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HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.

ALFRED TENNYSON.
Home they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry;
All her maidens, watching, said,
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."
Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truist friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.
Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.
Rose a nurse of 90 years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears,
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

Memorial Day.

AGAIN Memorial Day is near with its pleasures and its pathos. It is pleasant to remember that out of the terrible experiences which came with the sad Civil War, a united nation has come and that the years have softened the sorrows, and put away the bitterness which once existed. It is sad to know that such scenes are made necessary because of the ignorance and blindness of men. It were far better if best results could be attained in other ways except through fields of blood. But the Memorial Days of the New Century are also pathetic, when we note the shortened lines in which the veterans march and the vacant places which increase, year by year. But since this must be, there is pleasure in noting that the sons and daughters of the veterans of the Civil War have come to a better knowledge of things pertaining to the love of country and of righteousness because of what their fathers did and were. As the blue and the gray mingle in spirit if not in fact, on this coming Memorial Day, so the lights and shadows, the joy and sorrow, the pathos and the glory of human experiences join to make up earthly history. It is well that flowers have been chosen to mark the coming of Memorial Day, and that these children of beauty, fresh from the Creative Hand, are heaped over the dust of those whose services united to perpetuate the higher principles of patriotism, and to vindicate that fundamental righteousness and regard for the rights of men, on which every successful nation must rest. So, while this day will be a shadowed day in the memories of aged veterans, and a joyous holiday to their children and grand-children, while the sad music of the dead march will mingle with more joyous strains, it is well that we learn anew the greater lessons which this day should teach: First of all, the lesson that

over all human plans and over the destiny of every nation, divine wisdom is watching, and divine providence is guiding toward final results. However imperfectly men may understand the purposes of God, and however much we may fail to do that which is best because we see that which is best, only in part, out of every experience, whether the terribleness of the battle field, or the brightest and most joyous experiences of life untouched by strife or sorrow, those who work with God and truth are securing for themselves and for the world, the highest and the best of destiny. With the evening of Memorial Day, let us turn toward the future with larger hopes, purer purposes, and higher aspirations for all that is highest and best in this world, which is God's World, though trenched with graves, and scarred with battle fields.

Old Abe.

THERE HAS come to our table, from Madison, Wis, a beautiful pamphlet fitted for the observation of Memorial Day in the schools of that state. Its cover is ornamented by a picture of Old Abe, the war-renowned bald-headed eagle. Our younger readers will be interested in a word concerning his history. In the Spring of 1861 some Indians secured a young eagle from a nest in a tall pine tree, in northwestern Wisconsin. Chief Sky, the young Indian who captured the eaglet, sold him for a bushel of corn, to one Mrs. McCann, before he was able to fly. She soon found the growing bird troublesome, and he was purchased at Eau Claire, Wis., where Captain Perkins was gathering a company of soldiers for the war. She secured \$2.50 for the eaglet. Capt. Perkins' company took the eagle to the rendezvous camp, Madison. He was soon trained to ride upon a perch, being fastened by a cord to one leg, and was carried by the company, which became a part of the Eighth Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers. The regiment left for service on Oct. 12, 1861. The value of the bird rose rapidly, and when the regiment reached St. Louis, \$500 was offered for the eagle, but Captain Perkins declared, "No money can buy him." The Eighth Wisconsin was named the "Eagle Regiment." It saw much service, taking part in thirty-eight battles and skirmishes, and Old Abe was in all of these but two. He became acquainted with almost every man in his own company, and in many others in the regiment, and knew his regiment and its flag, from all others. He was greatly attached to Frank, a pet dog belonging to the same regiment. Frank was a good hunter, and now and then brought a squirrel or a rabbit to Old Abe. He had six different keepers during the war, but was especially attached to one Homaston, who was his keeper

and carrier, from October, 1862, to September, 1863. Homaston was from the mountains of Vermont and had studied eagles and their habits, as he saw them wild, during his boyhood. He translated the eagle's English, and said that his emotions were easily understood by his language. For example, when the bird was surprised, "he whistled a wild melody, toned to a melancholy softness." When about to seize his food, he spoke with a "spiteful chuckle." In meeting an old friend whom he was pleased to see, he spoke in a plaintive cooing voice, as much as to say, "How do you do?" He greatly enjoyed being in battle, and his "battle scream was wild and commanding, five or six notes in succession, with a most startling trill that was perfectly inspiring to the soldiers." The cord which held him to his perch was about thirty feet long. He would sometimes cut this with his sharp bill, and fly away, enjoying for a time his freedom, but always returning. It is said that he seemed to understand the danger, both to himself and his friends, when the regiment went into action, and that he would scream terrifically, as the bullets flew faster, and the shells burst about him. After his death his body was mounted and placed in the capitol at Madison. As the readers of the RECORDER already know, it was burned on the morning of Feb. 27, 1904, in the serious fire which destroyed Memorial Hall. Our readers will recall a communication from H. W. Rood, the veteran in charge of that hall, written for the RECORDER at that time.

Death of Sir Henry Stanley.

SIR HENRY M. STANLEY, the noted African explorer, died in London, England, on May 10, in the sixty-third year of his age. His remarkable history, his ability and his nobility, combine to leave a memory which is second to few men of the century. His birthplace was Denbigh, Wales. His parents were poor, and his father's death when Henry was two years old resulted in his going to the poorhouse at St. Asaph's where he remained for ten years. Fortunately he received a good primary education during that period. He came as a cabin boy to New Orleans when fifteen years of age, being brought by a merchant named Stanley, whose name he took, dropping his former name, which was John Rowland. Later Mr. Stanley died, leaving Henry without resources. He entered the Confederate army, was taken prisoner, and afterward joined the United States naval forces. At the close of the Civil War he went to the island of Crete on a mission which combined military and journalistic work, and entered into service with the Cretans. Drifting more into journalism, in 1868, he went to Aby-

sinia as correspondent of the *New York Herald*, and soon distinguished himself in that line. In 1869 he was commissioned by the *Herald* to lead an expedition into Africa in search of the explorer, David Livingstone, of whom nothing had been heard for more than two years. Stanley sailed from Bombay in October, 1870, on that mission, reaching the east coast of Africa early in the year 1871. On Nov. 10, of that year, having penetrated to the center of the Dark Continent, he found Livingstone. Other expeditions followed, for the review of which we have not space. It is enough to say that his work as an explorer, journalist and man, was of the highest type. His achievements were great because he was great. Through all his history we believe that no charge of dishonesty, of undue self-seeking or of wrong-doing was ever breathed against him. His work in Africa required a high type of character. One less manly than he could never have accomplished it. Those who remember the fascination with which the story of his work in Africa was followed, and the eagerness with which the full account, published in two large volumes, was read, can appreciate the value of the records he left. At this writing his dust has not been buried, but we have hope that a proposition which is already before the English people will be carried out, and that his ashes will be laid along side of those of Livingstone, in Westminster Abbey. He deserves a resting place among the great and good which shall be a counterpart of his enduring fame, and of the value of the services he rendered to others.

Regardless of Others. No, you are not to be regardless of the opinions of others, but it has been well said, "You have no right to believe a thing because everybody says it is so." In making choice of opinions and determining courses of action you should sift well and weigh carefully that which "everybody says," or "everybody does." Because the majority of people are saying thus and thus, or doing thus and thus, it is both natural and easy to say and do the same thing. Christ spoke much against easily and tamely yielding to prevailing opinions and habits. His life and work present an excellent example of being regardless of others, so far as right and wrong are concerned. His relations to God, the divinity within Him, raised Him above our plane, but His help and instruction are ample to give us success in following His teachings and making Him our example. So far as the rights of others are concerned we should be doubly careful. So far as the opinions of others are concerned we should always be thoughtful, willing to weigh and consider, but never ready to accept, unless we find them in accord with the highest standards of right. Neither is it wise to spend time in considering the opinions of the many on unimportant questions. Life is too short and its demands are too great to waste time in secondary things, unless those secondary things have direct bearing upon something greater. As the wise swimmer must utilize every power of lung and muscle, speaking not unless it is necessary, making every stroke with care and taking every breath with caution, so we, in choosing among the great flood of diverse opinions, must waste neither time nor strength. The ultimate purpose to attain full knowledge of what is right and to make that a part of ourselves is the one thing worthy of consideration. How far, then, you are to be regardless of the opinions of others must be settled

by determining how nearly those opinions accord with the thought of God and the requirements of truth.

Personalized Truth. Do you think that is an awkward way of putting it? Perhaps it is, but we are anxious to emphasize the idea that truth, right, righteousness, ought to be so involved with yourself that they become personalized in you. Such personalizing of truth is God's way of teaching men, and of enabling men to up-lift each other. When Christ said, "I am the way, the truth and the life," or, "I am the resurrection and the life," he voiced the idea we here seek to emphasize. Theories about truth and logical statements concerning truth are well, but truth is felt and becomes a power in the world only when it is personalized. In some respects the orator is more powerful than the writer. His influence is less permanent, but more permeating. Both are needed. The orator is wonderful according to the amount of truth which is personalized in himself, rather than the amount which is expressed by his words. No orator is truly great who is not truly noble as a man. The same is true of the writer. His page may be brilliant as to the expression of thought, but the personality of the author—of the man—must fill the page, before it is strong and becomes a character-making power over other men. It is not so difficult to personalize truth as one might at first think. He who accepts truth and at once puts it into practice, has begun the process of personalization. He who knows what ought to be, and instantly and constantly labors to do what ought to be done, to think what ought to be thought, and to say what ought to be said, has begun the process of personalizing truth and righteousness in himself. All men are powerful for good or for evil, according as good or evil is personalized in their lives. Enough has been said to set you thinking.

The Western Room and Pool Room Gambling. The spirit of investigation, which is more than usually active in the city of New York, has brought to light the general fact that the Western Union Telegraph Company furnishes information concerning horseracing, etc., which is essential to the existence of pool room gambling. The developments thus far are not sufficient to secure a full settlement of the question, and it may be that the case will be taken into the courts for final judgment. The telegraph company claims that it is under legal obligations to transfer all messages which are couched in proper language, and to make no distinction between its customers. On the other hand, its critics insist that it necessarily becomes a party to the crime of gambling by furnishing the important information upon which this gambling proceeds. They therefore claim that there is a higher moral obligation, if not a legal one, which forbids the company to become a party to the crime in this way. The issue is an important one, and many questions of vital interest to the cause of pure government and of good morals are directly or indirectly involved. Whatever may be the legal status of the question or the complications that are possible, the RECORDER does not hesitate to insist that a moral obligation rests upon the company as much as it would rest upon any given individual, forbidding it to become a party to such open criminality as pool room gambling. We hope that the case will be pushed, if necessary, until the court of highest

jurisdiction has passed upon it. We also hope that, if present legislation is insufficient, due legislation will be secured by which a corporation like the Western Union, the business of which is vital to the welfare of the country, will be forbidden to enter into any arrangement which supports crime, as in the case under consideration. That the pool room business pays an immense profit—it is said ten or fifteen times as great as the profits upon ordinary business—there can be no doubt; and that the temptation thus to coin money in the interests of evil, is great, goes without saying. These considerations, however, should weigh nothing in the presence of the greater duty and the higher good which is demanded in the interests of morality, honesty and pure government. It is cause for no little gratification that there is sufficient moral sense left in the public mind to challenge this course on the part of the Western Union, and if there be politics in the case which promotes the agitation, it is an instance where politics work for good ends. That the agitation has been effective was shown on Tuesday last, when the service to pool rooms was discontinued by the Western Union "indefinitely." President Clowry declared that the service would not be resumed by his company.

Religious Education Association. The Religious Education Association has just issued another official bulletin of forty-eight pages. This publication contains, besides much other valuable information, the addresses of Dean Frank K. Sanders and President Charles Cuthbert Hall, the first and second presidents respectively, of the Association. These semi-official addresses were among the more notable utterances of the recent international convention in Philadelphia. Persons who would know how wide is the vision and safe the plans of the Religious Education Association, can secure copies of this bulletin by addressing the General Secretary, Dr. Ira Landrith, 153 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill. The membership of the Religious Education Association is steadily growing, and the General Secretary, Dr. Landrith, expects to report an increase of 100 per cent. by the opening of the next convention, February, 1905. Both individuals and institutions are joining. Colleges, universities, libraries, churches, and other institutions are uniting as institutional members, while the individual memberships represent the faculty of almost every leading educational institution in the land. The Canadian membership has nearly doubled since the March convention, and the association already has members in several foreign countries. The proceedings, including papers and addresses, of the Philadelphia convention, are to be issued soon in a bound volume of 600 pages or more. It will contain seventy-five or eighty valuable papers and addresses.

Can Baptists and Congregationalists Unite. Dr. A. H. BRADFORD, moderator of the Congregational Council, has published "A Proposition for Christian Union" between Baptists and Congregationalists. Dr. Norman Fox, D. D., publishes an answer in the *Independent*, of April 21. In giving reasons why Baptists cannot accept the programme for union laid down by Dr. Bradford, among other things Dr. Fox says: "Nor can the Baptist consent to use sprinkling or pouring as the act of baptism. He finds no Scripture precedent therefor, and he cannot consequently say, 'I baptize thee' in giv-

ing what he does not think Scripture recognizes as baptism. And the practice of affusion is still further objectionable to Baptists, for its having arisen from the erroneous doctrine that baptism is essential to salvation. The act of baptism in the Apostolic Church was immersion. How then, came sprinkling to be used? When there had grown up in the Church the belief that regeneration was brought in baptism, and only in baptism, and thus that no man could be saved without baptism, the question arose what should be done when a man was converted on a sick bed and immersion was out of the question. It was at last decided that *necessitate cogente* a simple affusion might be used. The recourse to sprinkling as baptism never would have been thought of but for the error that water baptism was essential to salvation. Till the twelfth century on the continent of Europe, and till the sixteenth in England, it was used only in case of emergency, the burial in water remaining the standard baptism, but in time its superior convenience caused it—but only in the Western Church—to supplant immersion entirely. But as the old Puritan refused to kneel at receiving the bread and wine because that practice originated in the erroneous doctrine of the Real Presence so the Baptist must decline to administer sprinkling for baptism since that usage took its rise in the error of baptismal regeneration." If Dr. Fox were consistent and logical in his adherence to the Scripture and the teachings and example of Christ, he would become a Seventh-day Baptist to-morrow, by applying his clear-cut Baptist doctrine to the Sabbath question.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF ADVENTISM, JEWISH AND CHRISTIAN.

A. H. LEWIS.

(Continued from May 16.)

CHAPTER II.

DEFINITIONS.

