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LIFE'S TAVERN.

In this old Tavern there are rooms so dear That I would linger here. I love these corners and familiar nooks Where I have sat with people and with books. The very imperfections and the scars About the walls and ceiling and the floor, The sagging of the windows and the door, The dinginess that mars The hearth and chimney, and the wood laid bare There on the old black chair The dear dilapidation of the place Smiles in my face. And I am loth to go. Here from the window is a glimpse of sea, Enough for me; And every evening, through the window bars, Peep in the friendly stars. And yet I know That some day I must go and close the door, And see the House no more. —April Atlantic.

CERTAIN thoughts concerning unconscious influence have been of greatest value to the writer. It means much to anyone when he realizes that the largest part of the influence men exert, goes forth unconsciously. On the other hand, those who seek to measure their influence, day by day, and labor to find immediate results as to what their influence is accomplishing, are likely to be disheartened. So little can be measured, even if the amount of influence sent forth could be known, that it is a hopeless task when a man tries to tell exactly what his life amounts to. That silent, subtle radiation of one's personality which goes forth, as odors rise from the flowers, is a better illustration of actual influence, than words or actions are. As the breath of flowers is made up of atoms of matter too slight to be measured or discovered, so the unconscious influence of that which may seem to be a trifle, may be great. Influence is the silent effect of thoughts, quite as much, and often more, than the effect of words and actions. It has something in common with magnetism and electricity, greatest of forces, but unmeasured, imponderable, and known only by their results. The fact that men live, and mingle with others, insures an amount of influence little understood, and never measured. Mental and spiritual life are constantly radiating, like the rays of the sun, and these determine the permanent influence of men. Something for good or ill, something which makes for pleasure or pain, which makes for righteousness or unrighteousness goes out of every life and into the lives of those around, every day. From those who are first touched by the influence going out from a given life, the radiation continues until that life from which the radiation first begins touches thousands, and passes from generation to generation. The most helpful lives are more than an influence;

they are an inspiring power. They breathe themselves into other lives with such forcefulness and definiteness that men are moved to attempt and helped to attain best things. Since this radiation of influence goes on constantly, and since it is not governed by our choice, but by ourselves, most important lessons of life are taught in connection with this theme. It is a solemn and overwhelming fact that we are always lifting up, or pulling down the souls whom we touch. Not less overwhelming is the consciousness that we must continue to touch other lives, whether we will or not. When this truth is fully understood we realize that a man cannot do himself wrong by harboring an evil thought or an unworthy purpose, without doing a similar wrong to all others. It is comforting, on the other hand, to know that one cannot give place to a noble thought, a holy purpose or a right desire, without helping other lives. Every child of God ought to be thankful that, while evil influences go forth, the same great law conspires to extend and foster those good and helpful influences which, coming first from the Spirit of God, pass through the lives of the children of God, into the world, carrying blessing and benediction, through unconscious influence.

A CORRESPONDENT from Milton Junction, Wis., April 20, writes as follows: "It is said that the Sabbath was changed by an edict of Pope Silvester early in the fourth century. There were other Popes named Silvester; can you refer me to the authority for this statement and tell me which one of the Popes issued the said edict? Please do not neglect it. Fraternally yours, R. C. Bond." First of all, there is no ground for such statement, and the cause of truth and the securing of accurate knowledge are not aided when such statements are made. So far as the Popes are concerned, these are the facts. The Bishop of Rome, known as Silvester I. was recognized as Pope Jan. 31, 314 A. D., and continued in the office until Dec. 31, 335 A. D., about 22 years. No other Pope by the name of Silvester appears until 999 A. D., when Gerbert became Pope under the title of Silvester II. and continued until 1003. He was much the ablest of the Popes bearing that name, being both scholarly and manly, for that time. In June, 1004, Pope Boniface IX. was expelled from Rome, and John Bishop of Sabina was elected Pope, taking the name of Silvester III. Within three months Boniface returned and expelled Silvester, and later, December, 1006, he was deposed from

the priesthood and died a prisoner in a monastery. He is known as Anti-Pope. Neither the general history of these men and their doings, nor the specific history of the Sabbath question contain any record justifying the statement that either Silvester I. or those bearing that name at a later time, made any edict concerning the Sabbath or the Sunday. At the time of Silvester I., in the fourth century, the papal system was not fully developed, nor had the Pope sufficient power to have passed such an edict. Had such a law been made it would have proceeded from the Emperor, directly. It is true that Sunday legislation had a definite beginning during the time of Silvester I. As our readers are well aware, the first Sunday law was by Constantine the Great, enacted in 321 A. D. But this law said nothing concerning the Sabbath, and there was no theory concerning the change of the Sabbath at that time. The theory which ante-dated the full development of the Roman Catholic Church, and which was held down to the time of the Reformation, sought to exclude the Sabbath, and to introduce Sunday, together with its associate festivals, on an independent basis. This definite beginning of Sunday legislation in 321 A. D., is the only historic fact which can give any color to the statement referred to by our correspondent. That statement has its counterpart in numerous similar inaccurate statements concerning almost every feature of Christian history in those earlier times. An example lies upon our desk at this moment. Under date of March 27, a correspondent, asking certain questions concerning the Sabbath, speaking of Justin Martyr, says: "Justin said, according to the charge of Trypho the Jew, No, our Sabbath is now the first day for our Lord [so] taught his disciples. It is our Sabbath, and the martyrs and the apostles have brought the command to us from the Christ himself, and we keep that day." The fact is that Justin never said any such thing. We are glad to answer this question from Brother Bond, and trust that neither he nor others of our readers will be troubled by any such statements as that which he refers to, concerning Silvester.

WITH the coming of spring weather and the opening of the baseball season, agitation concerning the playing of baseball on Sunday has been renewed, especially in and about the city of New York. While baseball playing on Sunday is common in most places, where it pays, various phases of the question have

Sunday Observance.

been renewed, especially in and about the city of New York. While baseball playing on Sunday is common in most places, where it pays, various phases of the question have

complicated the situation in New York, for the last few years. Some arrests were made on April 17, and trials will be secured in the courts, touching decisions which have been made by the Police Commissioner of Greater New York, and bearing upon the policy adopted by the local government. Meanwhile a "Congress on Sunday Rest" has been called to meet at St. Louis, Oct. 11-14, in which several societies, American and Canadian, "which labor to promote the observance of Sunday as a weekly rest-day" are united. Each year gives added evidence that the Sunday question, in one form or another, has come to stay, and that its solution forms one of the difficult but growing problems of this time. On April 17, Rev. Dr. Hubbell, of the New York Sabbath Committee, preaching in the city of New York, declared that west of the Rocky Mountains ninety per cent. of the railroad men now work seven days in the week, and that the department stores in the city of New York compel their employees to work on Sunday. He also announced that on his way to church he had seen gangs of workmen going into the sub-way for labor, and men going off to play golf, and that the universal tendency, in New York and elsewhere, is to destroy Sunday, both from the religious standpoint, and as a day of rest. The New York Tribune of April 26 contains a trenchant editorial on honesty in the matter of Sunday. It will be found on another page, and will repay you for a careful reading.

THE death of Professor Smyth recalls several interesting facts concerning the history of religious thought in New England, and concerning him. He was born in Brunswick, Maine, in 1829. His father, William Smyth, was Professor of Mathematics in Bowdoin College, a man of great moral earnestness, and a leader in the anti-slavery struggle. Egbert was the oldest of eight children, and brother to Dr. Newman Smyth, the distinguished pastor of New Haven. Professor Smyth was a man of large mental grasp, systematic as to work, able and lucid as to arrangement and statement of thought. His main work was in the line of church history, for which he was pre-eminently fitted both as a historian and as a theologian; for it must go without saying that no man can interpret the history of Christianity who is not familiar with the history of theological thought and keenly alive to those theological issues which constantly appear in the history of the church. Professor Smyth's work touching the ante-Nicene period of church history was especially rich. He was not only a scholar, but a man of affairs and deeply interested in the important movements of his time. One has said of him: "To those who knew him well Professor Smyth seemed greater than anything he did. He was a very able, interesting and lovable man." The legacy which such men leave to the world of thought and of character is rich beyond measurement, and helpful in all things.

HE who stands with the minority for any question of right or truth, stands with the heroes of earth. Every great good, social, political or religious, has been secured through the influence and labors of the minority. Much of

their work is unappreciated; and when they have gained best results, they are not always recognized by those who enjoy them. Usually, however, long after the heroes who make up the minority at first, have gone to their reward, men honor their ashes. A great truth of history is embodied in the saying that in the earlier centuries of Christianity, "the ashes of the martyrs were the seed of the church." From the highlands near Stirling, Scotland, the writer once looked upon the distant shore where heroic martyrs, tied to the stake at low tide, were strangled by the rising tide rather than renounce Christ. That one feature of the picture remains more prominent in the memory of that morning, than everything else connected with Stirling Tower and its history. The minority of to-day, standing with God, will change to the majority, sometime. When that time may be, matters little. The majority of to-day, which is not in accord with God and righteousness, will not exist to-morrow even as a minority. It will finally be ground to powder by the mill stone of divine justice which works for the minority at first, and destroys the disobedient majority at last. One with God is a majority. God's arithmetic is not like the arithmetic of man. His definitions of majority and minority are not the definitions found in human lexicons. The Christian should seek his definitions from God's lexicon.

A NEW and interesting question in international law has arisen with the advent of wireless telegraphy. Russia has announced her purpose to treat those as spies who transmit information concerning military operations, by wireless telegraphy. The world is inclined to smile at her assumptions, since the right of each man to the free atmosphere of God, rises above international law and national boundaries. We seize upon this incident to indicate a still larger field of thought. The history of the world, notably the history of its spiritual life as detailed in the Bible, is the common property of all men, and out of it, as a great store-house, every man may gain that which is of greatest value in determining action and guiding destiny. Great examples, wise sayings, the history of noble lives, are the common property of the race. They link the present with the past and furnish helpful aspirations as men look toward the future. To study the history of the past wisely, one needs to realize that what has been recorded, especially in the Divine Word, has been left for the common good of the world. Other men have labored, have passed through temptations, have been subject to sorrow, disappointment and persecution, not more for their own sakes, than for the sake of those who come after them. We sometimes wonder that the Bible is so small a book, and yet contains so much which represents universal experience and touches all phases of human life. The Bible is winnowed history. The pure grain is separated from the chaff, that men may feed upon it. In it we see what men have accomplished in spiritual things, and learn how we may attain and what we may accomplish. History, whether in the Bible or elsewhere, is the outlined picture of all past development. It shows how the human race has risen gradually, although through changes and reverses, toward higher and better things. Those who will heed the

lessons other lives have taught, will need comparatively little personal experience to know what are the best paths, and what it is wise to choose. He who chooses rightly from the past experience of men will be surrounded by a purer atmosphere and will be in touch with those up-lifting influences which are most helpful. He studies the Bible and the history of the world to best advantage, who finds those lessons, taught by the experience of others, that will guard him against their mistakes, and guide him into the paths that lead to highest righteousness.

ABOUT two years since the second International Conference of American States was held in the city of Mexico, by which strong resolutions were passed recommending the Pan-American Railway. As the outgrowth of that Conference the President appointed Charles M. Pepper a Commissioner to investigate the question. His report is now before the Senate. It is elaborate and comprehensive, covering the entire project of constructing a continuous line of railroad, joining New York with Central and South America. Mr. Pepper's report shows that he has visited all the Central American states, and as far as possible has observed the route which was indicated by the Inter-Continental Railway Commission of 1900. He also reports that some actual progress has been made, in that the railroad system of Mexico is being extended to the border of Guatemala, and that similar movements are underway looking to the extension of the lines northward in the Argentine Republic. The project is an immense one, but there is no reason to doubt its feasibility nor to question the probability of its early accomplishment. The building of the Isthmian Canal will give new impetus to this Pan-American railway system. American capitalists are already largely interested in the railroads of Mexico, and the more advanced governments in South America look with favor upon the completion of the proposed system. The roads which are already built, or planned, traversing South America from east to west would be natural feeders of the great Inter-Continental line. Should the project be carried forward with a vigor at all comparable with that which has pushed the railroad system forward during the past fifty years, it will not be fifty years in the future before this Pan-American line will be an actual fact. The possible benefits to the social, political and religious life of the two continents, are very great. The possibility of evil results also is not out of the question. If so much had not already been attained by way of railroading, the stupendousness of the scheme would forbid its consideration. But in the light of what already is, the plan is comparatively simple and the result practically certain.

THE story of Marcus Curtius, a patriotic Roman youth, who, according to tradition, about 360 B. C., in order to appease the wrath of the gods, being completely armed and on horseback, jumped into a chasm which had opened in the Forum at Rome, has been the occasion of both song and criticism for many centuries. It is now announced that Signor

Giacomo Boni, the famous archaeologist who is conducting excavations in the Forum, has discovered certain sculptured stones which justify the tradition and record that in the time immediately thereafter, sacrifices were made in the chasm in honor of Curtius. The excavations have revealed a rude altar dedicated to this patriotic youth. Accepting these statements as correct, we have another evidence that the exploring spade has become one of the greatest revealers and commentators upon the history of the past.

THE Christian Standard—Cincinnati, O.—has given considerable space to Seventh-day Adventism, and to various phases of the Sabbath question, for a number of months past. In the issue of April 2, it turns its attention in a single paragraph to the Seventh-day Baptists. "Seventh-day Baptists in America began at Newport, R. I., in 1671, over 200 years ago. Here they have had a fair field, with every opportunity to propagate their doctrine. They have held no fanatical views to hinder their work. As many of them are wealthy, they have had large means to carry on their work. Their ministers are well educated, and they have had many talented men as leaders, have published a large number of books, established several academies and other schools, and have pushed their Sabbath views till the religious world has long been familiar with them. After 250 years of hard work, what have they accomplished? They number now, all told, only about ten thousand. For years they have been at a standstill. Evidently, they have reached about the limit of their growth. In the same field, with only the same opportunities, the Sunday-keeping Baptists have reached about two millions. What is the matter with this Saturday-keeping business, anyway? It seems to be a millstone about the necks of all who try it. The whole truth is it lacks the power of the simple gospel of Jesus Christ. It has in it the dry rot of a dead legalism." We are willing to grant that the Standard is ignorant concerning the facts when it says that the doctrines of the Seventh-day Baptists are not in keeping with the gospel of Jesus Christ. It would not write thus if it knew the facts and intended to state them honestly. For more than three centuries the published doctrines, the preaching and the practice of Seventh-day Baptists show the statement of the Standard to be notoriously incorrect. Equally incorrect is the closing sentence of the paragraph, which says, "It has in it the dry rot of a dead legalism." This is a description which the Standard creates. It is as wide of the facts as a description could well be. The real cause why Sabbath Reform, according to the Bible, comes so slowly is that the Standard and its compeers, as religious teachers, inculcate in no one form or another the doctrine of no-Sabbathism. Thus the ground is destroyed on which conscientious regard for any day can be based, and men are taught to look upon the Sabbath question as unimportant; and any claim like that made by the Seventh-day Baptists, that the law of God and the example of Christ are still binding on the Christian Church in the matter of Sabbath-keeping, is looked upon as foolish and futile.

