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AUGUST 8, 1904.

WHOLE No. 3102.

THE OLD MAN. I like the German word that means the old, Their all from which ours came, because it shows More clear the meaning that one seldom knows, Drawn from the Roman mine of verbal gold.

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.

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.

THE 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.

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 be met, in times like these, is to invite weakness, and fall into evil.

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.

As our denominational household is about to gather for the annual home-coming, thoughts touching this Denominational Spirit should be uppermost in all hearts.

THE 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.

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.

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have had little or no conception. He has studied history, and the tendencies of human thought, to little account, who questions this.

date or authorship. Men who have not the facilities nor the training requisite to the study of Higher Criticism at first hand, may be assured that the fundamental ground for confidence in the Bible, as God's Word and for faith in Christ, remain undisturbed by Higher Criticism.

A New Rubber Plant. The great demand for rubber and the high price which controls the market—medium grade costing seventy cents a pound—gives added importance to the announcement that the "rabbit bush," a weed hitherto deemed worthless, which grows wild on the high and arid lands of Colorado, yields a fine quality of rubber gum, which can be produced for twenty-five cents a pound.

THE RECORDER makes no attempt to give special attention to Higher Criticism, but we are anxious to assure our readers that much useless fear may be aroused for want of proper understanding and correct definition.

SOME things which are intended to deceive bring good to foolish people who are prone to get something for nothing, whenever they can. Blessings in Disguise. For example, "A sure cure for drunkenness" is advertised for one dollar.

STARTING with low standards and false definitions, it is easy to fill life with failures. Seen in the true light, failures are few among those who honestly seek best things. Real success and actual riches depend upon what men are, more than upon what they possess, on what they attempt, more than what they complete.

the cross, and his body went into a borrowed tomb his enemies and friends said, "How sad a failure." The greatness of his success will be unmeasured even when eternity has grown old. Failure consists in not trying to do what God wills, and to make the most and the best of yourself where you are.

To be of use, good for something, to bring some good to pass, these are success; not to do thus is failure. Better raise cabbage that is good than preach sermons no one cares to hear. It is not failure to do that which the careless world does not commend.

THE crusade against ice dealers in Philadelphia, under the Sunday law of Pennsylvania, which we gave some account of a few weeks ago, has collapsed, as it ought to do.

the ground that everybody might keep in his house a tank large enough to hold all the water required for household use over Sunday.

FOUR HOURS AT SEA.

It was a bright July morning. A steamboat filled with passengers from Norwich, New London and other places in Connecticut drew up at the long wharf, and a hundred or two passengers came on shore.

There were three in our party, who watched this on-shore coming. One writes "Mc" when he signs his name, and enjoys a joke as any "Heiland Mon" would on his native heather on the Grampian Hills.

"THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS." This is the ship of pearl, which poets feign, Sails the unshadowed main,— The venturous bark that flings

"A SHORE DINNER." Did you ever eat one? It is as definite and complete an unity, in variety, as logical in all its parts and relations, as "Mc's" theology or one of "—ford's" sermons.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee, Child of the wandering sea, Cast from her lap, forlorn!

vance. After "Mc" began to "dish out" the chowder at the request of a Block Island girl, who bore in the repast in its order, theology was retired for a season.

Block Island has fine farms and massive stone fences. It is almost treeless. The Atlantic frets all its rock-edged shores, showers it with salt-laden spray, and whelms it with impenetrable mists when dog days come in, panting and perspiring.

When the writer passed Block Island, some years ago, he saw several nautili sailing near the shore. Those who have seen only the empty shells have little idea of the gracefulness of these pearly ships of the summer seas.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl; Wrecked is the ship of pearl; And every chambered cell,

Year after year beheld the silent toil That spread his lustrous coil; Still, as the spiral grew,

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul, As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past! Let each new temple, nobler than the last, Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,

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Addition to Permanent Fund: Bequest of Mary S. Stillman, late of Plainfield, N. J., 250 00 E. & O. E. F. J. HUBBARD, Treas. PLAINFIELD, N. J., Aug. 3, 1904.

THE MINISTRY AND COMMERCIALISM.

WE live in the most intensely commercial age the world has ever known. The mad rush for wealth absorbs the mental energies and the nerve forces. Money-getting has become the ruling passion. This resistless tidal-wave beats on every shore.

On the other hand, this great absorption of mental power in worldly activities draws the mind and affections from the abiding and eternal realities that pertain to the kingdom of God. It is leading men to seek first the kingdom of mammon and its unrighteousness, to which the kingdom and righteousness of God can not be added, for lack of affinity.

without an anchorage. The great majority of church members are women and children. The question of finance obtrudes itself before every mind with such telling effect that the supply of ministers in every denomination is far below the needs.

At the threshold of the ministerial profession every young man, who contemplates making it his life-work must face the problem about as follows:

1st. Business opens hundreds of doors of opportunity and extends myriads of beckoning hands, inviting to success in its many busy fields. Business callings will accept him into service several years earlier in life than the ministry can, and they will retain him several years after the minister is usually superannuated. A graduate from a High School may take six months or a year in a business college and then claim to be prepared for his place. The Theological student must take a four-year College course after the High School, then a three or four-year professional course, frequently adding other work, in order to be thoroughly equipped and up-to-date in his field of labor. This difference means much to the young man full of life and longings for conquest in the field of achievement. As the war-horse champs his bit and scents the battle at the first call of the bugle, so the young man becomes as restive. When he is sufficiently advanced to receive frequent offers of lucrative positions, and his companions are going to such places, he feels the pressure. Not a few have abandoned their purpose of entering the ministry at this turn of the road and changed their life-plans, entering business pursuits instead. Students who are working their way through College, strenuously battling against poverty, feel this. The temptation overcomes many. They drop the struggle, take a short business course and accept the comfortable salary proffered. The poverty, the College "grind," the long years of working, and waiting are thus avoided, and there is much more money in it.

2d. Half a century ago the pastor was authority and court of last appeal for his congregation, on nearly or quite all the perplexing problems of life. Church membership could not be reached except through him. His decisions were accepted without question. To-day, the majority of test questions that come before his people for settlement are decided without his counsel, and not infrequently without his knowledge.

3d. Every faithful pastor of a church of any considerable size, puts in many more hours in a week, of the most intense, brain-racking, and nerve-consuming work, than the average man in other callings; yet, regardless of his most faithful labors, caseless anxieties, and cares for the welfare of his people, there is still the impression widely held, that he leads an easy, care-free life—many thinking his a lazy life. These facts grate harshly on the nerves of ambitious young men.

