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

VOLUME 60. No. 31. AUGUST 1, 1904. WHOLE NO. 3101.

**OUR SHARE OF NIGHT TO BEAR.**  
EMILY DICKINSON.

Our share of night to bear,  
Our share of morning,  
Our blank in bliss to fill,  
Our blank in scorning.

Here a star, and there a star,  
Some lose their way.  
Here a mist, and there a mist,  
Afterwards—day!

LAST week we wrote some reasons why your church should be represented at Nortonville. All considerations touching that matter are so cogent that those then presented ought to be repeated. Here they are. Read them again, and hasten your arrangements for going to Nortonville.

The anniversaries to be held at Nortonville are close at hand. It is high time that the plans of churches and individuals were well under way, for representation and attendance. That the churches should send able and interested delegates is not a matter of option, but of duty. The interests of the churches and of the anniversaries suffer if this is not done. Churches and individuals suffer permanent loss by non-representation and non-attendance. This year, the first held under "Readjustment" is a favorable and desirable time for a large attendance, made up of devoted and wise delegates. The work in hand demands counsel, consultation, convictions and consecration on the part of all the people. Death is harvesting many of the workers, and double responsibility crowds upon those who remain. Carelessness and neglect, at such a time, are more than misfortunes; they are sinful. Neglect is equal to disobedience. It is no answer to say, "Our church is not accustomed to take much interest in Conference." Such an admission convicts your church of neglecting duty and throwing away opportunity. The same is true of individuals who can and ought to attend the coming sessions at Nortonville. God has made each church responsible for a definite part in the abundant work crowding upon us. That responsibility rests on each member in each church, notably on the pastors and deacons. Brethren, you cannot afford to be neglectful and indifferent. It costs too much on the side of duty, and of your standing with God. The earthward side of the expense is nothing compared with the heavenward side. Churches, individuals and the Cause of Christ in the world will be subject to eternal loss through such neglect. Neglect and indifference

are closely allied with wickedness. The greatest evil is not in doing something positively and openly bad; not infrequently it is in neglecting to do the good we ought. Go to Conference. Go! Do not fail to go!

An old sailor's description of vital religion that religion comes to us in the following words: "It will wash in salt water, keep in any climate and wear until the end of the cruise." That definition is vigorous as an ocean breeze, and definite as the captain's order. It is quaint, but Biblical. It lines up with the Scriptural injunction which commands us to acquit ourselves like men, and to be strong. It tells of that quality which stands fast when winds howl, seas climb for the mast-head, and darkness smothers. It tells of a deathless grip on God and truth, and of hope that faileth never. Such religion keeps itself and its possessor from the power of temptation, the poison of lust, and the blandishments of deceit. We can well believe that the sailor who formulated that description is a man whom his captain trusts when serious work is in hand. He is fit to go aloft in a gale when sails are rent and rigging is jammed in ruinous tangle. If one were to be cast off in an open boat in mid-ocean, he would feel safer if such a sailor commanded it. God longs for such men in the Kingdom of Christ on earth. The cause of Righteousness among men calls for them. They are the stuff out of which reformers and martyrs are made. They are God's heroes, the defenders of truth, the foes of evil and the prophets of good. Salt water kills color in fabrics, unless it be of the best. Garments that are shapely in some climates go all awry in others, and shoddy goods wear out before the voyage is half done. Such religion as our sailor described is another name for highest manhood, noblest character, and genuine service. All may attain it who will, and fearful is the failure of those who do not strive for it. Whoever rises to such heights is already victorious. No one can rise thus who is not in close touch with God.

SOME one has said that it is better "to be overwhelmed by the voice of God than to be satisfied with the lullabies of traditional creeds." Thus a great truth is well told. The spiritual poverty of the world comes from the lack of realizing the reality of God's presence, and of the obligations which grow from our relations with Him. When these are apprehended, men see life from its higher side, and feel the grasp and grip of its most sacred relations. There can

be no sense of duty, no incentive to noble efforts without the consciousness of God's presence, and of the demands He makes on us. Demands is not too strong a word. It is the essence of truth that it must make demands of men. It must bind them with the chains of obligation, but it binds to God and righteousness, bringing liberty rather than slavery, joy rather than sorrow. The Divine Presence is a blessing to be welcomed, not a Power to be dreaded. Whatever is highest and best in us flourishes because of this Presence. It is a soul-tonic for good and life unto righteousness. The up-toning air from the sea streams through the open windows this morning and the invalid who lies in the next room is flushed with the glow of strength, because of it. The windows are open wide, that her room may be filled and filled with this ozone-laden breath from off the waters. So ought all lives to be opened to the Presence of God, to the ozone of obligation, and the strength these bring. To be overwhelmed by these is to be flooded with life, in-filled with strength, enfolded with restfulness. In these summer days only the sea or the mountains bring such an atmosphere as this which fills the room of the invalid to-day. But all places are alike with the Divine Presence, and all times are possessed by it. No soul, however invalid it may be from paralysis of doubt, or from fear, needs to journey to sea shore or mountain to find God. His healing present is ever present. Open the windows of your soul toward God as the nurse has opened the windows in the room of the invalid, to-day. Reach the hand of your weak faith out to the Presence of Him who loves to forgive and loves that he may forgive. Learn to live in the reality of the Divine Presence.

JOHN FLAVEL, a devout but quaint English writer, once said: "Seldom doth God suffer men to be their own carvers, but they cut their own fingers." That is a fine description of the results which come from unwise choosing. All choice is unwise which leaves God's will out of account. Human wisdom at the best needs divine guidance and when men insist on going their own way, with little or no regard for what God requires of them and chooses for them, evil is sure to follow. This fact includes our choices and decisions in what are called "worldly matters," quite as much as in religious affairs. Even the best of men are in danger of failing because ordinary plans concerning every day affairs are likely to be made with little or nothing but temporary and worldly ends in view. In choosing a business, a place for a home, or

our share of night to bear,  
Our share of morning,  
Our blank in bliss to fill,  
Our blank in scorning.

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An old sailor's description of vital religion that religion comes to us in the following words: "It will wash in salt water, keep in any climate and wear until the end of the cruise." That definition is vigorous as an ocean breeze, and definite as the captain's order. It is quaint, but Biblical. It lines up with the Scriptural injunction which commands us to acquit ourselves like men, and to be strong. It tells of that quality which stands fast when winds howl, seas climb for the mast-head, and darkness smothers. It tells of a deathless grip on God and truth, and of hope that faileth never. Such religion keeps itself and its possessor from the power of temptation, the poison of lust, and the blandishments of deceit. We can well believe that the sailor who formulated that description is a man whom his captain trusts when serious work is in hand. He is fit to go aloft in a gale when sails are rent and rigging is jammed in ruinous tangle. If one were to be cast off in an open boat in mid-ocean, he would feel safer if such a sailor commanded it. God longs for such men in the Kingdom of Christ on earth. The cause of Righteousness among men calls for them. They are the stuff out of which reformers and martyrs are made. They are God's heroes, the defenders of truth, the foes of evil and the prophets of good. Salt water kills color in fabrics, unless it be of the best. Garments that are shapely in some climates go all awry in others, and shoddy goods wear out before the voyage is half done. Such religion as our sailor described is another name for highest manhood, noblest character, and genuine service. All may attain it who will, and fearful is the failure of those who do not strive for it. Whoever rises to such heights is already victorious. No one can rise thus who is not in close touch with God.

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a profession for life, actual and permanent success depends upon choosing as God's will, and our duty to him and to truth, require. On any other ground real success cannot come. Perhaps money, position, and fame may be gained for a time where God is left out of men's plans, but such apparent success may be fullest failure. All history illustrates this fact. As the miser whom Young described, heaped up gold, which at the last, he vain would count with his weakened hand "which palsy shook," died, "sorest of evils, died of utter want," so that life which chooses without God plans spiritual suicide. Better take care lest you cut your own fingers. Ask God to teach you how to carve.

\*\*\*  
**This is Not Unjust.** THERE is no unkindness, nor arbitrary punishment nor injustice when those who plan without God come to evil. Right living, obedience toward God and conformity to truth are the just and natural things for all men. Sin and disobedience are abnormal. Training, and the development of strength and soundness in spiritual things are God's plan and purpose for all men. Those who fail to recognize this fact, and to recognize God in their choices, create evil results for which they are responsible. Seen in its true light life has no unimportant days. It is always judgment day, and each choice is a part of destiny. When we stand face to face with the results of choosing without regard for God's will, and with evil destiny, one great comfort comes from the truth that divine love waits to help and heal, whenever men turn, repentant, with prayer for healing and redemption.

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**Sunday at St. Louis.** FOUR years ago the friends of Sunday secured an act of Congress closing the gates of the Exposition on Sunday as a condition on which a large loan was made to the Exposition. Financial exigencies made the managers willing to consent to almost any demand made upon them. At that time THE RECORDER called attention to the fact that the closing of the Exposition would greatly increase the dissipation of the crowds in other places. It is reported that the closing requirement is rigidly executed, although with the buildings closed, the beauties which remain offer strong inducements for delightful rest and enjoyment within the grounds. The closing is so efficient "that on Sundays a fence is built about the hotel within the grounds to keep the three thousand visitors and the twelve hundred help from straying on to the boulevards and avenues of the Exposition." If the promoters of this closing on Sunday sought the good of the people—especially of the laboring people, for whom they profess to have great regard, they could not have taken more efficient means to prevent the end sought. It was well known that St. Louis would be wide-open on Sunday, everywhere, outside the Exposition grounds, and that the interests of saloons, beer gardens, race tracks, and everything else in the catalogue of amusements and calls to dissipation, would be enhanced by the thousands of visitors, who now crowd the city. All this has come to pass. For example, there are two immense beer gardens which can entertain forty thousand people on Sunday, in full blast close to the Exposition gates. Next to one of these is a popular race course, open on Sunday. All about the grounds are scores, if not hundreds

of low and lower resorts in full tide of activity. In the city the leading theatres have two or three performances on Sunday. Excursion steamers crowd the river, and give ample opportunity and double inducements for gambling. The heavy street car traffic on Sunday to these open places is as large or larger on Sunday than the traffic is to the Exposition on other days. The worst has come about, both for the people and for Sunday. Men know that this closing is not the result of piety on the part of the managers, nor of Congress. Financial need on the one hand, and "fear of the religious vote" on the other were the potent factors. That the quiet surroundings, uplifting influences and the educative facilities of the Exposition are infinitely better for the people on Sundays, than the open city outside the Exposition grounds is, goes without saying. Speaking of the situation, the *Outlook* says, "It can scarcely be claimed that the closing movement has been wholly successful as regards the right keeping of Sunday. We suppose that it is now too late to correct the error; it could be corrected, we judge, only by the act of Congress; but that it is an error from every point of view appears to us almost self-evident, and the fact is worth noting now in order that the country may be saved from similar errors in the future. To shut up by law innocent, educative, and helpful places of recreation on Sunday, and leave doubtful, degrading, and positively vicious ones in full operation, and to do this in the name of religion, is to inflict another of those wounds from which religion has so often suffered at the hands of its friends."

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**The Problem as to Pastors.** A PROBLEM involves unknown quantities to be found out and supplied. That an adequate supply of preachers and pastors with adequate equipment for the work to be done, does not exist among Protestant churches generally, no one can doubt who is familiar with the situation. The problem seems to be greater among some branches of Protestants than among others, but this may be more seeming than actual, and may be due to the fact that some denominations are giving more attention to it, and hence setting forth facts more in detail. When so careful a paper as *The Advance* says of the lack among Congregationalists, "A further trend in the present direction means denominational disintegration and loss to the Church of Christ," the case does not need to be more strongly stated. THE RECORDER fears that the situation with ourselves demands a consideration it has not yet received. The problem involves both quantity and quality. Both these features of the case include more than the candidates can supply as individuals. Preachers are the product of home life and church life more than of individual life. Whether the influence of the home is greater than that of the church we will not now inquire, suggesting however, that the spirit, life, and methods of the church and community are the more important factor. All life begets and develops "after its kind." Candidates for the ministry are born by natural laws of influence and environment. If these are unfavorable or antagonistic, candidates will not be born. That the prevailing tendencies of these years draw young men away from the ministry, rather than to it, is sadly true. With Seventh-day Baptists, as with others, the older and stronger churches—strong-

er as to numbers, wealth and social position—are generally barren, childless, as to ministers. These not only fail to produce ministers but by an inevitable law they draw upon smaller and weaker churches for their vacant pulpits. For two generations past this process has gone forward among us until it seems as though the mission of many frontier churches has been to give birth to a minister or two and die.

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**Causes?** Why larger, older and more cultured churches do not give birth to ministers cannot be answered in detail here. But it is plain that a prominent cause is in the general low tone of spiritual life, and a comparatively low estimate which public opinion places upon the ministry. Other professions and pursuits are exalted, to the obvious injustice and injury of that calling which deals with the highest and most sacred interests of the world. Under present tendencies most candidates for the ministry are financially poor, and the demands for education and training are so great that the average man shrinks from the undertaking while his friends are likely to dissuade or oppose him. Low standards of life and duty say: "You can shine and succeed so much better in some other way; and you must always be poor."

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**The Cure.** THE spiritual tone of church life must be raised, and its vigor must be increased. This is also true of home life and family influence. While, as a class, ministers are exceptionally able and successful there is an unfavorable influence in the opinion still too prevalent that "goody goody" men who are not fit for anything else may enter the ministry. That notion is a falsehood, but it has no small effect in many cases. The ministry calls for the best, brightest and strongest men. Churches must make greater efforts to draw men out and fit them for the ministry. Pastors, Sabbath-school officers, and parents must lead in such efforts. It is well to pray that "the Lord of the harvest will send forth laborers," but there are too many people who wait to greet candidates with criticism and discouragement, and to starve pastors into humbleness and inefficiency. Some people are loud and frequent in declaring that ministers must be willing to sacrifice and live close to the edge of want, "for sake of the Cause," who never dream that God demands as much of them as he does their pastor who is hampered in Christ's service because his co-laborers are penurious and worldly. Such men help to create the problem of ministerial supply, and add weights and hindrances to the work of consecrated pastors.

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**Bishop Huntington.** THE death of Bishop Frederick Dan Huntington, at Hadley, Mass., removes one of the ablest and noblest men from the Episcopalian Church of the United States. He died in the old farm house, in which he was born, on the banks of the Connecticut river. He was eighty-five years old by the calendar, but many years younger than that in both spirit, intellect and body. He was made Bishop of Central New York in 1869. His life touched high-water mark in almost every line of excellence. Sweet-spirited, and devoted, he was a model overseer of the churches committed to his care. He was able as an author, and lovable as a man.

His last public service was a prayer at the Smith College Commencement, 1904. He was both ripe and great.

#### CONFERENCE RATES.

Wherever St. Louis Fair rates are not available, buy tickets to Nortonville on certificate plan. Be sure that your agent has certificates in advance, and don't fail to get one when buying your ticket.

The Trans-Continental Passenger Association expects that persons on the Pacific Coast and vicinity will avail themselves of excursion tickets with stop-over privileges for ten days on the going trip and good for returning ninety days from date of sale. Thus anyone buying a ticket from San Francisco to St. Louis would be expected to use it to St. Louis within the ten days, but returning from St. Louis could have the full limit of ninety days.