Publisher's Corner.

THE Business Manager has been conducting this corner for the avowed purpose of keeping our subscribers more closely in touch with the affairs of the office, and incidentally to tell the needs of the office. Some of those needs have been supplied, but still we need all the money our subscribers can let us have. Our new Linotype is keeping us so busy that the Manager must shirk this corner for this issue, at least. When things are running without friction, we'll tell you more fully about it.

ALFRED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Through the generous aid of Capt. J. F. Hubbard of Plainfield, supplemented by students and other friends of Alfred, the Seminary has come into the possession of a new standard typewriter, the Oliver, and a typewriter table. For all this the Theological Room is very grateful.

President Daland of Milton College recently addressed the Seminary on "The Enrichment of Our Church Services." Of course he advocated a more extended ritual; and he did this with ability, brightness, and spiritual mindedness. The address was enthusiastically received; and we showed our appreciation by voting to request Dr. Daland to prepare it for publication; and to ask the Tract Society to print it in tract form, for circulation among our people. To some of us the subject seems to be one of real, great, and spiritual importance.

The Library has been increased in value by books from the library of the late Rev. and Prof. L. C. Rogers.

A. E. MAIN, Dean.

Alfred, N. Y., April 26, 1904.

THE IMPRINT OF A LIFE.

In a sketch of the life of H. Clay Trumbull, recently published, the author speaks most earnestly and gratefully of the quickening touch of that noble life upon his own. "The ever growing character, the ever aspiring soul of the man who loved his fellow-men intensely and believed that the best work of any servant of God is yet to come," left its imprint on the character of the younger man. Later on in this loving history of a life, the author says: "It was in Hartford that Dr. Trumbull came under the spell of Horace Bushnell, to whose encouragement and companionship Dr. Trumbull always held himself deeply indebted."

So the influence goes on from life to life in an unending chain, sometimes making the imprint deeper and more lasting, sometimes broader and more embracing. But print each life must upon its neighbor, as do the inked forms of type set upon blank sheets of paper. When these same printed sheets are scattered broadcast as the autumn leaves, the influence of the editor's thought can never be recalled. It has joined itself to the great forces of the universe for good or evil.

So also the imprint from life to life. That it should be past recall is a cause of thanksgiving when the imprint is of the noblest. There is a theory that no act of ours is ever lost, whether its imprint is on a human life, or moving through space serves its own purpose in re-creation in its infinitesimal effects on tides or rocks or growing things. Truly such power is little lower than the angels.

Yet how much more wonderful, under God's providence, is man's power over his fellow-

men from infancy to old age. Made in the image of God, every day is a fresh imprint in the God-like pattern, or the denial of a birth-right.

An incident of how man in his strength may lean down to touch life again in a little child, leaving an imprint in the first impressionable years of childhood, occurred when President Roosevelt was running for governor. In one of the villages of New York state a little fellow of four was accompanied to his kindergarten each morning by a guest of his home. As they walked, the friend told the small boy stories of the governor who was shortly to be elected; something of his boyhood, and simplified stories of the hero of later years.

At the close of the first morning's walk, little Jack asked, "What is a governor like? Is he like a father?"

The wee man had caught something true and noble and helpful already from the story of a great man, but it was the second morning that showed the imprint of the man of to-day on the mind and heart of the man of to-morrow. The lagging steps gathered new energy, while the blue eyes were bright with a set purpose.

"I must hurry," he said, "I don't want to be late, for I want to be like the man you told me about yesterday."

Men, women and children were cheering the hero of Santiago as he went from platform to platform making speeches full of the man's best thought concerning the right course for this people and nation. Thousands were moved by his eloquence but no surer test of his greatness will ever come to President Roosevelt than the imprint of a right-thinking, right-acting, duty-doing man on the boys of his day.

"Only a thought, but the work it wrought
Could never by tongue or pen be taught;
It ran through a life like a thread of gold,
And the life bore fruit a hundred fold."

To have attained to any of the vital things of life is to have the power to influence another in the same line. Sometimes to live our best and noblest, sometimes to give of our best to another,—generously with both hands,—sometimes the lightest touch, such as one occasionally gives the key of a typewriter by mistake, will still leave its print on another life.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" asked Cain. The responsibility is born with us. We may deny it, or ignore it, or shirk it, but so long as we live in a world of fellow-beings instinct with life, one life will leave its imprint upon another.

Many honors have been prized in this world—to be in the line of David was highest honor for an Israelite; to be in the line of kings was the crowning joy of Stuart and Tudor. "In the line of the saints" cried the martyrs who chose death to life. Great in battles, great in discoveries, great in learning,—all these have been highly prized, but there was One in Nazareth who left the imprint of a life upon a little band of followers, and they in turn went into many lands preaching the gospel, leaving again the imprint made upon their own lives. For nineteen centuries this wonderful printing has been going on, till to-day no higher honor can come to a man than to be of the line of those whose lives leave the imprint of the Christ.—The Interior.

Talent and genius are another name for work.

REV. JUDSON GEORGE BURDICK.

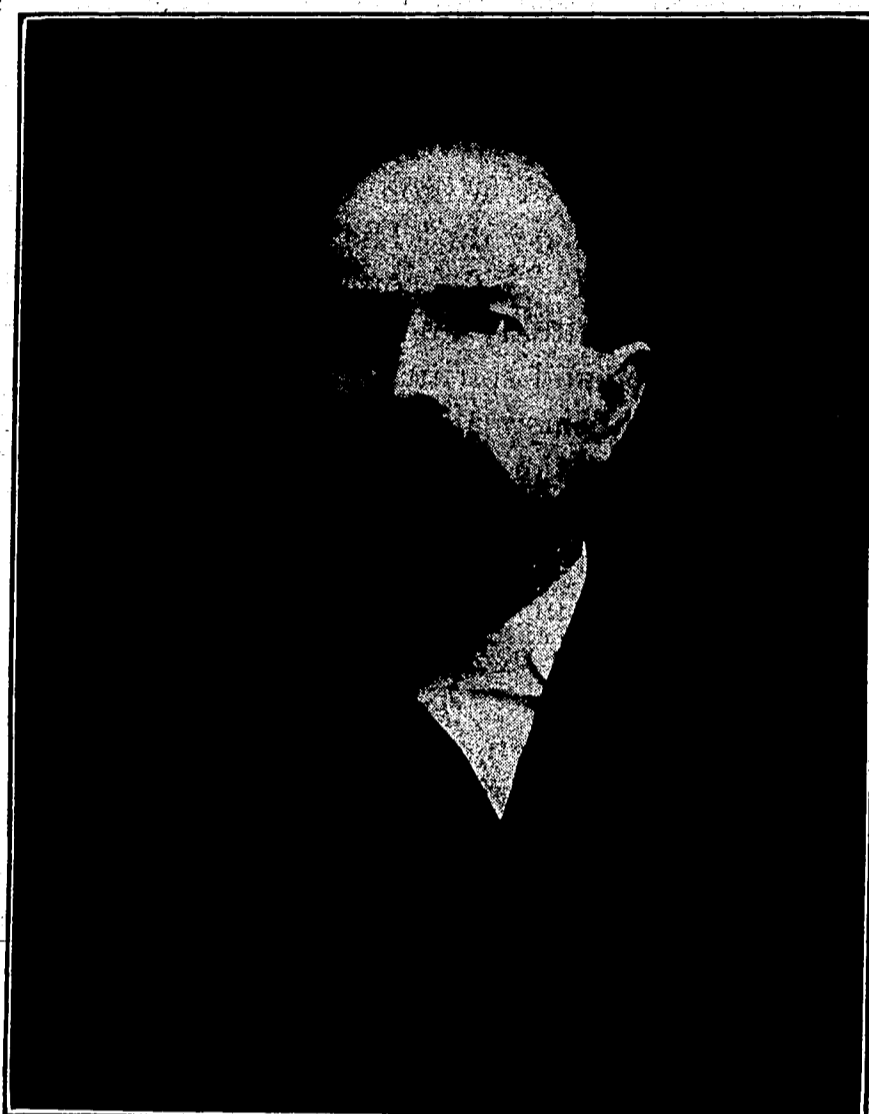
Judson George Burdick, son of Stephen C. and Elizabeth Peckham Burdick, was born January 21, 1850, at Alfred, N. Y. He graduated from Alfred University in 1882 with the degree of A. B., and from the musical and theological departments of that University in 1884, with the degrees of B. M. and B. D. The degree of A. M. was conferred on him "in course" in 1885. Mr. Burdick was ordained by the First Alfred, N. Y., Church, on the 3d of July, 1884. The Ordaining Council was unusually large. Those who took the leading parts were: John Summerbell, Thos. R. Williams, D. E. Maxson, Jared Kenyon, L. A. Platts, and W. C. Titworth. Mr. Burdick's first pastorate was that of the Piscataway Church at New Market, N. J., which continued from Sept. 1, 1884, to the close of 1887. He then went to the City of New York for post graduate study in Union Theological Seminary, acting as supply for the Seventh-day Baptist church in that city. After two years the church called him as pastor, in which relation he remained for the next seven years. After spending six months in independent evangelistic work, Mr. Burdick returned to New York and continued to supply the church for some time, so that his services as pastor and supply covered a period of about ten years. Mr. Burdick then entered the field as an evangelist under the direction of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society. His labors in that connection have been made familiar to the readers of the RECORDER through the published reports of the Evangelist and of the Society. On the first of September, 1903, Mr. Burdick became pastor of the Jackson Centre church. A representative of that church, writing to the RECORDER, in behalf of the people, expresses much satisfaction with the work of Mr. Burdick, and reports that since he entered the pastorate there have been several additions by baptism and that the interests of the church have been strengthened in many ways by his labors.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE JACKSON CENTRE CHURCH. HOFFMAN SIMPSON.

The first group of Sabbath-keepers settled where the village of Jackson Centre, Ohio, now is, when that country was a wilderness, about sixty-four years ago. The most of these early settlers came from Warren County, W. Va., now West Virginia. Their first settlement was in Clark County, Ohio, when the Northampton Church was organized in 1837. From that point they made their way to Jackson Centre as stated above. Among the older members of the group were John W. Knight, Dudley Hughes, William Babcock, Luther L. Davis, Jacob H. Babcock and Davis Babcock. Four Seventh-day Baptist churches had been organized in the

State of Ohio previous to the organization of the Jackson Centre church on the 22d of March, 1840. That organization took place at the home of Solomon Sayrs. Rev. James Bailey, then a missionary, organized the church, assisted by Elder Simeon Babcock and S. A. Davis. There were thirty-nine constituent members, among them Luther L. Davis, Solomon Sayrs, Dudley Hughes, David Loofboro, Mrs. Davis Loofboro, Calvin Davis, Mrs. Calvin Davis, James M. Davis, Mrs. James M. Davis, Uriah Davis, Mrs. Uriah Davis, James Davis, Mrs. James Davis, John W. Knight, Mrs. John W. Knight, and Simeon Babcock.

The public meetings of the church were held at the homes of different members, the regu-



lar Quarterly Meetings being held at the home of Solomon Sayrs. This continued for about two years. At the first business meeting of the church, April 5, 1840, Davis Loofboro was moderator and Brooks Akers, clerk. Maxson Babcock was at that time elected deacon. Rev. Simeon Babcock was pastor of the church for more than twenty years, until old age and failing health compelled him to retire. Rev. Lewis A. Davis shared the care of the church with him during much of that time. Since the death of Elder Babcock the following have served as pastors: Benjamin Clement, two years; Maxson Babcock, two years; Rowse Babcock, one year; Hamilton Hull, five years; Simeon H. Babcock, three years; Varnum Hull, two years; John L. Hoffman, five years; L. D. Seager, about four years; W. D. Burdick, four years; A. G. Crofoot, four years. Judson G. Burdick, the present pastor, began his work as noted above. The first meeting-house of this church, built of hewed logs, was erected in 1842. This was occupied for seventeen years. In 1856 steps were taken to build a new house under the direction of a committee consisting of Maxson Babcock, Jacob H. Babcock, and E. P. Stout. The church directed that the house should be twenty-eight by thirty-eight feet. This building was dedicated September, 1859, by Elder Lewis A. Davis assisted by Elders Simeon Babcock, Benjamin

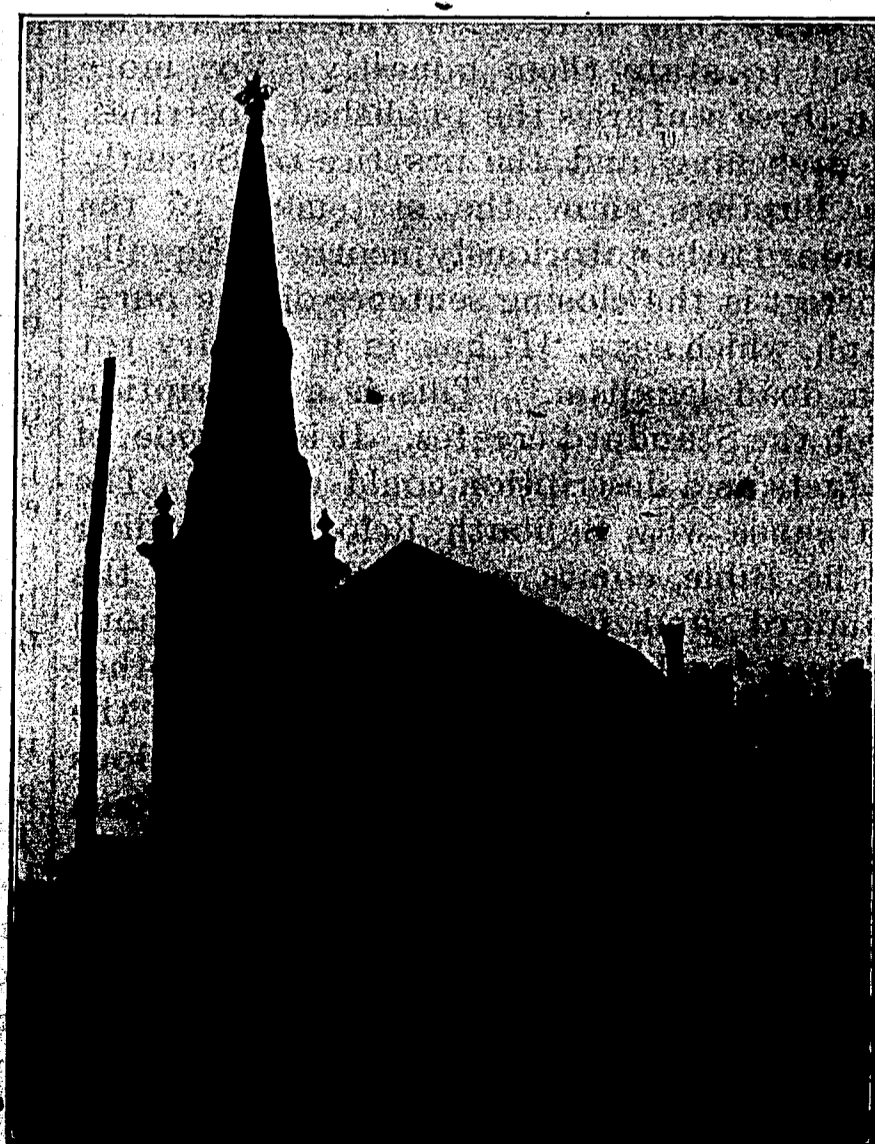
Clement and Elder Maxson." After twenty years the church decided to build a new house at the village of Jackson Centre, the former houses having been located one-half mile west of the village. This last house was dedicated in May, 1882, under the pastorate of Rev. J. L. Hoffman. It cost \$2,000. In addition to the present building the church has a commodious parsonage near by.