The word Adventism is used here in a sense much larger than the usual definition carries. Under this larger definition Adventism includes all which Jewish theories involved concerning the Advent of the Messiah, and the Messianic Kingdom, and also the theories of Christians concerning Christ's Second Coming. These two phases of Adventism are essentially identical. Probably the Jewish theories which gave birth to the Messianic idea took up more or less from Zoroastrianism and other Oriental sources. In the main, however, Jewish Adventism grew from the interpretation of the earlier Hebrew prophets, in the light of later Jewish history, especially during the troublous period of the last two centuries B. C. Those interpretations created a distinct and peculiar type of literature known as Apocalyptic, that is: Revealing, Uncovering. The Book of Daniel is the best example of Jewish Apocalypses. But, as will be seen further on, the Book of Revelation also is Jewish, in many respects. Indeed, Adventism, in its larger meaning, is wholly Jewish as to origin, and largely Jewish as to details. Whether before Christ or after, it is one system, with various readjustments. The essential content of Adventism is not the Advent of the Messiah as a single event, or the Second Coming of Christ at a given chronological point. It is the Messianic Kingdom, its relations to certain earthly kingdoms, to the End of the World, and to the General Judgment, as the Jews conceived of those events.

An Historic Question.

As has been said, there can be no adequate

understanding of Adventism, in whole or in part, except from the historic standpoint. The vague, confused, traditional interpretations and schemes which surround the books of Daniel and The Revelation, are due to the fact that the historic element has been overlooked or ignored, and the fundamental characteristics of Apocalyptic literature have not been given due weight. For this reason we must make a somewhat detailed inquiry concerning that literature. Such a course is more necessary from the fact that little has been known of this literature, by the general reader, because the original books have not been available, and the essential likeness between Jewish and Christian Apocalypses has not been appreciated. Important facts and conclusions hinge upon accurate knowledge and careful analysis of this literature and its historic setting, and the reader who desires to reach right conclusions rather than bewilder himself with traditional theories, will welcome the attention given here to the historic and literary problems involved. Materialistic and political conceptions, growing out of fundamental errors which characterized Jewish ideas of the Messianic Kingdom, which errors Christ constantly combated, have passed into Christian Adventism, bringing confusion and seriously obscuring the truth. These misleading materialistic and political traditions have confused Christian conceptions of Christ's kingdom, and obscured its true nature, almost, if not quite as seriously as the Jewish errors which Christ spent His life in trying to overcome, obscured the true nature of His work and Kingdom at first.

Apocalypse.

The words Apocalypse and Apocalyptic are from the Greek *αποκαλυψις*—an "uncovering," a "disclosure," a "revelation" or something hitherto unknown. As a noun the word is not found in classical Greek. It seems to have originated among Greek-speaking Jews, from whom it passed into Christian literature. In the Septuagint the same word is used occasionally for the Hebrew verb *Galah*, as in Daniel 2: 9 and elsewhere. Paul uses it in the same sense in 2 Cor. 12: 1, 7 and in Cor. 14: 6-26. It appears also in Luke 2: 32. The use of the term to designate a book containing visions and revelations is clearly traced from the time of the New Testament Apocalypse.

(To be Continued.)

AN ANSWER TO INQUIRIES.

Inquiry having been frequently made regarding climate, cost of living, chances for getting employment, so as to keep the Sabbath, etc., by friends throughout our denomination, who are thinking of making Boulder their home, I thought it might be well to answer some of these questions through the columns of our denominational paper, not only for the benefit of those who have made inquiries, but for those who anticipate doing so. In the first place let me say that these letters of inquiry are always welcome, and we are very willing to answer them.

So far as Boulder itself is concerned, it is a beautiful city of ten or eleven thousand inhabitants, and a pleasant place in which to live. The climate is healthful and invigorating, and for most ailments there is scarcely any climate in the world better for recuperating a worn-out or broken-down constitution. The weather the past winter has been mild, the temperature seldom going below 40 degrees above. This condition of the climate, the high altitude, pure

mountain air coming fresh from the pines, renders the climate most excellent for those suffering with lung troubles. Consumption, unless too long neglected, can be cured here. Asthmatic patients are almost invariably benefited, the greater number being entirely relieved so long as those so troubled remain here. For most chronic ailments this is a good climate. Not so, however, for organic heart troubles. For such the altitude is rather too high. For one's vacation there is no better place. One can camp out in the valley, or in the mountains, as he may choose. Many live in tents in the city all the year round. The Chautauqua, which will soon open, furnishes a desirable camping ground if one wants to take advantage of a summer school or a lecture course. Greater preparations are being made for the accommodation of the public this year than ever before, and a large attendance is expected from outside of the state.

The cost of living does not differ very much from that in eastern cities. Some things are higher, others lower, but as a whole will about average.

The matter of employment, especially for Sabbath-keepers is quite another question. Such opportunities are not always to be found. However, Sabbath-keepers can come here and make a living. Many here now are doing so. We have an advantage here that some cities do not have. We have a church home. In other respects I do not think this city differs materially from other cities in finding work so as to keep the Sabbath. To the professional man the same chances are offered as elsewhere. The old adage can be made to apply, "There is always room at the top." For the man of means there are good opportunities and the man of small means can invest to advantage. But for the man without means, one depending upon his days' work, "there's the rub." To find these opportunities has been a knotty problem for us, as no doubt it has been for our brethren similarly situated in other cities. What can we do as Seventh-day Baptists to help our laboring men to find employment so that they can earn a living and keep the Sabbath is the vital question of the day with us as a denomination. It is a question it seems to me that we as a people have got to meet and settle before this tide of Sabbath-leaving can be stopped. Having lived a good portion of my life in the city, and having this question to meet so often face to face, it perhaps weighs more heavily upon my mind and heart than upon others of our brethren who have the good fortune to live in larger Sabbath-keeping neighborhoods. Shall our people quit the cities or will the brethren who are more fortunately situated, financially, help to open up opportunities.

Is it not a matter that the churches or the denomination may take up, devising some plan by which these people may be helped to get a livelihood and keep the Sabbath. Here we have an industrial problem to solve, not in Africa, but in America. A branch that may be planted, cultured and watered under our own supervision. Other denominations have accomplished such an undertaking, why not ours? Is there no one in our denomination capable of solving this question from this financial standpoint. The man or woman among us who will come to the front and give the right solution will be of incalculable worth to the denomination.

But I have wandered slightly from my subject. What I started out to say is for the benefit of those trying to find employment so as to make a living and keep the Sabbath in our city

the Boulder Seventh-day Baptist Church met last First-day evening and organized. The object being to look for and develop opportunities and form plans, etc., to help laboring men and women in our city of our faith and practice to get employment. We may not be able to do very much now, but we hope to accomplish much in the end with the aid of Him who said "The Seventh-day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." The undersigned was appointed at that meeting to answer letters of inquiry from those wishing to come to Boulder to locate, to write an article for the SABBATH RECORDER touching questions mentioned in this article, and to prepare a circular letter setting forth these opportunities as they are developed. So send on your inquiries and ask for the circular.

Dr. F. O. BURDICK, Pastor.

BENEATH THIS STARRY ARCH.

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Beneath this starry arch
Naught resteth or is still;
But all things hold their march,
As if by one great will:
Moves one, move all: hark to the footfall!
On, on, for ever!

Yon sheaves were once but seed;
Will ripens into deed;
As cave-drops swell the streams,
Day-thoughts feed nightly dreams;
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song:
On, on, for ever!

By night, like stars on high,
The Hours reveal their train;
They whisper and go by:
Never watch in vain.
Moves one, move all: hark to the footfall!
On, on, for ever!

They pass the cradle-head,
And there a promise shed;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid rank verdure wave;
They bear through every clime
The harvest of all time.
On, on, for ever!

ORDINATION SERVICES.

On Sunday, May 1, 1904, Henry N. Jordan, a student in Alfred Theological Seminary, was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry. The council called by the Hartsville Seventh-day Baptist Church, met at 1 o'clock p. m. Nine of the sister churches of the Western Association were represented by fourteen delegates. After the council had been called to order by Deacon Daniel Whitford, clerk of the Hartsville church, and the purpose of the meeting had been stated, Rev. William C. Whitford was chosen chairman, and Walter L. Greene, secretary. Rev. S. H. Babcock, of Little Genesee offered the opening prayer. Dean Main was appointed to lead in the examination of the candidate. Questions on doctrines and practice were also asked by other members of the council. At the close of the examination, by unanimous vote, it was recommended that Mr. Jordan be received for ordination, and that the council proceed at once with the ordination.

The ordination services as arranged by the program committee, consisting of Rev. Chas. S. Sayre, A. J. C. Bond, and Rev. H. C. Van Horn, were conducted in a most helpful and impressive manner. Rev. Charles S. Sayre of the Second Alfred church opened the services with the reading of the Scriptures and prayer. The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. Arthur E. Main; theme, "The Pulpit the Minister's

Throne." In part, he said: The pulpit is a place of power when occupied by a man of character, intellectual ability and earnestness, and by one who has teaching qualities, a message for the times and who sustains a friendly relationship with all his people." Rev. B. F. Rogers gave the charge to the candidate and Rev. W. L. Burdick, of Independence, the charge to the church. After the laying on of hands by the members of the Council, and the consecrating prayer, by Rev. S. H. Babcock, Rev. W. C. Whitford spoke a few words of welcome on behalf of the ministry. The services were closed with the benediction, by Rev. Henry N. Jordan. Excellent music was furnished for the services by the Hartsville choir and by the Theological Quartet.

Rev. Henry Nelson Jordan, eldest child of James W. and Amanda Burdick Jordan, was born and reared in the town of Wirt, Allegany County, N. Y. His mother's family were staunch Sabbath-keepers, and very puritanical in their observance of religious doctrines and duties. Mr. Jordan had an opportunity to get what learning the district schools of Wirt Centre and Nile afforded. Having a desire to teach he attended Friendship Academy, five terms, preparatory to engaging in this anticipated work in 1888. He taught six and one-half years in the district schools in southern New York, and northern Penn. In 1887, he began study in Alfred University, in the preparatory school. After spending three terms there, he worked on farms during the summer and taught school autumns and winters, until 1896, when he resumed his studies in Alfred, where he was graduated in 1903. While Charles A. Burdick was pastor at Nile and Rev. L. E. Livermore was assisting in some evangelistic meetings, Mr. Jordan accepted Christ as his Saviour, and was taken into the membership of the Nile church. From early youth he felt a latent desire to enter the gospel ministry. Rev. H. B. Lewis, at one time pastor at Nile, was the first to encourage him to put his whole energy into preparation for Christian usefulness. Later, when Mr. Jordan was struggling with religious doubts and difficulties, Rev. M. B. Kelly was the means of helping to solve the problems which stood between him and duty. Beginning with 1899, Mr. Jordan has spent the summer vacations in student quartet work. In September, 1900, he took the pastorate of the Scio church, remaining there until January, 1903. In the same month, he entered upon his present pastorate at Hartsville and, at the same time, pursued his studies in the Theological Seminary.

WALTER L. GREENE,
Rec. Secy. Council.

THE ORIGIN OF NAMES.

The names of fabric are often derived from the place where they were first manufactured; or the name is given in honor of the place where it first became known to commerce or from the materials composing its texture. Muslin is derived from Mosul, in Asia; cambric from Cambrai; gauze from Gaza; baize from Bajaz; dimity from Damietta; and Jeans from Jean; damask is an abbreviation of Damascus; satin is a corruption of Zaytown, in Chin.

Velvet is the Italian "vellute," woolly, and is traceable farther back to the Latin "vellus," a hide or pelt; serge comes from "xerga," the Spanish for a certain sort of blanket; bandana is derived from an Indian word signifying to bind or tie; alpaca is the name of a species of llama

from whose wool the genuine fabric is woven; and calico is named for Calicut, a town in India, where it was first printed.

Shawl is from the Sankrit "sala," which means floor, shawls having been first used as carpet tapestry.

Blanket bears the name of Thomas Blanket, a famous English clothier, who aided the introduction of woolens into England in the fourteenth century.—Chicago News.

JIMMY'S WAY.

A man in a Western mining district lost a valuable mule, and work was hurrying. After some hasty searching around he said to some boys running about trying to help, "I'll give anybody three dollars who will find me that mule."

Said Jimmy —, a half-grown youth, "Would ye gi' me t'ree dollars to fin' yer mule?"

"Yes, Jimmy, I'll be glad to give you three dollars if yo'll bring me the mule."

Jimmy said nothing more, but turned away, and came back in about three hours, leading the mule.

"Well, Jimmy, good boy, here's your three dollars. How did you find him?"

"I jist went to whar they see him las'. Then I set down, and t'ought whar I'd go nex' if I wuz a mule. Then I went thar, 'n' foun' 'im."

There's a suggestion in Jimmy's way. To find a mule, put yourself in his place. Know how to take him and where to take him, and he'll come with you. The mule is stubborn, too. But it's all in knowing where and how to take him.

Catching men is a long way different from catching mules; yet, if a man can think where he himself would be likely to go, and how h'd be likely to be found, and then, if he will go to the right place in the right way, he will come back with his man.

And he may do the work very successfully, though he be not very wise as the world counts wisdom.—C. E. World.

WATER-STORING CACTUS.

F. V. Coville, in the National Geographic Magazine for April, gives an interesting account of how the Indians of the desert obtain drinking water from the barrel cactus. It was among the desert hills west of Torres, Mexico. The Indian cuts the top from a plant about five feet high and with a blunt stake of palo verde pounded to a pulp the upper six or eight inches of white flesh in the standing trunk. From this, handful by handful, he squeezed the water into the bowl he had made in the top of the trunk, throwing the discarded pulp on the ground. By this process he secured two or three quarts of clear water, slightly salty and slightly bitter to the taste, but of far better quality than some of the water a desert traveler is occasionally compelled to use. The Papago, dipping this water up in his hands, drank it with evident pleasure and said that his people were accustomed, not only to secure their drinking water in this way in times of extreme drought, but that they used it also to mix their meal preparatory to cooking it into bread.

Bitterness of any sort becomes not the sons of Adam, still less pride, for they are in that talk of theirs, for the onst part, but as children babbling in the market-place.

Service to our fellow-men should be made not a substitute for piety, but an expression of it.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER

It is with sincere gratitude to the One who said, "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," that I am enabled to again take my pen and endeavor to fill the hiatus, at least, that has taken place in the RECORDER, and greet my friends with the welcome news that there still exists a fair prospect of seeing in the near future specimens on exhibition of the timber from which the "poles" of our earth were constructed. The pole at the south having been circumnavigated quite often, and so closely that it will be found growing in a tamarak swamp, as there are many such swamps in that section.

As to the one at the north, preparation is now being made to secure that at an early day.

The Race for the Poles.

The intrepid Mr. Peary, whose indomitable energy and courage have been fully tested in Northern latitudes, has obtained from our Government another furlough for another effort to cover the intervening distance of about four hundred miles and complete the scale of ninety degrees to where the pole is located.

It may be interesting to note a sketch of his plan of procedure, as we understand it. Briefly, it is to take a light running steamer and for a cargo all such materials and provisions as may be needed for the extended voyage, and that will remain well preserved in that climate, and take them as far north as practical this coming summer; and while there make due preparations for an early start in the summer of the next year.

Here he will secure the men he wants to go with him the next year, also the number of dogs, and arrange for them by obtaining the meat of the polar bear, musk ox, and the walrus or sealion, storing it in caches, and then return home and spend the long arctic winter among friends.