Parties going from the East via Chicago can get good accommodations via the Erie and Illinois Central to St. Louis.

Write to the Committee for special information if desired.

IRA J. ORDWAY,  
 544 West Madison St.,  
 Chicago, Ill.  
 D. E. TITSWORTH,  
 Plainfield,  
 New Jersey.

#### A STORY OF LINCOLN.

Among the accepted anecdotes of Lincoln some are perennially welcome because they are characteristic of the man as tradition paints him. One day, we are told, in Mr. William E. Curtis's new biography, a merchant visited the White House and sent up his card among a quantity of others from eager office-seekers. Under his name he had written, "Holds no office, and wants none."

"Show him up!" commanded Mr. Lincoln, at once. "He's a curiosity."

The merchant passed the long line of supplicants, and had a delightful talk with the most harassed man in the country.

Although Lincoln was the quaintest of men, ready to put even serious facts in light and picturesque language, when the "time for swords" came he was ready.

In an exigency, Secretary Stanton refused to carry out an order of the President in regard to the enlistment of Confederate prisoners who wished to enter the Union services. The order was repeated, only to be a second time denied. Then followed a talk about it.

"Now, Mr. President," said Stanton, "those are the facts. You must see that your orders cannot be executed."

"Mr. Secretary," said Lincoln, quietly, "I reckon you'll have to execute the order."

"Mr. President," said Stanton, "I can not do it."

Lincoln fixed his eyes upon the other man, and said, in a voice the firmness of which admitted no appeal:

"Mr. Secretary, it will have to be done."

#### WISE FAITH.

At a dinner party given by a rich banker, at which Alexander Dumas was present, the company discussed the existence of God, and a certain general was very scornful on the subject, wondering how people could trouble to discuss such trifles. "For my part," he added, "I can't

conceive of the existence of this mysterious being they call 'the good God.'" "General," replied Dumas, "I have two hunting dogs, two monkeys and a parrot at home, which are of your opinion exactly."

#### SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS AS TEACHERS.

H. D. CLARKE.

We were much interested in a late article in THE RECORDER concerning the influence for good of our young men and women as they go out into the "First-day world" as teachers. The picture given us were inspiring for those who feel that there is not room for them among Sabbath-keepers, but that they can remain true to their principles and satisfy their ambition to honor God in the profession of teaching. No doubt the illustrations were taken from actual cases, and we are proud of the young people who thus represent us and the cause that makes us a separate denomination.

But the writer of this article is in doubt as to the safety of the average teacher among non-Sabbath-keepers. He has no statistics at hand to verify his belief, but from his observation he does believe that the majority of our young men and women who have for any considerable length of time made teaching among First-day people their occupation, and have not in the meantime had the very frequent privilege of meeting for worship with our own people, have left the observance of the true Sabbath.

It seems as though a person must naturally do so unless he has at the very beginning of his labors let it be well known that he is a firm Sabbath-keeper and can not attend to any business in the line of his profession on the Sabbath-day while among those of different faiths. Not that he must be in any way officious in declaring his faith or in defending "the faith," but it is hardly possible to remain a true Sabbath-keeper while living apart from his own people and not convince them that he is a consistent observer of the Bible Sabbath. There must be something about him in his observance of the Sabbath that does not belong to the average Christian citizen. It is his failure to convince those with whom he associates at the very first that he will not be turned from his principles or belief, that hinders him all the rest of his days among them and tends to gradually weaken him spiritually so that at last he yields to the temptation to leave the observance of the Lord's Rest Day.

We have also some illustrations of this fact. It certainly will not be pessimistic to give them as samples of very many such. Years ago a bright Seventh-day Baptist, whose father was a bright light in the church and an official, a young man with whom we have often knelt in prayer, a graduate of one of our institutions, entered upon a promising career as a teacher of public schools and soon became the superintendent of city schools. Once in a year or two he would be seen at our gatherings. Yes, he was keeping the Sabbath, but there was a difference in his bearing each time and an apparent indifference to our work as a denomination. A family of children were growing up. They were not acquainted with our principles and on the Sabbath seemed to have no thought that it was father's rest day or God's appointed day for worship, and the father made no effort to restrain them or help them to regard the day as holy. He became very popular with the people where he taught and was a leader in their

church affairs. With a large salary, his name was soon lost sight of as a contributor to our benevolent work. Gradually he and all his family drifted away from us and to-day he is known no more in Seventh-day Baptist circles.

Another, a young man of talent, a College student and Normal graduate, began a sudden career as a rapidly rising teacher. The largest schools in the State seemed open to him as principal. His salary was far above the average. He sang in Sunday choirs, took active part in Endeavor work among them, plunged headlong into every sort of activity in social and other enterprises. Received calls and made calls on the Sabbath. Became exceedingly popular among the people. His name was never seen in the list of givers to our work as a people. And his home church received little and finally nothing from him for support. All his family are now Sabbath-breakers.

Another, a very prominent educator, large salary, popular teacher, has been prominent in Seventh-day Baptist enterprises. Receives business calls in the line of his profession. Lets his children walk the streets Sabbath days and receive calls and make calls on that day. Every child as soon as old enough to do somewhat for himself and herself depart from the Sabbath.

But we need not multiply illustrations. They are almost legion. Why is it so? Every person who has been associated with First-day people in his labors and removed from stated worship on the Sabbath, can testify that after awhile attending church with Sunday-keepers and taking part in their services, there creeps over him a feeling of sacredness in the day and a corresponding decrease in the feeling of sacredness in the Seventh-day, and decrease of interest in Seventh-day Baptist enterprises. And somehow there comes to the writer the feeling that one of the most dangerous occupations for a bright and ambitious young Sabbath-keeper is the principalship of a High School among Sunday-keepers and remote from a flourishing Seventh-day Baptist church.

The Holy Spirit is the Spirit of Truth and the sacred promise is that when that Spirit is come upon a person he will witness for the truth and especially neglected and "fundamental" truths. If he does not thus witness the truth he will lose regard for that truth and be in danger of renouncing it. We are not to engage in any pursuit where we can not or do not give faithful witness.

If a young person craves popularity, or plaudits, or a big salary, or distinction, or honor, or mere intellectual pride, or anything that ministers to his carnal pride, he is lost to the truth until he is humble enough and willing to occupy other or any positions for a living and for usefulness where he can and will witness for God's truth and be safe from his besetting sin or sinful and dangerous tendency. When our young people enter upon the work of teaching, as well as anything else, there should be a willingness to be led by the Spirit and Word of God, and a perfect willingness to give up that special work for some other and even less remunerative work if they find they are not truly witnessing for the truth and if they are endangering the spiritual welfare of any of their family or others.

As Seventh-day Baptists we have not yet taken hold of this question of the great truth we represent as a question of salvation and the safety of the Christian church which is the safety of society and of nations. The Sabbath ques-

tion is no narrow question. In it is involved the eternal destiny of souls. The children we bring into the world are to be affected in every possible way by our attitude on the Sabbath question.

Seventh-day Baptist teachers and all other professions can wield a mighty influence for good and witness for God's eternal truth, but they must thus consistently witness or lose power and faith and perhaps life eternal.

Young man or woman, are you to become a teacher? What is your object? Will everybody where you go know your principles and will you live them strictly? If the danger is too great for you as a teacher are you willing for the truth's sake and for the Master's sake to enter some other field of labor and crucify your ambition? If not, good bye, you are on dangerous territory and are already half departed from the Sabbath, and with that have departed from the very principle which will hold you to God and eternal life.

"Ye can not serve God and Mammon."

MANILLA, IOWA.

THE PARSON AS A TRAMP.

In the late number of the *Congregationalist and Christian World*, Rev. James C. Alvord, writes of walking and walking tours as vacation experiences. We reproduce some of the pleasant things said by Mr. Alvord, being sure that many of our readers will enjoy the descriptions even if they do not long to take the road themselves:

"The tramp cuts himself loose from all the ties of civilization. After he has once strapped knapsack on shoulder, he refuses all communication with trunk or bureau drawer, carries one change of linen, a sweater, a pair of light slippers, a paper novel for rainy days, a guide-book, maps of the road and Madame's heavier articles. While Madame—well, it is her duty to bear her share of the burden. Last summer hers weighed three, mine thirteen pounds. Thirteen is about the limit for comfort. Then we start out; the world is all before us, and the more solitary our way, the jollier. There's a road in northern New Hampshire which twists along for fourteen miles through houseless woods beside the serpentine windings of the Androscoggin; a road full of deer tracks, whirring partridges, leaping rabbits, the ceaseless song of the dancing river, of wide vistas where the scarlet maples stoop to mirror themselves in the water, loitering in admiration at their feet; a road—but why digress? We say to ourselves, as a new Adam and Eve, 'We don't know where the night's lodging is, but we know there'll be one.' Meantime, our nerves are weary, stretched all winter long by the cry of pain and sin and grief from other souls, while here are only the woods and the hills and the river. A letter will take a week to find us; a telegram cannot do it at all; the parish can't guess within a hundred miles of where we are. We'll walk until we are hungry, then we'll eat—O banished dyspepsia, how we will eat! We'll walk until we are weary, then we'll sleep—O vanished in-  
"Supper time may find us at a big hotel; if so, the guests therein will stare unmercifully at our abbreviated skirt and trousers, weather-stained coats and violently sunburned faces. What of it? When Adam has replaced his celluloid collar with a linen one, put on a black

necktie (last remnant of clericalism) and rubbed up his tan shoes; when Eve has changed her shirt waist and her stock, there comes a huge sense of having done it all. It is really one's very best; a dress suit and white silk couldn't give a more delightful feeling of elegance; The Profile, The Mt. Pleasant of the Balsams can ask no more. If it find us at a small hotel, the guests, who spend their time in nothing else but either to hear or to tell some new thing, will crowd about with eager questions and comments and flatter the mistress of the manse up to the danger point on her walking powers. As to this interest, one of her friends remarked cynically, 'It isn't every day that a first-class circus visits a country town.' If at a farmhouse, ah, then let her attend to the negotiations! See that she looks properly wan and dusty, that she sighs occasionally, that she 'simply can't go a step farther,' and you are in for luxury. Such bouncing feather beds, such melting Johnny-cakes, such cream that masquerades as milk, such long, long talks with the farmer-folk, until what the tramp doesn't know about dairy products and Vermont prohibition would fill a very short column in *The Congregationalist*:

"Of course sometimes the farmer-folk do look on one 'sort of suspicious like.' There's a house in northern Vermont ever-memorable for the fact that the good wife tucked us into a tiny bedroom in the back of the house where the hired men could keep an eye on us through their half-open door, and forbade us to use the bath tub—whose presence had just gladdened our dustiness—because it was 'new and clean.' But on the other hand, there are farms and farms with memories redolent of milk and doughnuts bestowed with lavish hand that insisted on no payment. There is that dear old lady of Hazen's Notch who declared, after we finally had induced her to take a little pay for a bounteous meal, 'When I sot here a-lookin' at them two quarters and a-thinkin' as how I took 'em both for that dinner I guv yer, I feel plum wicked!'

Talk about the recollections which barnacle a boat! Why there's an old gray knapsack, dangling from a nail in my attic, that can tell tales of something better than just one experience of ocean foam and breeze repeated after another! It has journeyed with me along green English lanes; across wild, wind-swept, rain-beaten Yorkshire downs where leagues of brown grass and purple heather roll up to the stormy sky; over the broken waves of the Wiltshire moorlands where the hot noontide blazing on the chalk track fairly scorches the eyes with the scarlet of those miles on miles of popples huddled along the roadside. It has clambered up the Shaley Heights where the ocean looks on Snowdon and Snowdon lifts his haughty brow to stare across it to the Irish coast lying green in the hazy distance. It has known almost every mountain notch and lake in New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Vermont, and has peeped over into the pathless forests of Maine.

"Take one such incident, snatched from a full bundle of anecdotes. The day's march had ended at Culmington in Shropshire, Eng.; the day's stint was done; tired legs refused a further service. The inn at Culmington proved poetry incarnate. Its bright bricks were fresh scrubbed by rain, its roses fairly rioted along the roof-tree; the fattest of fat landlords stood smiling, white-aproned, at the door. He thought we'd come for beer, at the mention of beds his

face went all awry. 'No,' he was 'full h'up.' Blandishments were in vain. The next inn was at Ludlow and the towers of her great church beckoned us across the wide sweep of Corvedale, five miles away. How could we get there? He didn't know. The baker cart had just gone in; the butcher cart still lingered in the vast beyond, perhaps that might stop—he didn't know. But there had been a funeral at Culmington that afternoon (I am afraid at the time, I should have said 'luckily there had') the hearse rattled into the courtyard, the men stopped to 'liquor up.' Hired mutes at an English burial service never showed faces more woe begone than ours while we stood and gazed upon them. 'Do ye want to go to Ludlow?' We did. 'Well h'its a kind of a queer conveyance, but h'its h'all we've got.' So up we climbed, Madame to sit between the undertaker and the driver on the seat, I to recline on the top with the gravedigger. As we rattled off, the undertaker, winking a true undertaker's wink, remarked consolingly, 'Well, h'its a 'eap better riding h'outside than h'inside, h'anyway!'

"Experience has taught me a list of 'don'ts' applying to the generality of tramping advice. Don't wear flannel, you can have cotton washed up every five days; or put on very heavy shoes, they martyrize the feet; or take lunches to eat under trees, they become crumb-y and mush-y; or stay at hotels recommended by Baedeker for there you are over-charged and see only Americans. Above all, put your pride in your pocket, forget you ever wore black clothes or 'long trousers, ever lived any distance away from the coast of Bohemia. Thus taking life at its sweetest, simplest, freshest, you shall know joy as he alone who tramps can know its meaning.

Now the joys of the road are chiefly these: A crimson touch on the hardwood trees; A vagrant's morning wide and blue, In early fall when the wind walks, too; A shadowy highway cool and brown, Alluring up and enticing down, From rippled water to dappled swamp, The outward eye, the quiet will, From purple glory to scarlet pomp; And the striding heart from hill to hill; The tempter apple over the fence; The cobweb bloom on the yellow quince; The palish asters along the wood; A lyric touch of the solitude; These are the joys of the open road— For him who travels without a load."

MATILDA SA'SPARILLA.

(Continued from Page 489.)

weather was turning quite spring-like, and she believed she could manage.

As the day drew toward its close, Matilda Sa'saparilla was feverishly restless. Even Aunt Docia noticed it, and asked her whether she was "nervinous"; and Miss Mason said at the evening meal, "Why, dear, you have scarcely tasted your supper."

She longed to tell Miss Mason, but somehow her tongue seemed tied; and she longed to, unburden her heart to Miss Helen, the sweet young teacher who had so won her that first day, but somehow she did not know how to tell her plans; besides, she was somewhat ashamed of her attitude toward Starr, and felt that there was something mean in her plotting.

But Johnny must come to school. There might never be another chance. She was sure he could, at least, have two weeks of bliss, and

they depended solely on her prompt action. Under the circumstances it was a small matter to make a hasty journey over the mountains and be back again with her brother in time to begin the day's work.