The church at Jackson Centre joined the General Conference in 1841. In 1842 the Southwestern Association was organized, composed of churches in West Virginia and Ohio. The church at Jackson Centre became a member of that Association. An important step in the history of the church was taken May 15, 1845, when it expressed, by resolution, strong views against African slavery in America.

Soon after the organization of the church dissatisfaction arose over the question of communion, which resulted in a division of the church and the organization on the 11th of May, 1855, of a Free Will Seventh-day Baptist Church. There were also some other points of difference beside that of "open communion." This Free Will Seventh-day Baptist church held services for about three years. At its highest point in membership it numbered 78. The old church sent a fraternal address to the Free Will church on January 23, 1858, seeking to secure harmony of action and overcome the unhappy division. This letter was promptly replied to under date of February 19, 1858, which resulted in a return of the dissentients to the mother church.

The State of Ohio was occupied as a missionary ground by Seventh-day Baptists as early as 1843, Rev. James L. Scott being the first representative sent through that country. The roads were extremely poor, facilities for communication were difficult, and Elder Scott's labors were arduous and exacting. The older readers of the RECORDER will remember a full account of that missionary tour which was published in book form many years ago. Since then Jackson Centre, and other points, have been reached by representatives of the Missionary Board, and in later times by evangelistic and quartet work.

The sixtieth anniversary of the Jackson Centre church was celebrated on the 22d of March,



Our Reading Room.

NEW YORK CITY.—New York City is a convenient transfer point for passengers between Rhode Island and New Jersey. So between trains we have an opportunity to get acquainted with some of the readers of the RECORDER, and they with us. More especially for the benefit of those who do not or cannot come our way, we send a few lines for Our Reading Room.

We refrain from comment upon the weather of the past winter. However, we think of what has transpired during these severe winter months. Death claimed one of our strong supporters, Dr. P. J. B. Wait. Only those who knew her personally can appreciate how great our loss is. In speaking of one of New York's Y. M. C. A. workers, Pres. Striker recently said: "As many as there were who leaned upon his judgment there were many more who leaned upon his heart." Very appropriately could this be said of Mrs. Wait. Mrs. M. C. Randolph, though not a member of the New York Church, endeared herself to all who knew her and to those who administered to her during her last illness. While we keenly feel these losses, we know we have abundant reasons for gratitude. Mr. C. C. Chipman, who was confined to a hospital over nine weeks, is enjoying his home and family again, and gives evidence of complete recovery from a long and serious sickness.

Among those who have occupied our pulpit during the past few months are Pres. Boothe C. Davis, of Alfred University, Rev. Samuel H. Davis, who is connected with the Anti-Saloon League work in New York City, Susie Burdick of Alfred, N. Y., H. D. Clarke, visiting and placing agent of the Children's Aid Society, and Rev. E. C. Vishanoff of Macedonia. The latter appeared in the costume of the royal family of which he was born, and from which he was banished when he left the Greek Catholic Church.

Most of the members of the New York Church were born in the country, where they were disciplined in church going. They are trying to follow in the foot steps of their mothers, and are doing their part well in teaching their children to attend church, and to have a part in its work. By the way, we have thirty-two children in our congregation to get ready for Sabbath School. You would naturally expect some of them to arrive a little late, not because there are so many, but because of the difficulties to be encountered in travel. Other things being equal, they ought to develop into good Seventh-day Baptists. We expect they will.

We have secured the use of two kindergarten rooms and a piano in the basement of the church. These facilities, and the valuable assistance of Mrs. Harry Prentice, offer additional attractions for the children. These attractions may not be quite so great as some of the larger churches in the city can offer, but they are great enough to give the children a desire to be at Sabbath School. We hope this can be maintained.

E. F. L.

WALWORTH, WIS.—It will be May next Sunday. The quarterly meeting will be in session at Milton. It is keeping cool yet. I have just been looking at the picture of the Linotype. It seems to represent a typewriter with infinite improvements. I have been watching that "corner" of the RECORDER for several weeks, and pointed it out to my audience in a way, suggesting that it takes money to run anything that humanity plans. Not even a woman's tongue

would run long without money. Yes, THE RECORDER will look quite changed, and new with that new "light face." I hope the good friends who forgot to pay up will like it better and hasten for the cash corner of their pockets, then see how much better a paid up paper will read.

About the hardest thing that has happened for a few months was the winter. It hardened our earth far into the subsoil. We had a Christmas program by our Sabbath School, and about two dozen friends put on the pastor one of the warmest fur lined overcoats that our progressive age produces. He wore it this very morning, (April 25,) for the breeze seems just arriving from a fresh search for the North Pole.

A few weeks ago, eleven of our High School young people, after much drill, came into our church for a declamatory contest. Three judges from three other towns were summoned to the difficult duty of judging. It was a pleasant program, embellished, also, with music, and was well patronized. Some showed much improvement since a like program, one year previous. A little later, the High School musicians put in a fine concert in the new High School room, with much credit to themselves. This also had good patronage.

A plan was started to have a concert company from Milton College. The time was set. The village was diligently searched for a piano. We had just found one available when word came that "Old Small Pox" was in town and would have his way. The town officials shut up both school and churches for about ten days. This seemed to bluff the intruder completely, so that he had no case at all. His very presence was denied, after a state official from Janesville had recognized his symptoms. But we were glad the disease was no more than a scare. Last week our friends came with the concert. Dr. J. M. Stillman conducted the program and put in the finishing songs. My wife is a good judge in such matters, and she says the Doctor's voice seems as good as it was nearly 40 years ago, when her shoes could only dangle toward the floor, as she sat with Utica friends to hear him leading in music. The concert was of high order and well appreciated. We were made glad by the friendly and musical visit.

Yesterday a new Congregational Church was dedicated in our village. It has some of the finest window art in three sides of the main room, that ever comes from the factories, yet the beauty of those panes can but slightly typify the glorious light of righteousness. "Let your light so shine that men may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." M. G. S.

QUEER JAPAN.

Japan is a queer country; it is a land of contradictions and inversions. We prefer sweet fruit, they sour; they make saucepans of paper; we weep at misfortunes, they laugh; we think white teeth are beautiful, Japanese ladies varnish their teeth black; they put on the roof of a house first, and build the walls up afterward; their carpenters draw the plane toward them; their horses' shoes are of straw; their tailors, in stitching, point the needle from them; in their locks their key turns from left to right. Old men in Japan fly kites and spin tops, while children look on; Japanese writers use painting brushes, not pens, and write from bottom to top, and from right to left; in Japan there are no lawyers, and Japanese doctors never make any charges, or send in any bills; our mourning garments are black, theirs white; and they mount a horse on the off side.

Harrison Co., West Virginia

Missions.

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

In almost all evangelical denominations there is now a serious lack of ministers. There are not enough to meet the demands of the pastorate and the mission fields. That is just our situation to-day as a denomination. If all the unemployed ministers among us were employed, there would be churches without pastors and mission fields without missionaries. In all denominations there are not as many young men entering the ministry now as there were in former years. What are the reasons? Some say there is a lack of spirituality and piety in our young men. It is a fact that the large majority of the young men of our country are not Christians at all, they are in the great throng of the unsaved. But the young men who are Christians will not rise higher as a rule in spirituality and piety than what there is in the home and the church. The trend of social life is against the making of ministers. It cannot be expected that theatre-going, card parties, whist clubs, and the dance hall will be productive of ministers.

BUT we apprehend that the chief reason for the lack of ministers is the lack of spirituality and spiritual power in the home and in the church. The homes are too worldly, the spirit of getting and becoming well-to-do in this world's goods, is instilled in the minds and hearts of the children, and they are filled with worldly aims and efforts. The life and work of the gospel minister is one of honor and high endeavor, but it is too full of sacrifice and self-denial and of financial trials. It certainly is not the road to the possession of this world's goods, and the highest comforts and the luxuries of life. Hence the boys of the home do not, many of them, look toward the ministry as their life work. Again the churches of to-day are worldly. They lack because of its spiritual life and power. A worldly minded, pleasure seeking, and time-serving church will not and cannot bring forth ministers. They greatly affect the spiritual life and the work of the ministers, hindering and counteracting spiritual results.

ANOTHER reason for the lack of ministers is the small pay as a rule they receive for their labor. They have to sacrifice and pay out a great deal of money, and labor hard to obtain it, to give themselves the education and training for the ministry. The churches demand an educated and well prepared ministry. It is right they should, but they should be willing to pay for it. The living expenses of a pastor or a minister engaged in other work in Christ's kingdom, are much higher now than a few years ago. The minister and his family must dress well, not extravagantly, and maintain such a home as will please his parishoners and bring no reproach upon his position or upon his people whom he serves. All this costs money, and many a minister does not receive sufficient salary to meet their demands and some engage in other work, dividing their time and attention with the church and other things in order to meet expenses. There is no doubt many young men are deterred from entering the ministry because they shrink from the sacrifices and financial straits which ministers do more or less experience. Ministers do not receive the pay for their labor as do business agents and

business men receive. Who will say their work is not as important for the good every way of the world as that of business men. The minister should receive larger compensation for their labor, and not just enough to barely support themselves and their families. They should receive enough so that they could save up something for a rainy day, or for old age. We would that the above reasons might be changed, and more young men could enter the ministry. Thank the Lord we have some worthy young who are preparing themselves for the ministry, God bless them and increase the number.

MISSIONARY BOARD MEETING.

A regular meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society was held in Westerly, R. I., April 20, 1904, President Clarke presiding.

Members present: Wm. L. Clarke, O. U. Whitford, A. S. Babcock, Benj. P. Langworthy 2d, Geo. B. Carpenter, Eugene F. Stillman, Frank Hill, Gideon T. Collins, Lewis F. Randolph, John Austin.

Visitors: Rev. T. J. VanHorn, Rev. Madison Harry, Dr. Anne Langworthy Waite.

Prayer was offered by Geo. B. Carpenter. Reports of Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary were read and ordered recorded.

The action of the Corresponding Secretary, advising that the departure of Miss Susie Burdick for China be delayed until July or August next was approved by the Board.

Correspondence from Rev. D. H. Davis was read, in which he asks advice as to the employment of a native helper and evangelist on the China field. It was voted to refer the matter to a committee consisting of O. U. Whitford, L. F. Randolph and E. F. Stillman, said committee to report at our next meeting.

Letters from M. B. Kelly were read, indicating some improvement in his health, and it was voted that Bro. Kelly be granted leave of absence from evangelistic work for six months from April 1, 1904.

The following appropriations were made: First Hebron, Pa., church, at rate of \$50; Hornellsville, N. Y., church, at rate of \$50.

Wm. L. Clarke, O. U. Whitford, and Geo. B. Carpenter were appointed a committee to arrange for our representation on the program of General Conference on Wednesday afternoon.

It was voted that the Corresponding Secretary shall represent the Society at the coming Associations.

The Corresponding Secretary reports sermons and addresses during the quarter, 10; communications, etc., 819.

Evangelist M. B. Kelly did a few weeks of evangelistic work early in the quarter with the church at Dodge Centre, Minn., was taken sick, and has been compelled to rest.

WM. L. CLARKE, Pres. A. S. BABCOCK, Rec. Sec.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Quarter ending March 31, 1904.

Table with columns for Cash in treasury, Cash received in January, February, March, and Loan, with corresponding dollar amounts.

Table with columns for O. U. Whitford, Balance salary, etc., quarter ending Dec. 31, 1903, Advance on quarter ending March 31, 1904, G. H. Fitz Randolph, salary, etc., quarter ending Dec. 31, 1903, George Seelye, salary to Dec. 31, 1903, John H. Wolfe, labor on Blystone (Pa.) field, Churches: First Church of Westerly, R. I., Hebron, Pa., Second Church of Verona, N. Y., Richburg, N. Y., Salemville, Pa., Hartsville, N. Y., Portville, N. Y., Boulder, Colo., Welton, Iowa, Cartwright, Wis., Garwin, Iowa, Hammond, La., D. H. Davis, Shanghai, Salary account to June 30, 1904, Cash for "Crofoot house", Passage money for Mrs. Davis and son, Subscriptions for Salem College, J. W. Crofoot, Shanghai, salary to June 30, 1904, Rosa W. Palmberg, Shanghai, salary to June 30, 1904, Mission School—One-half of appropriation for 1904, incidental expenses Shanghai Mission—One-half appropriation for 1904, G. Velthuisen, Haarlem, Hol., salary to June 30, 1904, F. J. Bakker, Rotterdam, Hol., salary to June 30, 1904, M. B. Kelly: Salary for January and February, 1904, Traveling expenses, Wm. L. Clarke, certificates for deeds, Albert S. Babcock, record books, J. D. Jones, labor on Stokes field in 1903, Interest, Cash in treasury March 31, 1904.

