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

VOLUME 60. No. 33. AUGUST 15, 1904. WHOLE No. 3103.

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 real doth not clip the poet's wings,—
To win the secret of a weed's plain heart
Reveals some clew to spiritual things,
And stumbling guess becomes firm-footed art;
Flowers are not flowers unto the poet's eyes,
Their beauty thrills him with an inward sense;
He knows that outward seemings are but lies,
Or, at the most, but earthly shadows, whence
The soul that looks within for truth may guess
The presence of some wondrous heavenliness.

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. This is as it should be. Other times and places give ample opportunity for general discussions, and abstract themes. But the anniversaries should culminate and concentrate thought and discussion concerning ourselves. There is pressing need that we re-discover ourselves, and our mission at this time. We need to take account of stock, to measure our resources, and duties, and, most of all, to go deep into the undeveloped forces and latent energies which God is calling for. Why are we here? What are we here for? Whence came we? Are we making for some definite point, or drifting back and forth with changing tides, in aimless wanderings? Do adequate purposes inspire us? How can the uninterested ones be aroused? Scores of questions such as these confront us. Every pastor in the denomination ought to be present to gather new material for sermons and plans. We need the strength of mutual touch, of united prayer, and combined wisdom. THE RECORDER hopes that these words may help some one who is yet halting as to attendance at Nortonville, to make quick decision and hasten there when the tribes go up for consultation, thanksgiving and prayer. God's blessing will come as we seek to re-discover ourselves, our work, and the full throbbing future that calls to better things.

THE installation services at Ashaway, which we report this week, naturally call attention to the work of the church in general and to the relations which the pastor and the church sustain to that work. Too little consideration of this relation is likely to ensue under a polity which leaves each church at liberty to call or

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. First of all, comes development and strengthening of the church as an organized body of Christian people. It may not be too much to call this the most important part of the pastorate, which includes the joint life of pastor and people. Methods and details must be left to the local demands in each case. To make the strongest members still stronger, and the weaker members stronger and more hopeful, is a first and universal requisite. Each pastor must make his field a constant study. Sermons, prayer-meeting themes, social training, all public services and private ministrations, should keep these larger ends in view. Aside from general, theological and social questions, the pastor must study his church, and its interests, as a parent does the interests of his family, as a physician does the interests of his patients, or a lawyer the interests of his clients. To know his people and minister according to their needs is the first duty of a pastor. On the other hand, the church is equally bound to study and consider the pastor, his peculiarities, his weak and his strong points. He is a man to be helped, not criticised, to be aided, not hindered. Most churches criticize the pastor and tabulate his weak points far more than they ought to, and burden him in the same negative way. The average hearer has too low an estimate of his duty to heed the teachings and admonitions of the pastor, as one who is in duty bound to hear and obey. He is quick to get angry if rebuked, and too often wants a change of pastors the moment he thinks that his life is under inspection. Churches go far to make or unmake pastors. Pastors are human with the weaknesses common to humanity; but the average church member is more human in these directions than the pastor is. The man who moved twice a year but always had bad neighbors, was himself the primary source of trouble. The same fact appears in not a few churches.

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, the pastor must study both the immediate and the larger sur-

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. The best general will fail if he has an irresponsive army. This phase of the duty of the church forms an important part of church life, more important than most people realize. All work in the neighborhood of a given church, work along denominational lines and in the world at large, is determined by the mutual interaction between the pastor as leader, and the people as followers and supporters. Prompt and effectual following by the church is also an individual matter. Each member shares in the responsibility, and the promptness with which each does his part determines the effectiveness in all church work. A church polity like ours demands a high type of character, devotion, and love for the church, the pastor, and the cause of Christ, on the part of each member. These general principles, and the practical conclusions growing out of them, apply to all our churches, to new pastorates just beginning and to pastorates of long standing. The pastorate involves the church as a body, and as individuals, as much as it does the pastor. The obligations resting on pastor and people are mutual and interchangeable. Neither can fail without hindering the other, and both help or hinder the cause of truth and righteousness in proportion as each fills the place and does the work in the joint relation of pastor and people, which unite to make up the pastorate. Keep this fact in mind, that "the pastorate" is a joint affair, made up of pastor and people, acting mutually and under the higher leadership of Christ.

HEAVEN and home are almost Building Materi-synonyms. The simile which al in Heaven, presents "Our Father's House with many mansions," appeals to all hearts. The part each one takes in deciding what the character of his heavenly mansion will be is set forth in the story told of a woman whose worldly wealth was great and whose selfishness was proportionate to her wealth. Reaching heaven she was attracted by a beautiful and commodious mansion, but was told that it belonged to her gardener. Near it was a tiny cottage, unattractive and uncommodious, to which she was assigned. In answer to her complaints, the angel in charge assured her that each home had been built out of the materials that the occupants had sent forward to heaven, during their life on earth. The story is pertinent. It recalls Christ's admonition to lay up treasures

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in heaven. It shows how each one determines his place and surroundings in the next life as in this. He who gathers material for a hovel, must dwell in one, and he who, by humble obedience and Christlike living, sends forward materials fit for a mansion large and beautiful, will find it waiting to welcome him. God must use what we send him. There is no loss of personal character in heaven, no lessening of personal responsibility. The Recording Angel must write each man's history accurately, and truthfully. There is no shuffling there. Each act and purpose lies in its true relations to character and destiny. Hence the glory and solemnity of living and acting on earth. Something goes forward from each life, day by day, to make up eternal destiny. That God will judge justly and deal with us lovingly is the ground of our hope and confidence. The Master Builder knows how to make the most and best of what we send before, but He can not build that for which we choose neither plans nor materials.