It was hardly dark when Matilda Sa'saparilla slipped out of the back gate and took the path through the woods down the hill. Inured as she was to mountain life, she had never been alone at night in the forest; and, though she was naturally a brave girl, she could not help recalling the stories she had heard of bears, which were still occasionally seen on the mountain, or what gave her more concern was the fear that she might meet some prowling revenue officer who she believed was always looking for illicit distilleries. But her courage revived when she remembered that the moon had just begun its second quarter, so that, although the new leaves were thick upon the trees, it would not be entirely dark even among the tall oaks; besides, she would have barely two miles to go when she would come to the cabin of a family well known to her, and where she could, very likely, be able to borrow a horse for her journey; so, with a stout staff to assist her in climbing, she swiftly and silently sped along the mountain path, her thoughts intent on the pleasant surprise in store for Johnny.

Suddenly she came into an open, and, walking very slowly, began to trace the outlines of what Miss Helen had told her was the "lady in the moon." There she was, beautiful and sweet just like Miss Helen herself. Matilda wondered whether by trying a long, long time she would ever get to be even a little like Miss Helen. How good she was! Was it being a Christian that made Miss Helen so beautiful? How she loved her, and how nice it was to be in Miss Helen's Sabbath-school class! She never could forget the things Miss Helen talked about. Last Sunday, just two days before, she was talking about being honest, honest with one's self, honest with God.

Matilda suddenly stopped still, gazing steadily at the moon. Her face seemed to reflect the white light; the hand that held her staff seemed benumbed. Then her heart gave a thump as the blood rushed back to her face.

"I've gone an' hev'n't done hit," she gasped. For a moment Matilda Sa'saparilla nervously rubbed the bare toes of her advance foot against a stone; then she withdrew her eyes from the fascinating face in the moon, and slowly turned back. But the turning brought fully to her active mind the thing she was relinquishing, and with it her strength seemed to fail. "O God," she cried reverently, "O God, I don't know what ter do. Ain't hit right fer Johnny to hev the schoolin'?"

She dragged herself to a log, and sat upon it. She bent her head upon her hands; and, rocking her body back and forth, poor Matilda Sa'saparilla fought her first moral battle. The few months' schooling in the seminary under the wise teachers had awakened her spiritual nature, and she began to know the responsibility of wrong motives. The morning light of a beautiful, sweet life had broken upon her when she first entered the school, and she longed intensely that her fourteen-year-old brother should enjoy his blessedness; and the struggle which took place within her there alone in the woodland was no light affair.

Over and over again she weighed the matter. Wasn't she merely taking advantage of circumstances in bringing Johnny to fill Starr's place? Wouldn't he do better than Starr, and wouldn't that be good for them all? But then Miss Helen had said that, if we were perfectly honest, we should do to others exactly what we should like to have them do to us if they were placed in the same circumstances. And that would please God first of all. But wouldn't God be pleased to have Johnny in school, learning to be a good boy, growing up to be a great man?

But then there was Starr; had she acted toward him as she would like to have him act to her? Very likely what she could say would have no influence with Mother Lorraine; but she could at least have tried. Instead of that she had actually been glad, glad that Starr had to go away; and she had almost wished he would have to stay. O, if Starr loved the school as she did, it was an awful thing to rejoice at such a punishment. She was sure that Mother Lorraine and the other teachers were very sorry, and that they had no idea but that Starr would return. And what would they say if they knew that she was trying to steal Johnny in without even asking them?

Matilda Sa'saparilla could not clearly see just how wrong she was, but she felt that she could not go further; she must go back to the school. She looked up at the beautiful face in the moon, and the lady so like Miss Helen seemed to look pleased. Slowly at first, then more quickly, she retraced her steps up the hill and around to the front door. She wasn't going to sneak in at the back. She was going to unburden herself to the first teacher she met.

Some one was pacing back and forth upon the long gallery or piazza, and some one with Miss Helen's pleasant voice turned to greet Matilda, exclaiming at her being out of the house at that time of the night. But, when Matilda burst into tears and sobbed out her story, Miss Helen put her arm affectionately around the shaking shoulders, saying, "My dear, you have had a great temptation; but I am thankful that you have conquered, and have come back to tell me the honest truth. Now we must go to see Mother Lorraine."

And the principal really did change her mind, though whether it was wholly on account of what Matilda said the girl never knew. However, she did know that Starr looked very much happier the next day when he met her with a grateful smile, saying, "She said 'at, ef I was right sartain thet pappy wouldn't 'low me to come back ter school ag'in, she wouldn't send me home, but would punish me 'nother way.'"

"Whut is she agoin' ter do t' you?" "I donno, but I reckon I kin stan' hit. One thing 'at I'm ogoin' ter ast her—I'm agoin' ter say 'at, ef she'll give my place to yer little brother-whut come hyar at the first with you, I'll go wu'k in th' gyardin, an' make hit fine fer sure this spring."

"I wasn't expectin' hit uv you, Starr, but I'm ablegged; sure I am," was the quiet but earnest reply.

For some reason, however, Johnny was not enrolled as a pupil of the Mountain Missionary Academy till the fall term; then his name was first on the list.—*The Christian Endeavor World*.

**WHEN COMP'NY COMES.**  
When comp'ny comes to our home my pa and ma and all  
Us children are so well behaved! We don't talk back nor call  
Each other names, but always say, "Yes, ma'am," and "Thank you, sir."  
And ma seems like a stranger, 'most, pa's so polite to her.  
Ma fixes all the rocking chairs with tidies spick and span,  
And makes the knives and forks and things as shiny as she can.  
We all put on our Sunday clothes and look so nice and prim,  
And pa, he shaves so clean and smooth you'd hardly know 'twas him!

Before we go to dinner ma she looks around to see  
If everything is all fixed up the way it ought to be.  
She calls pa to the kitchen, where she shows him all the stuff  
And says how much to give each one so's there will be enough.  
And then we take our places and we sit up nice and straight,  
And none of us can touch a thing but just keep still and wait  
For pa to give us some thing good, and say, oh, jiminy!  
Sometimes it seems a thousand years before he gets to me.

One reason I like comp'ny is 'cause ma always makes  
So many funny things to eat, and pies and frosted cakes  
That folks don't have when they're alone. But pa, he puts on style  
Sometimes and just lets on as if we have them all the while.  
But still pa's kind of nervous-like 'as if he's 'fraid he'll do  
Some awful thing to worry ma before the dinner's through;  
And ma, she keeps a-lookin' at us children, and you bet,  
If we muss up the tablecloth we all know what we'll get!

And when the comp'ny goes away ma drops down in a chair  
And draw's the longest, deepest breath, and says to pa, "Well, there,  
That's over with, thank goodness!" And pa says, "I'm sorry, dear,  
A dinner all as nice as that had ought to last a year!" And ma says, "Do you really s'pose they liked it?" pa says "Sure!  
Why, everything was just tip-top! There's no mistake that you're  
The finest cook that ever lived!" And then ma slips her hand  
Around where pa can reach it, and they seem to understand.

—Saturday Evening Post.

In the Shadow.—We must all go there sometimes. The glare of the daylight is too brilliant; our eyes become injured and unable to discern the delicate shades of color or appreciate neutral tints—the shadowed chamber of sickness, the shadowed house of mourning, the shadowed life from which the sunlight has gone; but fear not, it is the shadow of God's hand. He is leading thee. There are lessons which can be learned only there. The photograph of His face can be only fixed in the dark chamber; but do not suppose that He has cast thee aside. Thou art still His quiver; He has not flung thee away as a worthless thing. He is only keeping thee close till the moment comes when He can send thee most swiftly and surely on some errand in which He will be glorified. O shadowed solitary one! Remember how closely the quiver is bound to the warrior, within easy reach of the hand, and guarded jealously.

Missions.

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

G. Velthuisen, Jr., has sent an April number of the Hollandsche Revue (Dutch Review) in which there is a sketch of the life, and the work of Rev. G. Velthuisen, Sr., in Haarlem and other parts of Holland. The sketch is all Dutch to him except the excellent portrait of Mr. Velthuisen, a cut of our meeting house in Haarlem, and of the audience room. Miss Catherine de Boer, of Westerly, has kindly interpreted the article, made the Dutch, English, for the Secretary, and he, thinking it would be of interest to the readers of the RECORDER, will publish it in installments on this page. The sketch was written by Mr. Netscher, the editor, and is as follows:

CHARACTER SKETCH.

G. VELTHUISEN, SR. Vita Honestia.

On the 10th of December of this year at Haarlem, (Holland) there will be celebrated the seventieth birthday of a man whose name, known in only a very small circle, but those who have been in contact with him at once think of him as leading a life of Christian piety, devotion, self-denial—in a word—as a grand man. This man is Mr. G. Velthuisen, pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist Church, where as we have said already, this name does not mean anything to thousands in our country.

Therefore, to make him and his work known to a more extended circle we will tell one thing and another concerning him, which, as we expect, will contain a surprise and also an inducement for imitation.

Mr. Velthuisen was born in Haarlem, in the year 1834. His parents belonged to the so-called middle class. They were nice, religious, plain-living people, respected by all who knew them. Velthuisen, worked with his father who ran a bakery until he got married, when he commenced business for himself, in which he was very successful. But his mind did not busy itself only with his occupation. Since a young lad he had been interested in all sorts of religious problems. He was a scrutinizer and thinker, and faithfully studied the Holy Scriptures.

In those days there existed in Haarlem a society of firm believing Protestants, viz., "The Society for the Spreading of the Truth," of which Mr. Velthuisen was a member, and faithfully attended their meetings. It was there he became acquainted with men like Da Costa and De Liefde, whose influence affected much his spiritual development and religious convictions. Although not a preacher or public speaker, more than once he was requested to deliver addresses, which addresses were very much enjoyed by his audiences. They all liked him.

In those days there was a movement going on in that country to establish Christian schools, or, "schools with the Bible." And again it was then that young Velthuisen, with others, took firm hold of the matter to make it a success.

But this plain man belonged to those quiet, firm natures, who, when once convinced that anything they are laboring for, is not as it should be, nothing can move them to go on with it. They are as firm as a rock. They are to be compared with those heroes of faith, who, with heads lifted, calmly walked up to the stake to be burned, rather than violate their consciences,

and we are convinced that if Mr. Velthuisen had lived in those days of persecution, he quietly would have laid his head upon the block and died for the name of his Lord.

Mr. Velthuisen had received only a common school education, but his thirst for knowledge was insatiable, and as circumstances did not permit him to study for higher education, he decided to study, and get all the knowledge that was in his reach, which knowledge helped him considerably in his future labors. Pretty soon something happened which gave a decisive turn to his religious conception.

Incidentally a newspaper came to his hands, in which in a somewhat mocking way was spoken about a new religious sect, which the correspondent or editor of that paper had come in contact with and whom he designated by the name of "Onderdompelaars" (Divers), because those people were baptized by immersion. Mr. Velthuisen understood that behind those mocking sentences in that paper was something of a more earnest nature, and so he decided to go and investigate. He went to Francker, visited that sect, spoke with their minister, and returning to Haarlem, told his experiences to his friends who shared with him his religious views. They, in their turn, went to Francker to find out for themselves, with the result, that those people were converted, and decided to be baptized, and establish a similar church in Haarlem.

And what was it that they learned there? Evidently things corresponding with the teachings of the Bible. The first article in their Doctrine of Faith, therefore, reads: "We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are inspired by the Holy Ghost, and that they are the only and perfect rule of faith and practice, which evidently means that the Bible is the literal voice of the Supreme Being, and that we are bound to literally live according to the therein expressed precepts."

Consequently, the Baptists maintain nothing but what is literally expressed in Scripture. But about this later. Now we must return to Mr. Velthuisen.

Because some time previous he had withdrawn from the Dutch Reformed Church, because he could no longer fellowship their principles, and now already quite a few had accepted his views, he decided that the time had come to unite with them, and take a definite step toward organizing a Baptist church in his country. First, when the church was small, they met at the home of Mr. de Nöble (one of their members), where also they made a baptistry, in which to baptize their new members. Later, when the membership of the church grew they felt obliged to look for a larger meeting place. An opportunity soon presented itself, which the Baptists readily seized.

Their little church or chapel at the Parklaan at that time was a small farm house, which they bought (the money soon being collected by the strenuous effort of Mr. V.) and changed it into their present meeting house, with baptistry, where the new members can be immersed.

The Baptists broke away from the usual form of baptism by sprinkling, and accepted that form as related in Scripture, by immersion, which also they do not perform on infants, but only on persons who have come to an age of understanding and upon their confession of faith in Christ. With them this form of bap-

tism symbolizes burial and by it they enter into the visible church. In the meantime something happened in the life of Mr. Velthuisen which had a decisive influence upon his future life.

To Be Continued.

LETTER FROM JAY W. CROFOOT.

This being a Chinese holiday, it is in my mind to write you something of the things that struck me as interesting on a recent trip to Lieou-oo, for though the letter may not be appropriate for the "Missions" page of THE RECORDER, perhaps it would do for the "Children's Page," since there's no department devoted especially to farmers. I made the trip by railway and bicycle, and was much interested in such views of Chinese farm life as I had not seen before or was not familiar with. The "strenuous life" of this people is a constant source of wonder to me, and excellent illustrations of it appeared in the fields as well as on the road. The sound of the wheel-barrows creaking laboriously along the road was a constant reminder that man power is cheaper than axle grease. It was the second day of June and the fact that on that date harvesting and threshing of wheat were everywhere going on would of itself be sufficiently strange to one who, like myself, learned farming in Minnesota, but the fact that in some places the wheat had already been reaped and rice planted on the wheat ground was still more so. And the methods were worse yet. They were not harvesting in the way my grandfather did for he used a cradle, but in the way his grandfather did, and for that matter, I suppose in the way Boaz did, for they were using sickles. I fear any following Ruth would have had scanty gleanings however. Men and women were working in the fields together and beside close shorn harvest "fields" were others where men were "plowing" or spading up the ground with a tool like a potato hook, or a spading fork but with the handle set in like that of a hoe. In the cotton fields I saw what was new to me, women sitting on benches and hoeing the cotton. I am sure I should want to sit on a bench to do farm work too if I had no more feet than those poor creatures had! It is said that in the north of China women work in the fields on their knees, their feet are so nearly useless.

Most of the threshing seemed to be done by women, too. In some cases they had flails, but usually they were taking small bundles of grain in their hands and beating them over a wooden grating or else over a flat stone resting on posts a couple of feet long. Sometimes when we have been returning from the hills I have seen men beating out rice by striking bundles over the edges of big, square wooden tubs standing on the wet ground. They seemed to beat it out as fast as they cut it but the people I saw the other day were using threshing floors that were mere widenings of the road along the Yangtse embankment where the wind was good. In places the grain was cleaned by poured out and letting the wind blow away the chaff, reminding me of "the chaff which the wind driveth away" and of one "whose fan is in his hand, thoroughly to cleanse his threshing floor and to gather the wheat into his garner but the chaff he will burn up with unquenchable fire." And the Chinese do burn the chaff right on the road for it is of no use, though the straw is of course carefully preserved to "keep the pot boiling" for a long time. Rice straw is the fuel we use in the schools.