4th. The question of salary in other callings is based on the value of the employee to the business. With the pastor, it is too frequently settled on the question, "What is the least you can live on?" In other lines of activity skilled labor is liberally remunerated, while the minister's salary is seldom but little above that of the unskilled laborer who may be almost destitute of education, while the minister has spent thou-

sands of dollars and seven or eight years of hard work above the High School in completing his. He stands confronted with this fact, yet he is expected to support his family in approved style, and educate his children equal with the best. His wife's gown and hat are severely criticized if not up to modern notions in quality and style. He must be educated up to date, and must dress equal with the foremost in his profession. He must frequently add to his library and continually have the most approved periodicals on his study table. He must be the public servant, prepared to do all sorts of gratuitous services as occasions may arise. Still it is claimed that his is a "high calling" and must be attended with a full consecration and held above financial considerations. If he demands a certain amount for his services, as men in other callings do, he is called selfish and grasping.

Men in business may legally settle "old scores" by paying a few cents on a dollar and then go into business again. The clergyman can not go into bankruptcy. His debts are never forgiven, never forgotten, and must be settled by paying one hundred cents on a dollar. Should he attempt any other mode of settlement his influence as a minister is gone forever. Yet he is expected to hold his calling above financial considerations, and to possess a sufficient amount of the grace of God in his heart to keep him humble enough to take the wages of an unskilled laborer for his ceaseless services, and be thankful for the privilege of experiencing apostolic poverty.

5th. In earlier days the minister was looked upon with high regard and the ministry as a high and holy calling. To-day, in certain quarters, especially by worldly people, he is looked upon much as a menial, and his calling as very inferior. To the young man thinking of entering the ministry, too often it means about this: "Considering all the financial disadvantages, the financial embarrassments, and the humiliation required in the calling, and on the other hand the great advantages offered in business life, the young man who enters the ministry to-day is lacking in good every-day common sense." To give additional emphasis, the models held up before his mind are not as they were a third of a century ago. Then they were the devoted College President, the large-hearted philanthropist, the profound scholar, the self-forgetful missionary, the consecrated preacher of the Divine Word. To-day, by the fireside, through the press, from the pulpit the achievements of the "Captains of industry" are held before him as the great patterns worthy of his emulation.

Under these conditions is it surprising that commercialism has invaded the Church and in part paralyzed her forces, turning her young men away from the doors of the ministry? This is not a rose-tinted picture. Is it not high time that we look these hard facts squarely in the face? They can not be excused or explained away. They are here and before us.

6th. It requires full consecration, a sense of duty, a love for souls, a love for the Master's work, a soul set on fire from the flaming altars of God, and an unmistakable call from the Heavenly Shepherd of souls to induce a young man to face these conditions and run the gauntlet of unfriendly criticism and prejudiced comment, and enter a life-work in which he can not expect to meet with full acknowledgment of his

worth, with not more than from one-tenth to one-quarter as much remuneration as he could command in the financial world, with the fact continually before him that in all probability his years of active life will be greatly shortened, for the minister is usually superannuated at a time when his developed abilities and experience make him of the most value to the cause he represents.

This article is not written in an unfriendly and critical spirit, but that we may see facts as they exist. Brothers in Jesus, parents, brothers in the ministry, as we look over the ministry of our denomination, so dear to us, in view of the places so recently made vacant by the call of workers to the home of rewards, by the graves of the fallen workers scarcely yet grown green, by the calls from needy fields and open doors of opportunity at home, and in far distant lands, may we not be led to pray in deepest humility, with most earnest zeal, and unwavering faith to the "Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest," for "they are white already to the harvest."

The pressing need of the Church of to-day is for young men who will give due heed to the urgent needs of fellowtoilers whose lost souls are gone astray and are bewildered in the overwhelming worldliness of our time; young men who drink in the full import of our Saviour's words: "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me," though that path does not lead to ease, wealth, or flattering remarks from worldly-wise onlookers.

NORTONVILLE, KANS., July 20, 1904.

COMMENCEMENT AT MILTON. No commencement in recent years at old Milton has been so significant as that of 1904. The exercises were of great power and dignity, from the opening sermon before the Christian Association by Rev. T. J. Van Horn to the Alumni banquet and the President's Reception the evening of Commencement Day, June 30. The Baccalaureate Sermon was preached by the President Sunday evening, June 26, from the text, Luke 11: 42, and was a strong appeal for a broad and liberal culture. The School of Music graduated a large number of students of ability, showing that this department has made a marked advance step. The graduates from the Academy showed more than usual ability in their orations, and the large class of eleven is a good sign for the next college year. The graduating class from the college is smaller than usual, being but three in number: Hartley Har-rad Thompson Jackson, B. S., specializing in biology; Jesse Garfield Maxon, B. S., specializing in geology and related subjects; and Howard Clifford Stewart, B. S., a young man of great promise. The sessions of the literary societies were of more than usual excellence. The annual concert of the School of Music was one such as could with difficulty be heard outside of a metropolitan concert-room.

The chief address on commencement day was delivered by President Samuel Plantz, D. D., Ph. D., of Lawrence University, a student of Milton College in former days. But the most significant event of the day, as of the whole week, was the laying of the corner-stone of the "Whitford Memorial Hall," which took place at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. This event was felt by all present to be a decisive one in the history of the institution. The erection of this

building is so important that we print the statement made by W. H. Ingham to the Alumni Association, at the meeting directly following the laying of the corner-stone. Work on this building is now going forward as rapidly as the means admit:

On the 30th day of May two events occurred in Milton that were of more than common interest; the one was the celebration of the Memorial services in honor of the soldier dead, the other was the actual beginning of the building in memory of the president dead.

If the former services were more generally observed with greater interest in the story of the deeds of those who gave their lives to our nation, no less eventful, though almost unobserved, was the quiet beginning of the work that shall commemorate the name and memory of him who gave his long full life to Milton College, its beloved president, William C. Whitford.

The form of this memorial is the new building for the Sciences and for library uses that is now being erected upon the campus, and to be known as Whitford Memorial Hall, in memory both of him who was its head and inspiration for nearly fifty years and of his strong, though quiet co-worker, whose services the Institution continues to enjoy, his brother, Professor Albert Whitford.

WHITFORD MEMORIAL HALL.

The demand, the pressing need of such a building, was long ago felt by those in charge of the Science departments, and it was the fond hope of President Whitford that he might live to see the fulfillment of his desire, but sufficient funds were never in sight to warrant the actual undertaking at an earlier date.

Three years ago, however, in response to a general feeling that the time to help Milton College has now come, friends of the Institution raised largely in its vicinity nearly five thousand dollars, and paid off its entire indebtedness.