This summer trip would be very fine indeed, and we understand that Mr. Peary has several applications from sportsmen to join him on the trip, and that he will arrange the steamer for their accommodation.

We learn also that Mr. Peary is having a boat so constructed for this short trip that it cannot be crushed by the ice floes. Instead of being "nipped," the force of the ice will raise the vessel above the point of pressure.

Having listened to Mr. Peary's relation of many of his arctic adventures, it seems almost certain, that by his experience this hero of heroes will at this present effort meet with success.

We are hoping that our Antarctic people, who are just closing their summer adventures, in search of the Southern pole, have been successful, and that the crew of the Columbia, who have been in that inhospitable region now for nearly four years, may return to their home in England.

Latest Report About Radium.

Everything about "Radium," since it was first discovered by Mrs. Curie in Paris, a few years ago, seems to be productive of most marvelous results.

Radium is collected from several minerals found scattered here and there in the Earth that possess radic qualities. It is a white powder, and communicates marvelous power to every thing with which it comes in contact, without

any of its wonderful properties, such as light, heat, and other activities being in the least diminished. It requires about a ton of radio-rock to produce a grain of the powder, is obtained by an immense amount of patient labor, is everlasting, and its value is reckoned by thousands of dollars even for an ounce in weight.

The latest report comes from Ann Arbor, Mich., where one of the professors of the University has found that by surrounding a little radium with pure water the water not touching the radium soon becomes highly charged with radioactivity, so that when the fluid was applied to the surface of a severe case of cancer, it stopped the pain almost instantly. There are now several cases being treated, and report says that it gives good promise of stopping the further progress of cancer and allows nature to heal the ravages already made.

That from the earth should come such a powerful activity is truly wonderful, yet after all, is it any more wondrous than to see little particles of water selecting and becoming laden with an alkaloid taken from the ground, then climbing a tree a hundred feet high, beneath the bark for protection, and going out on a limb twenty feet to deposit this medicine so delicately made, to heal a wound caused by a gust of wind, that the limb might be well and strong again?

Would it not be well for us to revise our notions of the possibilities and activities of the physical work thus going on continually about us? Could we not more fully see and realize that the mind that formed and the hand that "made all things was divine."

We rejoice to hear such favorable reports produced upon cancers by the wondrous power of radium, thanks to Mrs. Curie.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

A notable wedding anniversary was held in the afternoon and evening of April 25, at the home of H. P. Irish, Farina, Ill., when Oliver B. and Sarah Irish celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. About ninety-five invited guests, old and young, met to join with the aged couple in the celebration of their wedding anniversary. Three of this number were considerably past eighty, and there were others past seventy years of age. (Farina is noted for the number of its aged people.)

The company had evidently real enjoyment in the social gathering. Many letters of congratulation had been received by Mr. and Mrs. Irish, some of which were read, not all, because there were so many.

Mrs. Mattie A. Burdick, of Centralia, a niece of Mr. Irish, read a poem which she had written for the occasion, and one by Mrs. William L. Clarke, of Ashaway, R. I. Some songs were sung, including a duet by two little grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Irish, after which liberal refreshments were served. In the evening there was a repetition of part of the afternoon program, and Pastor Seager sang a song, the words of which were composed for the occasion by himself. Not the least interesting and important incident of the afternoon was the presentation of the sum of \$118.50, most of which, at the time of presentation, was in gold, made up of gifts of many friends East and West. Fifty dollars in gold, neatly packed in a very pretty box, was received from sisters of Mrs. Irish.

Oliver B. Irish and Miss Sarah Anthony were united in marriage by Rev. Isaac Langworthy, on the 25th of April, 1854, in the town of Chelsea,

Mass. Later they came to Farina, Ill., as part of a colony of Sabbath-keepers that settled here, where they resided until 1886, when they went to help form the colony at Hammond, La. Three or four years ago they returned to Farina, to live with their son, J. H. Irish. C. A. B.

THE HULL FAMILY.

Some time ago I wrote Rev. A. H. Lewis, asking for information concerning my ancestors. I wished to know who they were, also to learn from what date they had kept the seventh-day as the Sabbath.

In answer to these inquiries I have received many letters from which I have gathered the following information:

Rev. Joseph Hull was born in 1594, was instituted rector of Northleigh, Devon, England, April 4, 1621. Resigning his benefice in 1631, he gathered a company of emigrants and with his wife and seven children sailed from Weymouth, England, landing in America, March 20, 1635. He was first minister of Weymouth, Mass., 1639. Was minister at the Isle of Shoals, at York, 1642, at Oyster River, 1662, died at York, Mass., Nov. 19, 1665.

His son Frisram was a selectman of Barnstable, Mass., for many years, and also a captain; he died in 1666. Frisram had a son Joseph, born 1652, who suffered much persecution because he was a member of the Society of Friends, of which he was a minister. In May, 1681, he was fined seven pounds for beating the sheriff, who had persecuted him as a Quaker. He was governor-assistant for many years. This Joseph Hull had a son Joseph, who was the father of Thomas, who died in Rhode Island, and his wife died in Berlin, N. Y.

Thomas, last mentioned, had several children, among whom were Thomas, Joseph, and Richard, who was born in Westerly, R. I. I am informed that this line of Hulls became Seventh-day Baptists some time during the seventeenth century.

For this information I wish to thank the SABBATH RECORDER and all other friends who kindly contributed. D. B. HULL.

STEVENS POINT, WIS.

CATHOLICS IN CONGRESS.

"We have just cause for congratulation in the fact that we have so large a representation of our order in the halls of Congress, and I predict and pray that the time will come when the orders of the Catholic church can muster a quorum in the House of Representatives."

So said Daniel Colwell, National Secretary of the Knights of Columbus, in a recent speech to the knights from different parts of the country.

"Ours is the richest order in the world today," he added, "and our membership of 110,191 is a cause for pride. There are more than \$1,000,000 cash in our treasury, and we don't owe anybody a cent. We have energy and tenacity of purpose, and when that institution on the hill has given history as it ought to be written Catholics will be given the place that has been denied to them, sometimes maliciously, for twenty-five years."

"We are doing a great work. In New Haven we have the finest piece of land in the very heart of Puritanism, and we are going to erect there a building which shall be a landmark."

Missions.

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

FROM DR. ROSA PALMBORG.

The American mail closes this afternoon, and as I long ago determined to send you something by this mail, I will try to utilize the intervals between classes and study to write you a letter. It seems as if there had been no time to do so in the days past, but perhaps there have been many minutes here and there that might have been used after all.

We are prospering as usual, as a mission. There has been a sort of epidemic of colds and coughs, but it seems to be about over now, for which we are thankful. The new house is finished and the Crofoot family will be moving into it next week probably. I hope they will have pleasant weather. To-day is warm and spring-like, more so than any day we have had yet.

Mr. Davis went to Lieu-oo in my place last week. My Chinese helpers are still there, carrying on a little school work. Their work is less than it would be if I were there, but I have not felt that it would be wise to make any change, not knowing just what my outlook is, as to my return there. I am enjoying the school work also, very much. The school is rather small, but the girls are nice girls, I think. Some of those who gave a great deal of trouble in their younger days, seem to have a better idea of duty and privilege, and are doing much better. Last Sunday occurred the funeral of an old Girl's school pupil, who has been married several years. She was a church-member, but has attended church very little since her marriage, as her mother-in-law, who is a heathen and an opium smoker, would not let her have the time, and forced her to work that day as well as all other days. The girl was not a very zealous Christian, for some time before her marriage, but her life has been so bitter since, that I think she would have been glad to meet with her friends on the Sabbath and worship with them, if she had been allowed. About six months ago she gave birth to a son, and has never left her bed since. No kind of treatment seemed of any use. She was in a mission hospital for some time, but did not improve much. Then they took her home, and her mother-in-law forced her to swallow "medicines" that are indescribable, because of their filthiness, and when displeased with her would beat her as she lay helpless on the bed. Her own mother left her home in the country and came to nurse her for all this time, and gave us an example of the love that even heathen parents sometimes bear to their children, which was the more remarkable in that it was for a daughter. Since I have been in Shanghai I have visited her a number of times and treated her, but she just faded away. But her spirit had changed wonderfully. I talked with her about the prospect of dying; reminded her of her cold spiritual condition in other days, and asked her how it was with her now. She said she was sorry that it had been so, but she had asked God to forgive her and was sure He had; that she was at peace and ready to go if it was His will; that she had no fear whatever. A few days later she sent for the Bible woman, Lucy Taung, and called her mother-in-law into the room, and before her told the Bible woman that when she died, she wanted no heathen performances at her funeral, but wanted a Christian service, and to be buried in our cemetery. She also chose two hymns that she wanted sung. Her wishes were carried out.

Mr. Davis was in Lieu-oo, and Mr. Crofoot took charge of the service. As it was a very stormy day, it was a dismal funeral, but I felt the day was in keeping with the event in one sense, for it seems to me the girl died just because life was so hard for her. In another sense it was a happy release for her. This is the "Tsing-ming," the great time for worship of ancestors, and worship at the graves, burning of paper money for the use of the dead, etc. Those who make this paper money (and it is wonderful to see how many are thus employed) have all the work they want at this season. There is hardly a heathen home where the women of the family are not some of the time so employed. How I long for the day, to come, when it shall be abolished and their eyes open to the truth. I am thankful indeed for the privilege of having a small share in the work of bringing about that happy day. We do not feel the war in Manchuria at all so far, but of course are very much interested in watching its progress and I think our sympathies are mostly with Japan. May God order it so that in the end it may be for the furthering of His kingdom.

WEST-GATE, SHANGHAI, CHINA, April 8, 1904.

FROM REV. GEORGE SEELEY.

The beautiful spring has come at last in Canada. The terrible winter has gone into history as the most bitterly cold and dismal winter in the recollections of almost every one in this country. Indeed, I may say no one remembers its equal. The roads have been very difficult to travel, almost killing to go any distance, so rough and muddy, so miry and dangerous, but they will soon be all right again. I am making arrangements to go on to the field again. I am trying to overcome the difficulties. I never had so many before in my life. All along the line of tract work the way seems opening up for greater opportunity and labor. I am doing all I can in this land of no sympathy for my work in comparison with my work in other days, when I was a Sunday keeper. Mrs. Seeley is no better. My own health is only middling this spring. Pray for us and the cause in New Brunswick.

PETITCODIAC, May 8, 1904.

WHAT NOT TO PRAY FOR.

Probably every serious Christian has often felt his poverty of spirit as he bows before his Father in prayer. It is a sublime spectacle—a finite, needy mortal face to face with God, talking with Him. It is the highest activity of the soul. But what shall I say when I come before this Infinite Being? What shall I tell Him? What shall I ask for? There is nothing which so tests the spiritual quality of one's life. A person can get on pretty well with small spiritual attainments, so long as he only exhorts or testifies or preaches or gives addresses. But as soon as he begins to talk with God, we discover whether he is rich or poor in the things of the spirit. We shall now spy out the nakedness of his inward life if it exists, or we shall see the wideness of his spiritual reach. No easy flow of words, no glibness of tongue, will do here. The man who is really spiritual will show that he is acquainted with God, that he is at home in His presence. Doubtless we have all felt, as the great apostle did, that we hardly know what to pray for as we ought. It is only as a person enters more deeply into the life of the Spirit that he sees the true things to ask for, so that the increase in the power of prayer is a good test

of spiritual growth. But are there not some things which we all ought to avoid praying for? First of all, of course, we ought to rise above selfish desires when we come before God. He who looks upon prayer as a means to the gratification of selfish desires—he who looks upon prayer as a short road to success—will never rise very high in the spiritual life. God becomes to him a means to some little narrow end of his own instead of being Himself the all-sufficing object of love and aspiration. This is too much like the poor idol-worshiper who beats his god when he fails to give him what he asks for!

We ought not to use prayer as a method of relieving us from our own duties and from a proper effort. No one should allow his prayers for the poor and the suffering to excuse him from his own responsibility toward them. He is, too, a poor citizen who prays for his country on election day and then goes off fishing or casts a thoughtless ballot for candidates who are pledged to the very opposite of what he prayed for!

Finally, we ought not to pray for things which dishonor God. Just here many of us fail. How often we hear the words, "O Lord, be kind and loving to us," or, "O Lord, meet with us to-day," or "Come into our hearts," or "Send thy spirit," and a whole series of expressions which imply that God is capricious or far-away or unloving. Such words show an ignorance of the revelation of God in Christ. To ask God to be loving is like asking that lead should be heavy! It is His nature to be loving. He always is. An earthly child who kept asking his human father to be good and kind and loving would be dishonoring his father—such words would grieve a father. Have I been so long time with you and you do not yet know my love? Then again there can be no need to ask God to come; to send His Spirit. Wherever any meet in His name He is there. Wherever any heart is open to the entrance of the spirit, he is there. We would never ask that the sunlight might be sent into our houses. It is the nature of sunlight to come in. The only thing which keeps it out is the closing of blinds and shutters. might be sent into our houses. It is the nature of sunlight to come in. The only thing which keeps it out is the closing of blinds and shutters. Fling them open and in it comes. So too God. He never stays out of a soul that makes a place for Him. To beg Him to be true to His own nature is to dishonor Him. It either means that we are ignorant of His nature, or that we are afraid to trust Him. The real trouble more often is that we pray without thinking of what our words imply—we are not putting our real meaning into our words. Such praying will not help us grow spiritually, for mere lip praying may easily become an empty form. The lesson we all need most to learn is how to make our prayers always voice the sincere purpose of our hearts.

—The American Friend.

APT QUOTATIONS GROUPED.

Think of Heaven with hearty purpose. The thing which makes one man greater than another, the quality by which we ought to measure greatness, is a man's capacity for loving. A gift to the Lord is to be measured by its self-denial, not by its actual amount; or, as one has happily put it, by what remains, not by what is given.

One of the blessed, unending needs of Heaven must surely be the need of giving forth into other lives the blessedness which God has poured into ours.

Woman's Work.

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

JUST A BOY.

A mother once owned just a common-place boy,
A shock-headed boy,
A freckled-faced boy,
But thought he was handsome, and said so with joy;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

His nose, one could see, was not Grecian, but pug,
And turned up quite snug,
Like the nose of a jug;
But she said it was "piquant," and gave him a hug;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

His eyes were quite small, and he blinked in the sun
But she said it was done
As a mere piece of fun,
And gave an expression of wit to her son;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

The curly love-locks that covered his head
She never called red,
But auburn instead,
"The colors the old masters painted," she said;
For mothers are funny, you know,
Quite so—
About their sons' beauty, you know.

Now, boys, when your mothers talk so, let it pass;
Don't look in the glass
Like a vain, silly lass,
But go tend the baby, pick sticks, weed the grass,
Be as good as you're pretty, you know,
Quite so—
As good as you're pretty, you know.—The Home Magazine.