Often I had to dismount to avoid frightening the water buffaloes which were tethered out to eat the grass on the embankment. One or two were so frightened that they broke the ropes fastened to the rings in their noses and went scampering off across country. My apologies were well received, but I don't know how difficult it may have been to catch the buffaloes. At any rate I couldn't have caught them. The Chinese, as a rule, certainly are an extremely polite people, though of course they are not polite to every one. I heard "foreign devil" and "foreign thief" a few times on the road. The boys seem to delight to shout at me. In asking the direction or distance it seems to make quite a difference in the sort of answer, if one addresses a man as "Elder Brother." I also spoke sometimes to women calling them "mama" and was answered in a very friendly way. I was given a drink of tea twice on the road when I asked for it. The dogs, however, were not so friendly in appearance and it does make me nervous to ride through a howling pack of them. They are altogether too numerous.

I met some hundreds of Chinese soldiers, some drilling and some working the roads, but they don't belong to this letter. This is about farming. I have already said something about the careful use of the land so as to get two or sometimes more crops per year. In some places peanut vines were coming up now between the rows of stalks of winter beans. The beans had been gathered, but the stalks were left to dry more before being gathered for fuel.

I remember hearing it said that with Chinese methods it requires four men to do the work required to raise an acre of rice, but that in the United States with American machinery, one man can attend to one hundred acres. As the majority of Chinese are probably underfed from the cradle to the coffin, it seems too bad not to use means by which one man could produce as much food stuff as now requires four hundred men to produce—but then what would the other three hundred and ninety-nine do for a living?

But I am off my subject again. This is political economy, not farming. I only want to add that on Friday I examined Dr. Palmberg's school, and on Sabbath day I spoke twice besides hearing the school children tell some Bible stories. About fifty were present at the service in the town. Although I knew that none of Mrs. Ng's family are Christians except the half-paralyzed grandmother, Doo tsi, it was something of a shock to me when I went to their home on Sabbath day to find three bound-footed women swinging flails in the yard. They stopped and came in to service.

But I must stop, for I suppose I must prepare an annual report between now and June 30th.

WEST GATE, SHANGHAI, CHINA, June 19, 1904.

MISSIONARY BOARD MEETING.

A regular meeting of the Board of Managers of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society was held in Westerly, R. I., on Wednesday, July 20, 1904, at 9:30 o'clock a. m., the President, Wm. L. Clarke, presiding.

Members present: Wm. L. Clarke, G. B. Carpenter, Frank Hill, E. F. Stillman, O. U. Whitford, A. S. Babcock, A. H. Lewis, L. F. Randolph, A. S. Babcock, J. H. Potter, C. A. Burdick.

Visitors—Madison Harry, Fred Whitford. Prayer was offered by Rev. Madison Harry. Minutes of previous meeting were read and approved.

The reports of Corresponding Secretary and the Treasurer were read and recorded.

The following orders were voted:

- O. U. Whitford, traveling expenses \$ 80 00
incidental expenses 10 80
salary for quarter 225 00—\$316 76
George Sealey 75 00
R. S. Wilson 90 00
G. H. F. Randolph 150 00
Churches:
First Westerly 50 00
Second Westerly 12 50
Second Verona, N. Y. 8 34
Rock River, Wis. 12 50
Garwin, Iowa 25 00
Hartsville, N. Y. 12 50
Welton, Iowa 18 75
Cartwright, Wis. 50 00
Little Prairie, Ark. 6 25
Delaware, Mo. 6 25
Hammond, La. 25 00

Correspondence was presented, showing that Miss Susie M. Burdick has arranged to sail from San Francisco, Cal., for Shanghai, China, on the 6th of August, 1904.

The following report was received and adopted:

TO THE BOARD OF MANAGERS:

Your committee, appointed to consider the matter of a native pastor and evangelist for the Shanghai church, China, as presented in a letter by Rev. D. H. Davis and read at the April Board meeting, would recommend that Mr. Davis take steps to secure and employ such a native pastor and evangelist as meets with his judgment, the Missionary Society not to pay over \$60 a year, as designated in his letter of Feb. 27, 1904.

O. U. WHITFOOD, L. F. RANDOLPH, E. F. STILLMAN,

Committee.

It was voted that we continue the appropriation for work of Rev. J. T. Davis on the California field for six months from June 30, 1904, at the rate of \$100 per year.

An appropriation was made for the Hebron (Pa.) church for the year 1904 of \$50.

Other communications were received upon which no final action was taken.

The Corresponding Secretary reports having attended the meetings of five Associations since our last meeting, representing the Society in each meeting. He reports communications, 709; reports sent out, 38; sermons and addresses, 13.

Wm. L. Clarke, President.

A. S. BABCOCK, Rec. Sec.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

Quarter ending June 30, 1904.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Cash in treasury April 1, 1904 (\$1,214.12), Cash received in April (635.96), May (335.73), June (516.25), and Balance in treasury June 30, 1904 (\$2,702.06).

CR.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes O. S. Mills labor on Berlin (Wis.) field (\$ 8 33), Second Westerly Church, Niantic, R. I., year 1904 (\$50 00), Second Westerly Church, Niantic, R. I., quarter ending March 31, 1904 (12 50), O. U. Whitford, balance due March 31, 1904 (200 84), advance in traveling expenses (80 00), advance in salary (71 40), G. H. Fitz Randolph, salary, quarter ending March 31, 1904 (150 00), R. S. Wilson, salary, quarter ending March 31, 1904 (90 00), First Westerly Church, Westerly, R. I., quarter ending March 31, 1904 (50 00), First Westerly Church, Westerly, R. I., advance in quarter ending March 31, 1904 (5 00).

Table with 2 columns: Church Name and Amount. Lists various churches and their quarterly contributions, such as Second Verona Church, N. Y., quarter ending March 31, 1904 (12 50), Rock River Church, Rock River, Wis., quarter ending March 31, 1904 (12 50), etc.

E. & O. E.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treas.

ADVICE TO YOUNG AUTHORS.

The first rule is to put your name and address on the first page of your manuscript. It is a rule which not even the greatest writer should overlook, and the smallest will do so to his sorrow. It is more important than writing on one side of the paper, for if the name is on a manuscript in the latter case, an editor can at least reject it as it deserves.

You must, however, write on but one side of the paper if you want your work considered. Always have your manuscript type-written. Human handwriting is a variable quantity. Much of it is difficult, all of it bothersome, to read. Type-writing costs but little. Put stamps or a stamped and addressed envelope with your manuscript, for its possible return. Publishers are not philanthropists, and they can not afford to pay for the amusement of amateurs in literature.

If you write to the editor, do not be facetious. Do not try to be smart. Don't begin your letter, "Of course, I expect you will throw this in the scrap-basket," or "It is, of course, presumptuous on my part to suppose that I can write for your magazine, but I am given to thrusting myself in where angels fear to tread," etc.

But why send any letter at all? The editor is neither a seer nor the son of a seer, but you can count on his having sense enough to understand when he receives a manuscript that it is offered for publication in his magazine. Do not introduce extraneous matter into your envelope: by such I allude to hairs and threads between the leaves to catch the editor off his guard, or photographs or cards to prejudice him in your favor. I consider it a breach of manners, if not worse, to doubt the sincerity of the man whom you ask to read your story.

As for trying to prejudice him, I doubt if it is good policy to try to influence editors whom you do not know by inclosing a photograph or a curl at the same time that you submit a poem.

When you inclose these persuaders it looks a little as if you felt that your story was not good enough in itself. If such is the case, do not send it. Every story ought to stand on its own bottom, if you will permit the slightly twisted metaphor.—Woman's Home Companion.

Woman's Work.

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

MY QUEST.

I searched for love in heart of city's hum; I searched for love upon the shining sand Of ocean beach; and then on towering cliffs I sung A pleading song that love unto my heart might come: But love came not.

I searched for love no more, but labored sore To ease those hearts whom sorrow'd touched before; Faint hope that in sweet work I'd surely find Some compensation for a fate unkind—

THE chief officer of the Children's Court of New York speaks in high praise of the work and effect of the special tribunal for youthful delinquents and the probation system. He says the number of delinquents has decreased, those who have been released on parole have better observed the conditions of release and the number of those whose sentences have been suspended has increased twenty-two per cent. Probation work among children was the subject of discussion at the Summer School for Philanthropic Work in New York. By means of this Summer School the Charity Organizations of New York are providing instruction for church workers and all who wish to undertake work among the poor. Fifteen cities have adopted the probation system and children's courts and in these places a marked improvement has been observed. In the two years following the establishing of the probation system in these cities, there were less than thirteen hundred children committed to jail, against more than six thousand in the two years preceding. The work is greatly aided by organizations of women representing nearly all religious denominations and by school principals and teachers.

REPORT OF NEW MARKET SOCIETY.

During the year that is past our Ladies' Aid Society has held eleven regular and four special meetings.

The regular July meeting being omitted on account of sickness of some of the members. Two special meetings were called for work, one to make arrangements for purchasing flowers for loved members now called to their eternal home, and one to make a change in the by-laws. Three new members, and also two honorary members have been added to our list of names. Three have removed to Plainfield, N. J., and in the not far-distant future our beloved pastor and family will take their departure for Lebanon, Conn., which will take four more members from our number.

Three times has the grim messenger of Death entered our circle, taking from our midst, Mrs. Susan Dunham, Mrs. Johanna Dunn, and Mrs. George S. Larkin, who have all done a great deal in by-gone years to help the Society in various ways. While we miss them, because they have been so much to us, yet we bow in submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, knowing that He doeth all things well, and that our loss is their eternal gain.

When, lo! love came, Our hearts must mourn for the loved ones, Who have finished their mission here, And gone to that bright hereafter, From this world so dark and drear.

But we know if we are faithful, We shall meet them again above; Where all is peace and happiness—

Where there's naught but life and love.

So we'll do the Master's bidding Strive to lighten each load of care, And to make the world grow brighter, Till he calls us over there."

Mrs. A. E. CURTIS, Secretary. NEW MARKET, N. J., June 23, 1904.

PRAISE FOR THE CHILD.

"Many parents do not appreciate how much more influence they can acquire over their children, and what splendid results they can obtain, by approbation rather than reproof," remarked a mother recently. "Conscientious people are too apt to use the former sparingly and the latter lavishly, whereas just the opposite should be the rule. Praise should be bestowed without stint and fault-finding should be reserved for grave offenses. The good that is in every human creature requires, like the seeds, warmth and a kindly atmosphere to germinate, particularly with the young, who so easily get discouraged and disheartened. But I must see something to approve of before I can conscientiously praise it," says a mother whose greatest anxiety is that her son should grow up to be a good, useful man; and Harry is so heedless and thoughtless; he is continually disappointing me! How gladly I would praise him if he would only really make an effort, but whatever I say to him rolls off his mind like the water from a duck's back.

"For such a boy approbation is more than advisable—it is essential. If he does not acquire self-respect he will become reckless. Virtues must be probed for if they are not apparent. There are good qualities latent in every young person that, with judicious culture, may be brought to the surface. It is a sad reflection, but a true one, that many a man who has made a failure of his life might have succeeded if his parents and teachers had taught him by the stimulus of praise and approbation to believe in himself."

Too much that is bad cannot be said against the housefly, if William Lyman Underwood, lecturer in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, is to be believed. The housewife is quite justified in calling it a nasty thing, for nasty it is. Mr. Underwood goes further and characterizes it as "particularly filthy." "Our domestic animals, the dog and the cat, though far from clean in all their habits, we like to have about us, but we keep them in their proper places," he says. "The housefly, on the other hand, is generally tolerated everywhere. It crawls over hands and faces, it gets into milk, it walks over sugar and salt, over bread and cake, often soiling and contaminating everything that it touches with its filthy feet."

Although the housefly has only six feet and one tongue, it can plant in a few minutes germs which will develop into colonies containing millions of bacteria, if left in a warm place for twelve hours. So deep dyed is the evil which the housefly is capable of committing that it seems hardly necessary for Mr. Underwood to add that "it is most important that flies should be kept away from all food supplies."

MATILDA SA'SAPARILLA.

It was early in September when Matilda Sa'saparilla Bertin stood before one of the teachers of the Mountain Missionary Academy. A slight premonition of fall was in the clear

morning sunshine and in the brisk breeze that swayed the tree-tops of the thickly wooded hills. It lifted the cape of the mountain girl's dark-blue sunbonnet, revealing the brown neck and the braid of light hair which the night before had been washed till every escaping strand seemed as dry and vibrant as the tonic air.

Her blue eyes looked expectantly into Miss Mason's kindly questioning ones. "I've come up t' school," she said simply.

"I'm sorry," began the teacher, "but we can't take—" she stopped short. The blue eyes suddenly lost their brightness; the rosy cheeks grew pale; the girl swallowed hard with a gasp.

Her keen disappointment was only too apparent. "What is your name, dear?" asked Miss Mason, by way of diversion.

"Matilda Sa'saparilla Bertin," was the slow answer; then with a wistful look she added: "I heard 'at you all wuz mighty skimped 'fer places sometimes; but I won't take up nary place. I kin make out on th' floor, er in th' shed, er outen th' barn; an' I won't pester nobody. An' ef 'ye can't hyar-me say my lessons, I kin hark to th' other girls an' boys, an' learn that way."

She had grown eager, and was pleading her cause most eloquently. Miss Mason noted the small package done up in brown paper that she shifted nervously from one arm to the other. She had noticed also the striped blue dress so neatly laundered, and the new shoes, with not a scratch or bit of soil upon them, though the girl had walked miles over the roughest mountain roads. The teacher's years of experience among these people had taught her that many a bucket of berries had been picked and carried far to make enough money to pay for such clothes. She knew, too, that the precious new shoes and stockings had been carefully carried in the hand, while the girl's bare feet had suffered the wear and tear of the weary miles.

"Come in," said Miss Mason kindly; "you shall visit us and have some dinner. And I will explain matters to you."

"You see," she continued, leading the way through the hall, "this room back here is the large schoolroom."

Matilda Sa'saparilla gazed in at the half-open door, her eyes growing large with interest and wonder. The room was filled with busy pupils, some of them making white marks upon a black wall; the young teacher, sitting upon a platform, with a smile on her face as she whispered to a girl beside her, made the uncouth newcomer think of a new, undefined happiness that she had longed for, but never reached. O, if that lovely young lady would put her cheek so close to hers, and whisper in her ear, it would be a joy never before even dreamed of.

"Well," said her guide; "you may go in and sit awhile," but Matilda stepped back abashed. "I they—" she began hesitatingly; then with sudden boldness she asked, "Do they stay in thar et night?"

"Why, no; certainly not; that is, only a few for whom we are obliged to put up cots—we are so crowded. The rest sleep in their rooms. That is one reason why we can't take any more at present; we simply haven't got the room. All the beds have two in them, and the little ones sleep three in a bed. And the dining-room—she opened a room at the side of the hall to show the room with its rows of partially laid tables—"the dining-room is actually too crowded for

comfort, though we set the tables twice for each meal," she explained.

"Who sleeps in hyar?" continued Matilda, stepping back into the hall.

"Where?"

"Why, hyar—in this hyar gall'ry."

"You mean here in this hall," asked the teacher in surprise.

Matilda nodded.

"Why, this is only a narrow passageway. No one could sleep in here, even if we could think of allowing it."

"Oh, please, ma'am! I could sleep hyar jes' beautiful, an' I'll be needin' only a quilt."

"But dear girl, the cold weather will soon be here, and we'll have no extra bedding to spare. Next year," she hastily added, "we expect to have larger and better accommodations; and then, my dear, you shall come to us."