President Whitford's death following soon after left a feeling unsatisfied by merely freeing the College of debt, and that the long desire of his heart should now be fulfilled in the immediate erection of the building so urgently needed for the Sciences.

At the Commencement in 1902 the Alumni Association, which by the way includes not graduates only, but those who were students here in years gone by, took the matter in hand and with much enthusiasm and unanimity pledged itself to secure sufficient funds to erect the Memorial building, at the same time appointing a committee to do this work.

One year ago the promise was made that the corner stone should be laid at this Commencement, which promise has been kept.

THE BUILDING.

The building that is being erected upon the Campus somewhat to the east and to the rear of the Chapel on a level place, leaves the larger portion of the Campus undisturbed.

In size the structure is quite similar to the Chapel, being forty-two feet wide east and west and ninety feet long.

It will be built of Wisconsin brick, two and one half stories high, with good sized rooms in the upper half story for the two men's Society rooms, each room being about twenty by forty feet.

This arrangement will, for the first time in their history, provide distinct lyceum rooms de-

voted expressly to the uses and needs of the Orophilian and Philomathean Societies, which for years have held their sessions in the Davis and Greenman rooms in the Chapel.

Through the center of the building will be built a fire proof wall, so that the library, which is to occupy the ground floor front in a room the size of the present chapel, will be practically safe against destruction by fire, as the heating apparatus is to be located in the basement in the rear.

Immediately above the library on the second floor are the rooms of the department of Biology, and Natural History, giving excellent light and ample accommodations for work and for the fine collection of Professor A. R. Crandall, the eminent scientist at the head of this department.

The south half, separated by a wide hall extending through the building with entrances at either end, is to be divided into a good sized recitation and laboratory room on each floor, that of the department of Physics on the first floor, and that of Chemistry on the second floor, thus affording excellent facilities for exact work in these Sciences, which are now recognized as among the most prominent in Collegiate work.

COST OF THE BUILDING.

Complete plans of the building are furnished by Mr. C. C. Chipman of New York, a friend of the school, who gratuitously does this work.

Knowing that the Institution would neither be warranted in erecting an expensive structure, nor have occasion for a pretentious building, the plans call for a modest, substantial structure well adapted to present demands and future needs at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars.

The library floor being only one step above the ground level, it is hoped that its easy access and excellent conveniences will make it quite generally used by the people of the town as well as the students.

It may not be commonly known that the present library in its cramped quarters has above seven thousand volumes of standard works, beside the leading journals and magazines, to which new volumes are added as rapidly as circumstances warrant. It is fondly hoped that some arrangement can be made, or some special fund will be given, the annual income of which will yield at least three hundred dollars for this purpose.

The committee on securing funds, giving as much time as it has been able, already has cash and notes of five thousand dollars, just one-third the total amount needed. At the same time it is its pleasure to state that a loyal well-wisher of the College has pledged five thousand dollars better to equip the science departments, just as soon as the building is ready for occupancy, a portion of this fund has already been received.

It is the belief of those having the matter in hand that a second five thousand can soon be secured, and that the dedication of the building may be held in connection with the Commencement exercises next year, and its actual occupancy take place at the opening of the school year of 1905-6.

No pleasanter prospect immediately awaits Milton College than that the long hoped for building with its modern up-to-date equipments may become a reality in the coming year.

THE FINANCES.

Milton College has a productive endowment somewhat exceeding one hundred thousand dol-

lars cash invested largely in first mortgages. This sum forms the nucleus of its income which with tuition and special objects yields about ten thousand dollars a year.

With the completion and the maintenance of the new building it is recognized that additional funds must be secured to better carry on the enlarged work.

It is not only the hope but the belief of the trustees that Milton's Alumni and old friends of other days will come to its support this time to the extent of at least fifty thousand dollars to add to its present endowment and that in a few years its endowment may be two hundred thousand dollars instead of one hundred thousand.

Already pledges conditional on the early completion of the new Science building have been made, so that it is of much concern that sufficient funds are early secured to hasten the completion of the work.

While Milton College has its limitations in the way of meager endowments, it is nevertheless rich in the good will and love of its hundreds of Alumni, a valuable asset on which it now hopes to realize.

The long life work of the man who gave fifty years to the Institution is a heritage rich in possibilities for its vigorous growth and greater efficiency.

It is to that large number of men and women, scattered here and there, who in days gone by were cheered and inspired to a larger life by the hopeful presence of President William C. Whitford, that the Institution now turns for generous response.

Fifteen thousand dollars is not a large sum but Milton College long ago learned the lesson of making a little mean much, and with that little to offer large returns to the young men and to the young women who seek a school that makes for practical attainment and Christian culture.

STATISTICS OF NORTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

The following figures, which were not available at the close of the session at Milton Junction, have been forwarded to THE RECORDER by the Corresponding Secretary of the Association, L. T. Rogers. The next session of the North-Western Association will be held at Farina, Ill., "On Fifth-day before the third Sabbath of June, 1905." It will open on the 15th day of the month. The statistics are as follows:

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount/Number. Includes rows for baptisms, dismissions, deaths, salaries, and total amount raised.

TO RECORDER SUBSCRIBERS.

Because of a change in mailing methods and the rush of work, dates have not been changed recently on Recorder labels. The dates mean nothing now, and will be removed entirely when the new system is complete. Receipts are sent to all subscribers who have remitted subscriptions.

ticle of snow. Then, taking off his artiga, he sits nude to the waist, chatting until bedtime. Bedtime is any hour when the elders of the household feel like going to bed.—*Harper's Round Table.*

Our Reading Room.

WALWORTH.—We have enjoyed a very helpful quarterly meeting, which began on Sixth-day night, with brief sermon and social service by Pastor T. J. Van Horn. There was a good delegation from other churches, and this made sure of good audience to begin the series.

On Sabbath morning a change of program was made necessary by taking the time for the Mrs. Winchell funeral. In the afternoon we had sermons by Pastor O. S. Mills and Pres. W. C. Daland, the latter speaking upon "The Spirit of True Sabbath-keeping." He made out very forcibly that it should be a delight and not a burden.

Prof. Edwin Shaw, at the evening service, chose a very practical theme concerning justice and honesty in general business affairs.

At 10 o'clock on First-day morning, an hour was taken for our "Ministerial Conference" usually held on Sixth-day afternoon. We had five or six times as good an audience as we have been having at the other times. Pastors G. J. Crandall and T. J. Van Horn had been asked to lead in the subjects assigned for the hour. After their brief addresses, some general remarks from the audience took up what time remained.