THE work of the Sunshine Society of New York is as broad as its name would indicate. We have been accustomed to think of this society as a dispenser of fruit, and flowers, and the parent of fresh air work. This is the work during the summer, but there is a winter work as well. The reports of various branches of the work given at the semi-annual meeting told of the varied and wide-spread good that had been done during the cold weather. An invalid chair had been sent where it was much needed, books had been given to the blind, materials for knitting had been sent to some old ladies, and reading matter and Christmas cards had been sent to cheer some of the lonely ones of earth. These workers have always been extending their borders of usefulness and these are some of the things they are hoping for. They want a home for convalescents in or near New York, an industrial school for negroes in the South, and a fund to meet the pressing needs in the emergency cases that are all the time arising. They have done so much in years past in the way of lighting dark places, that it is not at all improbable and greatly to be desired, that they will bring to pass also these other things to which they have sent their hands.

NEW MARKET SOCIETY.

The Ladies' Aid Society of New Market are always interested in reading of the work done in other societies and though we may not be able to offer new or helpful suggestions, we will gladly contribute our "mite" to the Woman's Page.

Past records show that our society was first organized in 1850, and for the greater part of the time since then meetings have been held regularly. At the present time thirty-two names

are on our roll, seven of whom are honorary members. Our present officers are: Mrs. C. E. Rogers, president; Mrs. L. C. Dunn, vice president; Mrs. A. E. Curtis, secretary; Mrs. A. H. Burdick, treasurer. Three directresses plan work for the industrious members, which for the past year has been quilting, piecing quilts, and making aprons and dusting caps.

Regular meetings are held the third Wednesday of each month, at the home of some one of the members, at which time a supper is usually served, thereby adding four or five dollars to our treasury.

From April 1, 1903, to April 1, 1904, our income has been about \$95, of which we contributed \$10 to Miss Burdick's salary, \$10 to the Sabbath of Christ, \$5 to China Mission, \$5 to Mrs. Townsend's work, \$3 to Woman's Board, have assisted the needy, made necessary repairs on the parsonage, and helped our own little church in various ways.

Our mite box opening occurred Nov. 17, the proceeds, \$11.16, being equally divided between the Missionary and Tract societies. An entertainment was given in the church Nov. 24, at which time a silver collection was taken, amounting to nearly \$6.50. Though few in numbers we are trying to do what we can for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom here on earth.

Death has lately entered our ranks and claimed two of our members, Mrs. Susan Dunham and Mrs. Johanna Dunn, and while they were not able to attend our meetings very often, we were always sure of their hearty sympathy. Truly we can but feel that our loss is their eternal gain, and it is our desire that the mantles of these beloved sisters may fall upon those who are now bearing the burden and heat of the day. We also wish to encourage the younger women and girls to step in and fill up the ranks which are being depleted by death. Two of our members are shut in by sickness, and we are praying that their lives may yet be spared for years of helpfulness. May we be ever faithful in our service for the Master, and when our lifework here is ended, may it be truthfully said of each one,

"She hath done what she could."
MRS. A. E. CURTIS, Rec. Sec.
New Market, N. J., May 3, 1904.

"If you and I to-day
Should stop and lay
Our life work down, and let our hands fall where they will,—
Fall down to lie quite still,—
And if some other hand should come, and stoop to find
The threads we carried, so that it could wind,
Beginning where we stopped; if it should come to keep
Our life work going,—seek
To carry on the good design,
Distinctively made yours or mine,
What would it find?"—Exchange.

A VISIT TO RAMABAI'S COLONY.

The journey from Balasore to Kedgaum, near Poona, where Pundita Ramabai has her famous colony, occupied fifty-five hours, including two rather long delays at railway stations. The country along the line of route was not very interesting, much of it being very stony and covered in low jungle with a patch of cultivation here and there; evidently the railway line has not been cut through the most fertile part of the country. The chief interest attaching to the long journey was to see the old thick-walled Maratha towns now in ruins, but bearing evidence of the strong fortifications they must have been during the

palmy days of the Maratha rulers. The only sign of life to be seen, as the train passed along, was a little smoke, rising here and there from the midst of piles of ruins. Over all was visibly written "Ichabod,"—"The glory is departed."

At last I reached the Kedgaum station, and after a short drive arrived at Mukti, the name given to Pundita Ramabai's famous colony and which means "deliverance." In this colony she has gathered from the various famine centers all over India, no less than 1850 women, girls, and boys. Her high-caste school for girls and widows, started many years ago in Poona, is now only represented by one or two women who are teachers and helpers in this great institution. Besides these native women helpers, she has five European assistants from England, Australia, and America, and a large staff of pundits and matrons, both Christian and heathen; but over all, it is quite evident that she holds the reins and is the moving spirit in every way. One English lady has the position of guide to visitors, etc., for no one is allowed to wander over the place at will, but can go only when and where the guide directs. This is, on the whole, a wise policy, but gives visitors little chance of studying the methods, or seeing the spirit of the inmates at various times and in various conditions.

The colony is divided into four departments, one very large square, walled all around with rooms, having only one entrance from the road, at which a door-keeper is stationed night and day. The visitors' rooms have doors only to the road, but none at the back into the court; all must enter by the one door and pass the keeper. Inside the court, there is a very large building used for church and school which can accommodate over 2,000, sitting in native fashion; then there are lines of rooms up and down the court where the girls sleep, eat, and do their work. One thing that surprised me greatly was to hear that none of that great multitude belong to Bombay district, and when first coming into the institution they have to learn the language spoken there, as all teaching in the school has to be given in the Maratha language. Besides the district and language being altogether new to them, they have no friends or country people in that part of the country and have no means whatever of coming into contact with the outside world; indeed, the district appeared to be almost without inhabitants or vegetation, for during a long drive of several miles. I saw only one or two small villages in the distance, and met but two individuals. In the surroundings, as in many other ways, Ramabai is particularly fortunate, as the temptations from towns, villages, and markets are very hurtful for women and girls in homes or orphanages.

Within the main enclosure there are, at present, about 1,300 girls of various ages; many of them, according to Hindu customs, must have been married in childhood, and no doubt some of the boys may have died in the famine; but many of them, probably, are rescued and in other orphanages, or have returned to their country, where they will never come into contact with each other again. The individual history of very few is known to themselves or to the people among whom they now are. Ramabai's agents are out all the time, gathering the destitute from all quarters without any attention to condition, caste, or creed; many are Mohammedans, although the vast majority are Hindus. Among this great company there are over 200

blind, many have only one eye, others are lame and otherwise deformed; but the majority of those who have been there for several years are strong, healthy-looking girls, and act as cooks and caretakers of the little ones, of whom there is a great number. Naturally, among such a multitude gathered out of such conditions, there have been and still are many sick. During last year over 300 deaths occurred, and there were over 200 in the hospital when I was there. The hospital forms another of the four divisions, and is built on the opposite side of the road, to be completely separate; it is likewise constructed on the principle of the large building, but in consequence of so many deaths in one year government has ordered more space to be given inside for air and exercise. That seemed to be highly necessary all over the colony, in a hot country like this, but natives do not have our ideas on that score. A third division is allotted to the women in the Rescue Home, who number over 200 and are likewise from famine districts all over India. Unless for the Sunday services in the large building, inside the main court, they never come in contact with the girls or boys. The same rule holds good for the boys, whose buildings form the fourth division of the colony and are equally guarded.

Everyone must admit that the organizer and manager of such a scheme is a wonderful person, and to see Pundita Ramabai, with her white garments such as any native widow would wear, and the power that is evident in her head and face, a great gratitude rises in the mind to Him who has so wonderfully endowed this woman and raised her up to do such a splendid work for her fellow-countrymen; knowing their customs as no European can know them, she can so much better help them in many ways. Money seems to flow into Ramabai's hands, and no doubt her work will be heard of by many generations yet to come, all over this great land and other lands.—*The Missionary Helper.*

YOUR LIFE.

What shall we do with our life, in the little while that we have it? Make the best of it. Devote it to the very highest aims and purposes. "Hitch your wagon to a star." Do not degrade it by tying it to material things. "A man's life consisteth not in abundance of things." Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon conquered empires, and won transient applause; but the Galilean Carpenter, who spent His life in doing good, dominated the thought of the world to-day.

Do you admire such a life? and do you purpose in your heart to begin, sometime, to live for others rather than self? Now then, perform the doing of it. There is no time like the present. In the mad race for wealth, for power, social position, we forget how few are content when their goal is reached; how invariably "much wants more;" how often the fruit of the desire proves to be but Dead Sea fruit after all. There is only one way to make our life worth living—one key that unlocks all its problems—and that is, "Living unto God."—*The Search-Light.*

The face of every woman is a history or a prophecy. I have no sympathy with the women who try to efface wrinkles. A woman has no business to look younger than she is. There is a history in every line of her face.

The true universality of these days is a collection of books.

Young People's Work.

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

YOUNG PEOPLE'S MISSIONARY MEETING.

A missionary meeting was held Friday evening, May 6, under the direction of the missionary committee of the Y. P. S. C. E. of Alfred, N. Y. The program included a praise service, conducted by Robert Jones; quartet, "Send the Light," Messrs. Davis and Place, and the Misses Anna and Mabel Dixon; Scripture reading and prayer, Walter Green; singing, "Go Forth ye Herald," choir; address, "Home missions as especially applied to the West Virginia Field," Rev. O. D. Sherman; quartet, "It was Spoken for the Master," Theodore Davis and Prof. F. S. Place, and the Misses Mabel and Anna Dixon. A ten-minute prayer service followed, in which Rev. J. B. Clark, Miss Susie Burdick and Rev. B. F. Rogers offered special prayer for special subjects assigned them. The closing prayer and benediction was by President Davis.

"LITTLE DROPS OF WATER."

J. D. SPICER.

Probably no lines have been written in modern times, either in prose or poetry, that have been more widely printed and used than those containing the above words.

It is said that the author of these beautiful verses, Mrs. Julia A. Carney, is still living in Illinois, and although they were written as long ago as 1845, that Mrs. Carney has never lost her interest in children.—At that time she was teaching in a primary school in Boston, and occasionally wrote in poetry or otherwise for religious journals. A friend asked her to write something for his Sunday-school scholars. In response she wrote "A Letter to the Children." In this she urged them to remember the little things of life. "The whole world is made up of little things," she said, "and I will put this in a rhyme for you." Then followed these verses:

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the pleasant land.

So the little moments,
Humble tho' they be,
Make the mighty ages,
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away,
From the path of virtue,
Far in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Help to make earth happy,
Like the heaven above.

It is no wonder that this teacher afterwards became the devoted wife of a prominent minister, where the salutary influence of such a life could be widely known and felt.

WHY NATIONS DECAY.

"Individual and National Decay and Growth on Their Intellectual and Spiritual Sides" was the subject of the sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, May 15. He took for his text Luke xii. 56, 57: "Ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky and of the earth; but how is it that ye do not discern this time? Yea, and why, even of yourselves judge ye not what is right." Dr. Hillis said in part:

If you climb into the cars this afternoon you will find one hundred thousand persons going to Coney Island. Three months later it will be two hundred thousand, and if there is something there that just borders on the edge of sensationalism the crowd will be increased to a quarter of a million, because these things are what the people love. A far more serious condition exists in the East End of London. Then we know what it means for England that her eyes are dull, and that she does not understand the warning of her poets, of the red cloud in her sky. In 1849 Carlyle stood up and hurled thunderbolts at England's economic system. England scoffed at him. He said: "You are making men into industrial machines. You have forgotten the necessity of strength." Go to England to-day, up in those counties where Carlyle delivered his warning! Four years ago England was involved in a war. She opened enlisting offices in Birmingham and Sheffield and Leeds. Only one man in six was long enough and broad enough to meet the military requirements. Parliament appointed a committee of investigation. It returned the verdict that England in making cotton goods had destroyed men. Thus England was destroying herself. In a nation where four generations ago it was regarded as a disgrace for an Englishman or a Scotchman to beg for bread, now four millions out of thirty-three millions stand in line for public charity to the pauper.

I notice on the faces of a few there is an interrogation point. You seem to think that these statements are pessimism and not optimism. Nothing is further from my thoughts. I will ask one thing. There is going to be a world's fair at St. Louis. They had one once at Athens. There was a certain time set apart for the display of genius. Will you name for me a day that is set apart for the exhibition of genius at St. Louis? Will you name a single drama or there to be presented? What if you have your tools? What if you have vast looms for cloth—a great poem or oration that will live that is ing? What if you have vast ships and cars to carry your legs, and fine porcelain to eat from? Is it possible that we are going to exhibit all this straw of life, instead of poems and the drama and oratory? Talent is what a man has and uses. Genius is what has a man. A mediocre nation is one that has things. A great nation is one that an idea possesses.—*New York Tribune.*

HE FOUND HIS SERMON.

A good story has been told of a joke which Mark Twain played upon Bishop Doane, who was at one time the rector of an Episcopal church in Hartford, where occasionally Mark Twain would attend service.

"Dr. Doane," he said at the end of a service, "I enjoyed your sermon this morning. I welcomed it like an old friend. I have, you know, a book at home containing every word of it."

"You have not," said Dr. Doane.

"I have so," said the humorist.

"Well, send that book to me. I'd like to see it."

"I'll send it," Twain replied. And he sent, the next morning, an unabridged dictionary to the rector.

This story would seem to fit a recent front page cartoon which showed a pastor using the dictionary instead of the Bible as his text-book.

CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

The following program has been arranged for this Association; which meets at Brookfield, N. Y., June 2 to 5.

FIFTH DAY—MORNING.

10.00. Introductory Sermon, Rev. Perie R. Burdick.
11.00. Report of Program Committee.
11.10. Communications from Churches.
12.00. Adjournment.

AFTERNOON.

2.00. Praise Service, Brookfield choir. Communications from corresponding bodies and Report of Delegates.
2.30. Appointment of Standing Committees.
2.40. Devotional.
3.00. Essay, "The Responsibility of Business Men Toward Our Young People," Miss Ethel A. Haven.
3.15. Sermon, Rev. L. R. Swinney.
4.00. Adjournment.

EVENING.

7.30. Song Service.
7.45. Sermon, Rev. S. S. Powell. Conference Meeting.

SIXTH DAY—MORNING.

9.30. Report of Missionary Advisory Committee, Ordination Committee, and Obituary Committee.
10.00. Missionary Hour, Rev. O. U. Whitford, Secretary.
11.00. Devotional Service.
11.15. Sermon, Delegate from the North Western Association.
12.00. Adjournment.

AFTERNOON.

2.00. Praise Service—Brookfield Choir. Reports of Standing Committees.
2.30. Tract Society Hour, Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D.
3.30. Address, Roy F. Randolph, delegate from the South Eastern Association.
4.00. Adjournment.

EVENING.

7.30. Praise Service.
7.50. Prayer and Conference Meeting, Dr. A. C. Davis.

SABBATH—MORNING.

10.30. Prayer Service, Herbert L. Cottrell.
11.00. Sermon, Pres. B. C. Davis. Collection for Tract, Missionary and Education Societies.

AFTERNOON.