"Oh, please, ma'am," again she pleaded, "I cayn't go 'way! It's beautiful hyar, an' I likes hit mightily; an' I'm goin' on eighteen, an' I don't know nothin.' Ef you all will let me sleep in this hyar gall'ry—hall, I'll run over home—'tain none to speak of mor'n seven er eight mile. I kin come back to-morrer; an' ma's got jes' plenty o' good, big quilts. I kin tote 'em, easy. I don't need ter set to th' table; I kin take er bite in my han's."

"My dear child, my dear child!" repeated Miss Mason, moved inexpressibly by the girl's earnestness. "Come up to my room, and I will have a talk with the principal."

Good "Mother Lorraine," as the pupils called the principal, and her able assistant, Miss Mason, were almost in despair. Four girls and one boy, coming from a distance, within two weeks, had been turned away from the school because there was no room for them, and no arrangements could be made outside for board in order that they might attend the school. Finally, after some hard thinking, Mrs. Lorraine said, "I suppose she might sleep in the school-room on the floor if she can provide the bedding, but the funds are getting so low that we can hardly afford to take even a single pupil."

"But," said Miss Mason, "this girl is so earnest and so determined that somehow I feel that God has a mission for her, and will provide for her. Suppose—you know, dear, we are in sad need of more help in the kitchen—suppose we propose that she aid herself and us by being a sort of dining-room girl, and assist old Aunt Docia."

"That will, certainly, be a severe test to the child's sincerity and courage; but I see no reason why it should not be made. If she accepts, it will not hurt her, and will be quite a relief to us," was the thoughtful reply.

When Miss Mason returned to her waiting charge, she smiled into the wistfully-questioning face, which immediately lit up with an answering smile. "I have a proposition to make to you," said the teacher, relating the outcome of her visit with the principal.

For a moment a cloud flitted over the would-be pupil's face; but she brightened, and replied: "Ef nobody ain't a-goin' ter tell maw about hit, I'll do hit, sure; but maw, she mighty proud and keerful like, an' I hed ter beg mighty hard ter git ter corpe; but she'll be set up about them quilts. She says as hern is th' bigges' an' th' putties' anyhow on the mountain; an' she'll be proud ter hev 'em. I'll start right 'long fer 'em."

"Not till after dinner—better not till to-morrow morning, Matilda Sa'saparilla—is that your name? We may call you Matilda, I suppose."

"Wall, no; no, ma'am—leastways, lest you all is set on hit. Ye see my paw give me the name—Sasaparilly, he calls hit. He said as hit war a great name as some great person hed. Uncle Reubin spelt hit out on a bottle—Uncle Reuben hes got learnin'—an' he said as how as like's not hit war th' great man's darter's name—hit war so fine-soundin'; an' he give hit ter paw ter give ter me when I war nigh onto six years old; fer they hadn't found any r'al purty name ter go 'long o' Matilda—thet war my gran'maw's name. An', when I come away, paw said, th' las' thing: 'Now, Matilda Sa'saparilly, I've heered as how them folks up et th' school air great et short'nin' names; but don't you 'low 'em ter name ye anything 'ceptin' Matilda Sa'saparilly—th' whole name out; an' I'm done promised."

"Well, well," laughed the teacher, "Matilda Sa'saparilly you shall be, then."

By "sunup" the next morning, as the new pupil had determined, she was dressed and had eaten one of the buttered biscuits the thoughtful Miss Mason had provided for her lunch; and noiselessly as it was possible to walk with the unbroken shoes upon her unaccustomed feet, Matilda Sa'saparilla stole out of the building. Half-way down the hill the shoes were taken off; then the stockings were stuffed into the shoes, and they were all carefully deposited in a hollow tree-trunk for safe keeping till their owner should return.

It would make too long a story to tell of her journey over the mountains and through the ravines to her home, and how she returned with a younger brother who came to take back the home-made hand-cart in which he had helped his sister bring the promised quilts. No doubt, though, he was actuated by a great curiosity to see the school of which his sister had given a glowing description.

So Matilda Sa'saparilla became a pupil and a helper in the Mountain Academy. As a pupil her progress was very slow for some time; but she was determined and painstaking, and in time became no mean scholar. As assistant in dining-room and kitchen, in fact, in any capacity about the house-keeping, she was from the first a real and appreciated aid.

One matter weighed upon Matilda's heart and was the theme for constant study—how to get Johnny into the school. She could not forget how wistfully he had said at parting, "Sister, I wist I could git ter come to school."

And she had replied, "Johnny, you work hard, an' git pappy ter 'low ye t' kerry that wood down ter Parsley; an' ye save yer money—every cent, ye hyar, an' git ye some good clo'es; an' sister'll see 'at ye git ter school somehow. She will, Johnny, fer sure." And she had waved him off down the hill with a great lump in her throat that exactly matched the one in Johnny's.

So now every day as she went about, happy in her work, happy in her school and her surroundings, she felt in a vague way how great were her blessings; and she longed and planned that her brother should share them with her. However, she said nothing to Miss Mason or any one else about it. She knew there was no room in the school for another pupil, especially in the winter; but the winter was swiftly lapsing into spring, and Matilda Sa'saparilla was con-

stantly watching for some opening wherein she might wedge Johnny.

The regular house-boy or chore boy was one Starr, as he was called, though Starr was his last name. He never really slighted his work, but not infrequently played off some sly and provoking joke on Matilda or Aunt Docia. Matilda, naturally reticent, and fearing to be led into any trouble which might injure her in the school, had carefully avoided Starr; but Aunt Docia, when her patience was tried, would scold Starr, saying half whimsically:

"You, Starr, you's dat obstreperous! You stop dat pesterin' immejitely ef not sooner, er I'll tell Miss Mason."

Starr, however, apparently never forgot his best interests, and always stopped short of driving Aunt Docia to her threatened limit. But one day there was trouble. Matilda knew it when she saw Starr leaving Mother Lorraine's room, and heard her say in her usually firm tones, "It is for the good of us all, Starr—youself as well as those whom you influence."

It was only a few moments after that Starr beckoned to Matilda when Aunt Docia was in the pantry. "You tell her I ain't so bad," he whispered loudly, pointing up the stairs.

"Who? Mother Lorraine; I don't know whut you've gone an' done; an' I cayn't tell her nothin'," was the non-committal reply.

"Ye kin tell her 'at I'm faithful in gin'ral; ye know 'at I allers git my wood in; an' then mebbe she won't send me away."

"Is she goin' ter send ye away?" "Yes, fer two weeks; an' then ef I'll say thet I'm sorry, an' try to do better, she'll try me ag'in."

"I reckon ye're a deservin' hit, Starr; an' two weeks vacation won't hurt nothin'."

Starr suddenly bristled with contradiction, "Ef ye knew my paw, ye'd say hurtin'." When I go home an' tell 'im, he'll git thet mad, he won't never let me come back no more." Changing his tone, and coming nearer, Starr said with deeper feeling than the girl had ever seen him exhibit, "Now, Miss Tildy Sa'parilly, ye see how hit is; an' ef ye'll say somethin' fer me, I'll do somethin' fer ye sometime; I will fer sure."

Aunt Docia was coming back. Matilda had only time to answer with more sympathy than she had before shown, "Ef they ast me—mebbe—"

The rest of the day Matilda Sa'saparilla was in a brown study. She did have some feeling of regret that Starr was obliged to leave the beautiful school for two weeks, and perhaps never come back again. But he ought not to have done anything so bad as to make good Mother Lorraine punish him. Then why did he come to her for aid? He ought to speak for himself. She couldn't say anything to help him, and she didn't promise to, either. Indeed, Matilda Sa'saparilla was not quite willing to admit to herself that when she first heard that Starr was going away there leaped into her heart a feeling of gladness and hope, gladness that at last there was a place for Johnny, and hope that she might in some way manage to have him fill it. If he were there on the spot to-morrow morning when Starr went, and would do the work that Starr did, cheerfully and without any of Starr's pranks, she was sure he could win his own way. Then, if Starr did come back, she would do her best still to keep Johnny. The

(Continued on Page 484.)

## Children's Page.

### THE LOST LAMB.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

Storm upon the mountain,  
Night upon its throne!  
And the little snow-white lamb,  
Left alone, alone!  
Storm upon the mountain,  
Rainy torrents beating,  
And the little snow-white lamb,  
Bleating, ever bleating!

Down the glen the shepherd  
Drives his flock afar;  
Through the murky mist and cloud,  
Shines no beacon star.  
Fast he hurries onward,  
Never hears the moan  
Of the pretty snow-white lamb,  
Left alone, alone!

At the shepherd's doorway  
Stands his little son;  
Sees the sheep come trooping home,  
Counts them one by one;  
Counts them full and fairly—  
Trace he findeth none  
Of the little snow-white lamb,  
Left alone, alone!

Up the glen he races,  
Breasts the bitter wind  
Scours across the plain and leaves  
Wood and world behind;—  
Storm upon the mountain,  
Night upon its throne,—  
There he finds the little lamb,  
Left alone, alone!

Struggling, panting, sobbing,  
Kneeling on the ground,  
Round the pretty creature's neck  
Both his arms are wound;  
Soon within his bosom,  
All its bleatings done,  
Home he bears the little lamb,  
Left alone, alone!

Oh! the happy faces,  
By the shepherd's fire!  
High without the tempest roars,  
But the laugh rings higher.  
Young and old together  
Make that joy their own—  
In their midst the little lamb,  
Left alone, alone!

### A HAPPY BIRTHDAY.

To-morrow I'll be ten years old. O how glad I am!" said Rena Churchill one day in March. "Will Santa Claus come to-night, then?" asked her five-year-old brother Roy.

"No, Roy, you are thinking about Christmas," answered Rena, laughing, "but I expect to have just as nice a time, because mama said she would make me some cake and things, and I might invite Paul and Emma Ross, and Pearl and Walter Carlin, to spend the afternoon with us, and I most know she has everything all ready, because when I asked her about it, she said, 'Wait and see.'"

"I know all—" her younger sister Nina began, but suddenly remembering that she was about to betray a profound secret, closed her lips.

The next morning the children were skipping about bright and early, and they all laughed when Roy said, in a disappointed way, "Why, didn't Santa Claus bring you nuffin' from the house las' night, sure enough?"

The children lived on a farm, and when, after an early dinner, the little guests arrived, they roamed the yard which was just showing

a little bit of its green carpet, making bouquets of the hyacinths, daffodils and flowering almond growing there. Then they ransacked the nooks and out of the way places in the great barn for eggs, admired the pretty little colt that ran around the fence, and then, with a graceful little leap over the bars, landed almost in the midst of the group. This made them think they had better return to the house, and then Rena's mother called her into her room to tell her something. When Rena rejoined her friends, she said:

"Suppose we play visiting, now. All of you 'cept Nina, who will stay with me, can be my company, and I will keep house and entertain you; will you?"

They all said yes; so Rena told them to go out in the yard, and come soon and rap on the door.

When they had all gone, Rena borrowed one of her mother's large quilts, and coaxed her mother to help her hang it up as a curtain to make a corner of the room into a small house for them.

"It will be so much nicer, mama, you know," said Rena, as she and Nina flew after the little chairs and some other pieces of furniture, "to have a snug little room of our own. It will seem more like people."

By the time the last chair was placed and a rug laid in the center of the floor, the first couple of the company appeared at the door, for they thought it would be a good plan to come in couples.

"Why, how do you do," asked Rena, cordially, "I am so glad to see you. Take some seats. Nina, won't you take their hats, for I hear some one else at the door? Why, here are Mr. and Mrs. Ross; how very opportunity that you should all come the same afternoon. We can have a sociability time together. I declare, Nina, there surely is some one else knocking; won't you see about it?"

Nina opened the door to admit the two little brothers—Roy, and Carl, who was three years old.

"Two more gentlemen," she announced, as her head appeared in the opening between the quilt and wall.

"Ask them in," said Rena. "Good afternoon, gentlemen; glad to see you."

"Yes," said Carl, "but I's not gentomen. Nex' winto I's ago'in' to wear pantaloons den I be big man yike budder is."

Of course this made them laugh, for the idea of little Roy being a big man seemed very funny. Roy took the chair that was offered him, but seemed very uneasy about something, and finally asked:

"Say, Wena, have you had your b'irthday yet, 'cause I was 'fraid I wouldn't get here in time?" but Rena told him "No, we haven't had tea yet," and then explained to the company that Roy thought a birthday always meant something to eat, and she couldn't make him think anything else.

By this time the bashfulness that all had felt at first had worn off and they began chatting like magpies. Each lady inquired after the other's family of dolls, and when Rena asked Emma why she had not brought hers with her, that lady gravely replied that they were all just recovering from a severe attack of "pelayo of the poster brain;" and though she would not dare to let them go out of the house, she felt quite safe in leaving home herself, as she left them in the care of a "sufficient" servant.

As for Pearl's family,—she said with a toss of her short, dark curls:

"No, ma'am! you don't catch me going abroad with a lot of young ones hanging onto my skirts. I couldn't enjoy myself one bit. Cry? Oh, yes, they cry, but I just say, 'O be still; when you get as old as I am, then you can go out and leave your children home; and that always seems to pacify them, for I never hear an' other whimper.'"

Then the gentlemen managed to wedge in a few words, and Paul asked Walter how he liked his new horse. "O very much indeed. I am sure I can train him to work to my dogcart like a breeze."

This caused another broad smile, for it was an open secret that those fine horses were their pet dogs which they had trained to draw light loads on a little cart.

"I drove Towser up here to-day, Miss Nina," said Paul, "and he is quite at your service if you should choose to let your family take a ride."

Rena was thanking him politely when they heard a great noise of barking and yelping out in the yard; and on rushing out to see what the trouble was, they found that Don (Roy's dog) was behaving very badly, in fact, was giving poor Towser an unmerciful whipping. Before the boys could interfere, Rena's pet, a large black cat she called Jim, who had been watching them closely as he sat on the fence with his black hair standing up straight, seemed to think they had fought quite long enough, for he jumped from the fence and ran and slapped with his paw first one dog and then the other across the head, as hard as he could. Very likely he thought they both needed correction, but his sympathy was with his constant playfellow, Don, for finding that Towser was not disposed to give up, he jumped on his back, and pressing his sharp claws through Towser's spring coat—he soon convinced him that he had better retreat, which he did, growling fiercely as he came to his master's feet.

Of course Don was shut up in disgrace, and Towser, being company, was restored to good humor by a great deal of petting and bits of cake.

Rena then excused herself for a little while, as she had no cook, she said, and must get tea herself. It did not seem very long, however, before she told Nina to invite them out to the dining room, where the table was well filled. Rena sated them, and said, "Nina, you may pass the biscuit and butter and honey, while I pour the chocolate and lemonade." They were soon busily engaged, and enjoyed the simple supper as much as though it were a more elaborate affair. The marble cake and sponge drops, as well as the homemade cream candy and sliced oranges, were rapidly disappearing when Rena passed another plate of cake which made the visitors open their eyes and smile, for in the center of each frosted cookie's white coat nestled a little turtle, "too cute for anything," as Emma said. This was the way Rena's mama made them: Taking a raisin for the body, she made the head from the blossom end of a clove, while the four legs and tail were made from cloves from which the larger end had been snipped. After they left the table (mama kindly offering to do up the work), Paul said, "Now wouldn't it be a nice idea to give the dolls a ride, Rena?"