At the hour for the preaching service Rev. J. A. Platts, as substitute for his father, gave a very forcible and instructive sermon concerning the enduring power and truth of the Bible as God's word.

The usual place was given to the program of the C. E. Union in the afternoon, with good program and attendance.

Some of our people who have not been attending Sabbath services came out to hear the truth. We hope and pray that such have, with all, received lasting benefit. M. G. S.

MARLBORO, N. J.—Our church and congregation have scarcely recovered from the shock of Eld. Mills' death. The news of his injuries, his death and the summons of Mrs. Mills and the children to Dodge Centre, Minn., followed each other in quick succession, so that at almost one blow we realized we had lost our dearly loved and highly respected pastor and must also part with his wife and children, who also had won warm places in our hearts.

Our people did all that sympathizing hearts could do for the grief-stricken family, and while we miss them, we are yet glad for them that they are among their own loved ones.

On Sabbath afternoon, July 16, most beautiful and appropriate memorial services were held at the Marlboro Church. These services were conducted by Rev. E. B. Saunders and Pres. B. C. Davis. To them, and to the Shiloh choir, who under their leader, Walton E. Davis, furnished beautiful music our church feels deeply grateful. An extended account of the service has been published in THE RECORDER.

Eld. Saunders is royally helping us to sustain our church appointments and we ask the prayers of the denomination that each one of us may take up bravely the added responsibilities which have come to us. E. F. D.

FOUKE, ARK.—A report of the Fouke school is again in order, as we have now completed another school year of eight months, or three terms of eleven weeks each. School opened Nov. 9, 1903, with a registration of sixteen pupils. As the busy season became a thing of the past, more found time to give their attention to an education; gradually the enrollment was increased to thirty-six. With this number of pupils—ages ranging from five to twenty-one years—it seemed necessary that some system of grading the school should be attempted, that all might do better work. This would also be a source of encouragement to the pupils to continue in school until they had finished a course, consequently the school was divided into eight grades. Had classes, during the fore part of the year, in the first, third, fourth, sixth and eighth grades, with promotions later on, from the fourth to the fifth, grade. With the irregularity in attendance on the part of a number of pupils—one of the discouraging features of the school work here—it has been impossible to grade the school to the best advantage, and there is yet room for improvement in this line.

Higher grades will be added in the future, when Rev. G. H. F. Randolph finds it convenient to build another room or two to the school-building, and when two or three good teachers can be procured to carry on the work. Then, also, will we feel able to admit into the school all who wish to enter, instead of refusing many, as we have had to do this year and last on account of lack of accommodations. With the school room and the teachers, it will not be necessary to advertise for scholars. There is already a large number here ready to enter school when the doors are thrown open to them.

A small number of First-day pupils have been in attendance this year. These have paid a tuition of \$3, \$3.50 or \$4 per term of eleven weeks, according to the grade to which they belonged. Money received in this way was handed over to the teacher to be used, so Mrs. Randolph said, for "pin money." It has amounted to considerably more however, than she (the teacher) has used for pins.

The period between the busy season of the fall and the time when spring work must be taken up is very short, so the boy who has to help in the field has only three or four months in school—just time enough to have learned how to get down to hard study—when he must drop school work, not to take it up again for the next eight months perhaps. This is a very serious drawback to those who are anxious for an education; yet one for which we know of no remedy. One industrious boy kept up with his class in two branches of study, after leaving school, by studying "between times" and reciting in the evening after a hard day's labor in the field. Such industry is quite characteristic of the Fitz Randolphs.

We have been encouraged by the addition to our numbers of three families, who have moved into our community during the year that the children might be in school. Are looking for more in the future. C. E. N.

Don't wait for great things; for while you wait the door to the little ones may close.

Mrs. Amanda W. Reed, recently deceased, provided in her will for the founding in Portland, Ore., of an institution similar to Cooper Union.

THE SAINT LAWRENCE AND THE SAGUENAY.

Rev. Wm. C. O'Donnell, writing for the *Christian Advocate*, (New York), describes a trip down the Saint Lawrence, and up the Saguenay, in a manner which stirs one's blood, and awakens pleasant memories. We give a part of his story. It has the true vacation flavor, notwithstanding its tale of mishap and dangers:

Quebec! "Sentinel City of the Saint Lawrence," "Monarch of the North," "Gibraltar of America"—Aptly described by Henry Ward Beecher as "a populated cliff. Of all cities on the continent of America the quaintest." Old Quebec, battle-scarred giant of the Western world, having seen more war than any other city in our hemisphere! Gleaming gloriously in the sunlight of the peaceful morning arose the historic rock where reigns the mighty fortress and over which seem to linger the shades of strong men of other generations—Champlain, Frontenac, Wolfe, Montcalm, Montgomery. Down near the river is a mediæval city, queer old homes, ancient roofs and chimneys, narrow streets, in significant contrast to modern styles. Ascend to the far-famed Dufferin Terrace—on Atlantic City board-walk in mid-air. Hats off! The cooling breezes bring benediction to the brow and health to the lungs. If all the sick in all the hospitals in all the cities in all lands could be brought to Dufferin Terrace, with its heavenly medicament, they would speedily arise and walk and shout and sing. Here behind us is the Chateau Frontenac, one of the chief points of interest in modern Quebec, a hotel unsurpassed in all Canada for elegance, good taste, and comfort. Two hundred feet below is the ever charming river. A hundred feet above the terrace perches the citadel, with its military stores and grim guns. Out beyond the citadel stretches the Plains of Abraham, hallowed while time shall last by the blood of two heroes as noble as any that ever matched wit and steel and fire—Wolfe and Montcalm, to whom "valor gave a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monument." Innumerable and fascinating are the scenes of interest in and around Quebec. We have space but to mention the two most likely to make an enduring impression upon the mind of the traveler. Only a few miles distant are the superb Montmorency Falls, one hundred and twenty feet higher than Niagara, rugged in environment, mighty in volume, gorgeous in color, one of God's epics in rock and water. Here is a vision to be wrought ineradicably into the memory, and woven into the variegated tapestry of the emotions. It is worth crossing a continent to see. We pass at once from the contemplation of this miracle of creative power to another miracle—or shall we call it a monument of superstition? Explain it as we may, the fact is tremendously impressive that the little old hamlet of Beaufre has become a Mecca for world pilgrimages, rivaling the most famous shrines of Europe. There stands the Church of St. Anne, a great basilica with twin towers one hundred and sixty-eight feet high, facing a spacious and beautiful square, the graveled walks of which are pressed by the feet of pilgrim processions, an army of devotees hundreds of thousands strong. In this church is kept the sacred relic, a wrist-bone of the grandfather of Jesus, wherein abide certain curative powers fully attested by the greswome piles of crutches, canes, bandages, trusses left in mem-

orial by the miraculously healed. I witnessed there on Sunday morning in August, an amazing spectacle, an astounding mixture of commercialism and ceremonialism. In stateliness and pomp the sacrament was being administered to the thousands crowding the nave to its uttermost capacity, and groups of pious worshipers were devoutly kneeling in the lateral chapels, while other multitudes were thronging the large store in the room to the rear of the altar, the stalls and shops surrounding the church, and the stores strung out along the main street of the village. Commercially it was a great day for St. Anne de Beaufre.