E. & O. E. GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer.

WHY NOT MORE MINISTERS?

When you pray the Lord to send laborers into the harvest, remember that there is a vast difference between praying and going, and praying and staying. If you go, as these men did, you are sure that your prayer is being answered to that extent, at least.

A Presbyterian minister once preached in the ball-room of the hotel at White Sulphur Springs, Va., where the Episcopalians also frequently held services. Knowing General Robert E. Lee as a man very particular about the proprieties of life, and a very devout churchman, the minister was surprised to see him come into the service late. Afterwards he learned that Gen. Lee had been passing quietly through the corridors and parlors and out under the trees, saying to every one in his gentle, courteous way, "We are going to have service this morning in the ball-room; will you not come?"

Suppose that you and I should imitate the earnestness of this grand old man, who might have sent his colored servant to notify people of the meeting, or at whose slightest suggestion almost any one would have sprung up to save the idol of the South a step. Let's do things ourselves for our Lord.

Is the minister a producer, or a consumer, in our social economy? Yes, as much as the manufacturer or wheat-grower or merchant. Far more than the middleman or speculator or social ornament. Resent with all your might the insinuation that your minister is a dead beat, a sort of pious sponge, living in a genteel way off society and returning little or nothing of practical value to it.

"The laborer is worthy his hire." Is it worth nothing to society that the daughter of a minister, Jonathan Edwards, furnished a son and a great-grandson who were presidents of Yale College, besides eight grand-

sons who attained prominence in educational and theological work? Was not Henry Ward Beecher worth as much to his country in the Civil War as an army brigade? And Beecher was only one of seven sons of his father who were ministers, and of eleven children, one of whom, Harriet Beecher Stowe, was worth another army brigade.

The Earl of Shaftsbury said that one city missionary in London was worth more to public order and safety than several policemen. It would take all of this paper to tell of the translations made by ministers that have been the foundation of all commercial intercourse with whole continents; to tell of the educational debt we owe to ministers; to tell of Marcus Whitman, who saved the great Northwest to this country; of Bishop Whipple, who averted more than one war with the Indians in the Dakotas, and of all the rest.

The truth is, that for every shovel an American or English manufacturer ships to Africa or Asia, for every yard of cloth, for every pane of glass, for every button, and for thousands of other things, the manufacturer owes the clergyman who pioneered missions a royalty that will never be paid.

There is something appalling about the view Jesus gives of the consequences of neglecting to improve privileges. The most hopeless and deplorable parts of our country and our cities are not those that do not hear the gospel—the slums, the factory towns, the mining camp, the rural settlement of Christless foreigners.

Far more to be pitied are the favored communities and classes that have had the gospel, and churches, and the best ministers the seminaries can furnish, but have neglected their privilege and turned to fashion, and the theatre, and speculation, and the dissipations of high life; that have gone into a condition of dry rot, morally, and in point of civic virtues.

That the former will hear the gospel eagerly when it is taken to them has been demonstrated by the Philadelphia tent meetings, the Pittsburg open-air meetings, the Chicago, Cincinnati, Milwaukee, Toledo, and other Endeavorers' street meetings. Here is suggested a way by which many can test it personally.

Last summer fifty Italians came to a town to work. A Christian lady became distressed at the heathenish way they lived, and, as they could not understand English, she purchased copies of the New Testament in Italian and gave one to each man. Soon the leader came and asked her if there was a church where they could hear the book read. She at once arranged to have an Italian minister come and preach to them, and the men were so grateful for what she had done, and so receptive of the truth, that an Italian branch of the Protestant church was formed. Such an opportunity as that may be yours.—The Christian Endeavor World.

WORK IN CHINA.

(Concluded from last week.)

To the Christian Students of All Lands: WE WISH FURTHER TO DECLARE OUR DELIBERATE CONVICTIONS:

1. That the religious forces at work in China, apart from Christianity, have failed to save her.

During recent years students of the West

have become familiar with the theoretical teaching of the three religions of China; but nothing, apart from personal observation, can show how utterly they have failed to save the nation from moral corruption and hopeless pessimism. The new educational system promulgated by Imperial Edicts, is as yet in most places merely the ideal. The lack of qualified and efficient teachers and the insincerity of officials have combined largely to neutralize the effect of these Edicts. Above all, they fail to inculcate that personal and political righteousness which is inseparable from education in its truest sense. The Reform Movement, again, which is obtaining such a strong hold on the younger generation of students, though containing much that is hopeful, is in danger of becoming, unless influenced by Christianity, purely materialistic. Lacking those moral and religious forces which have been at the root of every great reform, it will tend only to anarchy.

2. That Christianity is proving its ability to meet every one of China's needs.

We have seen the Gospel of Christ, in spite of all the disadvantages of its position as a "foreign religion," touch cold hearts, purify corrupt lives, elevate supposedly immutable standards, and deliver the minds of both men and women from a bondage the like of which Europe has probably never known. The Kingdom of God is being established in China, and there are evidences on every hand that a new and living force is at work in the minds of the people. The Christian Church has thus far provided the only adequate educational institutions in China; not only is the education it gives efficient in training the intellect, but it also brings to bear those influences which lay hold of the whole man and set before him the highest ideals. Students passing from these schools exercise a formative influence on the China of the future. Thus it is that Christianity is imparting to the Chinese that new hope, new power and new purpose which must issue in the new civilization for which China waits.

3. That the present favorable conditions for Christian leadership in China may not last.

Leaders China will find, but to-day the Christian Church may lead her, if she will. The new education is largely in the hands of the missionary. The former Literary Chancellor of Hupeh, though himself in charge of Government colleges, sends his son to a mission school, and the chief magistrate of Hankow has three sons in such an institution. These two instances are typical of what goes on wherever mission schools are established. The new forces at work in China are at present uncrystallized, and as long as they remain so the Christian Church is practically assured of retaining its vanguard position. How long this may last is, however, a question of grave moment.

4. That the missionary work in China affords full scope for every diversity of talent.

Educators may contribute to the establishment of a national system of education in a land where scholarship has always been ranked as the highest of human attainments. Those who possess literary ability may gain the attention of multitudes of scholars, as is shown by the fact that the names of some missionaries are known to Chinese students throughout the empire, and that their books are read almost as widely as the Chinese

classics themselves. We look, too, for scholars from the West who shall interpret more clearly than has yet been done the true meaning of Chinese literature, philosophy and history, showing the relation between these and the revelation of God in Christ.

To the Christian physician, doors are ever open, and his work as the expression of Christian love, does much to win the confidence of the people. The training of Chinese medical students, as well as general hospital work, is also urgently needed.

To the educated women of the West, work among the women and girls of China offers a wide field. Chinese women are to a large extent untaught and neglected, and thus China is deprived of what should be the most potent factor in her elevation and advancement.

The establishment and development of the Chinese Church, which involve the presentation of the Gospel to all classes of minds, the selection, training and supervision of native workers, the adjustment of church regulations to native customs and beliefs, and the promotion of self-extension, self-government and self-support, demands wide diversities of thoroughly-trained and statesman-like leadership.

We firmly believe that nowhere in the world can a Christian man of sound learning and humble spirit more easily discover his special bent, and having discovered it, whether as preacher, teacher or author, physician, administrator or philanthropist, find more ample scope for his activities than among the missions of the Christian Church of China.

But in whatever direction we look, the problem is primarily a spiritual one. We do not aim to produce mere intellectual adhesion to the truths of Christianity, nor admiration of its moral teaching, for these cannot save the race. We seek to lead individuals and communities to such an experience of the power of Christ as shall rouse the heart and conscience and transform the whole life. In order to accomplish this end, the leaders of the church in China should be men of mental culture, but the essential qualification is faith in God.

MY GREATEST BLUNDER.

In the Crerar Library, Chicago, is a book in which 500 men, out of work, have written of "the greatest blunder of their life." It is a collection made by Dr. Earl Pratt. Here are some of them:

- "Didn't save what I earned."
"Did not as a boy realize the value of an education."
"If I had taken better care of my money, I would be better in health and morals."
"Did not realize the importance of sticking to one kind of employment."
"The greatest blunder of my life was when I took my first drink."
"One of the greatest blunders of my life was not to perfect myself in one of the lines of business I started out to learn."
"My greatest blunder was when I left school in the fifth grade."
"The turning point in my life was when at fifteen I ran away from home."
"Spent my money foolishly when I was earning good wages."
"When I let myself be misled in thinking that I need not stick to one thing."
"Self-conceit and not listening to my parents."
"Was to fool away my time when at school."
—The Advance.

Woman's Work.

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

A KING.

We talked of kings, little Ned and I,
As we sat in the firelight's glow;
Of Alfred the Great, in days gone by,
And the kingdom of long ago.

Of Norman William, who brave and stern,
His armies to victory led,
Then, after a pause: "At school we learn
Of another great man," said Ned.

"And this one was good to the oppressed,
He was gentle, and brave, and so
Wasn't he greater than all the rest?
'Twas Abraham Lincoln, you know."

"Was Lincoln a king?" I asked him then,
And in waiting for his reply
A long procession of noble men
Seemed to pass in the freight light.

When, "No," came slowly from little Ned,
And thoughtfully; then with a start,
"He wasn't a king—outside," he said,
"But I think he was in his heart."
—(Ella Matthews Bangs, in St. Nicholas.

Mrs. Sarah J. Lippincott, better known by the pen name of Grace Greenwood, died after a short illness in New Rochelle, N. Y., April 20. She was born in Onondaga County, N. Y., in 1823, and was the daughter of Dr. Thaddeus and Deborah Clarke. She began her literary work when she was nineteen years old and since that time has been well known as editor and contributor to many periodicals. She wrote in all about thirty books, books of travel, children's books and studies of life in general. Those who remember the old Godey's and Graham's magazines, will recall the name of Grace Greenwood as that of a frequent writer for these periodicals. She was also for a long time a correspondent of *The New York Tribune*. During the Civil War, she, with such women as Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, spent much time in lecturing to soldiers in their winter camps and hospitals. She was a close friend of Susan B. Anthony, Frances E. Willard and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and a warm advocate of the cause they stood for, the development and advancement of women.

In speaking of the recent death of a well known woman, a leading journal tells of her active interest in the work in her own church and her close connection with the charities of her home, city and State. A brief sketch of her life was summed up in these words, "Scattering sunshine and happiness were her chief pleasures in life." Could a more beautiful tribute have been given to anyone, or a memory left that was more comforting and helpful to her friends?

FLOWERS OF THE NIGHT.

It is not only in the animal world—among men and beasts and birds—that we have individuals who "turn night into day," and are in their brightest and most attractive phase during the hours of darkness, says *The London Globe*. There are also members of the plant community to which the evening shadows do not suggest repose, but which find in them instead only a stimulus to increasing activity and effort. And these "Flowers of the Night" are a most interesting group, for though they are not bound together by any ties of family affinity they have many little ways and curious characteristics in common.

The evening primrose is perhaps one of the

most familiar night flowers. During the day it is apt to have a slightly dissipated look, for the flowers get limp as the sun rises in the sky. To see it in its beauty we must visit it in the evening,—say, toward 7 o'clock—for the green buds then begin to burst open one after another, and four large delicate yellow petals pop out of each and spread themselves like yellow stars. Moreover, a sweet fragrance, absent all day, grows strong as the dusk falls, and it is at this time that the flower is in its most radiant beauty. But it is a beauty that is short lived; birth, maturity and death are all comprised in less than a complete day's cycle, for by the next evening the lovely fragile petals are hanging in shabby rags, and their buds are just making their debut. Some of the thorn apples, with their fine white trumpet shaped flowers, and likewise the Marvel of Peru, which hails from America, also bloom at night, and die next day in the daylight, while the tobacco plants are well known night flowers, at their freshest and best in the hours of darkness, for when their buds first open, and the honey-suckle-like scent is first outpoured, it is only to meet the glancing of a summer evening.

A flower of the night which has particularly fascinating and wily habits is one of the catch-flies of campions—namely, that known as the Nottingham Catchfly. Its flowers have three times the span of life allotted to those of the evening primrose, for each makes its appearance on three successive nights. The first evening the bud opens, and all through the night the pretty white bloom stands out in the darkness like a ten-rayed star, and a delicate scent exhales; but about 3 o'clock in the morning, when the dawn is breaking, it droops its petal rays until they hang down crumpled and withered looking, and the miserable daylight look of the flower is intensified, because the outside of the petals is not white, but a dirty gray. When evening comes again there is a transformation. The apparently dead petals recover as the dusk closes round them, and again in the darkness the star-like flower shows its real nature, and pours out its scent. And so the night passes, the plant radiant and attractive, till the dawn gives the signal for the droop of the petals, and then, like Cinderella, it slips back into dowdiness for yet another day. During these two nights the flower has been busy shedding its yellow pollen dust for the benefit of its neighbors, and so far it has done nothing to benefit itself; but on the one night yet left to it, it pushes out three little columns to catch the yellow dust that some insect visitor may bring from a one or a two-night old flower, and, with a little luck, it receives the magic touch, which fertilizes its seeds. And now its work is finished, and at day dawn it closes for the last time, and fades and dies. All the world's a stage, even in plant life.

But none of the flowers yet mentioned can compete in beauty with the Queen of the Night, a cactus that flowers at night-time on the plains of Mexico. This has a magnificent yellow and white bloom, and it stands out bravely, even brilliantly, from the black earth and the dark green spines which forms its background. But its glory is short lived, for despite the fact that it is often eight inches across, and has more than a hundred petals, its life is no sooner begun than it is ended. It never sees the light, for, though it may not open until 10 o'clock at night, its career is finished four or five hours later, in the small hours of the morning.

Now, when we come to ask why certain plants choose the darkness rather than the light to bring out their flowers, we must answer that it is be-

cause they preferred to make a bid for the attentions of the night moths and the night flies rather than for the more keenly contested visits of the bees and butterflies of the day. By some means or other they must get their pollen carried from flower to flower, and they have found that the night insects are quite as capable in this way as the day ones are, and have not nearly so many claims upon them. But because the darkness is apt to swallow up the plants the night flowers make a great point of their scent, and the strong, sweet fragrance is an uplifting telltale of their presence, no matter how black the night. Curiously enough, they manage to "turn off" the scent in the daytime, so that it is not wasted, for a plant is nothing if not economical.