2.00. Sabbath School, Leslie P. Curtis.
3.00. Sermon, Rev. W. L. Burdick, delegate from the Western Association.

EVENING.

7.30. Praise Service, Brookfield Choir.
7.45. Young People's Hour, Miss Ethel A. Haven.

FIRST DAY—MORNING.

9.30. Treasurer's Report and Other Unfinished Business.
10.00. Educational Hour, Pres. B. C. Davis.
11.00. Sermon, Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D. Collection, Tract, Missionary, and Education Societies.

AFTERNOON.

2.00. Praise Service, Brookfield Choir.
2.15. Women's Hour, Mrs. J. D. Camenga.
3.15. Sermon, Delegate from the Eastern Association.

EVENING.

7.30. Praise Service. Report of Corresponding Secretary.
8.00. Sermon, Rev. O. U. Whitford, D. D. Closing Conference.

GRANT W. DAVIS, Moderator.
L. ADELAIDE BROWN, Secretary.

WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

The following program has been arranged for the sessions of this Association, which will be held at Independence, N. Y., June 9 to 12.

FIFTH DAY—MORNING.

10.30. Devotional Exercises, Rev. G. P. Kenyon.
10.45. Address of Welcome, Pastor W. L. Burdick.
11.00. Response by the Moderator, Dr. A. E. Main.
11.10. Report of the Executive Committee.
11.20. Introductory Sermon, Rev. C. S. Sayre.

FIFTH DAY—AFTERNOON.

2.00. (1) Report of Corresponding Secretary.
(2) Report of Delegates to the Sister Associations.
(3) Communications from Corresponding Bodies.
(4) Appointment of Standing Committees.
3.00. What Can We Do to Improve Our Sabbath School? Prof. C. B. Clarke, Mrs. C. S. Sayre.

FIFTH DAY—EVENING.

7.45. Praise Service, Led by the Music Director.
8.00. Sermon, Rev. N. M. Mills, delegate from the Eastern Association. After Meeting led by A. J. C. Bond.

SIXTH DAY—MORNING.

9.30. Devotional Service.
9.40. Business.
10.00. What Can Our Association Do for the Missionary Society? Rev. W. D. Burdick.
10.30. Our Missionary Interests, Dr. O. U. Whitford.
11.30. How Can we Increase the Interest and Helpfulness of Our Church Prayer-Meetings? E. D. Van Horn.

SIXTH DAY—AFTERNOON.

2.00. What Can Our Association do for the Tract Society? Rev. B. F. Rogers.
2.30. Our Sabbath Reform Work, Dr. A. H. Lewis.
3.30. Our Future Supply of Ministers, Pres. B. C. Davis.

SIXTH DAY—EVENING.

7.45. Prayer and Conference Meeting, Rev. H. N. Jordan.

SABBATH—MORNING.

10.30. Sermon, Rev. I. L. Cottrell, Delegate from the Central Association.
11.30. Joint Collection for the Missionary, Tract, and Education Societies.

SABBATH—AFTERNOON.

2.30. Sabbath School. (1) Model Exercise for Primary Class. (2) Model Exercise for Bible Class, Dr. A. E. Main.
3.30. Y. P. S. C. E. Meeting.

SABBATH—EVENING.

7.45. What Can Our Association do for the Christian Endeavor? Starr Burdick.

SUNDAY—MORNING.

9.30. Business Meeting.
10.30. The Church's Obligation to those Outside the Church Fold, Rev. S. H. Babcock.
11.30. The Parish System for Our Churches, Dr. A. E. Main.
11.30. Sermon, Rev. A. G. Crofoot, delegate from the North-Western Association.

SUNDAY—AFTERNOON.

2.00. What Can Our Association do for the Woman's Work? Miss Agnes Rogers.
3.30. What Can Our Association do for the Education Society? Prof. W. C. Whitford.
3.30. West Virginia as a Field for Education and Home Mission Work, Roy F. Randolph, delegate from the South-Eastern Association.

SUNDAY—EVENING.

7.45. Sermon, Dr. A. H. Lewis. Adjournment.

Teams will meet delegates and others coming to the Western Association, via the Erie and the N. Y. & Pa. railroads, as follows: Andover, trains 1, 8, and 18 on Wednesday and trains 2, 7, 14, and 25 on Thursday. Whitesville, train 3 on both Wednesday and Thursday.

All desiring transportation will kindly notify Mr. M. A. Crandall, Independence, N. Y., giving day, railroad, and train on which they will come.
A. E. MAIN, Moderator.
H. C. VAN HORN, Secy.

INTELLIGENCE IN WAR.

Does intelligence in a soldier count? Are brains worth anything in an army? Certainly between the reading habits of the Russian and the Japanese soldiers there is a startling contrast. The little country—a veritable Lilliput against a Brobdignag—has more schools and more post offices in her 163,000 square miles of territory than there are in "all the Russias" of Europe and Asia. Japan has eighty-one per cent. of her children under instruction. Over fifteen hun-

dred men who have taken the full course in the high schools are found in the rank and file of the Mikado's army, and over three hundred graduates of the Imperial University are enrolled among the officers. Every soldier and sailor can read and write. With the history and geography of Korea and China, each soldier under the banner of the Rising Sun has a good general knowledge, which began in childhood with Manchuria. No better maps of these regions now in debate have ever been made than those by the War Department in Tokio. Tens of thousands of these easily folded maps are now in Japanese knapsacks. Our own Commodore Perry, who introduced young Japan to the world, knew well what men away from home and at war need. He looked after rations for the stomach, flannel for the body, and he made the average war ship cleaner than the average house. Even more did he believe in "provisions to sustain the mind." Most emphatically do the Mikado's advisers believe in this sound policy. In the Chino-Japanese war in 1894, the Tokio Government organized a bureau (Jippeibu) for the effective distribution, among the soldiers over sea, of those personal and literary supplies furnished by relatives, friends and societies. At Government expense, several tens of thousands of volumes, in small, clear print, on lightest paper, telling the story of the invasion of Korea by the Japanese armies in 1592-97, were distributed among the troops in Korea. When the American missionaries, some of whom had themselves carried gun and knapsack in our own Civil War, printed copies of the Gospels, three by two inches in size, and in weight as light as a walnut, the little brown men were supplied with Matthew, Mark, Luke and John in such shape that thousands of the tiny books were carried on the march, read in camp, and brought home. The Japanese army is a reading and thinking army, and mind and brains will surely tell. Nor let any one think that the populace in Tokio and Osaka is fed on ignorance. For many years past the Eastern-Asia societies of Japan have been studying Russian history and geography, and the newspapers have teemed with accurate and informing articles on the Russian Empire, Government and people. We have been impressed with the fact that the illustrations during the last half of 1903, and the month of January, 1904, in the Japanese magazines, have treated of Russian themes. Nor with the eight hundred technological and special schools in the empire have the islanders, while training the eye and mind, failed in thorough education of the hand. It is an army of thinking men that have challenged Russia's right to own Manchuria and to dictate in Korea.—*The Christian Work and Evangelist.*

APT QUOTATIONS GROUPED.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action in a man's life.

It is the man that makes the motive, and not the motive the man.

Patience is the ballast of the soul, that will keep it from rolling and tumbling in the greatest storm.

All true work is sacred; in all true work, were it but true hand-labor, there is something of divineness.

All life is a school, a preparation, a purpose; nor can we pass current in a higher college, if we do not understand the tedium of education in this lower one.

Children's Page.

"SO-SO."

I saw a little chap one day
Who loitered slowly on his way;
No snap or vigor in his pace,
No sparkle on the smooth round face.
He stopped sometimes to trim a whip,
Or whittle at a roadside chip,
But everything he tried, alas!
Dropped, almost finished in the grass.

I spied another little man
Who walked so fast he almost ran.
"Oh, can you tell me, if you please," said I,
"That slow boy's name, who just passed by?"
"So-so," he answered. Then to all
The school-bell sent its cheery call,
And off he sped, with flying feet,
To be the first one in his seat.

I walked along by So-so's side,
Who quickened scarce at all his stride,
And said, "Good morning! how d' do?"
"So-so," he answered; "how are you?"
"I'm very well," I cried. "This air
Is wondrous bracing, I declare.
Going to school? Well that must be
Fine in these days." "So-so," said he.

The school-bell faltered, almost stopped.
"Quick! you'll be late!" He never hopped.
"We have two minutes when the bell
Stops ringing, so it's just as well."
I frowned, yet I could clearly see
He was content as he could be;
Life's meaning, not one's best to do—
For him—but just smooth sliding through.

Poor So-so! By and by he'll find
Himself so hopelessly behind,
He'll have to struggle night and day,
Or else drift back the other way.
This so-so living, free from care,
Means hard times coming, I declare;
For those who from to-day would borrow,
Must pay in full its heir, to-morrow.

—S. S. Advocate.

POLLY'S ADVENTURE.

"Remember, Polly, this is our secret!" The little girl's eyes sparkled, but she pressed her lips tightly together, while her brother, a tall, active youth, spoke these low words in her ear. It must have been something very pleasant to make a little girl 7 years old look so happy; but if one hundred little girls were each given a single chance, I do not believe they would guess this wonderful secret. Wilberforce had told Polly that if she would get up early the next morning she might go with him and watch him shoot a bear. Polly had never felt so honored in all her life. She loved and admired her big brother, as little sisters have a way of doing—when their brothers are kind to them. Why, Wilberforce was as good a marksman as her father already! He was the best runner and the best wrestler in all the country around, and now to go with him and actually see him kill a bear!

Wilberforce rose very early the next morning but Polly was ready and waiting for him in the kitchen.

"We must take our breakfast with us," said the brother. "It is several miles to the lick."

In a few minutes they were on their way, Wilberforce riding Selim, with Polly behind him, her right arm around his waist and in her left hand a small tomahawk, which she thought she ought to carry on such an important occasion. Their good dog Spot trotted after them.

The stars twinkled overhead; the morning air felt keen and frosty; but Selim bore them swiftly on, and they reached the vicinity of the lick, or salt spring, in good time.

Selim was tied to a sapling, and telling Polly to keep close to him and not to speak, her brother went forward with the wary step of a practiced hunter. Very near the spring was a bear, looking big and black in the dim light. The young hunter raised his rifle, and taking the best aim he could in the semi-darkness, fired. The bear fell heavily, and the hunter ran forward with his long hunting knife, but the bear was quite dead, and Polly was called forward to rejoice over the prize.

Her brother showed her where the bullet had passed straight through the bear's head, and she felt the long fur and examined the powerful claws.

"We will eat our breakfast now, Polly," said Wilberforce, gaily, "and when we go back you can tell them you helped kill a bear."

They ate their breakfast—cold bread and meat, with a drink from the spring, but they thought it delicious, and Wilberforce said he would lead Selim to the spring before he skinned the bear. "Spot will take care of you, Polly, while I am gone," he called back, cheerily.

When Wilberforce reached the timber where the horse had been tied he was gone.

"Scared by the gunshot probably," thought his owner, "for he never left me before. I will overtake him soon," and he hurried forward.

But a mile or two was traversed before he overtook him, and when he had mounted again he rode rapidly, for he feared that Polly would be frightened staying by herself so long; he wished more than once he had brought her with him.

Yes, it was an unwise thing to leave her behind, for when he checked Selim's speed at the spring, the horse snorted and swerved violently aside, as he caught the glimpse of a dark form slinking off through the underwood. Before him lay the torn, bloody carcass of the bear and Polly was gone.

"A panther!" he groaned, as he ran to the spot where he had seen the little girl last.

There were no blood marks—in fact, not any trace of her at all, though he searched with the trained eye of a hunter, while he shouted her name, and loading his rifle, fired shot after shot, in the hope that she would hear and answer. It was useless. Then, entering the forest, he made the entire circuit of the spring, but it availed nothing. His reason convinced him that the wisest thing to do, was to return and summon others to aid in the search, and homeward he rode in the bright morning sunshine, a secret hope in his heart that Polly had found her way thither before him.

The hope was in vain, for the first question asked him was, "Where is Polly?" and in hoarse tones he told all he could tell. His mother grew deathly white and staggered to a seat, while his father snatched a gun and gave rapid orders to his younger sons. They were to summons the nearest neighbors and from each house a runner was to be sent to the house beyond, so that the news would spread quickly.

The neighbors responded to the call with a hearty good will. Active young men and experienced old ones, who could tell by the manner in which the prey was killed or carried off whether bear wolf or panther had done the deed, gathered at the "lick" where Wilberforce had killed the bear, and searched the woods with steadily widening circles, but searched in vain.

As nightfall approached they drew together to

kindle their campfires and take counsel for the ensuing day.

"Children that get lost," said the oldest man, looking at the high peak that the fading sun still reddened, "mostly climb. I don't know what they do it for, but they do."

The hills before them were spurs of the Alleghanies, high and steep.

"If her little feet had taken her up one of those hills, she could see fires burning here."

The suggestion was eagerly acted upon, and many fires were lighted and fed all night by watchers who longed to see the light of day. And the mother in her deserted home kept lonely vigil. They had sent back to her a message which they had hoped would comfort her a little.

"They had not found her yet, but they had found nothing to make them think that she was dead; they believed she was alive."

Wilberforce had privately intrusted to the bearer of this message a separate one:

"Tell mother," he said, "I will never come home alive without Polly."

Everyone felt sympathy for the unhappy youth, whose distress was ill concealed beneath a show of firmness. All day he had prosecuted the search with utter disregard of his own powers of endurance, and not until night fell did he pause to take an interval of rest.

He could not bear the light and warmth of the fire; for he felt that wherever Polly was she had neither, and lying apart in the shadow he heard two old hunters conversing together in low tones.

"My idea is," said the first, "that a bear has carried her off. I have seen them walk off with a shoat under each fore paw—and she was little." "But the dog that was with her?" questioned the other.

"Yes, the dog; well, if it followed her, there was the panther, you see, and they generally hunt in pairs."

At earliest dawn the search was renewed. The leaders of the band took counsel together and divided their number into three parties. One was to proceed toward the mountains, the others in opposite directions and they were not to journey farther than it was likely a child of tender years would travel. Hardly waiting to hear the signals agreed upon Wilberforce hurried away. He looked so haggard, so unlike his usual self, that his father changed his mind in regard to the route he would take, and, bespeaking the company of a few old friends, concluded to follow his son.

"For," said the father, simply, "if he should find her torn by beasts he might do himself hurt, and it would be poor comfort to me to lose two children instead of one."

An idea had formed itself in the brother's mind, and as he pushed on toward the river, which it was impossible a little girl could cross, he repeated again and again to himself, "If Spot is alive he is with Polly!" For he knew both the intelligence and fidelity of the little creature—and he could not believe that his sister was dead. Urged on by his excited feelings, he outstripped his father and the men that were with him, and though it was easy to follow him, where he had dashed through the bushes, when they had reached the river he was still out of sight.

Youth is governed by impulse, maturer age with reason, and as Polly's father walked onward with bent head he listened with a heavy heart to the speech of his companions.