Tadouac, a boat ride of one hundred and thirty-two miles from Quebec, the oldest settlement in Canada, and where stands the first church erected on this continent, is approached in the evening, with the red glow of the sunset lingering lovingly on the Laurentian hills, while overhead the sable clouds are marshaling themselves in battle array, presaging a starless night. At this point the Saguenay joins the Saint Lawrence.

The itinerary provides that the steamer shall go up the river during the night, returning the next day, when the passengers are feasted with the wonders of the Saguenay. It is, indeed, a wonderful stream. Silent, somber, sublime old river, two thousand feet in depth, flanked by pineclad hills and somber crags! The waters of Avernus were never darker than the black current of the Saguenay. O the grandeur, the stillness, the indescribable dignity and majesty of these primeval scenes! Here the language of Wordsworth interprets itself:

"How beautiful this dome of sky
And the vast hills in fluctuation fixed
At Thy command—how awful! Shall the soul,
Human and rational, report of thee
Even less than these? Be mute who will who
can;
Yet will I praise Thee with impassioned voice;
My lips, that may forget Thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget Thee here where Thou hast built
For Thy own glory, in the wilderness."

The river is navigable only to Chicoutimi, an Indian name meaning "Up to here it is deep." The only other stop is made at the village of Saint Alphonse, in Ha-Ha Bay. The bay received its peculiar name because of the laughter of the first French explorers, so says tradition, when they discovered that they had sailed into a bay instead of having followed the course of the river. Blessed are they who can laugh at their disappointments! Capes, Trinity and Eternity, towering two thousand feet skyward, project their shadows far across the sullen river, and rise so perpendicularly from the water that the steamer passes within a few feet of their granite sides. Of all the wonders of the Saguenay they are the chief.

These delights were the objectives of our happy anticipation. Realization discounted anticipation by an experience that imperiled the lives of three hundred people and resulted in the complete wrecking of the best steamer of the Saguenay fleet, the *Carolina*. I retired to my stateroom that night shortly before ten o'clock and was soon wrapped in slumber sweet. Crash! I was out of my berth, and on my feet like a steel automaton. There was a terrifying medley of noises—rattling, banging, squeaking, groaning;

snapping, the smashing of glass and crockery, the din of tumbling furniture, the confusion of excited voices. "Mille tonnerres," frequently exclaim the swashbucklers of "The Helmet of Navarre." To my bewildered mind a thousand thunders were booming at that moment. The sailor's slang, "Shiver my timbers," is truly descriptive. They shivered. Rushing out upon the stern deck, I found that we were in the blackest night since Chaos. Then the lights of the boat went out. Then I felt the water swishing about my ankles. Splash, splash. And the phosphorescent glow showed where two swimmers had plunged into the water. I climbed to the hurricane deck and awaited the further advance of the merciless flood. A cold swim and a grave in the depths seemed inevitable. No pen can picture the emotions of such a moment. Every heart has its own secrets, and God knows all hearts. Waiting thus in the darkness, I became conscious of the fact that the boat had stopped sinking, and then I saw that the bow was far out of the water, and that some one was starting a fire on the rocks below. Poor Carolina, far out of her course, had struck a sharp ledge, tearing a great gash in the hull more than twenty feet long, yet, with what seemed like human desperation, had clung for life to the jagged rocks. Thus as by a miracle an awful fatality had been averted. When all had been safely landed we tried to sing the doxology, but our voices were quivery. So many a song has left the heart for its flight heavenward only to be disfigured in its exit through the gates of the lips; but blessed be God, who knows the music as it is born in the soul! The task of disembarking was a long and difficult one under the circumstances, most of the passengers being lowered from the forward deck by improvised life lines. After a night of dangerous exposure, many having lost all their clothing, we were rescued the next day and taken back to Tadouac where we were most generously received and entertained at the commodious hotel built for the accommodation of summer boarders.

Enough of the Saguenay! How a few of us hazarded the trip up the river two days later and were pursued by the demons of storm, being caught in a succession of gales that blew along the palisaded stream as through a funnel, is another story and can not be told now. The lessons of the ordeal are graven deep in the spirit. God and heaven were very near. The Saviour seemed to walk the waters as at Galilee. Prayer was mightily efficient. Experience, incomparable teacher, has made it plain that the three great essentials to comfortable steamboat traveling are: a knowledge of the art of swimming, a life preserver, and a clear conscience.

Surely travel maketh a broad man. To see as much as possible of God's great and glorious world is a praiseworthy purpose. Having lived to behold the wonders of the Saint Lawrence and the Saguenay, the recollection of them now embellishes the memory like a festoon of roses.

WANTED.

Will any of the readers of THE RECORDER having copies containing Dr. Huling's sketch of "Samuel Hubbard of Newport," published last fall, that they will not care for please send them to me. I will be very thankful for them, as I wish them very much. DE QUEEN, ARK.

CONCERNING CONFERENCE TICKETS.

Parties buying St. Louis Fair tickets via Chicago either way, and desiring any information concerning the same, should report as soon as possible on arrival in Chicago, to Mr. D. M. Bowman, Western Passenger Agent, Erie Lines, corner Jackson Boulevard and Michigan avenue, in the Railway Building, Chicago. All requests for information from now till Conference time should be sent to Ira J. Ordway, 544 West Madison St., Chicago.

Signed,
IRA J. ORDWAY,
D. E. TITSWORTH,
Committee.

EVEN THE ARTIST WAS NOT SURE.

Many of the pictures of Whistler, the artist, are vague both in treatment and subject. One night he was dining with Henry Irving, so the story goes. Two of Whistler's pictures adorned the walls, and he wished no further entertainment than the study of these. At very short intervals during the meal he took occasion to rise from his seat and take a very close observation of them.

After studying the paintings in this way for some time, he exclaimed, "Irving, Irving, look what you've done!"