Further, to make as much of their presence as possible, these flowers are almost invariably white or pale yellow in color, and so in the dusk they are strikingly obvious long after darker and more gorgeous hued flowers have disappeared from sight. Through the night they are generally visible to some extent, even to us, and doubtless to the night flying insects, whose organs of sight are specially adapted to the darkness, they stand out still more plainly. Almost the only dark colored night flower we know is the common hesperis, or dame's violet, but—though the evening quickly obliterates its dark purple blossoms, as it does all deep hued flowers—lack of brilliancy is made up for by strength of fragrance, for its scent is so peculiarly strong that its presence cannot but be revealed. Observation shows that it gets its full share of visitors among the moths, and hence, though it makes no bid to attract through the agency of sight, its appeal is made (and not made in vain) through the organ of smell.

One other fact about these plants is interesting. On the petals of the night flowers we never find those markings, streaks and lines which usually embellish ordinary flowers, and are so evident in pansies, mallows and wallflowers. These markings are known as "pathfinders," and they are presumably placed there to serve as guides to insects in search for honey, as they always point to the heart of the blossom. But they would be of no earthly use in the nighttime, as they could not be seen; hence, in night flowers, they are not produced, and the petals show only an unbroken white or yellow face. Thus in the flowers of the night we have yet one more instance of Nature's wonderful and absolute adaptability of structure to environment.

It's little I can tell
About the birds in books:
And yet I know them well,
By their music and their looks:
When May comes down the lane,
Her airy lovers throng
To welcome her with song,
And follow in her train;
Each minstrel weaves his part
In that wild-flowery strain
And I know them all again
By their echo in my heart.

—Henry van Dyke.

"IT TAKES TWO."

A lad of seventeen, the apprentice of a carpenter, had been sent to a saloon to take the measure for a new counter. It was very cold weather and he arrived shaking with cold, for his coat was thin. The saloonkeeper immediately mixed a hot drink, and pushed it over the counter to him: "It will cost you nothing," he said. "Drink it down, and you'll soon stop shivering, my boy." "He meant it kindly, too, and didn't think any harm," said the apprentice as he told

the story. "That's what made it harder to push it back; and I didn't want it." "It must have been a big temptation. There is no saloon keeper and no cold weather that can make me drink when I don't want to. The temptation I'm afraid of is the one that I'm ready for before it comes, by hankering after it. I don't take much credit to myself for refusing that drink, and, if I had taken it, why I wouldn't put all the blame on the saloon keeper, as some folks do. It takes two, every time, to make a successful temptation."—*Classmate*.

FOR AN HONEST SUNDAY.

At least let us have an honest Sunday. Concerning the desirability of that there can be no question. Upon other points men may differ. Some sincere and intelligent men favor making the first day of the week a Mosaic or a Puritan Sabbath. Others, equally sincere and intelligent, would make it a "Continental" holiday. Between the two it is not the present purpose to judge, further than to suggest that many other men, no less sincere and intelligent, regard the best observance of the day as lying in a golden mean somewhere between the two extremes. What is to be said, however, is this: That no man whose opinion is worth considering favors making Sunday a day of lying and false pretenses. Yet nothing in the whole situation is more obvious than that that is just what the day is being made, and indeed has already largely been made.

The theaters, for example. Nominally, theaters are closed in New York on Sundays. Actually, a large proportion of them are open and doing business just as on other days. There is a pretense that the performances are "sacred concerts." It is an absolutely false pretense. The performances are variety shows, and nothing else. Baseball affords another example, as it has been played in Brooklyn for the last two Sundays. To avoid legal complications, there is a pretense that no entrance fee is charged. Nominally, that is true. Actually, it is a false pretense, because every one who attends the game is required to buy a "program," paying 25, 50 or 75 cents for it, according to the seat he wishes to occupy. Such devices as these may serve to appease the technical requirements of the law. They do not satisfy the demands of honesty and decency, but rather cause offence to all concerned. To the strict Sabbatarian they add insult to injury. To the advocate of a lax and open Sunday they also offer the insult of making him enjoy his diversions under a lying pretense.

It may be well, too, to do away with one other bit of hypocrisy—namely, the pretense that all these Sunday revelries are for the sake of those who have no other opportunity for outings or entertainment. There is little truth in that. The audiences at the Sunday theaters are composed of the same persons who attend theaters during the week. Probably not one in a hundred of them has on Sunday his or her sole opportunity of theatergoing. Nor is the case much different at the ball games. A glance at the crowds at Washington Park on Sundays shows them to be chiefly made up of the same "rooters" who go to the games on other days. We know there are hundreds of thousands of people in this city who have on Sundays their only time for recreation. The parks, the museums, the sea beaches and other places are thronged with them. But they

are not to any great extent the people who fill the theaters and the ball grounds.

Let us be honest about it, then, and admit that the theaters and ball grounds are doing business on Sundays, not at all for the sake of philanthropy, but solely for the sake of gain, in hard cash, for the proprietors. The managers of those concerns think they can make more money in seven days than in six, and they open their establishments on Sunday just the same as on other days; or with only this difference that on week days they tell the truth about the performances, and on Sundays they tell untruths. Perhaps they ought to be freely permitted by law to do business seven days a week. That is not the point we are now discussing. The present point is that we ought to have an honest Sunday, and, if these and other places are to be open on that day, they should be opened without any false pretenses concerning either the character of the performances or the purpose for which they are given. A "sacred concert for the enjoyment of people who have no other time for concert going" sounds very sweet and noble; but it is an untruth. "A variety show for putting more money into the pockets of the managers and ticket speculators, who are not satisfied with six days' profits a week" may sound sordid, but it is the exact truth; and we believe in the truth, on Sunday as well as on every other day.—*New York Tribune*, April 26.

THE PRAYER-SEEKER.

J. G. WHITTIER.

Along the aisle where prayer was made
A woman, all in black arrayed,
Closed-veiled, between the kneeling host,
With gliding motion of a ghost,
Passed to the desk, and laid thereon
A scroll which bore these words alone,
"Pray for me!"

Back from the place of worshiping
She glided like a guilty thing:
The rustle of her draperies stirred
The hurrying feet, alone was heard;
While full of awe, the preacher read,
As out into the dark she sped: "Pray for me!"

Back to the night from whence she came,
To unimagined grief or shame!
Across the threshold of that door
None knew the burden that she bore;
Alone she left the written scroll,
The legend of a troubled soul,—
"Pray for me!"

Glide on, poor ghost of woe or sin!
Thou leav'st a common need within;
Each bears, like thee, some nameless weight,
Some misery inarticulate,
Some secret sin, some shrouded dream,
Some household sorrow all unsaid,
"Pray for us!"

Pass on! The type of all thou art,
Sad witness to the human heart!
With faces in veil and seal on lip,
In mute and strange companionship,
Like thee we wander to and fro,
Humbly imploring as we go: "Pray for us!"

Ah, who shall pray, since he who pleads
Our want perchance hath greater needs?
Yet they who make their loss the gain
Of others shall not ask in vain,
And heaven bends low to hear the prayer
Of love from lips of self-despair: "Pray for us!"

In vain remorse and fear and hate
Beat with bruised hands against a fate
Whose walls of iron only move
And open to the touch of love.
He only feels his burdens fall
Who, taught by suffering, pities all.
"Pray for us!"

He prayeth best who leaves unguessed
The mystery of another's breast,
Why cheeks grow pale, why eyes overflow,
Or heads are white, thou need'st not know,
Enough to note by many a sign
That every heart hath needs like thine,
"Pray for us!"

PERVADING RELIGION.

And He said unto them all, if any man will come after Me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow Me.—*Luke 9: 23.*

"Cross" is the symbol of devotion. "Daily" cross means daily devotion. "All" means everybody. "His" cross means that each one is to display a devotion every day. Yet the tendency to sectionalize religion, to confine it to special places, days, things, is by no means unusual. Some people, very religious in one town or city, moving to another place of residence, have not moved their religion with themselves. They keep their church letters in their trunks, or, failing to apply for them, become lost to the knowledge of the church they have left, and in their new residence are quite careless of the claims of their Lord.

Some people are very religious at church on Sunday, but do not carry much religion into their homes for Monday. Scotch Dean Ramsay tells a story of a little fellow who, on being told of heaven, anxiously asked: "An' will faather be there?" Being answered that, of course, he would be there, the boy broke out: "Then I'll no gang!" Surely that father did not bring much genial religion into the home climate. But a Christian mother said: "I am a missionary in my nursery; six pairs of eyes are daily watching my looks, as well as listening to my words; and I wish my children never to see in me that which they may not imitate." Is not that the true religious spirit?

Some people are decidedly irreligious in moral carelessness concerning themselves who are very quick and critical in applying religious tests of the most searching kind to others. Some people are willing to be religious secretly who are very determined they will not confess their religion publicly. Special spots of life for Christ; other spots of it for self—is this a thing so uncommon after all? But the Apostle tells us that we are to bring every thought into captivity to Christ. And our Lord demands that the banner of devotion to him wave daily and everywhere. We may not sectionalize religion. We may not say, "Religion is religion, and business is business." Religion is to be for every day and for every place. Devotion to our Lord is to pervade and color all our thinking, feeling, willing, doing.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

A Christian may be permitted to have one "hobby," viz.: Christian love. The Bible is a "love letter" written to human beings to enable them to be happy here and hereafter. The greatest men in the world have been men of great hearts, like C. H. Spurgeon and D. L. Moody. Paul was such a man; from conversion till death he proved it. He loved men and helped them. In the twentieth century as well as in the first century we need this same spirit. The world is not dying for education or for theology, but it wants to be loved. People are hungry for the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We need to break down social barriers and love will win. It costs to save men, but it pays. Drummond, when he instituted the boys' brigade movement in America, found churches afraid of the boys spoiling their carpets. He replied: "I would rather have one yard of boy than twenty yards of carpet." The love of Christ perfects morality and fulfills all ethical laws.—*Rev. E. C. Stover*.

Children's Page.

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP.

"You think I'm dead,"
The apple tree said,
"Because I have never a leaf to show;
Because I stoop,
And my branches droop,
And the dull, gray mosses over me grow!
But I'm alive in the trunk and shoot;
The buds of next May
I fold away—
But I pity the withered grass at my root."

"You think I'm dead,"
The quick grass said,
"Because I have parted with stem and blade!
But under the ground
I am safe and sound,
With the snow's thick blanket over me laid;
I'm all alive and ready to shoot
Should the spring of the year
Come dancing here—
But I pity the flowers without branch or root."

"You think I'm dead,"
A soft voice said,
"Because not a branch or root I own!
I never have died,
But close I hide
In a plummy seed that the wind has sown;
Patient I wait through the long winter hours;
You will see me again—
I shall laugh at you then,
Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

St. Nicholas.

IN TWO LIGHTS.

The "early settlers" had taken possession of Mr. Dexter's barn that morning. To be sure there were only four of them—Tommy and Charlie Dexter and Will and Sam Norris—but they made noise enough for a whole settlement. They were trying to escape from the Indians. Of course they had to have a cave to hide in—no self-respecting "early settler" could do business without that—and so they had made a large hollow under the hay in the mow, with a tunnel leading out to the barn floor. No one could get into the cave unless he said "Daniel Boone," and when he crawled out, covered with hay-seed, he had to say "George Washington" and pull an old blanket over the opening, so no one, not an "early settler," would know the cave was there.

The "early settlers" were quite terrifying in their appearance. They had an assortment of chicken-feathers fastened in their caps, and sashes of various hues and cleanliness tied about their waists, and each one flourished a wooden sword and talked in a strange, guttural voice. The principal occupation of the party seemed to be in crawling into the cave, and then coming out and exclaiming hoarsely, "Ho, the Indians are upon us!" or "Flee, brothers, the foe hath discovered us!" In the midst of the performance a small blue sunbonnet suddenly appeared at the barn door, and Susie's voice piped out:

"Say, I want to play, too. I'm Pocahontas, who scalped Captain John Smith."

"Just listen, 'scalped Captain John Smith!'" exclaimed Tommy, contemptuously. "Why, Captain John Smith never was scalped. Pocahontas saved him. Anyhow, we're Daniel Boone and the rest of 'em, down in the woods of Kentucky, and girls can't play that."

"Yes, I can," persisted Susie, "'cause once when the Indians tried to get into a cabin, a girl was in there making corn-meal mush, and she threw hot mush at 'em, an' scared 'em off."

"More likely they burned their tongues trying to eat the hot mush," laughed Will. "But come in, Susie, we'll let you play."

Susie was duly taken into the company, and the entire party were soon rushing in and out of their cave to attack or repel supposed

enemies. Presently one of the "early settlers" managed to get a hay-seed in his eye, and this caused a cessation of hostilities until it was removed. By this time all were tired of the game, and they concluded to try something else.

"Let's go over into the woods by Sweet Hill Creek," suggested Tommy.

"What will we do when we get there?" asked Will.

"O—most anything," answered Tommy. "We'll find some fun. We can make a raft to sail on the creek, and play lots of things."

"Yes; an' we can take a lunch along. I'll get Bridget to put up a real nice one for us, if mama'll let me go," interposed Susie, at once growing enthusiastic.

The lunch proposition settled the matter with the boys, and when permission had been obtained from Mrs. Dexter, and a well-filled basket from Bridget, the little party set off for the woods. The walk to Sweet Hill Creek was not a direct one by any means. There were too many side issues in the shape of squirrels that had to be chased, berries that had to be picked, swings of wild grapevine among the trees that had to be tried, and various other matters that made a direct route impossible. In the course of their travels they came to a small hill, at the foot of which stood a log cabin.

"Hello!" exclaimed Charlie. "Here's Aunt Nancy's cabin! I wonder if she's at home?"

"It's easy to find out," answered Sam, approaching the door and trying to open it. "No, it's locked. I expect she's out in the woods picking berries."

"Say, wouldn't it be a joke to place a board or something over the top of the chimney before Aunt Nancy comes home?" remarked Charley with a sudden mischievous inspiration. "My! but wouldn't she get smoked out when she made a fire?"

"I don't think it would be right, 'cause Aunt Nancy is always good to us, an' we don't want to make her feel bad," interposed Susie.