"It is not likely, David, your little child ever

walked so far as this. Now, when little Jake was taken—"

A rifle shot rang out through the bright, still air, and echoed and re-echoed among the hills.

"Wilberforce's gun!" cried the father, deadly pale, for it had been decided that no gun should be used unless some trace of Polly were found.

They hurried on, the father, with a terrible sinking of the heart, falling a step or two behind, and where a rivulet moistened the sand, as it joined the river, a small footprint was plainly to be seen. It was Polly's beyond a doubt. Miles and miles from home, in a wilderness where no one lived, whose could it be but hers? Had there been a doubt, a smaller track than Polly's foot ever made—two of them very close to her own—would have dispelled it. Yes, Spot was with her!

When her brother had left her the preceding morning, Polly sat in happy fearlessness watching the slain bear. Suddenly Spot sprang up, barking fiercely. She heard a rustle in the bushes, a dark form bounded forward and with savage snarlings fastened itself upon the bear's body.

Polly's only thought was to get away, and she fled at first like a frightened fawn. After a while, seeing that she was not pursued, she tried to find her way home, only to be convinced at last that she was lost. She was more perplexed than frightened. She knew that Wilberforce would hunt for her, and had she only remained in one place he would have found her before very long.

But she "went to meet him," and so strayed farther away. When night fell she nestled against a fallen tree, where the leaves were drifted thick and dry, and Spot lay down at her feet. She remembered the lessons in woodcraft taught her all her life, and knew if she traveled with the water that she would come to where people lived after a while.

She had been hungry, and had peeled birch-bark with her little tomahawk. Spot never forsook her. Sometimes he would dash into the woods and bark furiously, but he always returned to her side.

When Wilberforce, seeing her footprint, fired the signal shot, she knew the ring of the rifle, and remarked gravely to Spot:

"We will wait a little!"

She stood still "waiting," while Spot barked deliriously, and Wilberforce, throwing aside his gun, bounded forward. In a minute later she was folded in her brother's arms.—Public Ledger.

THE GOSPEL IN WESTBURYPORT.

The Reverend Doctor Lucius Rhetor was turning aimlessly through a volume of analytical study of the life of Christ when his eye fell on these words at the head of a division, "The Gospel in Sychar." For some reason these words seemed to strike in. He turned them over in his thought several times as if enjoying the flavor, after which he began to muse within himself on this wise: "That's it, 'The Gospel in Sychar.' Just a few simple, direct words by the tired Master to a weak woman at the well, but what a result! 'Many believed on him.' 'They besought him that he would tarry with them.' 'Many more believed.' Now what troubles me is to know what is the matter with the gospel in Westburyport. Here we are, the churches, sixteen strong, with a population of 500 to each church. Of these churches, we up at Exchequer

Avenue are the largest, and we can muster but little better than 200 resident members. We ourselves are in the full enjoyment of our privileges, but as far as the great mass of our fellow-citizens is concerned, the gospel cannot be said to have struck Westburyport. Some of the forces in evidence at Sychar are lacking here for sure."

Let it not be supposed that the source of the trouble was in the subject matter of the good Doctor's preaching. That ever ready club, "the gospel is not being preached," would not fit his back. No leaven of liberalism was in his lump. In his student days the divers winds of doctrine were not permitted to blow about the seminary premises, while all that savored of Higher Criticism was treated as a cunningly devised fable. Twice each Sabbath the Doctor stood before his people, and with profound learning and polished diction dispensed the Simon-pure, true-blue orthodoxy. The elect were edified, to be sure, but for a long time there had been a growing dissatisfaction in his own mind because the multitude were as sheep having no shepherd.

These considerations led him to make a careful study of the progress of the gospel at Sychar, but he could make of it nothing unusual. There was no studied plan, no special agencies employed. Simply a casual meeting, a personal message laid skillfully on the conscience of the lone auditor, but the Doctor's heart smote him when he realized that even these easily accessible means had until now gone practically unused as far as his own work was concerned.

Hitherto with him preaching had meant the delivery of a message carefully pruned of all personalities, aimed at a composite man derived from a putting together of all his individual hearers and carefully eliminating individual characteristics. Never an individual word to an individual. But now as he noted the course of events at Sychar he felt himself in the power of a suggestion that was wholly new to him but not wholly agreeable. "Why not bring the gospel to Westburyport in the way in which it was brought to Sychar?"

This suggestion fairly electrified the Doctor. He braced himself against it. His dignified and conventionalized nature revolted, but in vain. The barbed thought had found his soul and it would not shake out. He was just in that mood when men do things out of sheer dissatisfaction, and knowing that if he waited for that sober second thought to come he would laugh at himself, he put on hat and coat and rushed into the street, vaguely conscious of a determination to send home a shaft of truth to the first person he should meet whom he knew to be in need of it.

As he walked somewhat aimlessly down town his resolution began to weaken. He experienced that shrinking sensation inside as if his heart had of a sudden become several sizes too small for the space assigned to it. He had about resolved that he would go for some stamps and then return to his study and think this matter over a little more deliberately, when he found himself in front of the office of his friend, Judge Ruling. He hesitated an instant, put his hand to the latch—and the battle was won as far as he was concerned. Before he could get inside the door his purpose and his plan of action stood out clear and sharp in his mind.

The Judge greeted him heartily, "Good morning Doctor! Glad to see you! I was just thinking how you would relish that story!"

"Hold a minute, Judge," said the Doctor. "You and I have swapped stories this many a day

and exchanged ideas to our mutual pleasure and profit. But to-day my mission is a different one. I have come to talk to you about heavenly things. You are a man of mature mind and a keen insight for facts and yet to the best of my knowledge you are without interest in the great eternal facts, the real realities of the spirit. You never go to church. In our many talks together you have always led away from all such topics, and I have come to see it as my duty as a man and a brother to tell you that these things ought not so to be."

The Judge did not falter in his geniality. "What you say Doctor is true, at least in a measure. But there is a reason for everything and I need not hesitate to tell you the reason for my attitude toward religion. Briefly it is this. The churches, in their interpretation of the religious truth, have not kept pace with the progress of modern thought, and"

"Hold again, Judge," said the Doctor. "I cannot allow you to convict yourself in the very beginning of your defense. There are sixteen churches in our town and, as you well know, these represent every shade of belief and interpretation. If you want ritualism, mysticism, emotionalism, conservatism, rationalism, or even metaphysics, you can find right here one or more churches devoted to each of these. But you have not taken hold with any of them."

The Judge began to look perplexed. "But the jangling voices of all these warring sects you will admit"—he began again. "Look out, Judge" interrupted the Doctor again. "Now you have shifted your plea, and you will know that an honest plea of guilty is far better for your case. Confess that you neglect the claims of religion because your interests are all in other things."

The Judge was silent. "Confess," continued the Doctor, "that you have given yourself wholly to money and reputation and the pleasure these afford you, that you have been so busy with the muckrake that you have lost sight of the crown. That you have satisfied yourself with husks when you might have had bread. That you have no interests in the realm of the spiritual because you have no investments there."

The Judge's eye fell. The Doctor rose to go. "I hope I have not hurt your feelings," he said. "Never mind," said the Judge. "Perhaps they need to be hurt sometimes."

On the street again the Doctor made the following mental memoranda, "Cut short all evasions in the shape of stories, discussions, and commonplaces. Aim straight at the conscience and send home the truth at the risk of giving pain."

In front of the post office the Doctor came upon a group of three or four men who were talking together, intermingling much profanity with their jests. He was about to pass on when he realized that here was another opportunity to apply the new method. "For shame, men!" he said as he turned to the group. "Can't you find some better way to talk than that?" One of the men made some rejoinder, and others, hearing the colloquy came up, and before he knew it, the Reverend Doctor Lucius Rhetor was preaching on the street! There he stood, virgin tie, silk hat, gold-rimmed spectacles, clerical coat, and immaculate patent leathers, preaching on the curb just like any Salvation Army lad! As he closed his remarks the spokesman of the original group offered a rough apology and added, "We are glad to see, Parson, that you ain't afraid to do your duty."

But as the Doctor turned his steps homeward,

he could not feel quite so optimistic. He felt that he had made himself ridiculous, or at least that would be the construction his aristocratic parishioners would put on his action. But deep down inside he knew that he had done the brave and Christlike, even if it were the undignified thing, and he closed the incident with himself by adding to the memoranda he had made, this item, "At the risk of making mistakes."

Arrived at home, he found Mrs. Somery making a call on his wife, and as usual she had a fresh supply of spleen to pour out on somebody. "We were just talking about the schools," she continued after the break caused by the doctor's arrival. "My boys brought home unsatisfactory reports last Friday, and I told them that if they should have such a stick of a teacher as that Miss Ethan in the grammar room another year at the Wilson School, we would send them elsewhere."

The Doctor, flushed with the victories already won, saw the way clear for another. "I am sorry, Mrs. Somery, that you made that remark. It lays upon me as your pastor the painful necessity of warning you against such unchristlike use of your tongue. Time and again I have heard you make such unkind remarks as this and have said nothing. I cannot keep still any longer and do my duty toward you. If instead of destroying Miss Ethan's influence over your boys by calling her a stick in their presence you would use your own influence to help her, you would be doing that which is far more in keeping with your profession as a Christian and something that would be vastly better for your boys." Mrs. Somery was stricken dumb with surprise at this new turn in her pastor's methods. She went red and pale by turns, and stammered out something about having to hurry home.

The length and the breadth of the Exchequer Avenue parish was soon abuzz. It was an unheard-of thing that a pastor of theirs should speak on the street and make use of such pointed remarks as were reported to have passed between him and more than one of their number during that eventful week. Deacon Jusso called to suggest that such methods were unusual and would create no end of discussion. The Doctor promised to have something to say by way of explanation the following Sabbath.

When the day came the Somery family was conspicuous for its absence, but there was Mike Phelan and one of his pals of the post office group and Judge Ruhling dropped sheepishly in to the back seat. The Doctor's subject was The Gospel in Sychar. In closing his sermon he said: "My people, I have heretofore been very comfortable, very dignified, very correct for the gospel's sake, and it has not prevailed to any great extent. Individuals have not been made to feel the force of it. Henceforth, I propose to be uncomfortable, undignified, irregular, if necessary, in order to bring home the needed truth to individuals wherever I shall find them. This at the risk of giving pain, of making mistakes or (with a glance at the empty Somery pew) of offending some. Some of you will help; some will hinder; but my purpose is fixed. The gospel must come to Westburyport."

This was the beginning of the most eventful year that ever came to that steady-going town. A few brave souls rallied round the doctor and the Sychar Circle was organized, the declared purpose of which was

To speak a word in season to individuals,
At the risk of giving pain, making mistakes,
causing offense.

The Doctor was seen frequently mingling with the men about town, preaching occasionally on the street, and regularly on Sunday afternoon when the weather would permit, supported by a consecrated quartet from the Exchequer Avenue choir. Other of the Avenue people, under the lead of the Somerys, either criticized viciously or held sulkily aloof.

The Doctor's preaching was transformed both as to manner and matter. He dropped his polished theological jargon and took up the vernacular, verging perilously at times on the vocabulary of the street. Boldly he proclaimed that men need worship neither in Jerusalem nor Mount Gerizim, so long as they worshipped in spirit and in truth. He reasoned mostly of righteousness, self-control and judgment to come, and the common people, the multitude, heard him gladly. The movement spread to the other churches, so that the gospel not only came to Westburyport but it sought the people and found them.

At the end of a year the doctor inventoried himself thus, "I may have decreased in certain directions, but the gospel has increased more than enough to make up for it."—*Congregationalist.*

THE DAY OF THE DEAD.

When the days grow long, and the grasses glisten,
Impearled with tears the night has shed,
When birds all sing, and the trees all listen,
There comes to us the Day of the Dead.
Dearer far than gems, or than golden treasure,
Is their dust whose memory Honor keeps
And the Nation leaves its toil and its pleasure,
To garland each bed where a hero sleeps.

We have grown old—they are young forever,
With glory's halo around each head;
Our names will die—but forgotten never
Are those on the roll of the Nation's dead.
Past is the pain and the bitter aching—
Our sacred dead are their country's now;
And the hearts that throbbled well-nigh to breaking
Calmly above their ashes bow.

Peace to them—peace forever and ever!
Here shall no rude alarm intrude;
The jarring world shall disturb them never,
They know not of war, or war's interlude.
Bring to their graves no thought of sorrow—
Why should we mourn o'er our country's dead?
Their fame shall grow bright through many a morrow,
And shine like the stars when the day has fled.

Bring laurel and pine for their memory immortal,
And roses, red roses, to emblem the love
Which follows them even through the dark portal,
And pansies, for thought of their welcome above.
Bring roses—white—for their purpose holy,
And 'mid the sweet flowers which are strewn at its
side,
Whether his rank was high or was lowly,
Set the Banner of Stars, for which each one died.
—*Memorial Day Annual.*

A WAR VETERAN TALKS.

H. W. ROOD.

See here, John and Mary, you and Sue and Will and Bessie come over here and let me talk to you. Yes, tell all the rest to come, too, if they like. There, now, stand around my chair and listen.

I saw most of you at the camp-fire last night. How you did laugh when Comrade Phil Check told some of his funny war stories. And then Sue and Bess both shed a few tears when David James told something of the story of his prison life—of his escape and recapture, and of his coming home so weak and worn out with disease and starvation that his mother did not know him. The rest of you looked pretty sober, too, and no wonder. And I thought, when ex-Gov-

ernor Hoard talked about the meaning of our flag and the bravery of the men who fought for it in war times, that John and Will and Harry almost wished for another war that they might show to the world that the boys of these days are just as true and brave as those of '61. I am of opinion, too, that when Mrs. Smith told of the life, character and hospital service of our Mrs. Governor Harvey, and other women like her, you girls almost wished that you, like them, might go to war and care for sick and wounded soldiers.

Well, I am sure that if by some misfortune our nation shall again find it necessary to fight for the right against the wrong every one of you will do what you can for the right side. Some will carry muskets and face the cannon's mouth, others will bind up wounds in the hospital. But, my dear boys and girls, though I am glad to feel that you are brave for the defense of our country and intensely loyal to our flag and all it stands for, I do hope, children, that you may never see anything like war in this fair land of ours. War is at best a terrible thing—you have no idea how terrible—and I do not wish you to know anything about it by experience.

While it does us old veterans good to get together now and then in such a camp-fire as we had last night, we do not at all wish to have you get from us a love for war. We do wish you to love your country as you love your homes, but we hope that as you grow into manhood and womanhood you will set a very high value on the blessings of peace. We hope that when our nation has hard questions to settle, whether at home or abroad, you and others like you will find some other way to do than fight over them. Don't fight unless it seems certain that great wrongs can be conquered and righted in no other way. Then fight for the right and fight hard.