"What's the matter?" asked Irving, calmly. "Matter," thundered Whistler, "why, the matter is that these pictures have been hung upside down, and you have never noticed it. I suppose they have hung that way for months!"

"I suppose they have," replied Irving, "but I think I might be excused, since it has taken you—the man who painted them,—over an hour to discover that they are upside down."—*Success.*

PRAYING FOR WHAT IS WANTED.

I hear men praying everywhere for more faith; but when I listen to them carefully and get the real heart of their prayers, very often it is not more faith at all they are wanting, but a change from faith to sight. "What shall I do with this sorrow that God has sent me?" "Take it up and bear it, and get a strength and blessing out of it." "Ah, if I only knew what blessing there was in it, if I saw how it would help me, then I could bear it like a plume!" "What shall I do with this hard, hateful duty which Christ has laid right in my way?" "Do it, and grow by doing it." "Ah, yes; if I could only see that it would make me grow." In both these cases do you not see that what you are begging for is not more faith, although you think it is, but sight. You want to see for yourself the blessing in the sorrow, the strength in the hard and hateful task. Faith says not, "I see that it is good for me, and so God must have sent it," but "God sent it, and so it must be good for me." Faith walking in the dark with God only prays Him to clasp its hand more closely, does not even ask Him for the lifting of the darkness so that the man may find the way himself. Mary is all faith when she says, "Do what he tells you," and all must come right, simply because He is He. Blessed the heart that has learned such a faith and can stand among men in all their doubts and darkness and just point to Jesus Christ and say: "Do His will, and everything must come right with you. I do not know how; but I know Him. God forbid that I should try to lead you, but I can put your hand in His hand, and bid you go where He shall carry you!"—*Phillips Brooks.*

Children's Page.

HYMN OF THE WRECK.

"Jesus Is Calling," that hymn by Fanny Crosby, was the song the children of the Doremus Sunday school were singing when their train was wrecked recently near Chicago.

Here are the words of the song: *JESUS IS CALLING. Jesus is tenderly calling thee home—

Calling to-day! Calling to-day! Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling to-day.

Jesus is calling the weary to rest— Calling to-day, calling to-day; Bring Him thy burden and thou shalt be blest: He will not turn thee away.

Jesus is waiting, O, come to him now— Waiting to-day, waiting to-day; Come with thy sins, at his feet-lowly bow; Come, and no longer delay.

Jesus is pleading, O, list to his voice— Hear him to-day, hear him to-day; They who believe on his name shall rejoice; Quickly arise and away.

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GINGERSNAPS—A TRUE STORY.

The children had formed a habit of stopping to rest at a certain turn in the park, when on their way to and from the tennis grounds.

Names were given to the most sociable ones. Jerry was the little fellow who had lost the whisker from his left cheek.

At times it was surprising how much those two tiny stomachs could hold of peanuts, filberts, and popcorn. Upon other days it seemed that other visitors must have come earlier.

Jerry and Beaver became so very well acquainted with this particular group of merry children as to come bounding toward them at almost the first call.

Beaver, especially, formed the habit of laying his own tiny black paw upon one finger, while he reached to take the proffered nut.

Now, Alice was very fond of those delicate gingersnaps that one can buy at the best bakeries. One day she slid a package of them into the bag with her tennis balls.

most smiling, so ready were they for their share in the good time.

"I wonder if they'll eat these," said Alice, as she offered a cake to each one in turn.

The furry creatures had tasted too many dainty morsels from her gentle hand to refuse anything she might proffer. Each grasped his cake with both paws, gave a quick nod of his bright little head, a whisk of his tail, by way of thanks, and sat back upon his haunches at the end of the bench to enjoy this new, strange nut; this nut that was colored like a chestnut, but had no bitter shell to be nibbled off.

The children watched them bite daintily, look at each other, then send sharp, bright glances all about.

"They like them," cried Alice. "They shall have some every day we come!"

"That will be a good excuse," laughed Fred. "One word for the squirrels and two for Alice."

The little guests ate away at a great rate. It was amusing to see how dextrously they handled the disks of crisp sweetness. Presently when their cakes were about half eaten and the package of gingersnaps had passed again and again around the group, the squirrels seemed seized with a faint alarm.

"They're having fits!" cried Alice, in alarm. "Or—maybe the gingersnaps have poisoned them. O dear! O dear!"

At that instant Beaver gave a queer sound—half chirrup, half cry—dropped his unfinished cake, sprang to the ground, and ran as if all the furies were after him.

Alice was ready to cry. But as soon as Fred could cease laughing he said: "Why, don't you know? There's ginger in the cookies. It has warmed their stomachs and frightened them. They can't be hurt by it. Impossible!"

But Alice refused to be comforted until the next day, when it came out that Fred must have felt somewhat anxious also, for he appeared in the sitting room with—what do you think? Why, with Beaver seated trustingly upon his hand!

"There, little cousin," he said, "don't worry any more. Beaver has come all the way down from the park to tell you that the tonic did him good, and his little mate is all right too. I've a pocketful of nuts. Get on your hat. We'll carry him back to Jerry."—The Christian Advocate.

SABBATH-KEEPING BOYS.

Rev. Oscar Babcock, of North Loup, Neb., has some grandchildren, who, he hopes, will become like himself, loyal Sabatarians. Two of the little seven-year-old grandsons recently earned admission to an entertainment by "peddling hand-bills" one Friday forenoon.

tickets they remembered something which some older boys forgot.

"We don't want tickets for to-night," they told him, "we won't go to-night."

"Why not?" asked the man. "Because to-night is Sabbath night, and we wouldn't go to a show on Sabbath night."

The astonished man turned to a bystander for an explanation. "Why, whoever heard," he exclaimed, "of keeping two Sundays?"

"What church do you go to?" asked one of the boys.

"O, I go to the Catholic church. What church do you go to?"

"We go to the Sabbath church," was the proud answer, as the boys received tickets for the evening after Sabbath, instead of those for Friday evening.

WHEN MOTHER'S MAKING JAM.

Of all good times we children have, We're sure (at least, I am) The best of all is, now and then, When mother's making jam.

To ride outside an elephant, An omnibus, or tram, Is far less fun than hanging round When mother's making jam.

The stuff they sell you at the shops Is often just a sham— You don't get damaged fruit (or worse) When mother's making jam.

It doesn't matter if it's currant, Apricot, or dam— Son, greengage, plum, or apricot; When mother's making jam.

Though Cook sometimes will shut the door And shut it with a slam, We simply won't be kept outside When mother's making jam.

We promise that we'll be as good And quiet as a lamb, If just allowed to stand and watch When mother's making jam.