"O, we ain't going to hurt her," said Will. "It'll be just a good joke, and she'll laugh, too, when she finds it out."

The other boys took the same view, and in defiance of Susie's protest they looked around until they found a board, and then Tommy climbed upon the roof and placed it over the chimney.

Aunt Nancy, whose cabin had been thus interfered with, was an old colored woman who had formerly lived in the South, but who had come to the neighborhood after the close of the Civil War. She had found the little cabin unoccupied, and had lived there, unmolested, for many years, earning her living by picking berries, nursing the sick, and doing bits of housework for those who needed her services. Everybody knew her, and especially was she a great favorite with the children. They liked to hear her tell stories of her old life in the South before the war, and when any one of them was ill Aunt Nancy's bustling, cheery appearance in the sick room was wonderfully exhilarating. The boys counted her as one of their best friends, and they would not have harmed her for anything. But the spirit of mischief was uppermost when they placed the board over her chimney.

However, they soon forgot the matter after they had left the cabin, and hurried on until they came to the creek. Here they found

many sources of amusement. They constructed a raft, to begin with, and used it as a ferry boat to convey passengers across a very dangerous river. Presently they became castaways on a desert island, and many perils surrounded them by land and sea. Then, again, they were a band of gypsies, and Susie was a little girl who had been kidnapped from her home. In their play they had pushed the raft hither and thither in their efforts to keep it afloat, finally, until, it came out upon a wide part of the creek—the remains of what had once been a mill pond. On the bank, near by, stood an old, deserted mill. It was a two-story building, that had been erected in early times, but the business not having been profitable it had been abandoned for many years. Windows and doors were gone, and the place had a wild, lonely appearance.

"Say, let us push our raft over and go into the old mill," suggested Charlie. "It'll be a good place to eat our lunch."

"I'm kind of 'fraid to go in there," said Susie, timidly. "I heard that once there was a lot of men chased a horse thief in there—O, ever so long ago—an' he got away from 'em."

"Well, if he got away he didn't leave any ghost to haunt the mill," laughed Will. "So there's nothing to be afraid of. And, besides, the upper part of the mill is real nice. You can see ever so far up there."

Susie's objections were overcome, and with much difficulty the raft was guided toward the shore, and its occupants safely landed. After they had entered the building it became a question of how they could reach the upper floor, for the old stairway had decayed and fallen entirely away. They were about to give up the attempt when Tommy, while prying around, discovered a long ladder in an obscure corner. Who had left it there they did not know, but it answered their purpose. This they placed at the opening above, and one by one climbed to the upper floor.

They certainly had a fine view of the country, as Will had said. Below them ran the Creek, and they could see it for a long distance as it wound in and out among the trees. Through an opening in the wood they saw the spire of the village church, and beyond that the schoolhouse. After looking at the scenery as long as they wished, they sat down by a dismantled window to eat their lunch. In the midst of their merry talk a quick, sharp bark from a dog was heard below.

"Hello!" exclaimed Tommy, going to the opening and looking down. "Why, there's Bruno! He must have followed us from home."

The entire party were at the opening in a moment, and Bruno was enthusiastically greeted. He was a large Newfoundland dog, a great pet with the children, and he was evidently as pleased as they were at the meeting.

"Let's call him up," said Will. "Maybe he can climb the ladder."

At once a chorus of calls and urgings began, and poor Bruno did his best to mount the ladder, but each attempt resulted in his falling back. It was great fun for the children, although Bruno did not seem to enjoy it, for he would whine mournfully after each failure. Finally he made one desperate effort, and had nearly reached the top, when the ladder swayed, slipped, and then fell crashing to the floor below, carrying the dog with it.

"There, now!" exclaimed Sam in dismay.

"See what has happened! The ladder is down there, and we're up here."

"Can't somebody go down and put up the ladder again?" asked Susie, after a moment of profound silence.

"Go down, indeed!" echoed Tommy. "It's fifteen feet or more to that floor down there, and I'd like to know how anyone is going to reach it."

No one could suggest what should be done, and although they looked carefully about them they could discover no way of escape. Bruno, below, did not, of course, appreciate the situation, and he barked joyously when any of them came to the opening. But all desire for fun had left the party, and they gave little heed to him. They went to the windows again and again, and shouted and called for help, but in vain. The woods only gave back mocking echoes; no one was in sight or hearing. They were prisoners.

"We may have to stay here until night before any of our folks find us," said Charley, as they sat dejectedly on the floor.

"Away into the night, more likely," added Sam, gloomily. "You see, they won't look for us to come home until evening; and when they do start out to find us they won't know where to go. They know we started for Sweet Hill Creek, but they don't know at what place on the creek we are."

"I wish now that we hadn't put that board over Aunt Nancy's chimney," remarked Susie, with troubled voice.

The statement was not in line with the previous conversation, but no one laughed. It was a time to be serious, and they were all that. And so the long hours passed. No one came, and their prospect of escape was no better than at first. Slowly the afternoon sun sank in the west, evening was coming on, and in the upper floor of the old mill the five captives waited anxiously for release. Suddenly a slight noise was heard outside, and then a high, quavering voice began to sing:

"O, there's a good time a-comin'
Some sweet day, some sweet day,
An' de Lord is with His people
On de way, on de way,
An' de chariot wheels shall roll—
Comin' to carry home my soul,
On de way, on de way."

"O, there's Aunt Nancy!" exclaimed Susie, excitedly. "An' she's singing on her way home."

But the boys were not interested in singing just then. They were at the window looking down, at the first sound of the well-known voice.

"Aunt Nancy! Aunt Nancy!" they cried. The old woman stopped her singing, placed her basket of berries on the ground, and gazed about her in surprise.

"Hello! What's dat? Who's up dar?" she asked, as her eyes turned to the upper window.

"It's us, an' we can't get down," answered Susie.

"Can't git down? Why, bress ye, honey, whatever goes up mus' come down," laughed the old woman. "But jes wait a minute till I goes into dis ol' ramshackle mill an' sees what's de matter."

Never was a sight more welcome than when the young eyes from above looked down through the opening into the kindly face of Aunt Nancy. Even Bruno appreciated her timely appearance, and barked loudly.

"Why, bress ye, chil'uns, ye mus' have been

powerful scart when ye got up dar an' couldn't git down," said the old woman, sympathizingly, as she placed the ladder in position and held it firmly until they had safely descended.

It was a happy, talkative group that walked homeward through the wood, and as they drew near Aunt Nancy's cabin Tommy whispered something to Will, and then suddenly disappeared. They found him walking by the cabin door, and as Susie glanced toward the chimney she saw, with a thrill of pleasure, that the board had been removed. The children had a goodly supply of cake and sandwiches left in their lunch basket, and these they insisted on leaving with Aunt Nancy.

"Good-night, chil'uns," she called after them, as they turned to go.

"Good-night, Aunt Nancy," came back the grateful reply.

"I'm glad you took the board off, Tommy," remarked Susie, as they went on through the gathering twilight.

"Yes, answered Tommy, briefly at first, then, as the dim light and some inward prompting gave him courage, he added: "It seemed a good joke just when we did it, but it would have made her a lot of trouble, and—besides—up there in the mill—well, some things don't seem the same all the time; and she a-singing about 'being on the way.' So you see—why—well—"

Tommy left his sentence unfinished, but the children understood.—The Christian Advocate (N. Y.)

FROM THE SPRINGVILLE "BREEZE."

We're pleased to state that Mr. Wren
And wife are back, and at the Eaves.

The Robins occupy again
Their summer home at Maple Leaves.

The Gardens restaurant reports
A fresh supply of angleworms.

The Elms—that fav'rite of resorts—
Has bought to rent on easy terms.

We learn that Mrs. Early Bee
Is still quite lame with frosted wings.

Ye Editor thanks Cherry Tree
For sundry floral offerings.

Down Cistern-way a waterspout
Has been a source of active floods.

We hear of rumored comings out
Of some of Springville's choicest buds.

In case you run across Green Lawn
Don't wonder why he looks so queer.

'Tis only that he's undergoin'
His first short hair cut of the year.

—St. Nicholas.

THE TRUTH.

Most Christians probably intend to be truthful. They would perhaps stand, like Clay Trumbull, unflinchingly by the truth on a sharply-drawn issue between truth and falsehood. The great weakness is discovered when we examine the everyday words and the ordinary life. The shadow of careless, inexact statement falls upon much that is spoken. It is woefully easy to form a habit of reporting things carelessly and incorrectly, without ever meaning to be false. But it does in the end turn out to be false, and it stains one's character almost more than the cold, sudden lie which is afterwards repented of. A life which does not square with profession and with testimony is always serious. It is extremely difficult to speak the truth on all occasions, and to live it in the dark and in the light, but nothing else will do for a Christian, and there can be no situation which will in any way excuse us for shaving the truth or for playing loose with things as they are.—The American Friend.

Young People's Work.

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

MEDITERRANEAN SEA, NEAR PATMOS.

APRIL 2, 1904.

My dear family:—After a week of busy sight-seeing it seems good to have a quiet Sabbath at sea, and inasmuch as I cannot be with you in the flesh, I propose to spend a good slice of the day with you by letter. The music room is but a few steps from our stateroom, and the sounds of the prayer-meeting come to me through the open door, so I will stop a little while. The prayer-meetings are held every morning. I have done a lot of tramping this week, but the sea voyages scattered in between rest one nicely. We visited Smyra and on Monday we shall visit the American College at Beyrout. Next week we shall begin our sixteen days' visit in Palestine, and shall be on the move, so there will be no time for writing except in my note-book. I get less time than I need anyway for writing letters and diary and scarcely any time for reading. My catarrh is not helped by this ocean air but my general health is fine and I am regaining some of my mental energy. I can feel that my nerve cells are gaining a new lease of life. It is grand on the hurricane deck this morning. Bright sunlight, white capped waves, great jagged islands. These are historic waters. Winter clothing is still very comfortable, and some passengers have had colds and many have been chilly. My next letter will be from Jerusalem.

May the kind Heavenly Father bless you all.

L. C. RANDOLPH.

BROADENING OUR LIVES.

What is the use of general education? An education in agriculture, in electrical engineering, in law or in any special line of study may help one to earn his living but it does not contribute to his eternal happiness perhaps, or help him to live any nearer to God. Some say that the Bible should supply all that is needed in the education of the Christian. Is not that a pernicious teaching, contrary to common-sense, to the Bible itself and to the practice of those who make the claim? It is true that the Bible is our educational book in the principles of Christianity just as Ridpath's History may be our text book in American History. But it is also true that people whom the world calls ignorant have false conceptions of Biblical teachings. The Bible was written for all time and the more men study science, history, philosophy, and the more they develop their mental capacity by study or exercise, the better they are fitted to understand what God says to them in his written message. This is one of the duties God has laid upon man to perform. He has given man the talent for growth, for mental development and he has told him to use his talent, not to wrap it in a napkin. Our minds are not all made alike. Some have more mental ability and are able to teach others. But upon all is laid the necessity of obeying God's law as far as we can understand it. There are diversities of gifts and we must learn to understand God's Word by starting from different standpoints according to what is already given us.

"Fear God, and keep his commandments for this is the whole duty of man." His commandments are simple, so that the child and the ignorant can understand them. They are broad enough for the whole world and so hard to understand that no intelligent Christian would claim that he always understands how to obey

them in every particular. They cover every part of human life in all its details. For instance, "Thou shalt not kill." The child understands that, as "Thou shalt not take another person's life," or perhaps also an animal's life. But he does not think of applying it to the care of the human-body, to the use of hygienic measures, to the kind of food and drink and exercise one uses, to the discouragement and unkindness we may offer to others so that their spiritual life is injured, so that perhaps their souls even are turned away from God. Or again, "Thou shalt not steal." That is plain enough surely. "Thou shalt not take thy neighbor's property, such as his house or his watch or his money." We may not think that it means his good name, or his time or his faith in God or his purity of life. We may not guiltlessly rob him of good influences, of the chance to know God, of comfort or happiness.

We should have a general education then because God has given us a talent for education. Our minds are made capable of growth, and according to their growth we are enabled to understand his messages to us. We are so made that we want more than mere salvation "so as by fire." We want not only to be saved at last but we want all the power we can have to help others. We are not made to be satisfied with what we have when we can just as well have more and keep on growing. Our minds are made in the likeness of God, who is infinite, so how can we be satisfied with less than infinity? Mrs. R.

THE QUIET HOUR.

By Celia Crandall.

We hear a great deal about widening and deepening our lives, but one of the strangest ideas of to-day is that the widening of life, which brings us comfort, can also bring us happiness or goodness. Every person needs a wider and a deeper life, but what good will this broader life bring us, if we are still discontented, if we cannot encourage and help our fellowmen, if our lives are still filled with sin? No matter how broad our lives may be we cannot get away from our own consciences. We may broaden life until we flatten it, we may make it so wide that it becomes very thin and shallow and superficial, but still we cannot lift one man nearer heaven by so doing.

The cry of the nineteenth century was for wider contact, relations, and sympathies. The cry of the twentieth century must be deeper—deeper into the secret of Jesus, deeper into a communion with the unseen and the eternal.

The great lack of our life is that we do not pray more. Every person needs to have a time when he can go apart from the world and its work and be alone with God. Prayer at its best is always secret, for it is then most real. When we pray before others, the temptation to unreality is great and is rarely overcome, but in secret prayer we escape this temptation. We can open our hearts more fully and frankly in secret prayer than anywhere else. God is the only one we can and do trust absolutely. When some one who we thought would never fail us has failed us, and the very foundations of confidence seem reeling, what a comfort it is to be able to go to God, to trust to his faithfulness and tell Him everything.

God reveals his will, and not only His will, but Himself in the secret place. God is very unreal to many of us, and we can never really know Him until we go into the secret place and "shut the door." It is a most encouraging fact that at the present time there is a steady increase in the number of Christians who observe the quiet hour,

or the "Morning Watch," as it is sometimes called. By the observance of the quiet hour is commonly meant the spending of at least the first fifteen minutes of every day alone with God in prayer, Bible study and quiet thought.

There are a number of reasons for choosing the first hour of the day for the "quiet hour." One of the principal reasons is that at the beginning of the day the soul is in its most receptive state. The first hour of the day is the "still hour," and it is easier to heed the command, "Be still and know that I am God." Furthermore, by having secret prayer and Bible study the very first thing, we make certain of them. If we put off these important exercises until a later hour in the day we multiply the chances of their being interrupted or being crowded out entirely. In connection with this thought we should heed the words of Robert McCheyne, who said, "I ought to spend the best hours of every day in communion with God."