When we boys went to war in '61 we verily thought the only way to save our country from disunion and make it in truth the land of the free and the home of the brave, was to obey President Lincoln's call for men to fight for the honor of our flag. Many of us were not much older than you, John and Harry. There are thousands of graves about the old battle fields of the South and along our lines of march where sixteen-year-old boys were wrapped in their blankets and laid away to rest, having given their lives for the many blessings of our free united government of to-day. There may have been a better way of saving our Union and getting rid of the curse of slavery—a peaceful way. But if there was we did not find it. We did what our wisest men then thought best. We saved the Union and got rid of slavery, but at a fearful cost. May you never be called to do as we did!

I think, boys and girls, there is something better for you to do. There is just as great need for real patriotism in times of peace as in war. Our country's welfare depends always upon honest, intelligent, citizens, women as well as men; citizens who oppose all kinds of wrong doing, and who dare vote for things that are right and men that will do right. It takes bright, honest, industrious, intelligent boys and girls to become such citizens. The best thing you can do now is to fit yourselves for such citizenship. Be prompt at school and at work. Get every lesson well. Do your very best every day in study, in work, and in play. Do right because it is right, not because your teacher, father or mother is

Restful Nonsense Corner

GRATIFIED, BUT NOT SATISFIED.

Two Hebrews entered a restaurant together, animated by a spirit of generous rivalry in the matter of courtesy. As *Lippincott's Magazine* tells the story, an amusing situation grew out of this Chesterfieldian rivalry.

When Jacob called for trout, his friend Isaac was too polite to ask for anything else.

The waiter brought in the double order. And one fish upon the plate was large, while the other, by contrast, was pitifully small. It was an emergency foreseen by neither Jacob nor his friend. But the courtesy of both would have equalled any crisis.

Jacob flung himself back in his chair with a generous indifference.

"Isaac, hellup yourselves."

"Jacob, id iss you who der honorableness shall haf!"

"Isaac, I insistings upon id!"

With a deep sigh of content, Jacob helped himself to the larger fish.

"Jacob, vill you me to shtarve allow?"

An awful silence fell. It lasted until the third forkful found capacious immolation behind the shrubbery of Jacob's beard.

"Do you," inquired Isaac, with bitterness, "id iss bollteness imachine, der piggest feesh to take?"

"Didn't you," with elaborate suavity, "me to hellup meinselfs reekvest?"

"But to der piggest feesh—"

"Vell, if you yourselfs hat first helluped, vich would you took?"

"Me!" with unction of proud virtue. "I vould haf took der liddlest feesh."

"Vell, you got id, ain't you?"

WHEN Miss Edith Wyatt was at Bryn Mawr College, she was known as "the girl in the cheering-up business." Homesick girls, discouraged girls, girls who were behind in their studies, and tired students went to her for a bit of sunshine and encouragement, and they always found it. She radiated cheerfulness. There is a great opening in the "cheering-up business." There is plenty of room in it for everybody, and it does not interfere with any other vocation. Make it a hobby, if you want to be happy and successful. You may do more good in it than in your regular vocation, and it may be the best investment you ever made. Try it. "Keep the brightest trail," said an Indian, when asked by Bishop Baker, in pioneer days, the best route across the plains to the Rocky Mountains. This was good advice before the railroads were built; it is just as good to-day. It may be applied universally. Keep the brightest trail this year. Leave the dark, gloomy, subterranean passages. Leave gloom, anxiety, worry, and discouragement behind. Face the sun.—*Success.*

It cannot be gain for us to die, till it is Christ to live.

Consecrate the morning's strength and God will be with you in the evening's weariness.

Use your gifts faithfully, and they shall be enlarged; practice what you know, and you shall attain to higher knowledge.

DEATHS.

AYARS.—Mary Elizabeth Ayars, daughter of Uz Ayars, and the late Mary Morton Ayars, died May 11, in Bridgeton, N. J., in her 20th year, after an illness of five weeks.

Standing on the threshold of a bright, promising womanhood, our young sister was called to her heavenly reward. Mary was the granddaughter of Rev. J. W. Morton, whose noble qualities were reappearing in her life. On March 11, 1900, she followed her Lord in His own appointed ordinance. Hers was a bright consistent Christian character. She was always ambitious and her ambition ripened into a fine scholarship and a beautiful life of service. She consecrated her voice in singing the praises of the Lord in His Sanctuary. Hers was a life of cheer and sunshine. While sadness fills the home yet the memory of Mary will always be precious because of her devotion of love to the dear ones. Her pastor preached the funeral sermon from Luke 8: 52-55, which was very appropriate and filled with comfort. At her funeral the many flower tributes revealed the affection with which she was regarded by a large circle of sorrowing friends. She was buried in the old Seventh-day burial ground at Shiloh near the church where Elder Lewis years ago plied so magnificent a ministry for Christ and His church. Surely the life of our young sister was not in vain, and the father and brother Ellis have a sweet consolation in the recollection of her sweet and beautiful life. F. H. S.

CAMPBELL.—In Seneca Falls, N. Y., May 12, 1904, W. P. Campbell, youngest son of the late Rev. Alexander Campbell, aged 50 years. Interment at Wolcott, N. Y.

LARKIN.—In Dunellen, N. J., May 5, 1904, Mrs. Anna S. Titsworth Larkin, aged 71 years, 9 months and 3 days.

Mrs. Larkin was born in Plainfield, N. J., Aug. 2, 1832, and was the daughter of Isaac D. and Hannah Shepard Titsworth. She was the first-born of a family of ten children, seven of whom still survive her. In early life she gave her heart to the Saviour, and her parents having removed to Shiloh, N. J., she united with the Seventh-day Baptist Church in that place. Subsequently they came to live in New Market and her membership was transferred to this Church. July 14, 1853, she was married to George S. Larkin, and in 1869 they removed to Milton Junction, Wis., transferring their membership to the Seventh-day Baptist Church at Milton. When the Milton Junction Church was organized she became one of the constituent members of that Church. In 1883 they returned to New Jersey and settled in Dunellen, reuniting with the New Market Church, where she continued an interested and faithful member until her membership was finally transferred to the Church Triumphant. For her, life had many joys, but they were also intermingled with many sorrows. A loving and faithful husband; five devoted children, dotting parents, fond brothers and sisters, and many other kindred and friends were once hers to cherish; but, from this circle, a precious daughter was first chosen for the realms of the blessed, a little later two noble brothers responded to the call, then father and mother were taken, next, a true and affectionate son, in manhood's prime, and her youngest child, in response to the call of Christian duty, dwelling among the benighted souls of China twelve thousand miles away. Under the power of disease is it any wonder that clouds would sometimes cast their murky shadows athwart her pathway? Though ready and willing to go whenever the Master should call, is it any wonder that her oft repeated desire was that she might be permitted to see the far-away child before she closed her eyes in death? But she was greatly blessed by the loving ministrations of a husband, one daughter, one son, a daughter-in-law, a son-in-law and other kindred and friends who gladly gave every aid and comfort in their power. Thus surrounded, her sufferings were alleviated, and in the fulness of the Christian's hope she gently fell asleep in Jesus. Closing services were held in her home, May 9th, in charge of her pastor, assisted by brethren Lewis and Shaw of Plainfield, after which the mortal body was quietly laid away among the many that now rest in the beautiful Hillside Cemetery in Plainfield. L. E. L.

WHEELER.—Elston Orla Wheeler, infant son of Deacon and Mrs. C. G. Wheeler, of Nortonville, Kan., was born Feb. 18, 1903, and died May 12, 1904, from the effects of carbolic acid.

Much of the sunshine has gone out from the home by this bereavement, but, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." G. W. H.

We know but few men, a great many coats and breeches.

watching you. Have a high respect for law. Obedience to law is the safeguard of liberty. Don't even hunt or fish contrary to law. Be respectful to your parents, to every one who is your superior, and especially so to the aged. Cultivate the power of self-control. Keep free from the use of liquor and tobacco. Don't use language anywhere you would not use before your mothers.

I know, boys and girls, it takes courage to do all these things, just as much courage—just as noble self-sacrifice—just as heroic devotion to right principles as our boys away back in war times needed to do manly battle for "Old Glory" where the shot and shell flew thick and fast; just as loyal devotion to duty as Mrs. Harvey and Mother Bickerdyke needed to face disease and death in the hospitals in order to soothe the pain and comfort the dying. But be brave, heroic—John and Mary, Bess and Sue, Harry and Will—and all the rest. There is a call even in these days of peace to stand up for the right.

Though we old veterans do not wish you to go to battle, we do like to have you cherish the memory of those who did fight and die when our flag and our country was in danger. We who have these many years lovingly strewn over their green graves the fragrant flowers of May are one by one dropping out of the ranks. Nothing pleases us better than to have you boys and girls—our coming citizens—unite with us in the beautiful and touching ceremonies of Memorial Day. We hope you will keep up the custom long after we are all gone, and teach it to other children.—*Memorial Day Annual.*

THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

F. W. FABER.

Oh, it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

Ill masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross-purposes.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reach'd
Only by child-like love.

Workman of God! Oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice bless'd is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

Bless'd, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

There is nothing gained by ignoring a disagreeable truth.

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: 2-18
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: 11-25
May 21. Jesus Teaches Humility.....	Mark 10: 35-44
May 28. The Passover.....	Matt. 26: 17-35
June 4. Christ's Trial Before Pilate.....	Mark 15: 1-19
June 11. Christ Crucified.....	Mark 16: 22-30
June 18. Christ Risen.....	Matt. 28: 1-15
June 25. Review.....	

LESSON X.—CHRIST'S TRIAL BEFORE PILATE.

LESSON TEXT.—Mark 15: 1-15.

For Sabbath-day, June 4, 1904.

Golden Text.—Then said Pilate to the chief priests and to the people, I find no fault in this man.—Luke 23: 4.

INTRODUCTION.

We can scarcely expect to arrange into a precise harmony all that the Evangelists tell of the last day of our Lord's earthly life. Four accounts which are not copies of one another must have some divergent elements. For example, from Luke's account we would infer that the direct question of Caiaphas to Jesus as to whether he was the Messiah or not was asked in the formal assembly of the Sanhedrin at daybreak, while from Matthew and Mark we would infer that this question had its place at the informal assembly of the Sanhedrin in the night.

Taking all of the accounts together it seems that our Lord was examined or tried more or less informally four times by the Jews before he was taken before Pilate; once before Annas, the father-in-law of Caiaphas; then before Caiaphas; then before the Sanhedrin informally assembled; and finally before a formal assembly of that court just at daybreak.

There was a vigorous attempt to prove by means of false witnesses that Jesus was guilty of some serious offence against the Jewish law. Although many witnesses were examined and much time spent the attempt was a signal failure. The jury who had already resolved to kill Jesus could not bring themselves to say that the evidence was sufficient to establish any charge.

At length Caiaphas seized upon Jesus' own statement that he was the Messiah, and said that it was blasphemy. Upon this charge Jesus was condemned without any real trial. The conclusion of the Sanhedrin was of course perfectly illogical; for how could they expect the Messiah ever to come and declare himself to the nation if it was already decided by them that anyone (including the Messiah himself) who made a claim to be the Messiah must necessarily be a blasphemer. This action of the Sanhedrin was however of a piece with the many irregularities of their proceeding and the unfairness of the trial from beginning to end.

As the power of inflicting the death penalty had been taken from the Jewish tribunal, it was necessary that Jesus should be taken before the civil authorities in order to be sentenced to death. The leaders of the Jews were evidently afraid of a popular commotion when it should be learned that Jesus was arrested; so they hastened to Pilate with their prisoner very early in the morning.

TIME.—On the morning after last week's lesson, the 15th of Nisan in the year 30. On the day before the Sabbath. Perhaps on the 7th of April.

PLACE.—Before the judgment seat of Pilate.

PERSONS.—Jesus; members of the Sanhedrin; Pilate, the Roman procurator; the multitude; Barabbas.

OUTLINE:

1. The Jews deliver Jesus to Pilate. v. 1.
2. Pilate Examines Jesus. v. 2-5.
3. Pilate Schemes to Release Jesus. v. 6-15.

NOTES.

1. In the morning. The Greek word used refers to the early morning. We may imagine that it was scarcely light. The chief priests with the elders and scribes. The chief priests were naturally the most influential members of the Sanhedrin. The whole council. That is, the Sanhedrin, the chief court of the

Jewish nation. It had executive and legislative functions as well as judicial. See Bible Dictionaries. Held a consultation. They had already formally condemned Jesus, and now determined upon a plan of action in order to secure his execution. Delivered him up to Pilate. Judea was a part of the Roman province of Syria, and was governed by a procurator who had his residence in Caesarea. He had come up to Jerusalem at the time of the passover doubtless that he might be on hand in case of any disturbance among the turbulent multitudes attending the feast.

2. And Pilate asked him, Art thou the King of the Jews? We are to infer that among other charges the Jewish leaders had accused Jesus of being a pretender to royal authority, and so a leader of rebellion against Caesar. Thou sayest. That is, Yes. Even without the explanation that we have recorded in John's Gospel Pilate could easily see that Jesus' claim to royalty was in no sense in rivalry with the Emperor. A real leader against the Roman power would not have been delivered up by the Jews themselves.

3. And the chief priests accused him of many things. Besides saying that he was assuming the title of King, they said that he was stirring up the people to sedition, and forbidding to give tribute to Caesar. Compare Luke 23; 5. Jesus' teaching and miracles had created a considerable stir throughout the land. Pilate was doubtless already aware of this, and could easily see that the doings of this religious enthusiast had no political significance.

4. Answerest thou nothing? Pilate was surprised that Jesus did not deny the charges that were brought against him. Jesus' life was however an answer to all accusations. He needed only to answer the question in regard to his kingship, as some might think that by his conduct he had denied his right to the recognition that the people had shown him at the time of his triumphal entry. He was a king so different from all their expectations.

5. But Jesus no more answered anything. We are not to suppose that Jesus remained silent in order to allow himself to be convicted on whatever charge might be brought against him. No answer was needed to such charges as they brought. In so much that Pilate marvelled. Pilate was moved by the calmness of Jesus more than by the violent denunciations of his accusers.

6. Now at the feast he used to release unto them one prisoner. This rendering is much better than that of King James' Version. We know nothing of this custom except from this and parallel passages. It is however entirely in accord with the general attitude of the Romans toward conquered nations. They took pains to conciliate.

7. And there was one called Barabbas. He was just the sort of a man whose conduct would appeal to the patriotism of the Jews. They had accused Jesus of being a leader of insurrection, but here was a real rebel against the power of the Romans. The insincerity of their charge against Jesus is shown by the fact that they wanted Barabbas released. Who in the insurrection had committed murder. This fact did not make him in the eyes of the people any the less a hero.

8. Began to ask him to do as he was wont, etc. From this account we would infer that the people first suggested the matter of releasing a prisoner upon this morning; but according to John's account Pilate introduced this subject. It does not greatly matter who spoke first; for it is evident that as soon as the question of releasing a prisoner was brought up, Pilate sought to present the name of Jesus to the crowd as the one fittingly to be chosen by them. His purpose was to dodge his own responsibility in deciding about Jesus. If the people asked for the release of this prisoner, the chief priests could have no cause to say that he had ignored the charges against him. It was for the same purpose of avoiding responsibility that Pilate sent Jesus to Herod as recorded by Luke.