All the girls went to help her get them ready, and soon six dollies were brought out all cloak-

ed and bonneted ready to go in the dogcart to which Towser was harnessed. They started off in fine style, making quite a procession; Roy and Carl bringing up the rear. Towser started off in a trot like a well behaved pony, and though the ladies could not sit up very steadily, they were having a grand ride, when alas! for the poor creatures, Towser saw the cat, Jim, coming across the road. Now usually Towser was not a coward, but he had such a vivid remembrance of Jim's merciless claws he had no desire to meet him a second time, so he turned quickly around, running as fast as he could down the hill, and oh, dear me! the screams that filled the air were certainly ear, if not heart, rending, as the six dolls were thrown out in divers directions on the ground, and even the dogcart was broken to bits, for Towser collided with a log in his mad flight. The boys went after the runaway, while the girls picked up their babies.

"O," said Rena, "look at poor Daisy, her skull bone is surely fractured; but see, Pearl, I can comb her hair this way, can't I, and it won't be noticed?"

"Indeed, you can; and look, Doty's arm is broken, but you can sew a tight sleeve on it and make it all right. Dimple didn't get a scratch, did she?"

"No, but Dinah, the nurse, fell out on a stone, and her neck is broken. Oh, what will the poor things do, crippled up, without their nurse!"

"Yes, it's bad; but you can hire another one. I should be glad it was Dinah instead of one of my children."

"Well, I am, as long as they are only play children; but if they had been alive, Dinah would have been somebody's child as well as the others."

"That's so. Let's take 'em up to bed. Here come the boys with that dreadful horse."

"Car't a goner," said Paul, "but don't worry, Rena," as he saw her look of dismay, "I can very soon make another. Come, Emma; we must be going."

The dolls were laid by gentle hands upon their respective beds; and the little guests, after wishing Rena many more birthdays, went away laughing at Roy's surprised tone, as he asked, "How can Wena have her birthday again when it's all eat up!"—*The Interior.*

### CONFERENCE ENTERTAINMENT.

We cordially invite you all to attend the Conference at Nortonville, Kansas, August 24-29. Kansas is a large place and we have lots of room, but in order to facilitate the work of the Entertainment Committee we urge that the names of all who are coming be sent in at the earliest possible date. It is to your advantage as well as the Committee's that this be done. Address all such communications to the chairman of the committee, Dea. O. W. Babcock, Nortonville, Kansas. Pastors of churches can greatly assist in accomplishing this by sending lists from their respective congregations of those who are to attend.

Very cordially,  
GEO. W. HILLS, Pastor.

Kennebec County, Me., has, since 1820, furnished ten governors, eight United States senators, ten national representatives, fourteen secretaries of state, six State treasurers, three attorney generals, six presidents of the National House.

## Young People's Work.

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

### SOMETHING BETTER FOR THE BOYS.

On the upper deck of the Grosser Kurfurst, one day, I fell into conversation with a young fellow whose face had seemed familiar, although I could not remember where I had met him. He proved to be a former fellow student of one term at the University of Chicago. He was now pastor of a church in a section of Chicago, occupied entirely by what is known as the working class. That is an intensely interesting field and he was a very interesting man with his clear fearless eyes and his wide awake face. He was soon absorbed in relating his experiences, one of which was especially significant. His field of labor was full of saloons, and a very important part of his work was the Sabbath-school where the children were gathered, often from homes blighted by the curse of drink, to be instructed in a better way of living.

Mr. Gale went into a saloon one day to ask the proprietor, a German, to let his boy go to the Bible school. The saloon keeper recognized him as he came in and greeted him respectfully, as most of the residents of that section have come to do.

The pastor stated his errand. "What do you want to teach my boy there, Mr. Gale?" The pastor looked the proprietor in the face and answered sturdily, "We want to teach him in such a way that, when he grows up, he won't be a saloon keeper."

The German staggered a little at the bold statement and then he rallied and said earnestly, "That's right, Mr. Gale, I don't want my boy to grow up to be a saloon keeper."

There are noble sentiments in the hearts of most men waiting to be appealed to; and the world is full of opportunities for the man who will be both brave and kind.

### A GOSPEL TEMPERANCE REVIVAL NEEDED.

One lesson seems to stand out quite clearly on the records of temperance reform for the past decades. This is that the reformers have dealt too exclusively in denunciation and force. These have their undoubted place. Sin must be unveiled before the eyes of the unwary. Laws must be made and enforced for the protection of the home and its inmates. But the chief method of reform has been sadly neglected. The Washingtonian movement pleaded with men to give up drinking. The Woman's Crusade prayed the saloon keeper to stop selling. The Moody and other revival movements which have cleansed so many communities, besought men to give up sin and yield their hearts to God. All of these forces were born in love. The reformed drunkard on the platform called the sot upon the back seat his brother. The women who knelt upon the sawdust floor by the bar were determined, but there were tears in their eyes. The evangelist told men that God loved them.

There is no saloon keeper in my parish. If there were, there should be no home to which I should more gladly go, when needed, than to his. There might not always be a welcome; but the time would come, if the man of God were true and faithful. Sickness, trouble, the death angel hovering over the bed-side, the needs of the children—there are many "side entrances" to the dram seller's house. I could put my hand

on his shoulder and make him understand that I hated his business, would do all I could to fight it; but I loved him. I loved him so well that I wanted to get him out of his business.

There is not enough frank, straight talk with men, face to face. We Christian folk get together and talk about the terrible things which are going on, we pass resolutions and discuss and discuss. It's all right, but unless our resolutions and our discussion and our information as to what is going on, lead us to practical work outside the meeting, they will be of no large value. Ask John to sign the pledge with you. Invite that young fellow to your home for a pleasant evening. Watch tempted men, and be a stay to their better resolutions when they think that no one cares. Let us all take hold together again in this country and have a great Gospel Temperance revival.

### REPENTANCE.

Written for the Young People's Hour at the Central Association, by Mrs. Clark Stoddley of Adams Centre, N. Y.

The same question is being asked to-day, that was asked by the multitude, on the day of Pentecost, when convicted of sin, they cried out, "What shall we do?" The first word of Peter's answer was, Repent. Peter himself had repented and realized the necessity of repentance.

We, who should be witnesses that God forgives sin, must first witness to repentance. No sin is small in the sight of God. That which we do not overcome, will overcome us. If we cherish even one sinful indulgence, or just one wrong trait of character, it is ever strengthening our soul's aversion to God. Indifference is but the harvest of that which we sow.

Our repentance will be measured according to the measure of our sin, and when the Holy Spirit has once entered our lives how exceeding sinful they seem. But the greatest sinners are brought into harmony with God and holiness through repentance. To repent is humbling, but "He giveth grace to the humble."

Some one has analyzed repentance into three elements: first, a recognition of sin; second, sorrow for sin; third, turning away from sin in the heart and seeking pardon.

Too often we lament the result of sin but do not sorrow for the sin itself. Pharaoh acknowledged his sin when suffering under the judgments of God in order to escape further punishment but returned to his defiance of Heaven as soon as the plagues were stayed.

After Judas Iscariot had betrayed his Lord, he exclaimed, "I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." He was filled with terror at the consequences that were to result to him and confessed; but there was no deep, heart-breaking grief in his soul that he had betrayed the Holy One.

In the prayer of David, after his fall, we have a good example of true repentance. He saw how great was his transgression and loathed his sin, but there was no desire to escape judgment. He prayed, not only for pardon, but for purity of heart.

Only when our hearts yield to the influence of the Holy Spirit, and we see the enormity of our sins, can we discern the depths of God's Holy Law.

How often the drunkard is told his sin will be his destruction, but pride, selfishness and covetousness go unrebutted. He, who falls in some of the grosser sins, may sometime feel his need

of Christ but pride feels no need and firmly closes the heart against Christ's teachings. "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

SEEKING, ONE OF THE CHARACTERISTICS OF GOD'S PEOPLE.

Read at the Young People's Hour of the Central Association, June 4, 1904, by L. Adelaide Clarke Brown, Brookfield, N. Y.

In Genesis 37: 15, we find the query, "What seekest thou?" and in John 1: 38 the words of Jesus "What seek ye?" Did you ever stop to think what would be your reply should He address those words to you personally?

Should we search our hearts diligently we should find that some of the things most earnestly sought for are popularity, power, wealth, office, friends, dress, satisfaction of appetite, etc.

But Christ said, "After all these do the Gentiles seek;" (Matt. 6: 32) and added, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness" with the promise, "and all these things shall be added unto you," (Matt. 6: 33).

Will the kingdom of God rest within a heart that is not prepared for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit? It was said of King Jehoshaphat, "There are good things found in thee, in that thou hast prepared thine heart to seek God" (2 Chron. 19: 3).

As the soil is tilled to receive the seed, so must the heart be prepared to seek God. What would you think of that farmer, who, in the springtime should scatter seed lavishly upon the soil without first preparing the soil for its reception, and forcing out all roots and weeds that would prevent its development? Equally barren of results is the effort to implant Christianity in the heart and still retain all worldliness. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon" (Luke 16: 13).

There must be no faltering, no half-heartedness. And we are not left ignorant of the results of waywardness. 2 Chron. 15: 2, "The Lord is with you, while ye be with him; and if ye seek him, he will be found of you, but if ye forsake him he will forsake you."

King David said to his son Solomon (1 Chron. 28: 9), "Know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind: for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts: if thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off forever."

Later, when King Solomon had received the gift of wisdom he wrote (Prov. 1: 27-31), "When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you; then shall they call upon me; but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me: for that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: they would none of my counsel: they despised all my reproof. Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices."

Nor are these words of warning confined to the Old Testament. Christ said (Luke 13: 24), "Strive to enter in at the straight gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able." Matt. 7: 22, 23, "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonder-

ful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity." "There shall be weeping."

While God in his infinite wisdom has created us free moral agents, yet (2 Pet. 3: 9) the Lord is long suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.

David, the "sweet singer of Israel" seems to have felt this influence when he sang (Psa. 27: 8), "When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek." And Christ said (Lk. 19: 10), "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." (John 4: 23), "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him." Many there are who above all things else are seeking first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. To such there are many blessed promises.

Jer. 29: 11, "For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end. Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you. And ye shall seek me, and find me when ye shall search for me with all your heart. And I will be found of you, saith the Lord."

Duet. 4: 29, "If thou shalt seek the Lord thy God, thou shalt find him, if thou seek him with all thy heart and with all thy soul."

Lam. 3: 25, "The Lord is good unto them that wait for him, to the soul that seeketh him."

Amos 5: 4, "Seek ye me and ye shall live."

Psa. 9: 10, "And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee: for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee."

Prov. 8: 17, "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me."

Matt. 7: 7, "Seek and ye shall find." "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, Call ye upon him while he is near. Seek ye the Lord."

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER

A New Theory About the Sun and its Phenomena.

This theory reminds us of a celebrated colored preacher, years ago, who on rising to preach said: "My dear Brethren and Sisters, my text is found in Romans 11th chapter and last part of 33d verse:—and his ways pass findin' out:—an his ways pass findin' out.—I divide my subject into three parts:— Firstly, I will talk to you about what I know, and you don't know— Secondly, I will talk to you about what you know, and I don't know:— and, Thirdly, and lastly, I will talk to you about what none of us know nothin' about."

The sun, so far as known, has always been supposed to emit light, and heat, from its photosphere, and its mean distance from the earth was said to be ninety-eight million of miles at the time when we went to school, but having been surveyed more scientifically since, it is found to be a little more than six million of miles nearer. Is this error worth considering?

The new theory now is, that the sun is a dark body and does not emit either light or heat, but sends forth a peculiar kind of rays of a quality, which, on entering our atmosphere, produces an effluence of light which we have supposed came direct from the sun's surface.

Since the powers and activities of electricity have become better understood, it has thrown a doubt over many statements heretofore made in regard to space and time, and other varied accomplishments. We are told that "the real diameter of the sun is 866,000 miles; that its bulk is a little more than 1,300,000 times that of the earth; that the force of gravity, at the sun's surface, is nearly 28 times as great as the force which we call gravity. Therefore, if this calculation is correct, then, as motion destroys gravity, our earth would have to revolve only about 27 times faster, to have every stone fort, mansion, house, or loose rock as well as everything else not hitched to the earth thrown into pell mell space, when the velocity would continue to increase until all were engulfed in the sun.

It is thought that much, if not all of this solar research which has been shown by the spectroscope in Fraunhofer's lines as minerals, and gases, on the sun's surface millions of miles away will be found on careful analysis to exist in our own atmosphere, even the corona, the glory at the time of total eclipse; may not these streams of light which are said to extend to several millions of miles be caused by the action of the dark rays upon the photosphere of the moon.

The spots seen on the sun may be meteorites floating beyond our atmosphere, which coming between us and the sun might show large spots on the sun's surface.

As an evidence that heat does not accompany the rays from the sun, our attention is called to the fact that on the tops of huge mountains in the torrid zone, where the sun throws the rays direct, they fail to melt ice, or even snow, while in a valley near sea level the heat is intolerable; showing that the further the rays penetrate the atmosphere in a direct line, the greater the heat generated until the maximum is reached at sea level.

The camera and the spectroscope may truthfully define certain lines determining certain kinds of vapors from minerals, but the question is, are these vapors on or around the sun in such enormous quantities as set forth at least ninety or more millions of miles away, or are they on or around our world not a half million miles off, permeating our atmosphere with vapors, thus affecting action on the cameras and spectroscopical instruments?

Gentlemen Scientists, how about this new medium said to be operating so extensively between the systems of worlds and their distant fixed star, or suns?

A History of

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A. D. 1789 to A. D. 1902

By Corliss F. Randolph

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NEWARK, N. J.

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLOW.

I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James.

I am not up to small deceit or any sinful games; And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row

That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark, that 't is not a proper plan For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man;

And if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim, To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now, nothing could be finer, or more beautiful to see, Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society;

Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there, From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;

And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules, Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault;

It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault;

He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown, And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town. Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent To say another is an ass—at least, to all intent;

Nor should the individual who happens to be meant Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order, when A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen;

And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor, And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For in less time than I write it, every member did engage In a warfare with the remnants of a paleozoic age; And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,

Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games. For I live at Table Mountain and my name is Truthful James,

And I've told in simple language what I know about the row That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

Bret Harle.

RESOLUTIONS.

The following tribute to the memory of Rev. Nathan M. Mills was adopted by the Marlboro Seventh-day Baptist church, July 23, 1904.

WHEREAS, It has been the will of our dear Heavenly Father unexpectedly to call to himself our pastor, Rev. Nathan M. Mills, so dearly esteemed and respected by us all, and

WHEREAS, He has faithfully and sincerely performed his pastoral services among us, therefore;

Resolved, That we, who have had the privilege of being members of his little flock here, place on record our appreciation of his life and work among us;

Resolved, That we express our deep sorrow in the loss of such a true friend and leader, whose chief ambition seemed to be to advance the cause of Christ and humanity;—Our memory of him will be an incentive for us to endeavor more earnestly to carry on the work that he has laid down. Though with tearful eyes, we lift our hearts in gratitude for the example of such a beautiful life,

Resolved, That we strive to follow his noble example of self-denial, sacrifice and love for all mankind. His absolute sincerity, and his persevering spirit justly won the respect and admiration of all who had the pleasure and privilege of being his co-laborers.

