered regardless of the personality and station of the accused. It also demonstrates to all the people that public office cannot be prostituted to self-serving purposes, and that public office is not a sure or safe passport to private thrift. The humiliation attending your conviction and the statutory disqualifications resulting therefrom, which forever incapacitate you from holding any office of honor, trust, or profit under the government of the United States, are in themselves heavy punishment for your offenses, and leave but little in the way of severity which could be added." The case has been appealed, but whatever the final result may be, much is already gained for honesty and righteousness.

The Sabbath Recorder.

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SPRING TERM OPENS MARCH 15, 1904.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue to Theo. L. Gardiner, President, SALEM, WEST VIRGINIA.