9. That I release unto you the King of the Jews? Pilate makes his suggestion most attractively. What could be more gratifying to the vanity of the crowd than to feel that they had secured the release of their king?

10. For he had perceived that for envy the chief priests had delivered him up. Accordingly he thought that the popularity of Jesus from which this envy grew would at once bring a demand from the crowd for his release.

11. But the chief priests stirred up the multitude. Pilate had planned well, but the priests in a few minutes exercised vigorous persuasion, and succeeded in

getting the people on their side. We may say that the crowd is always fickle, and that their desertion of Jesus scarcely needs an explanation. On the other hand, it is very evident that the people were deeply disappointed in Jesus. They thought that when he entered Jerusalem in triumph that they had found their king, but when he took no further steps towards assuming royalty they concluded that he had virtually abdicated his kingship.

12. What then shall I do unto him whom ye call the King of the Jews? Pilate reminded them that they had called Jesus King of the Jews. He sees that they are bent on having Barabbas, but he reckons that the popularity of Jesus is sufficient so that the people will ask for his release as an extra boon, or at least that they will not desire that he be held a prisoner or condemned. Pilate would not long hesitate to displease the chief priests if he could feel that the people were with him.

13. Crucify him. When once the people had turned against Jesus it is easy for them to follow their authorized leaders the priests; they are showing not indifference but rather malice in place of their former love.

14. Why, what evil hath he done? Pilate doubtless thought that this unanswerable question would cause the people to hesitate in their demand, and to be a little more reasonable. But they cried out exceedingly, Crucify him. So far from quieting the people, this question of Pilate seems to excite them still further. They will not be managed, and now ask for the punishment of Jesus even more vehemently than they asked for the release of Barabbas.

15. Wishing to content the multitude. He ignored the claim of justice and yielded to the claims of popular clamor. "Wishing" is a very much better translation than "willing," which we find in King James' Version. Scourged him. It was the usual custom to scourge the one who was to be crucified. We infer from John's Gospel that Pilate had Jesus scourged to see if that most cruel punishment would not satisfy the demands of his vindictive accusers, and only after that appeal to their human sympathy had failed did he order the execution.

OPENING POEM AT ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.

The following poem, entitled "Hymn of the West," written for the Exposition by Edmund Clarence Stedman, was sung by a chorus of 500 voices. The music for the hymn was written by Professor John K. Paine, of Harvard University:

O Thou, whose glorious orbs on high
Engird the earth with splendor round,
From out Thy secret place draw nigh
The courts and temples of this ground;
Eternal Light,
Fill with Thy might
These domes that in Thy purpose grew,
And lift a nation's heart anew!

Illume Thou each pathway here,
To show the marvels God hath wrought
Since first Thy people's chief and seer
Looked up with that prophetic thought,
Bade Time unroll
The fateful scroll

And empire unto Freedom gave
From cloudland height to tropic wave.
Poured through the gateways of the North
Thy mighty rivers join their tide,
And on the wings of morn sent forth
Their mists the far-off peaks divide,
By Thee unsealed,
The mountains yield
Ores that the wealth of Orphir shame,
And gems enwrought of seven-hued fame.

Lo, through what years the soil hath lain
At thine own time to give increase—
The greater and the lesser grain,
The ripening boll, the myriad fleece!
Thy creatures graze
Appointed ways;

League after league across the land
The ceaseless herds obey Thy hand.
Thou, whose high archways shine most clear
Above the plenteous western plain,
Thine ancient tribes from round the sphere
To breathe its quickening air are fain;
And smiles the sun
To see made one

Their brood throughout Earth's greenest space,
Land of the new and lordlier race!

And smiles the sun
To see made one
Their brood throughout Earth's greenest space,
Land of the new and lordlier race!

And smiles the sun
To see made one
Their brood throughout Earth's greenest space,
Land of the new and lordlier race!

And smiles the sun
To see made one
Their brood throughout Earth's greenest space,
Land of the new and lordlier race!

IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH



"FATHER, GO WITH ME."

N. B. TURNER.

Sent up to bed in the dark alone,
Where all of the corners were weird and dim
And the shapes and shadows waited him
At every turning—my little son,
Sent for some childish mischief done
At the hour when childish hearts are high
With joy of the evening's revelry—
And his fault at worst was a tiny one!

A wistful moment his feet delayed,
Waiting to let my face relent,
And then, a pitiful penitent;
His faltering, frightened way he made;
But up in the stairway's deepest shade
I heard him pause where their shadows crowd,
And whisper, "Father," and sob aloud,
"Father, go with me. I am afraid!"
Quick as his calling my answer leapt,
Strong as his terror my shielding arms
Folded him close from the night's alarms,
Sheltered and comforted while he wept;
Up in the nursery's light I kept
A tender watch till he smiled again,
Till the sobs of his half remembered pain
Lessened and hushed, and the baby slept.

Father of love, when my day is done
And all of my trespasses written in,
Not for a thoughtless or willful sin
Send me out in the dark alone;
But so as I answered my little son,
Come to the prayer of my pleading breath
And lead me safe through the night of death,
Father of light, when my light is gone!

TRANSLATING THE BIBLE.

The Bible, or some portion of it, has, says Miss Klickmann, writing in the London Leisure Hour, been translated into over 400 languages, while it is estimated that there are considerably over 1,000 languages in which, as yet, the Scriptures have never been spoken. At the present time, to proceed from any one spot in the hinterland of Africa, making it a centre for excursions in all directions, every ten or fifteen miles will bring one to tribes speaking dialects that are mutually unintelligible. How far this state of affairs hinders the spread of the gospel can only be dimly surmised. The foremost agency which is grappling with this problem is the Bible Society, which has rightly been described as the world's greatest philological institution. On the shelves of the famous library at the Bible House are 10,000 copies of the Scriptures in over 400 different languages. The majority of these volumes are the result of years of hardship, drudgery and peril.

One great trouble in Bible translation is the rendering into another tongue of ideas and words for which there are no equivalents. When trans-

lating the Scriptures into the Eskimo language the missionary had to render "the Lamb of God" as "the little seal of God," since sheep were unknown to Labrador, whereas seals were familiar objects to the natives. In some regions the sheep are entirely black, hence the difficulty of translating "white as wool." In many parts of the world fig trees, camels, snow, ice, and scores of other things of which mention is constantly made in the Bible, are totally unknown. In Idzo, the language of the delta of the River Niger, there is no word for girl or sister. In New Britain the translator was seeking some native idiom to convey the idea of a binding oath, when the chief suggested that the desired phrase was, "I would rather speak to my wife's mother than do such and such a thing."

In New Guinea another translator was wrestling with the word "love," and asked his native assistant what term he would use to express his fondness for whatever he held dearest on earth. The native promptly supplied the missing word. Later the missionary was appalled to find that the word he had used signified to the natives "a liking for putrid meat." In British Columbia a missionary wanted his catechist to translate "A crown of glory that fadeth not away." This was done to the satisfaction of all concerned, but ultimately the missionary found to his horror that it had been rendered, "A hat that never wears out!" Still more surprising was the Pandit's comment on Genesis, xvi., 4, "Joseph shall put his hand upon thine eyes," which obviously implies closing the eyes after death. This was how Dr. Hooper and his colleagues rendered it, forgetting that the Hindus have not this custom. After a time the Pandit relieved his mind thus: "I can't understand this story of Joseph. He seems such a good son and his father so fond of him. How comes it, then, that they have a stand-up fight, and Joseph, being the stronger, hits his father on the eye so hard as to close it?" There was no help for it but to render the passage simply, "Joseph shall conduct thy funeral ceremonies."

A BOSTON LULLABY.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

Baby's brain is tired of thinking
On the Wherefore and the Whence;
Baby's precious eyes are blinking
With incipient somnolence.

Little hands are weary turning
Heavy leaves of lexicon;
Little nose is fretted learning
How to keep its glasses on.

Baby knows the laws of nature
Are beneficent and wise;
His medulla oblongata
Bids my darling close his eyes.

And his pneumogastriacs tell him
Quietude is always best
When his little cerebellum
Needs recuperative rest.

Baby must have relaxation,
Let the world go wrong or right—
Sleep, my darling, leave Creation
To its chances for the night.

THE NAME AND THE THING.

Sometimes good thoughts come to us in unexpected ways. I remember a story of an old woman who was very uncomfortable in her temper. She was always fretting and worrying and complaining. Nothing ever went right with her, and everybody was tired of her continual crossness and grumbling.

At last, late in her life, there came a change

over her, and this cross, crabbed old woman grew gentle, patient and amiable. She was so altered from her former self that one of her neighbors took courage to ask her how it was that she, who had always found life so full of prickles, now seemed to touch the smooth and pleasant side of everything.

"Well," said she, "I'll tell you just how it is. I've been all my life a struggling and a-striving for a contented mind, and now I've made up my mind to sit down contented without it."

This old woman had picked up her treasures unawares; but the treasure, you see, was a thought, which made a new thing of her life.—*Kindergarten Review.*

Christ Jesus presents thee with thy crosses, and they are no mean gifts.

Special Notices.

The Semi-Annual meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Churches of Minnesota, will convene with the church at Dodge Center, on Friday, June 3, 1904. There will be essays, both from New Auburn and Dodge Center, and a delegate from the Iowa churches is expected to be present.

D. T. ROUNSEVILLE, Cor. Sec.

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.

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 the city, are cordially invited to these services.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyné 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.

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AT COCKCROW.

The stars are gone out spark by spark;
A cock crows; up the cloudy lane,
A cart toils creaking through the dark:
Lord, in Thy sight all roads are plain,
Or run they up or down,
Sheep-tracks, highways to town,
Or even that little one,
Beneath the hedge, where seldom falls the sun,
If it were light, I would go west;
I would go east across the land;
But it is dark; I needs must rest
Till morn' breaks forth on every hand:
Lord, choose for me,
The road that runs to Thee.

—The Congregationalist.

Death of Rev. A. B. Prentice.

At 10 a. m., May 25, THE RECORDER received the startling and sad news of the sudden death of Rev. A. B. Prentice, pastor at North Loup, Neb. We have no particulars. To the Editor of THE RECORDER the loss is as of a brother. We were "boys together."—A. B. Prentice, Oscar Babcock and A. H. Lewis were licensed to preach almost simultaneously, and have been in close touch with each other in public life, for almost a half century. Our readers know that Mr. Prentice has been one of the most devoted, able and highly esteemed pastors in the denomination. He was logical, forceful and eloquent. Manly, consecrated, and faithful in an eminent degree. Heaven is richer to-day, but earth, and the Seventh-day Baptists have lost more than can be told in words, but the influence of a noble life, and the treasures of a blessed memory remain. Blessed indeed are those who die thus "in the Lord."

The All-Powerful Tongue.

WHILE the Book of James remains, the world will never lack for sharp suggestions concerning the value of speech and the power of the tongue. Greatest of all that men have said concerning the tongue and speech are the things which that brief epistle of James contains. He declares that the man who can govern his tongue is master of himself in everything else. The tongue is the exponent of the soul, and he who governs his tongue must first govern his thoughts, control his emotions and thus be master of himself. James represents the extent of the tongue's influence as equal to life itself. So it is. While men forget the exact words of yesterday, their influence remains, for good and evil. It has been said, "A man might frame and set loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God as he who lets go a golden-orbed speech to roll

through the generations of time." Strong and beautiful as that comparison is, it does not tell all the worth that is in words, nor set forth all the power of the tongue. One of the prominent facts of history is that it grows from "Folk-lore," which is only the memory of things that have been said. This memory often reproduces the very words, for generations. Out of these separate bits of what has been spoken, the world at last evolves written history, and the permanent record of events. History is only words preserved.

Possible Extremes.

THE reader will remember that James speaks of the contradictoriness of the tongue, by saying, "Therewith bless we God, and therewith curse we men." Words may be sweeter than honey and bitter than gall; they may soothe like balm and irritate like poison; they may be soft as an infant's touch and sharper than a serpent's tooth. As from the musical instruments of war there is sounded forth, at one hour, the inspiring call to battle, and the next, the same instrument sobs the wail of the dead march, so the extremes of joy and sorrow find expression in words. Lessons crowd in upon us, when these facts are arrayed; lessons which teach how sacred speech is, and how carefully words should be chosen; lessons which tell how thought and word are one, and therefore teach the necessity of keeping the heart with diligence, because life issues out from it. Happy is he who dwells so constantly in the divine presence, that both thoughts and words are alike pure. To change the simile, happy is he whose words, like the keys of some vast organ, are always touched by the fingers of truth and righteousness, until his voice goes forth in anthems of praise, songs of joy, words of wise counsel, and speech so true, that all the world is blessed thereby.

The Young Man Problem.

A FEW years since the writer had occasion, for three successive years, to make extended investigations concerning the criminals of the country. He was surprised to learn that, beginning with the police courts and ending with the states' prisons, a very large percentage of criminals were under twenty or twenty-two years of age. Similar investigations showed that women who belong to the criminal class are likely to enter upon criminality at an early age, and that the great majority of those who are social outcasts enter that field before they are sixteen years old. It was a pitiful showing. Since young life determines the harvest of later years, the

future results which such a situation makes certain, are still more sad and filled with the promise of evil.

The Problem Outside of Criminals.

INVESTIGATIONS which cover the general field, and are in no way connected with criminality, or the lower grades of social life, reveal a similar situation, so far as young men and the church are concerned. Some significant facts concerning this, appear in *The Outlook* for April 16. Mr. Edward Bok there states that an article written by himself and published in a leading magazine nine years ago, concerning the attendance of young men at church, evoked much discussion and brought no end of condemnation. A prominent cause for this condemnation lay in the fact that Mr. Bok attributed the non-attendance of young men at church, to the preaching which prevails. In the present article Mr. Bok declares that after nine years the situation had changed for the worse, and that the number of young men now attending church, is eight per cent. less than it was then. So far as statistics can decide, only twenty-two out of every hundred young men in the cities of the United States attend church on Sunday. Every thoughtful man must ask the question, Why seventy-eight per cent. of young men do not attend church? Many reasons are given. A few years ago it was said that the bicycle had become the rival of the church, and that young men and women went bicycling on Sunday. More careful observation has shown that the bicycle was an occasion, rather than a cause. Within the last few years it has been declared that golf is the prominent rival of the church, but investigation made by Mr. Bok covered many fields where golf is never played, and where there are no special inducements, by way of games, to draw young men from church services. It is clear, then, that the difficulty lies either in the men themselves, or in the churches, or both. At this point the problem becomes not only interesting, but serious. If the trouble be with the young men, mainly, it goes back of them and begins in the home. The character of young men, and their choices, are determined largely by inheritance and by early training. If, as many clergymen claim, the trouble is with the young men, they should add, "and with their parents." This would bring to light another phase of the question, namely, that such young men, becoming husbands and fathers, will be likely to increase the number of homes wherein non-church-going tendencies and habits will abound. So the problem becomes yet more involved and more serious.