To tell the truth (and, as a rule, I hate to tell a cram), We're always let to scrape the pot When mother's making jam! —The Watchman.

COMING OF THE COYOTE.

For several years coyotes in increasing numbers have been bothering ranchers of western Washington. Their appearance has caused much surprise, because old-timers declare that in the early days these pestiferous animals were entirely unknown in this part of the Cascade Mountains.

farms: This has bred in him the cunning and duplicity of the fox. So fertile of expedient is he that one is scarcely ever seen by daylight and much less captured. His wailing howlings chiefly proclaim his presence.

SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

Into the Silent Land! Ah! who shall lead us thither? Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.

UNCLE PHIL.

"Uncle Phil, when you were a boy and went to school did they use moral suasion?"

"Yes, lots of it, and they rubbed it into the skin."

"Did it hurt?" "You better believe it did, but I think I'm better now."

"Why, Uncle Phil, you were not a bad boy, were you?"

"No, not at all, but I couldn't make the schoolmaster believe it."

"Why wouldn't he believe it?" "Oh, he was a mathematical sort of a fellow and would not believe anything of which he had no proof."

"Did you have to work hard problems in arithmetic, Uncle Phil?"

"Not half as hard as I do now to make both ends meet."

"But, Uncle Phil, did they teach you to read by the inductive method?"

"The what?" "The inductive method."

"Well, I don't quite understand, but I suppose it is one of these modern methods of trying to stick knowledge on the outside. But I tell you, boy, when we went to school we had to use our brains to learn."

"Don't you wish you were in school now, Uncle Phil?"

"In school now! Why, child nobody ever gets out of school until he gets out of the world. The law is a schoolmaster, and it never lets up. When a man stops learning he is stone dead and ought to be buried right away."—The Advance.

There may be hours of prostration when we ask only for rest; we pray for cessation of suffering; we seek repose from conflict with ourselves and with God's providence. But God gives us more. He is more generous than we dared to believe. He gives us joy; He gives us liberty; He gives us victory; He gives us a sense of self-conquest, and of union with Himself in an eternal friendship.

Young People's Work.

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

THE BEAUTY OF PALESTINE.

It scarcely seems that it could have been only three months and ten days ago that a company of us, two hundred strong, rode from Samaria to Shechem. It was the hardest day of the whole trip through Palestine. When we reached that eminence which marked the last capital of the northern kingdom, it was already three o'clock in the afternoon, and we were hot and weary.

On this particular afternoon my steed dropped back to the last place of all. Our dragoman did not like to have us become separated from the main party, but we were now approaching a thickly settled valley, and it seemed that a little variation might be allowed.

Now, if all you who are going will send your suggestions to the editor, we will see if we can not combine. And really, it would be very interesting to have a series of short, crisp articles on "What I learned at the World's Fair."

STRAY GLEANINGS.

Dr. Dowie says he, as Elijah the Restorer, will try to dethrone Edward VII, declaring that the English ruler has no right to the throne.

The intention of the United States to send a fleet of war-ships into Turkish waters unless there was a prompt settlement of the school question, has resulted in the sultan giving the necessary orders.

It is stated that the victims of the Turkish soldiers in the recent Armenian massacres numbered 6,000; that at the village of Akhbi the number of persons killed was so great that the bodies, which were thrown from a bridge, dammed the river, and that the Turks freed the channel by firing artillery into the heaps of corpses.

The sick in Africa are hard to deal with, but when a woman refuses to take her medicine often a wiser one standing by will pinch her nose, and pour it down her throat. It is sad to see these poor creatures under penalty of death from sleeping sickness. The sufferer often lingers long, and after he has ceased to eat or speak will lie in his hut for weeks breathing, while corruption becomes horribly manifest.

A certain little girl came to her mother with a triumphant air and said, "I've seen something I guess nobody else ever saw."

"What was it?" asked her mother.

"It was a Chinaman in the street, and he was wide awake, right in broad daylight."

"Well, why not?"

"Why, don't you know you told me that when we are awake all the Chinamen are asleep, and when we're asleep they're wide awake?"

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.

Table listing lessons for July, August, and September with corresponding Bible references.

LESSON VIII.—ELIJAH ON MOUNT CARMEL.

LESSON TEXT.—I Kings 18: 30-46.

For Sabbath-day, Aug. 20, 1904.

Golden Text.—"If the Lord be God, follow him."—I Kings 18: 21.

INTRODUCTION.

Ahab at once accepted Elijah's challenge and caused the people to assemble at Mount Carmel. Some have wondered that he did not seize the prophet and put him to death when he appeared before him.

It is probable also that many of the people associated the worship of Baal with that of Jehovah, and thought that they were worshipping the same God under another name.

We may imagine therefore that the people gladly obeyed the summons to Carmel, and came as if to attend a festival, and that the priests of Baal and Asherah came without thought of danger.

PLACE.—Mount Carmel.

PERSONS.—The prophet Elijah; Ahab, the king; a representative gathering of the people of Israel; the priests of Baal and Asherah.

- Outline: 1. Elijah Prepares His Sacrifice. v. 30-35. 2. Elijah's Prayer is Answered by Fire. v. 36-38. 3. The People Turn to Jehovah. v. 39-40. 4. Elijah Prays for Rain. v. 41-46.

- Notes: 21. How long go ye limping between the two sides. The people were acknowledging Jehovah as God, and also recognizing Baal. 22. I, even I only, am left a prophet of Jehovah.

contrived to conceal some fire to be started into a blaze at the proper time.

25. Choose you one bullock for yourselves, etc. Elijah grants them the precedence in every particular that they may have no cause of complaint.

27. Elijah mocked them. By his keen irony he sought to make the people notice the real folly of all the performance of these frantic priests.

28. Cut themselves, etc. In their excitement they were fairly beside themselves. Compare the dancing of the modern dervishes.

30. Come near unto me. Now that the prophets of Baal have had their opportunity, Elijah demands the particular attention of all the people.

31. Elijah took twelve stones. Compare Josh. 4: 5. It was well to remind the people of the essential unity of the Children of Israel as the people of God.

32. And he made a trench about the altar. This was evidently intended to hold the water which was to be poured upon the altar and the sacrifice.

33. And he put the wood in order, etc. Although Elijah expected a miracle from God, he performed faithfully his part of the work. Fill four jars of water.

34. Do it the second time, etc. Elijah did not wish to leave an opportunity for one to say that there was cheating or sleight-of-hand performance on his part.

35. And he filled the trench also with water. It seems that after the third pouring the trench was not full. Elijah made sure that there was enough water.