Resolved, That we express to his sorrowing wife and children our profound sympathy in this hour of bereavement. We also wish to express our appreciation of her kind services among us. The high ideals so

manifest in their home life are worthy of imitation. Resolved, That these resolutions be placed upon the church minutes, that a copy be sent to the bereaved family and that they be sent to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

OUR PASTOR. With saddened hearts and with tearful eyes, Our mind penetrates beyond these lower clouds, these gloomy skies,

To those realms above, as with eagle's flight, Where all is pure, all is love, bathed in heavenly light.

By faith's naked eye we see our pastor dear, As he stands beside the throne of Christ, 'Oh, so bright with cheer.'

Dear Ones on earth, would you call him back to earthly care?

Oh no! At last we hope to meet him and those joys with him to share.

In behalf of the Marlboro. Seventh-day Baptist Church.

C. T. FISHER,  
R. P. JONES,  
G. M. ELLIS,

Committee.

In view of our loss in the death of our beloved pastor, Rev. Nathan M. Mills, it is most fitting that we, as members of the Marlboro Y. P. S. C. E., should express our appreciation of his kind services rendered so earnestly in our behalf. His example has been one of faithfulness and loyalty, not only to our Society, but to the entire community. During his sojourn among us we have learned to love him, not only as a pastor, but as a sympathetic Christian friend.

The memory of his life, so altruistic and so devoted to the cause of Christ, will ever abide with us, encouraging us to be more helpful in the cause to which he so freely gave his life.

Not less faithful and earnest has been the one who has stood by his side these many years, sharing his trials and discouragements.

At this time when the cross seems so heavy to bear, we assure the beloved family of our heartfelt sympathy. May the Father above comfort them in their dire distress, and continue to lead them in paths of faithfulness and devotion to the cause of truth.

In behalf of the Marlboro Y. P. S. C. E. ADELEE RANDOLPH, PHOEBE ELLIS,

Adopted, July 17, 1904. Committee.

LITERARY NOTES.

"PULPIT GLEANINGS," by Rev. George B. Shaw; 168 pps.; 4 by 7 inches, set in leaded long primer, printed on heavy antique stock, bound in green cloth, with gilt top and uncut edges; from the RECORDER Press, Plainfield, N. J. Price, \$1, postage prepaid, of the author, Plainfield, N. J.

This dainty volume also contains half-tones of the author, together with half tones of the churches where he has held pastorates, viz., Rock River, Wis., Harts-ville, Hornellsville, Nile and New York, N. Y., and Plainfield, N. J. Eleven sermons are reproduced, treating as many different subjects. The author's preface tells the why of the volume:

"The pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Plainfield, New Jersey, ventures to submit to the public, and especially to the churches of which he has been pastor, a small volume of sermons. These discourses were not written for publication, and it seems best not to revise them as they are placed in this permanent form. The volume is simply the reproduction of sermons as they were preached, some of which have been printed in the *Seventh-day Baptist Pulpit* and in the *SABBATH RECORDER*.

"The author does not assume that his work is of more value than that of other men, or that he more than other pastors is an exponent of Seventh-day Baptist doctrine. Believing that a book of this kind would be of value, and finding the field entirely unoccupied, this volume is offered to your charitable consideration, in the hope that others may be induced to do similar and greater service."

MARRIAGES.

RANDOLPH-CLAWSON.—In Plainfield, N. J., June 9, 1904, by Rev. George B. Shaw, Mr. Asa F. Randolph and Miss Luella A. Clawson, both of Plainfield, N. J.

DEATHS.

DAVIS.—At Manatou, Col., July 7, 1904, Mrs. Bessie Fogg Davis, aged 31 years, 8 months and 20 days.

Mrs. Davis was the daughter of Isaac S. and Susie J. Ayers Fogg, of Shiloh, N. J. On Feb. 7, 1885, she was baptized and united with the Shiloh church. Not long after her mother died, leaving her and an only older sister, Susie, to keep the home and care for the younger children. Oct. 7, 1895, she was married to Walter B. Davis of Shiloh, N. J. Susie fell a victim to the fell disease consumption, at her home in Alfred, N. Y., where they had both been students. In 1898 it was determined she could not live in this climate, and bravely went alone to Colorado Springs, where her husband and only child soon followed. As they were active workers here in the church and choir, Sabbath-school and C. E. Society, so they became in their new home, though not among our own people. They were true to the Sabbath and home church. He became prominent as teacher in the schools of Manitou, where they have lived and he taught for four years. Approaching disease, which would have crushed so many, seemed only to have carried them up to the very throne of God, as their letters written to loved ones here attest, until she fell asleep as she was being carried by the angels through the gates into "The City." Her father has for the past few months made his home with them, where he has received of her spirit of "peace that passeth all understanding," and he in turn has been permitted to minister to her comfort. The little daughter Miriam, five years of age, is with her aunt Tillie Fogg, wife of Prof. B. R. Crandall, formerly of Independence, N. Y., who is also compelled on account of her health to remain in the Western climate. The son, Everett, three years of age, came with his father to Shiloh, N. J., where the remains were laid away among the flowers by loving hands. The funeral services were held in her own church, which was filled with kind friends. The 91st Psalm was the Scripture lesson read, this being her favorite Psalm. Text, Psalm 37: 37, "Mark the Perfect Man." Professor Davis has our deepest sympathy.

E. B. S. HILYARD.—In Shiloh, N. J., July 7, 1904, Mrs. Mary D. Tomlinson Hilyard, aged 51 years, 8 months and 20 days.

Mrs. Hilyard was the daughter of Seeley and Mary S. Tomlinson of Marlboro, N. J., and was born Oct. 27, 1852. February 24, 1867, she was baptized and became a member of the Shiloh church with thirty-two others, all but five of whom are still living. On New Year's eve, 1885, she was married to C. Clinton Hilyard of Shiloh, N. J. Four children, together with the husband, are left to mourn their great loss. One is married one, Warren, died when a boy seven years of age. The other three, Eva, Willie and Lester, with the father, comprise the family. While she had the appearance of being in perfect health it was found necessary to choose between undergoing an operation or suffering in a few months a lingering death. For sake of the hope of life and loved ones she chose the former, which proved fatal. The funeral was from the Shiloh church and was very largely attended. Selections from Prov. 4, her favorite book of the Bible, were read, and sermon from 1 John 3: 2. Another loving wife and mother taken in her prime; another loyal Sabbath keeper and member of our church has been taken to the church above. We sympathize most deeply with the family.

E. B. S. WOODRUFF.—At Bridgeton, N. J., March 13, 1904, after a lingering illness with consumption, Mrs. Martha Sheppard Woodruff, aged 48 years, 11 months and 12 days.

She was the daughter of Stillman and Rebecca Ayars Sheppard, and was born March 25, 1855. On March 19, 1870, she united with the Shiloh church during the pastorate of Elder Gillette. She has remained faithful to her Sabbath and church even though living at Bridgeton for several years past. February 20, 1884, she was married to John W. Woodruff, of Shiloh. Three children have been born to them, all of whom are living, and with the husband mourn their great loss. Funeral services were in her home church, conducted by Rev. Mr. Aleyen of Bridgeton in the absence of her pastor. She loved her home church and Shiloh people, cherishing to the last, the hope of returning to live again with them. She died in the triumphs of faith.

**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.**

THIRD QUARTER.

July 2. The Kingdom Divided.....	I. Kings 12: 12-20
July 9. Jeroboam's Idolatry.....	I. Kings 12: 25-33
July 16. Aa's Good Reign.....	II. Chron. 14: 1-12
July 23. Jehoshaphat's Reform.....	II. Chron. 19: 1-11
July 30. Omri and Ahab.....	I. Kings 16: 23-33
Aug. 6. God Taking Care of Elijah.....	I. Kings 17: 1-16
Aug. 13. Obadiah and Elijah.....	I. Kings 18: 1-16
Aug. 20. Elijah on Mount Carmel.....	I. Kings 18: 30-46
Aug. 27. Elijah Discouraged.....	I. Kings 19: 1-8
Sept. 3. Elijah Encouraged.....	I. Kings 19: 9-18
Sept. 10. Elijah Taken Up into Heaven.....	II. Kings 2: 1-11
Sept. 17. Israel Reproved.....	Amos 5: 4-15
Sept. 24. Review.....	

**LESSON VII.—OBADIAH AND ELIJAH.**

LESSON TEXT.—I Kings 18: 1-16.

For Sabbath-day, Aug. 13, 1904.

Golden Text.—"I thy servant fear the Lord from my youth."—I Kings 18: 12.

**INTRODUCTION.**

The famine was sent upon the land of Israel not especially that the king and people might be punished for their sins, but that they might realize that Jehovah was powerful, and altogether unlike Baal. When now Israel has been chastened by the famine, it is fitting that the prophet should appear again to declare to the king that the drouth is ended by the same Power that caused it.

But Elijah is not content with making the king and people know that it is Jehovah that is the all-powerful One; he would have them turn unto Jehovah and worship him instead of Baal. Elijah is not merely a preacher; he is a reformer.

As Elijah had been sustained at the brook Cherith, and again by the miraculous supply of oil and meal at the home of the widow, he had been learning still more of God. As he had seen the son of the widow come back to life in his arms he had realized more vividly than before the loving kindness and mercy of God.

After these experiences he comes again to stand before Ahab. No more than formerly is he prepared to compromise with sin, but he is ready to proclaim mercy.

**TIME.**—Two years or so after last week's lesson.  
**PLACE.**—In the land of Israel. Probably the places of meeting with Ahab and Obadiah were not far from Samaria.

**PERSONS.**—Elijah, the prophet; Obadiah, the righteous servant of the king; Ahab, the wicked king.

- OUTLINE:**
1. Elijah Returns to the Land of Israel. v. 1, 2.
  2. Ahab and Obadiah Seek for Water. v. 3-6.
  3. Elijah Meets Obadiah. v. 7-15.
  4. Ahab Goes to Meet Elijah. v. 16.

**NOTES.**

1. *And it came to pass after many days.* That is, after the time when Elijah spoke to Ahab of the drouth, chap. 17:1. In the third year. There have been various conjectures to reconcile this statement with the reference in the New Testament to the effect that the drouth continued three years and six months. The discrepancy is however unimportant. *And I will send rain upon the earth.* Some interpreters insist that instead of "and I will" we should translate "that I may." It is apparent that Elijah was to show himself to Ahab before the rain came in order that he might understand that the rain was withheld by Jehovah, and sent by Jehovah.

2. *And the famine was sore in Samaria.* In the capital city and in the king's own household the famine was felt in its severity. This sentence introduces a parenthetical section which continues to the end of v. 6, and explains the circumstances at the time that Elijah came to seek an interview with Ahab.

3. *And Ahab called Obadiah who was over the household.* That is, he was chief steward of the king. This office is frequently mentioned in the Book of Kings, and the man who held it was evidently next in rank to the king. The name Obadiah is common in Scripture and means servant of Jehovah. His character corresponded to his name. We are to infer that

Ahab was not altogether carried away by Baal worship, and was not prejudiced against a faithful minister because he was a strict worshiper of Jehovah. Now Obadiah feared Jehovah greatly. That is, was sincere in his reverential fear. These words introduce a parenthesis extending to the end of v. 4.

4. *When Jezebel cut off the prophets of Jehovah.* We are to infer that Jezebel tried to suppress the worship of Jehovah, and to make Baal the chief god of the land. This attempt of Jezebel to slaughter all the adherents of Jehovah is alluded to in chap. 19:10, 14. The prophets here mentioned are evidently not conspicuous prophets like Elijah, but young men who belonged to the schools of the prophets, such as are mentioned in 2 Kings 2. *Did them by fifty.* This probably means fifty in one place and fifty in another. *With bread and water.* We may guess that he was unable to get better provision for them.

5. *Go through the land unto all the fountains, etc.* They would be more likely to find grass in the vicinity of the springs and brooks than anywhere else. The extremity was so great that the king feared lest he might lose all his horses and mules.

6. *And Ahab went one way by himself.* The king esteems this errand of such importance that he gives it his personal attention. We are not to understand that he went absolutely alone, but rather apart from Obadiah.

7. *And he knew him.* Very likely he was personally acquainted with him. At any rate he was familiar with the description of the man whom the king wished to be apprehended and brought to him. *And fell on his face.* In reverence to the prophet of Jehovah. *Is it thou? Better, Art thou here?* He is greatly surprised that the one who has eluded their search for years should be right there in plain sight, and evidently not trying to avoid the king's officer.

8. *It is I.* Or rather, "I am," if we translate the question as suggested above. *Tell thy lord.* That is, thy king.

9. *Wherein have I sinned, etc.* Obadiah seems to think that the prophet intends to punish him for some sin by sending him with such a message; for he thinks that the bearer of the message would be in great danger from the wrath of the king, since he expects that the prophet would not be there by the time that the king came. *To slay me.* The most natural thing for an Oriental monarch to do with a minister that has displeased him is to kill him.

10. *As Jehovah thy God liveth.* The formula of an oath. He speaks of God as the God of Elijah in order that the prophet may see that he gives him honor as the special representative of Jehovah. *There is no nation or kingdom, etc.* A slight hyperbole. Obadiah wished to say with great emphasis that Ahab had made a thorough search for Elijah, not only in his own dominions, but so far as he was able in the countries round about Israel.

12. *The Spirit of Jehovah will carry thee whither I know not.* Obadiah thought that Elijah had been concealed through the direct power of God, and he quite naturally feared that the same power might hide him again. *But I thy servant fear Jehovah from my youth.* Obadiah thinks that he does not really deserve such a fate as he expects will come upon him if he bears the message which Elijah asks him to take to the king.

13. *Was it not told my Lord, etc.* Obadiah would remind the prophet of the deed whereby his faithfulness to Jehovah had been strikingly shown. Probably he had preserved the prophets at no small risk to himself.

15. *Jehovah of hosts.* This name emphasizes the power of God. *Before whom I stand.* That is, whose minister I am. Elijah stood before Jehovah as the servants and officers of a king stood before their earthly master.

16. *So Obadiah went to meet Ahab.* He doubtless knew what direction the king had taken, and so could find him in a few hours. *And Ahab went to meet Elijah.* It is significant that the king does not require the prophet to come to him. He tacitly admits the pre-eminence of Jehovah by going down to seek an interview with his representative.

17. *Thou troubler of Israel.* Ahab looked upon Elijah as the troubler of Israel, because it had been through his word that the rain had been withheld. We are not to infer as King James' translators that Ahab was in doubt.

18. *Ye have forsaken the commandments of Je-*

*hovah.* This was the true cause of the present distress of Israel.  
19. *Gather to me all Israel at Mount Carmel.* He proposes a general assembly of the people. Even if we did not have the following paragraph we might guess that the purpose of this assembly was to consider the religious status of the nation.

**LIFE: NATURAL, SPIRITUAL.**  
BY CHAS. A. BURDICK.

The writer does not claim originality for the line of thought presented below. In the main, I am indebted to Professor Drummond's book, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." Yet I claim the thoughts as mine by years of mental digestion and assimilation, and present them here by way of emphasizing the necessity of a new birth as the one condition of entering the Kingdom of God, in opposition to the notion held by some, even by some professing Christians, that a man may grow into the Christian life by self-culture.