The quiet hour prepares us for the day's temptations and trials. If our lives and works and acts during the day are to possess more than ordinary value, we must take the earliest opportunity in the day to establish a vital and complete union with God. Why should we work alone part of the day, if the energy of God may be manifested all the hours of the day?

Notwithstanding the great importance of the quiet hour, there are Christians who say they have not time to devote from fifteen minutes to an hour every day to such a spiritual exercise. It is a striking fact that the busiest Christians, both among laymen and those who are devoting their lives to direct Christian work, constitute the class who plead this excuse the least, and observe the quiet hour the most. It is to be doubted whether there is any Christian who will not, after honestly and persistently following this plan for a month or two, become convinced that it is the best possible use of his time, and that it does not interfere with his regular work.

For the best results, we should first of all form an inflexible resolution to keep the quiet hour. It will be most dangerous and disastrous to permit any exceptions.

It is well to have some general plan to follow during this hour. Often considerable time is lost and much less good obtained from the quiet hour because of lack of preparation. We must remember, however, that it is possible to be over methodical, and that at this time of all others, we must beware of formalism.

At the very outset of the hour we must be sure that we are right with God. If we would receive what God had in store for us for the day, we must first make right with Him any unconfessed sin, wrong motive, or spirit that is contrary to Christ. It is vain to expect any real spiritual help from Bible study and prayer, unless we are willing to give up any known sin.

We should recollect morning by morning the real object of the quiet hour. It is not simply to enable us to say that we have observed it; it is not to satisfy our consciences by observing it, because we have formed a resolution to do so. The true object should be to meet God, to hear His voice, to receive strength and guidance from Him which will help us to serve and please Him during the day.

Give prayer a large place in the quiet hour. The Bible study, meditation and self-examination should all be conducted in the spirit of prayer. It is only by filling the quiet hour with prayer that we can make this time a great reality and force in our lives.

Remember that this hour is the still hour. Too

often the time is so filled with our own thoughts and prayers, that there is no quiet-time for listening. Our actual attitude and practice might often be better characterized by the words, "Hear, Lord, for thy servant speaketh," than by the words, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."

When we think of some of the men of Bible times who had power with God and man, we remember that they too kept the "morning watch." The Law was revealed to Moses in the early morning hours. Isaiah was awakened by God every morning to hear as a true disciple; and it was David who declared, "In the morning will I order my prayer unto thee, and will keep my watch," and who learned from experience that "It is a good thing to show forth thy loving kindness in the morning." The example of Jesus Christ is most impressive. We are told that "in the morning a great while before day, he rose up, and went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." Tradition teaches that the observance of the morning watch was prevalent among the early Christians. All the men and women who have gone out from the universities of America and Britain to lead the Christian movements among the students of India, faithfully observe this watch. There is one college in the Levant where over two hundred boys and men keep the quiet hour. There are two great student movements in the World's Student Christian Federation, but that of China is the only one of which it can be said that practically all of its active members begin the day with Bible study and prayer.

The question, "Why should I not keep the quiet hour," is a practical one. Is there any excuse or reason acceptable to God, which we can plead why we cannot devote at least the first fifteen minutes of every day to secret prayer and Bible study? Are we willing to pay what it costs to form this habit? Next to receiving Christ as our Saviour there is no act attended with greater good to ourselves or to others, than the formation of an indissoluble resolution to keep the quiet hour. In secret prayer we can get victory over temptations and besetting sins. Many and many a Christian is leading a life of constant defeat, who might lead a life of daily victory, by often going alone with God, shutting the door and offering believing prayer to Him.

When Dewey sailed into Manila harbor in the dusk of the early morning, he hoisted one signal over his flagship. It was this, "Prepare for action. Follow the flagship." All of us here are eager to follow the banner of Jesus Christ. We want to follow it wheresoever it may lead. The best preparation is to draw nigh unto God in the secret place. Let Him speak His message, and do His work in our hearts.

A YEAR'S FREIGHT.

Each year consists of four seasons, twelve months, fifty-two weeks, three hundred and sixty-five days, eight thousand seven hundred and sixty hours, five hundred and twenty-five thousand and six hundred minutes, thirty-one million five hundred and thirty-six thousand seconds. Each season comes like a great ship freighted with the mercies of God. Each month, each week, each day, each hour, and each second is rich in mercy from the hand of our heavenly Father. We sometimes sing about counting our blessings. If anyone would count all his blessings he would have no time for anything else. No one ever counted all his blessings, and no one can. They come down in copious and ceaseless showers from the open windows of heaven.

Restful Nonsense Corner

A CABLE-CAR PREACHER.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

I
" 'Tis strange how thoughtless people are,"
A man said in a cable-car.
"How careless and how thoughtless," said
The Loud Man in the cable-car;
And the Man with One Lame Leg
Said softly, "Pardon me, I beg,
For your value is on my knee;
It's sore," said he of One Lame Leg.

II
A woman then came in with twins
And stumbled o'er the Loud Man's shine;
And she was tired half to death,
This Woman Who Came in with Twins;
And then the Man with One Lame Leg
Said "Madam, take my seat, I beg."
She sat, with her vociferant twins,
And thanked the man of One Lame Leg.

III
" 'Tis strange how selfish people are,
They carry boorishness so far;
How selfish, careless, thoughtless," said
The Loud Man of the cable-car.
A Man then with the Lung Complaint
Grew dizzy and began to faint;
He reeled and swayed from side to side,
This poor Man with the Lung Complaint.

IV
The Woman Who Came in with Twins
Said, "You can hardly keep your pins;
Pray, take my seat." He sat, and thanked
The Woman Who Came in with Twins.
The Loud Man once again began
To curse the selfishness of man;
Our lack of manners he bewailed
With vigor, did this Loud, Loud Man.

V
But still the Loud Man kept his seat;
A Blind Man stumbled o'er his feet;
The Loud Man preached on selfishness,
And preached, and preached, and kept his seat.
The poor Man with the Lung Complaint
Stood up—a brave, heroic saint—
And to the Blind Man, "Take my seat,"
Said he who had the Lung Complaint.

VI
The Loud Man preached on selfish sins;
The Woman Who Came in with Twins;
The poor Man with the Lung Complaint,
Stood, while he preached on selfish sins.
And still the Man with One Lame Leg
Stood there on his imperfect peg
And heard the creed on selfish sins—
This patient Man with One Lame Leg.

VII
The Loud Man of the cable-car
Sat still and preached and traveled far;
The Blind Man spake no word unto
The Loud Man of the cable-car.
The Lame Legged Man looked reconciled,
And she with Twins her grief beguiled,
The poor Man with the Lung Complaint—
All stood, and sweetly, sadly smiled.

HEPATIC.

When April is in her genial mood,
And leafy smells are in the wood,
In sunny nook, by bank or brook,
Behold this lovely sisterhood!

A spirit sleeping in the mold,
And tucked about by leafage old,
Opens an eye as blue as the sky,
Nor deems that she is overbold.

Before a leaf is on the tree,
Before I see the humblebee,
She hears a voice, "Arise! rejoice!"
And in furry vestments greeteth me.

Before the oven-bird has sung,
Or thrush or chickadee found a tongue,
She ventures out and looks about,
And once again the world is young.

Sometimes she stands in white array,
Sometimes as pink as dawning day,
Or every shade of azure made,
And oft with breath as sweet as May.

Sometimes she bideth all alone,
And lifts her cup beside a stone,
A child at play along the way,
When all her happy mates have flown.

Again in bands she beams around,
And brightens all the littered ground,
And holds the gaze in leafless ways—
A concert sweet without a sound.

Like robin's song or bluebird's wing,
Or throats that make the marshes ring,
Her beaming face and winsome grace
Are greetings from the heart of spring.

—Christian Work and Evangelist.

POETRY AND PATENT MEDICINE.

A gentleman now living in Washington who formerly held a prominent place in one of the departments of the government, has the same name as a Pennsylvania writer of verse. To this fact he is indebted for the following letter received by him:

Dear friend and statesman:—I rite you the earliest dait to be so kind as to do me a favor, I haf trid all kinds of patent medisin for hart decease an no avail. I read your little pome on Hart decee, beginin

"The hart which ead tumultus beets,
with throbs of keenest pain
will oft recover its defects
Thro' naturs sweat refrane."

I haf never trid an injun doc but haf took all kinds of erbs. I now ask you to send me by return male 2 bottles of your medisu naturs sweat refrane. Sen to Alex K—, C— Postoffice, Penn.

P S—I will send prise by return male.

AN AMERICAN IDOL.

At the bottom of all the too prevalent corruption, commercial and political, is the prevailing idea that success consists in the gaining of money. Joseph R. Burton, of Kansas, the first United States Senator to be convicted of crime while in office, testified that he used his official influence in consideration of a salary of \$500 a month from the Bialto Grain and Securities Companies of St. Louis, because he needed the money. Those convicted of fraud in the Postoffice Department at Washington, perpetrated the frauds in order to make money. Almost every act of corruption in office is done to get money; and the money that is paid to induce official corruption is paid to obtain wrongful opportunities to make more money. All the dishonest bargains between business men and corporations are merely attempts to make money. People who have no need of money keep on trying to make money, because that is their only ideal of success. Those who have more money than they can count or use in any way try to add to it because they are lured on by the idea which has been burned into their minds that making money is success and nothing else is success. Corruption thrives on this false ideal, and will cease only when this false idol is thrown down from the high pedestal on which it stands before the minds of the American people. In the words of Mr. Steffens, we must learn "that business, important as it is, is not sacred; that not everything that pays is right; that if bribery is treason, if the corrupt politician is a traitor, then the corrupting business man is an enemy of the republic." It is admitted that it was the business element of New York City that put Tammany back into power, and as long as business men prefer officials they can bribe to those who will administer the laws honestly and impartially, so long will official corruption continue.—The Watchman.

TWO NATIONAL SCANDALS.

The opinion seems to be gaining ground in Congress that the only way to end the national scandal of Mormonism is for the nation itself to take charge of the regulation of marriage.

By the confessions of its chosen leaders Mormonism has been proved a conspiracy against the law of the land and against all civilized standards of decency in family relations.

All faithful Mormons accept polygamy as of Divine authority and as a Divine command. They go farther than even Mohammedans, to whom polygamy is merely permissible. Worldly prudence alone restrains Mormons from the crime of polygamy.

Great as is the scandal of Mormonism, it is not greater than that caused by the conflict of marriage and divorce laws among the states. It is only more openly offensive.

Laws that make a certain marriage perfectly lawful in Wisconsin and subject the parties to imprisonment in Illinois—laws that make children legitimate in South Dakota, and brand them as illegitimate in Massachusetts—laws which do these things and are sustained by the highest courts—certainly create scandalous conditions. And the instances cited here are only two of a list that would fill a volume.

Evidently the only remedy is for the nation to take control of a subject that is of the gravest national concern. Its homes are the life of the nation, and laws which make domestic relations confused and scandalous weaken the life of the nation.

To bring marriage and divorce under national control the national constitution must be amended. That is a long and difficult task, but it is well worth undertaking.

The work should begin at once and be pressed resolutely forward. In no other way can these two national scandals be ended.—The Weekly Inter-Ocean.

A man who has elevated himself by his own efforts and the man who is elevated by a hangman are both good object lessons.

DEATHS.

BONHAM—Anna Dickinson, only daughter of Charles and Emily Dickinson, and wife of Wardner Bonham, was born April 26, 1874, and died near Shiloh, N. J., April 17, 1904.

When eighteen years old she was baptized by Rev. I. L. Cottrell, and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at Shiloh, where she remained a consistent member until called to the Home which Christ had gone to prepare for her. Her husband and three children remain.

"God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given
They live on earth in thought and deed, as truly
As in His heaven."

DAVIS—Nathan Davis was born in Warren county, O., Dec. 20, 1823, and died at Welton, Iowa, April 9, 1904.

In 1837, his parents moved from Ohio to Indiana, where he continued to reside until 1865. June 29th, 1844, he was married to Nancy Doty, who survives him. Eight of the twelve children born to them still live in eastern Iowa. In 1865, he settled in Clinton county, Iowa, since which time he has made his home in the vicinity of Weldon. In early life he joined the Disciple's church, but after settling in Iowa he became an observer of the Sabbath, and identified himself with the Adventists, the branch known as The Church of God Adventists. The funeral services were held at his late residence, conducted by the writer of this notice.

G. W. B.

WEED.—Clarinda Weed, widow of the late Jessie R. Weed, was born in Angelica, N. Y., in 1819, and died in Lake Mills, Minn., March 28, 1904, in the 85th year of her age.

In 1842 she went to Wisconsin and later to Minnesota, where she was a devoted member of the Trenton Seventh-day Baptist church. She loved the house of God, and the SABBATH RECORDER, and had a keen interest in all our denominational work. She was rich in faith, and gave liberally of her little store of earthly goods for the cause of Christ.

Her lonely watch is over; He who bought her Hath heard her prayer and bid the hot tears cease, And with the guiding hand of mercy brought her Unto the longed-for haven of her peace.

A. C. C.

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.

SECOND QUARTER.		
April 2. Jesus Visits Tyre and Sidon.....	Mark 7: 24-37	
April 9. Peter confesses the Christ.....	Mark 8: 27-38	
April 16. Jesus Transfigured.....	Mark 9: 2-13	
April 23. The Mission of the Seventy.....	Luke 10: 1-16	
April 30. Prayer and Promise.....	Luke 11: 1-13	
May 7. Watchfulness.....	Luke 12: 35-48	
May 14. The Prodigal Son.....	Luke 15: 11-24	
May 21. Jesus Teaches Humility.....	Mark 10: 35-45	
May 28. The Passover.....	Matt. 26: 17-30	
June 4. Christ's Trial Before Pilate.....	Mark 15: 1-15	
June 11. Christ Crucified.....	Mark 15: 22-39	
June 18. Christ Risen.....	Matt. 28: 1-15	
June 25. Review.....		

LESSON VII.—THE PRODIGAL SON.

LESSON TEXT.—Luke 15: 11-24.

For Sabbath-day, May 14, 1904.

Golden Text.—Come and let us return unto the Lord.—Hosea 6: 1.

INTRODUCTION.