36. And it came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening oblation. The Revised Versions use the word "oblation" to avoid the word sacrifice.

And the God that answereth by fire let him be God. This was plainly a very fair test, especially as Baal was regarded as the sun god.

And that I am thy servant. Elijah would be accredited as the representative of Jehovah when Jehovah should manifest his superiority to Baal according to the prayer which is now offered.

37. And that thou hast turned their heart back again. The precise meaning is a little in doubt. See margin of the Revised Version.

38. Then the fire of Jehovah fell. This is apt to be explained as lightning, but is rather a supernatural fire. Compare Lev. 9: 24; Judges 6: 21 and other passages.

39. They fell on their faces. In fear and reverence. Jehovah, He is God. The answer by fire was to them a conclusive sign that Jehovah and not Baal was God indeed.

40. And slew them there. Although this verb is in the singular, we do not need to suppose that Elijah slew them with his own hand.

41. For there is the sound of abundance of rain. The prophet is assured that Jehovah will now be gracious to his land. He makes the promise with confidence although there is not as yet a single outward sign of the coming rain.

46. And ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel. This was perhaps to do honor to Ahab. The prophet no doubt hoped that Ahab had like the people turned away from Baal to the worship of Jehovah.

THE GREENWOOD.

WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

O, when 'tis summer weather, And the yellow bee, with fairy sound, The waters clear is humming round, And the cuckoo sings unseen, And the leaves are waving green—

SAGACITY OF A WILDCAT.

"Speaking of wildcats," said James Henry of De Beque, Col., as he stood in the rotunda of the Grand Pacific, "speaking of wildcats reminds me that there ain't a shrewder animal on earth. I remember seeing one of these brutes throw an old hound off the track once in a mighty clever way.

trunk, followed by the other dogs. Motionless as a stone, except for the movement of its terrible eyes and an almost imperceptible motion of the tip of its bushy tail, crouched the cat on the broken limb. It was a magnificent exhibition of nerve and self-control. Only the thickness of the trunk was between it and the foremost hound.

Restful Nonsense Corner

A HOUSEKEEPER'S TRAGEDY. One day as I wandered, I heard a complaining, And saw a poor woman, the picture of gloom; She glared at the mud on her doorsteps ('twas raining),

"O, life is a toil, and love is a trouble, And beauty will fade, and riches will flee; And pleasures they dwindle, and prices they double, And nothing is what I could wish it to be.

"There's too much of worriment goes to a bonnet; There's too much of ironing goes to a shirt; There's nothing that pays for the time you waste on it; There's nothing that lasts but trouble and dirt.

"In March it is mud; it's slush in December; The midsummer breezes are loaded with dust; In fall, the leaves litter; in muggy September The wall-paper rots, and the candlesticks rust.

"It's sweeping at six, and dusting at seven; It's victuals at eight, and dishes at nine; It's potting and panning from ten to eleven; We scarce break our fast ere we plan how to dine.

"With grease and with grime, from corner to center, Forever at war, and forever alert, No rest for a day, lest the enemy enter— I spend my whole life in a struggle with dirt.

"Last night, in my dreams, I was stationed forever On a bare little isle in the midst of the sea; My one chance of life was a ceaseless endeavor To sweep off the waves ere they swept over me.

"Alas, 'twas no dream! Again I behold it! I yield; I am helpless my fate to avert!" She rolled down her sleeves, her apron she folded, Then laid down and died, and was buried in dirt.

Mr. Evarts told Lord Coleridge, when they were at Mount Vernon, the legend of Washington throwing a dollar across the Rappahannock. "But," observed Coleridge, "the Rappahannock's a broad stream." "Yes," retorted Mr. Evarts, "but a dollar went far in those days."

what I might have said was that it was not so strange that George Washington threw a dollar across a river, since he threw a sovereign across the sea."—Philadelphia Record.

Stranger (brightly): "Fine day." Chronic grumbler: "Yes, locally, but probably it's raining somewhere else."—Christian Advocate.

THE CHRIST OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

We must find that the Christ is the vital principle of everything that makes life worth living. In every duty, in every impulse to the good, in every approving voice of conscience, in everything that tends upward in any department of our nature, we must realize that we are face to face with the kingdom of God.

Such an experience will bring a great calm to souls tossed by the unrest of the age, at the same time that it furnishes incentive and direction to absorbing religious zeal. It will set things in proportion. Act and motive, creed and conduct, self and society, will fall into place.

Every trouble is an opportunity to win the grace of strength. Whatever else trouble is in the world for, it is here for this good purpose—to develop strength. For a trouble is a moral and spiritual task. It is something which is hard to do.

RISE ON TROUBLE.

"I lost my foot in the war," said the tramp, "and I'm trying to raise enough money to get out to California." "What do you want to go to California for?" asked the woman at the door.

"Oh, I've heard that there are things which grow a foot in a day out there."—Yonkers Statesman.

FOR SALE.

In Alfred, N. Y., twenty-two acres of meadow land with barn. Ten minutes' walk from University Chapel. Address, P. O. Box 15, Alfred, N. Y.

The Philippine Government has completed arrangements for leasing and selling the friar lands to individual occupants.

The above volume will be published if a sufficient number of subscribers is found. It will cover a period of over one hundred years, and will contain the material secured by the author during years of research among church and other records.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 Moyne Building on Randolph street between State street and Washburn avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed.

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

A History of Seventh Day Baptists in West Virginia.....

By Corliss F. Randolph. Price, \$2.00 net, postage prepaid. For further information and prospectus, address CORLISS F. RANDOLPH, 185 North Ninth Street, NEWARK, N. J.

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I GRIEVE NOT. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. I grieve not that ripe knowledge takes away The charm that Nature to my childhood wore, For, with that insight, cometh day by day, A greater bliss than wonder was before;

THE program for the anniversaries which begin within the next few days has been well and wisely arranged, with the purpose of fixing attention on ourselves, our resources, our place, and our work.

dismiss a pastor without regard to its associate churches and without any public recognition of the nature and value of the pastoral office. Simple, but impressive, installation services are an aid toward a better understanding of the deeper meaning of the relation between pastor and people.

THE work of the church in the surrounding community, and in the world at large, is not less imperative and important than the work within the organic body. This outside work is the higher of the two, and the church is to be kept strong and active for the work outside rather than for its own sake.

roundings, note what ought to be done, and lead in doing. But his efforts will be futile, or hindered, unless the church responds to his calls, and seconds his efforts. Successful leadership means successful following.

HEAVEN and home are almost Building Mater-synonyms. The simile which all in Heaven, presents "Our Father's House with many mansions," appeals to all hearts.