What life is no man knows. We see its manifestations in innumerable forms; but what it is in itself we do not know. Scientists by highest magnifying powers have sought to discover it, but have never found it, and never can; because, not being of material substance it can not be seen by the natural eye. There are two grand divisions of God's material universe separated on the boundary line of life. One we call the organic kingdom, the other the inorganic kingdom. The characteristic of the one is that it possesses life; of the other, that it has no life. Science teaches that the inorganic, or mineral kingdom, is made up of many simple elements, as oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and so on to the end of the list, and that these, in various combinations, make up the whole of our earth and its atmosphere. Not one of these elements has life, and no possible combination of them can evolve life. The theory of spontaneous generation of life from matter which a certain scientist thought he had proved, was overthrown by Professor Tyndall and others; and it is said that now scientists generally agree that life can only come from life. And yet, dead as the elements of the inorganic kingdom are, they can be born into the life of the organic kingdom by means of life coming down to them from the higher realm. Put into the ground a seed having a life germ so that it shall come in contact with the lifeless elements of the soil, and behold! by the magic touch of life in the germ they spring up into the world of light and life—oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, taking on the form of a rose or a lily, or the body of a graceful elm or sturdy oak, according to the order of the life in the germ. Last Sabbath, there were on the table beside the pulpit and on the organ vases of beautiful flowers. As I sat feasting my eyes on their loveliness, I thought, "And yet, a few days ago these beautiful flowers were but dead matter of the earth; what a wonderful thing is the life that wrought the change of gross matter into such lovely things of life!"

The organic kingdom is subdivided into the vegetable kingdom, possessing life but no sensation or power of voluntary motion, and the animal kingdom, having life, sensation and the power of voluntary motion, rising through many grades of life up to man who has the added power of reason with its kindred faculties. And, as no matter of the mineral kingdom can enter the vegetable kingdom except by the descent of life from the higher, so in like manner there can be no ascent from the vegetable into

the animal kingdom except through communication of life from the higher in the physiological process of digestion and assimilation.

Thus, we see in nature three kingdoms, separated by clearly marked boundary lines. And while there are constantly transitions of matter from lower to higher, it is through the operation of this constant law—there can be no entrance into a higher kingdom except by receiving life from above. And when we see how life, reaching down into earth, can take hold of its dead matter and raise it from one grade of life to another until it appears in beautiful womanhood and noble manhood, we are led to say again, how wonderful is life! But here natural life reaches the limit of its power. There is still a higher kingdom, a kingdom not of this world—the kingdom of God; and the life of that kingdom is spiritual life.

Here we find that the same law holds as in the kingdoms below: no one can enter it except through life from above. Jesus enunciates this law in the words: "Except a man be born anew (Revised Version) he can not see the kingdom of God." "Except a man be born of the Spirit he can not enter into the kingdom of God." An unregenerate man has only the natural life received in natural birth. As to the kingdom of God he is dead—destitute of the life of that kingdom. Can a dead man raise himself to life? As well might the widow's son awaken into life and rise from his bier without the life-giving word of Jesus as a man "dead in trespasses and sins" awaken into spiritual life by self-culture. Jesus said, "Except ye eat the flesh of the son of man and drink his blood"—receive the life he brought to them by his death,—"ye have no life in you." John says, "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son hath not life." He also speaks of love for the brethren as an evidence that we have passed from death unto life.

This passing from death unto life is the new birth. Nicodemus was puzzled by Jesus' words about being born anew. But Jesus made him understand that he was not speaking of a natural, but of a spiritual birth. "That which is born of the flesh, (physical birth) is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." An unregenerate man may have an exuberance of physical life and be in complete accord with his worldly environment, but he is utterly dead as to the kingdom of God. He has not the life of that kingdom, and so cannot enter into it except he be born again. It is a sad mistake he makes who overlooks this truth. It is dangerous to cavil at the doctrine of a new birth because he can not understand its process." The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the voice thereof, but knowest not whence it cometh and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The Spirit will do his own work. Man can not do it. It is his part to repent and believe, and the rest will be done as surely as Jesus is true—as surely as He is love.

It is painfully evident that many get into the church without having been born again. The church not being able to know the heart may make mistakes in the reception of candidates. But as to the kingdom of God man can not enter without a new life, and that life must come from above, through the Spirit.

Remember the date of Conference.

**TIMELY WARNING.**

A novelist who was giving a lecture on the characteristics and surroundings of the class of people with whom some of his books deal, noticed a disapproving face in the front row of listeners. It was the face of an elderly Scotchman, and at the close of the lecture the man waited upon the speaker.

"Sir," he said slowly, after a solemn shake of the lecturer's hand, "I've read all your books up to this, and liked them fairly. Man, you wouldna gie up writing and tak' to speaking to get your living, would ye?"

"No, indeed," said the lecturer, soberly. "You think it would be unwise, don't you?"

"It would be sae great a mistake that I felt I must tell ye ma thought as an honest man," said the Scotchman, with great earnestness. "I said to myself, 'He may need just a word to set him right, and I'll not deny it to him.' There was aye o' your books I found a bit dull, but as I listened to ye to-night, I said to myself, 'Twas na so dull as it might ha' been, that book, after all.'"

**HARDLY ACCURATE.**

She had returned with an M. D. from a university after her name, and had been elected to the chair of English Literature in a small local college. On the day before the session opened the president was explaining to her the duties of her place. "In addition to your work in English literature," he said, with apologetic hesitation, "I should like you to take the Junior and Senior classes in elocution, and also assume charge of the physical culture."

"Is there no teacher of elocution?" asked Miss Jones.

"Well, no; not at present."  
"And who has charge of the physical training?"

"To tell the truth we have no teacher as yet. You perhaps noticed in the catalogue that those two departments were 'to be supplied.'"

"And I was elected to the chair of English Literature—"

"Yes," the president answered, gloomily.  
But he was reassured by her winning smile. "I will take the work and do what I can with it, Dr. Smith," she said brightly; "but why didn't you write me at first that the 'chair' was a settee?"—*Harper's Magazine.*

**"I CAN'T DRAW GLORY."**

A teacher went out one day with one of her pupils to do some sketching. The little girl she took with her was about ten years of age, and quite skillful with her brush.

When the day was nearly over, the teacher looked at the sky, where the sun was setting.

"Try to make a picture of that sunset," said the teacher to her pupil.

The little girl looked at the beautiful sight in the heavens, and then she turned to her teacher and said: "I can't draw glory."

It was a bright answer made by that little child. It is God who has painted the sunset sky, and there is no human skill that can draw the glory which He has created.

Miss Josephine Ponce de Leon, a lineal descendant of the discoverer of Florida, has entered a convent at Albany.

**FOR SALE.**

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**Special Notices.**

**NOTICE.**—The annual meeting of the churches of Iowa will convene with the Carlton Church at Garwin, Iowa, Sept. 2, 1904, beginning at 10:30 a. m. The officers are: Moderator, Louis A. Van Horn; secretary, Bernice F. Furrow. Introductory sermon: Rev. D. C. Lippincott. Essayists from Garwin: Marshall Haskell, Alice Knight, Nora Lippincott. From Welton: Olin Arrington, Ida Rogers, Archie Hurlley. From Vinton: Mrs. U. D. Kennan. From Marion, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Shanklin, Mrs. Mary Mentzer. As this annual meeting convenes the following Sabbath after Conference, we cordially invite all who can to stop on their way home from Conference.

J. H. LIPPINCOTT,  
Sec. protem.

THE next session of the General Conference will be held at Nortonville, Kansas, Aug. 24-29, 1904.

THE Bigfoot Academy Reunion to be held on the old school grounds, Wednesday, Aug. 10, 1904, Walworth, Wis.  
JOSIE HIGBEE, Sec.  
WALWORTH, WIS., July 7, 1904.

BLANKS for reports to Conference have been sent to all the churches, as their names appear in last year's minutes. If, for any reason, any of these have failed to reach the proper hands, please notify the Secretary, and additional blanks will be sent. It is earnestly requested that this matter receive prompt attention. It is impossible to make a satisfactory report of the churches, unless the individual reports are in the hands of the Secretary by the very first of August. Please give this immediate and careful attention.  
L. A. PLATTS, Cor. Sec.

MILTON, WIS.

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 Moync Building on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed.  
W. D. WILCOX, Pastor,  
516 W. Monroe St.

THE First Seventh-day Baptists Church of New York City has discontinued its Sabbath services for the summer. Services will be resumed on Sabbath-day, Sept. 3, next.

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# THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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

VOLUME 60. No. 32.

AUGUST 8, 1904.

WHOLE No. 3102.

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A. H. Lewis, D. D. LL. D., Editor.  
John Hiscox, Business Manager.

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In 1909 Salem College will have been in existence twenty years.

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It is proposed to lay the corner stone of such a building not later than the opening of the fall term of 1904. To that end this fund is started. It is to be kept in trust and, to be used only for the purposes above specified.

It is earnestly hoped that every lover of true education, within West Virginia and without, will be responsive to this great need and contribute to this fund in order that a suitable building may be erected.

The names of the contributors will be published from time to time in "Good Tidings," the "Salem Express," and the "Sabbath Recorder." Subscriptions are received by the secretary of the college.

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**T**HE OLD MAN.

I like the German word that means the *old*, Their *alt* from which ours came, because it shows More clear the meaning that one seldom knows, Drawn from the Roman mine of verbal gold. Now from the Latin "*altus*" see unfold The beauty of the term which man bestows Upon the aged; on whose head the snows Of years are resting; in whose lives are rolled Years of experience. For *alt* means high, Like *altitude*. So, *old* is high, or near To heaven and to God; and the old man Is like a mountain-top. He has passed by The lowly things of earth, and with no fear, White-crowned, the Infinite of God doth scan.

—The Independent.

**T**HE history of denominations, Denominational parties, and nations, illustrates the Zeal and Unity, fact that strength, growth and success depend on the individualism which takes possession of the organization. Without this, there is no adequate coherence, no guiding and inspiring spirit. Instead of the French conception *esprit du corps*, we prefer the "Spirit of the Clan," using clan in the best sense of that word, a word which grew from the idea of the family. It is the idea of brotherhood of the church. But the family idea should be added to the somewhat loose conception which the ordinary definition of Christian brotherhood is likely to carry. This spirit of the clan embodies the conception of a closely knit body, a family with one great purpose, for the accomplishment of which a definite spirit prevades, unites and guides. In the heading above, we use "zeal" to combine the ideas of force, clanship, brotherhood and purpose. Nothing gives unity and that immeasurable power which exist in unity, except spirit. Organizations can be created from without, by charters, constitutions, creeds, and the like, but they are of little value unless made alive by the true Spirit of the Clan, the zeal of genuine brotherhood. The larger the purpose, and the more important the mission of an organization, the greater need there is for the highest and best Spirit of the Clan, the most fervent and genuine denominational zeal.

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**A**S our denominational household is about to gather for the annual home-coming, thoughts touching this Denominational Spirit should be uppermost in all hearts. First and foremost is the deep conviction that we exist for a purpose so vital and valuable that the keenest and most consecrated zeal is needed for its accomplishment. A just conception concerning that purpose will create zeal, burning zeal.

zeal which must result in action. As we write, the Rhode Island Yacht Club is anchoring half a mile away. Boats of all sizes are there. Boats that move by sails, by steam, and by both; boats small and boats large. They are all gay and resplendent with flags, but above all others, each boat flies the Club Ensign. Other boats are in the bay. These come and go, but none anchor with the fleet which can not rightfully carry the Ensign of the Club. Seventh-day Baptists come and go with other Christians, join in work and in hope with them, but among all these we carry the Ensign of God's Sabbath which Christ honored and redeemed from formalism and unsabbatic burdens, that it might fill a most needful place in the kingdom of God among men. Our largest conceptions concerning the place and work to which God has assigned us, yet fall below what He seeks at our hands. Our devotion to that work is yet too weak, our aims too narrow. Each year brings new demands and new opportunities, and ought to bring increasing zeal and new victories. If such zeal, with corresponding efforts does not come, there is proof that we are unappreciative and negligent. To be languid or indifferent to our work, in times like these, is to invite weakness, and fall into evil. The opportunities and demands which call to us and surround us ought to awaken such zeal, and bring such unity, as have not existed heretofore. In old-time phrase, "Yesterday's manna is not enough for to-day's food." The zeal of last year must be increased if next year's calls are well and fully met. Japanese patriotism is making Japanese armies irresistible. Far higher in purpose, zeal and spirit than any National patriotism our denominational zeal should carry us toward larger work, holier living, and sanctified zeal. Pastors, you who lead the clans of our family in Christ, see to it that you fail not in efforts to create such zeal, as these days demand.

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**T**HE RECORDER does not attempt to present news in detail concerning the Japanese-Russian conflict, but we seek to call attention to the larger and more far-reaching elements and issues which enter into it. Great as the unknown results of the conflict may be, it is too early to prophecy much concerning them. Probably Japan will win. But the internal state of Russia is one of the largest factors in the larger question. At the opening of the war we called attention to the elements of weakness in the great Russian Empire. As time goes on these elements come into view more clearly. Poland, Finland, and the Caucasian peoples—Georgians

and Armenians,—are scething in unrest and elements of open revolution. The cruelty and injustice of the government has created anti-governmental parties, which are gaining in strength, numbers and boldness. All Siberia has been a pent-up power for evil to the government for a long time, which only waits favorable opportunity for discord and open rebellion. The Socialists, the Popular League and the Liberals Party, represent such discontent, such consciousness of long-standing injustice at the hands of the Czar and his advisors, as make the nation a latent powder magazine, stored with waiting explosives, eager for the lighted match, which means unmeasured ruin. In many respects, Russia's worst foes are within herself, not in the strong, facile fighting Japanese. Russia dare not withdraw her armies from the scores of danger centers at home, in order to enlarge her forces in Manchuria. Sooner or later, whatever the results of the struggle with Japan, Czardom, as it has existed in the past, is doomed. The present war, like a new disease germ in a body, already poisoned will so change the order of things that the Russia of history is already a thing of the past. It will fall, or pass through such modifications as will make for greater liberty and justice, even if these are gained through revolution and anarchy. The old Eastern Question, enlarged and intensified, is coming to the front with new power and permanency. Just now Russia and Japan are the storm center, but the larger zone takes in China, Thibet, India and our own Island dependencies in the East.

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WHEN we remember that philosophy and religion throughout the world's history have been of Oriental origin, it seems certain, that present tendencies will have a marked effect on the metaphysical and religious tendencies of the next century. The great religious systems of the East, represented by Buddhism and its associate groups, are permanent forces in the world. How much these will modify religious and social questions in America and England remains to be seen, but one risks little in saying that their influence on Christianity as it exists in Teutonic, Russian and Anglo-Saxon countries, will be much greater than the casual, or careless observer thinks. That these systems—Buddhism, Confucianism, etc.—will give definite shape and color to all Christian thought in the Orient, no one can doubt. By the end of the present century, the religious, philosophical and social characteristics of the world will have gathered results flowing from the changes now inaugurated by the war in the East; of which we