We have for our lesson this week the most beautiful of all the parables. It is called by common consent the parable of the Prodigal Son, although this name is not given to it in the Bible. It might well have been named the parable of the Lost Son, and thus have had a title to correspond with the two preceding parables in this chapter, those concerning the Lost Sheep and the Lost Piece of Money. It is to be noted that the word parable occurs but once in this chapter, and the three may in a certain sense be regarded as the portions of one parable. The lesson of each of the three is the same. Our heavenly Father has a boundless love for that which is lost. A shepherd cares for the lost sheep, and goes to great pains to recover it, even if it be but a single one out of a hundred. Its money value is not much; but he cannot be at peace while it is gone. The woman cares much for her lost piece of money. It is perhaps one of the many pieces that made up the ornament that she wore upon her head at her marriage. Although it is but one of many she takes the greatest pains to find it again.

If they cared for a sheep or for a piece of money how much more shall a father care for his son. The father's affection is not diminished because his son is lost, but thereby the rather increased. The Pharisees despised the publicans, and found fault with Jesus because he paid any attention to them. Jesus would show these Pharisees that God loves the lost sinners, and that he has not only a mere willingness that they should repent, but a longing desire for them.

The parable of the Prodigal Son differs from the other two parables not only in that the refrain (v. 7, 10) is implied rather than expressed, but in that also there is an added paragraph in regard to the elder brother to show the Pharisees how utterly inappropriate, not to say contemptible, is their opposition to the publicans.

TIME.—Sometime in our Lord's Perea ministry—possibly in December of the year 29.

PLACE.—Perea.

PERSONS.—Jesus teaching the multitudes; Pharisees were certainly present among the rest.

OUTLINE:

1. The Prodigal Lost in his Sinful Pleasures. v. 11-14.
2. The Prodigal Coming to Himself. v. 15-19.
3. The Prodigal's Return. v. 20-24.

NOTES.

11. A certain man had two sons. They were both his. (Why should he not care for them? The shepherd cared for his sheep.)

12. The portion of thy substance that falleth to me. That is, one-third. Compare Deut. 21: 17. He had however, no right to demand this in his father's life time. And he divided unto them his living. It appears from the context (v. 29) that the portion for the elder son was not delivered over to him.

13. And not many days after. He makes no delay in setting about his life of recklessness. Gathered altogether. He is not the one to leave a portion carefully invested to provide for a time of want. A far country. He wanted to get away from all restraints connected with home. He wasted his substance with riotous living. Literally, living unsaveably. He was a spendthrift. We can imagine that he did not simply give away his money, but he indulged in sinful pleasures.

Thus in one verse is pictured the Prodigal's downward course until he came to the dregs of the cup that he had poured for himself. The pleasures of sin are but for the moment.

14. And when he had spent all. It so happened that just at the time that he had exhausted his resources, a great famine arose. Otherwise he might perhaps have begged enough for a scanty support. But in time of famine even the wealthy have difficulty in getting what they want, much more those without money. And he began to be in want. The emphasis is upon the pronoun; he in particular as well as others began "to fall behind" in the satisfying of his needs.

15. And he went and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country. What a fate for a Jew; not only to leave his luxurious lodgings, but also to be utterly dependent upon a heathen for his support. The verb implies that he sought for this place with shameless persistence. It is evident that he felt, that he must join himself to this man or starve. Evidently he had no friend to which to turn in his need. He sent him into his fields to feed swine. This was a great degradation for a Jew, to care for those animals which the law condemns as unclean.

16. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks, etc. Even when he was employed in this most distasteful labor he did not get enough to eat. This is the last touch to the picture of his misery. The son of a wealthy father although he had hesitated at no degradation, not able to satisfy his hunger. The "husks" were the pods of the carob tree. Ordinarily they would not be highly esteemed for food. To explain why this fallen spendthrift did not help himself to the carob pods, it is suggested that these were probably given to the swine by other herders at evening.

17. When he came to himself. Hitherto he had been beside himself. As he turned aside from his duty to his father and to God he had been untrue to himself. Now when he begins to have right ideas about life, and about his own responsibilities, he is coming to himself. How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough, etc. He contrasts his pitiable condition with the comfortable lot of his father's servants, and thus begins to think of home, of father, and of duty,—thoughts far from his mind in the days of his prosperity.

18. I will arise and go to my father. With this resolution his new life begins. Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight. He resolves to make a full confession. To say he had sinned against heaven is the same as saying that he had sinned against God. He feels also that his injury to his father is very great.

19. I am no more worthy to be called thy son. He is ready to acknowledge that he has forfeited his rights as son. As one of thy hired servants. He asks this as a favor. It will be a position much better than that of swineherd to an alien. He realizes that he deserves no better place, but longs to be near his father rather than to go elsewhere to seek for relief.

20. And he arose and came to his father. His repentance starts him to immediate action. While he was yet afar off. The father had never lost his affection for the wayward son, and was more than ready to receive him. In this and the following verses it is the father's love that is prominent, and we have a parallel to the intense longing for the lost that is pictured in the other two parables of this chapter. And fell on his neck and kissed him. The wanderer is received with every mark of tender affection. The father's love for his son even if that son makes an ill return for that love, is far beyond the care that the shepherd has for his sheep.

21. Father, I have sinned, etc. He makes the confession that he had planned, but he finds it impossible to add, "Make me as one of thy hired servants." That would be an insult to the father's love which is so amply manifest.

22. Bring forth quickly the best robe. His rags are to be immediately replaced by the best garment that the house affords. Put a ring on his hand and shoes on his feet. The ring would indicate that he was a person of importance in the house. Possibly it was a signet ring showing that the person who wore it had authority to command in the name of the master of the house. Shoes (or sandals) were the mark of a free man. Slaves went barefoot. By these three commands the father shows that he is not only going to minister to the necessities of his son, but also to restore him to his honorable position in the home.

23. And bring the fattest calf. No pains is spared to make the wanderer welcome. The fattest calf was probably being saved for some special occasion. What time could be more fitting than this for a glorious feast of rejoicing! Let us eat, and make merry. The Oriental

does not eat, meat often, but when an animal is slain, it is eaten at once.

24. For this my son was dead. He does not mean, physically dead, but dead so far as the family was concerned. He is now for the bereaved father restored to life as if by a miracle. What greater cause of rejoicing could be have? He was lost. More really lost than the wandering sheep and the missing coin; for he had chosen to be lost. The father was rejoiced at the home-coming of his lost son as the shepherd was at the return of his sheep, but this was a far greater cause of rejoicing.

GEOGRAPHY OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

From the southern boundary of Mexico to the Isthmus of Panama stretches a tract of country little known to North Americans, but replete with beauty and interest. With an area nearly three times that of New England, it has a population only three-fourths as great; yet its natural resources are vastly greater, and if properly developed, it should become one of the richest and most prosperous portions of the globe. Rich mineral deposits, broad tracts of wonderfully fertile farming land, great savannahs admirably adapted to the rearing of stock, and a mild and equable climate offer strong inducements to capital and enterprise. But these natural advantages are unfortunately neutralized by the slothfulness of a hybrid population, and save in British Honduras, by tyrannical and unstable military governments. Thus the little republics of Central America have remained in a state of social and political infancy; and the capital and business initiative so necessary to their welfare have sought other and safer fields.

South of the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, where the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific Ocean are less than two hundred miles apart, the continent widens, the main ridge of the Cordillera running southeast along the Pacific coast, and the great tablelands and broad plateaus of Guatemala and Yucatan, extending far to the northeastward. Beyond this widening the Isthmus again contracts, the Bay of Honduras deeply indenting the Caribbean coast and extending to within one hundred and seventy miles of the Pacific Ocean. Thence the northern coast stretches eastward to Cape Gracias a Dios, while the southern coast trends to the southward, causing another broadening of the Isthmus at the northern confines of Nicaragua. From Cape Gracias a Dios and the Gulf of Fonseca the two coasts gradually and continuously approach one another until at the Isthmus of Darien, the narrowest part of the American Isthmus, they are barely thirty-five miles apart.—The Chau-tauquan.

GRAMMAR AND GROCERIES.

The purist who figures in the following story was the proprietor of a grocery in St. Louis, but the Chicago Record-Herald, which prints the story suggests that he probably came from the East.

One day he was called to the telephone in great haste. "Does some one wish to speak to Mr. Perkins?" he asked.

"Yes," said the girlish voice at the other end of the wire. "Mama wishes me to tell you that she wants the eggs she ordered this morning very bad."

"I am sorry," replied the grocer, "that we have not, to my knowledge, a bad egg in the house. Couldn't your mother possibly use good ones?"

"Dear me!" he murmured, hanging up the receiver. "I wonder why she rung in my ear that way?"

IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH



THE HISTORIC INTERPRETATION.

In no respect scarcely has modern criticism been of greater service than in introducing the historical method into Bible interpretation. There has been too little care displayed in times past in this direction. Periods before Christ and after have been mingled in inextricable confusion and the circumstances attending the deliverance of truth have been almost utterly disregarded. So it has come to pass that passages have been taken and forced to do duty as proof texts in a way entirely foreign to their original purpose and modern meanings have been read into them of which their authors never dreamed. Moreover, examples of life with the disregard of this historic method have been assumed as commentaries on current types and held up for condemnation or copying as the case might be.

It is needless to say that violence has been done to the cause of truth by these things. The characters of the Old Testament were representatives of their period and not of ours. It were as unfair to Jacob, for example, as it is inadequate for us to hold him up as an illustration of true Christian living. He was the outgrowth of his own time in impulse and embodiment and motive and not of ours. Moreover, the revelation of divine truth in those times was a revelation suited to them and not for us. They were, as it were, in the beginnings of spiritual enlightenment and not in the full noon of its development. Revelation then was suited to their conceptions and their conditions, and we have, as we have lately learned, a progressive revelation in the divine Book. This is now being realized. Old Testament saints are no longer taken as examples by which to test modern living, and proof texts are no more culled indiscriminately for the purpose of supporting Christian doctrine. For this we are indebted to historic criticism,—that is, our judgment conditioned by the times and circumstances on which it is bestowed. This is bringing truth into its proper proportions and putting the various periods of spiritual development into their own light. Hence our lessons from the Word are becoming real lessons and our perspective is being made more true.—Baptist Commonwealth.

Special Notices.

WANTED—The addresses of all Seventh-day Baptists on the Pacific coast. My list was destroyed in the fire that consumed my house. REV. J. T. DAVIS, 175 North Street, Riverside, Cal.

DRY BANANAS.

Ripe peeled bananas only weigh about forty-five per cent. of the full bunches, while the dried product, retaining all its flavor and nutrition, only weighs approximately one-ninth as

much as the bunches, and has nearly the same reduction in space. These features alone will save a large amount in the cost of transportation and cold storage of the fresh fruit. It is impossible to grind dried bananas into flour, as they are about as tough as evaporated apples, but they may be prepared in two styles; either to press them into barrels or boxes, just as they leave the drier, or chop them up fine with a large sausage-meat cutter, and pack them in attractive one-pound paper packages. In the latter shape they will make an excellent breakfast food, and can be used for cakes, puddings, ice creams, and numerous purposes. Also, if heavily compressed in a small space, they will make an ideal ration for soldiers or travelers on long inland tours. Unquestionably bananas embody more nutritious matter than any other fruit, not excepting dates, which, while they are rich in sugar, contain little starch or gluten, and also have large seeds. It is said that an Arab can cross a desert on a pocketful of dried dates for food. We must take this statement with considerable allowance, or else believe their barren lands are very small or their pockets are of unusual dimensions. I would take a pocketful of dried bananas in preference.

I see no reason, if this evaporated fruit is put up in insect-proof packages, why it will not keep for years in any climate, so it can be safely and cheaply transported to any part of the earth. As is well known, the fresh fruit is the most expensive to ship. Owing to the long voyages and its delicate nature, it must be very carefully handled to prevent bruising, and requires cold storage, so as not to ripen too soon. The saccharine and gluten contents of bananas naturally cause a little more difficulty in their evaporation than common fruit, but I believe this can be overcome by some changes in our best driers. I would advise the adoption of mechanically-forced hot-air currents, which will nearly double their capacity and shorten the operation, thus furnishing a brighter colored product, which increases its value. I also believe it will be necessary to substitute perforated sheets of non-corrosive metal for the bottom of the drying trays instead of the usual cheap galvanized iron wire cloth.

The best evaporated fruit retails here at from ten to fifteen cents per pound, but dried bananas ought to bring higher prices, owing to their fine flavor and the fact that they require no sweetening.

From these reasonable conclusions it would appear if this business, gone into on a large scale with ample capital, some of which must of course be expended in judicious advertising and careful management, promises permanent and profitable returns.—Scientific American.

NOTICE.—All delegates coming to the South-Eastern Association, to be held with the Ritchie church, are requested to be at Pennesboro, Fourth-day morning, May 18, where conveyance will be provided for them. Those who expect to come should notify
ARTHUR BRISSEY,
Berea, W. Va.

THE Annual Church and Quarterly Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist church at Jackson Centre, O., will occur on the third Sabbath in May. It is hoped that all non-resident members to whom this notice may come will report themselves at that meeting.

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 hold regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed.
W. D. WILCOX, Pastor,
516 W. Monroe St.

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,
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ALFRED UNIVERSITY. 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 broaden lives of useful and honored citizenship.

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A SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST WEEKLY, PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

VOLUME 60. No. 19. MAY 9, 1904. WHOLE No. 3089.

LET DOWN THE BARS, O DEATH!

EMILY DICKINSON. Let down the bars, O Death! The tired flocks come in Whose bleating ceases to repeat, Whose wandering is done.

Thine is the stillest night, Thine the securest fold; Too near thou art for seeking thee, Too tender to be told.

AS THE SPRING DAYS APPROACH—

though they come this year all too slowly—humanity feels the longing to go out of doors, to welcome the new life of springtime, to dwell under the open sky.

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But one need not be botanist, geologist, or artist, in order to find God out of doors. The sweetness and the silence; the beauty and grandeur; and the resurrecting life that fill the earth at springtime, all are benedictions, anthems, sermons. Earth and air and sky are full of blessings.

AN IMPORTANT ELEMENT OF SUCCESS—

the lack of which brings absolute or comparative failure—the part of public teachers, is the ability to understand men and interpret the human heart to itself.

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not abstract discussion concerning what ought to be, or might be, but clear conceptions of what is and what must be, in a given life, at a given time, that leads to this self-interpretation.

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shows that certain fundamental lines of thought appear in history in all the greater forms of religion.

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