You Have Nothing to Send. It is not a matter of choice. You can not refuse to send something. As one sitting before a camera must leave his picture, so we send on materials for home and destiny in the next life, whether we will or not. In this world many men are poorly housed, or wholly homeless, who make plenty of plans, but never gather actual material for a house. There is too much of that sort of living toward the future. Knowledge of what is right, without corresponding obedience, is no better than homes on paper, and rudely sketched, at that. Professions and the signing of creeds which are not fulfilled, belong to the same category of worthless material. On the other hand, all noble purposes we entertain and attempt, though they are not wholly accomplished, are permanent material for heaven. Genuine longings for good, with corresponding striving to do, count much when God builds for our welcoming. That which we do in love to help others is best of materials. That heaven will have for us such homes as we supply material for is cause for thanksgiving and not fear. Less than that would be neither just nor satisfactory. On the other hand, these truths are highest incentive to holy living and good deeds. He who rightly apprehends what it means to be welcomed to such a destiny as his choices have created will be doubly careful to choose as God wills, and to purpose as God directs. All life is more glorious and has deeper meaning when we grasp the truth, that life here, and in the future world, is what we make it, with much of unmerited good that God's love adds to our weak efforts and imperfect work. See to it now, that you send abundant material for a "mansion bright and fair," in the next life to which you are hastening.

Unsolved, but not Hopeless. THIS morning we had five minutes conversation with a manufacturer of woolen goods, touching perplexing industrial problems. He said it is difficult to be hopeful concerning these problems, because the majority of those who are employed in the mills do not respond to efforts made for their own intellectual and moral good. The picture which his experience drew finds counterpart in the attitude of many men toward God and higher good. He said: "The mill hands want shortest

hours with largest pay, and endless chances for dissipative recreation. I do not see how these increasing troubles are to be overcome." God must be forced to say similar things concerning men, for whom his love makes every possible provision, and whose mercy and helpfulness long to uplift and redeem. The world heeds God but little. It wants "short hours" in His service, and largest freedom for dissipative pleasure. But God is patient and His love holds on though often disregarded. We must learn from Him. By human standards, the uplifting of men and the overcoming of sin and weakness go forward all too slowly. Perhaps it seems equally slow, as God sees us, but there is highest ground for hope and comfort, because "He knoweth our frame," and still calls His children, and heirs of better things. Problems are not hopeless because unsolved. Life has many mysteries, but to God it is not a muddle.

Chaos was In-cipient Order. We have just finished a volume on the "Ice Age," a time of deathful cold, of grinding glaciers and smothering ice caps, of mountains leveled and granite pulverized.

Within a radius of ten miles from where these lines are written, the granite end of southern Rhode Island has been planed away to the depth of 500 feet, and the present land is rough and rugged, beyond measure. But order and beauty have come to the land where chaos reigned, and the ice-toothed forces of a frozen continent made way for something better. Thus it is in human affairs. Confusion is sometimes more and more confounded, until political, social, industrial and moral chaos come again. War sweeps nations, blood bespattered, into nameless graves, but the grass and flowers come again to cover the fields that have been "sown with bullets" and "reaped with blades." Darkness gives way to dawn and stars yield their places to the rising sun. As the frozen heart of the continent was warmed to beating again after the long cycles of the Ice Age, so human history throbs again with higher impulses and holier purposes when moral, social, industrial problems have taught better things and purged society from selfishness and low aims. Chaos is coming order, and mysterious problems are not unsolvable muddles. It is God's world yet.

INSTALLATION AT ASHAWAY.

THE RECORDER is under obligations to W. C. Whitford for this report of the installation services.

On Sabbath afternoon, Aug. 6, Rev. William L. Burdick was formally installed as pastor of the First Hopkinton church. The meeting was presided over by Geo. B. Carpenter, president of the First Hopkinton church, and the other churches of the towns of Westerly and Hopkinton were represented by their pastors. The order of service was as follows:

Organ voluntary, Miss Mildred Taylor.

Anthem, "Send out the Light," the choir.

Scripture reading, John 1: 4, and a number of other brief passages, Rev. L. F. Randolph, of the Second Hopkinton church.

Prayer by Rev. Horace Stillman, of the Second Westerly church.

Address by Rev. Madison Harry of First Westerly church.

Mr. Harry spoke in part, as follows: "The Pastoral relation is a necessary relation. It is

also a divine relation. This is proved from the fact that both the church and the pastoral office are of divine origin. Christ's words to Peter, 'Upon this rock I will build my church,' show that the church is a divine institution.

"The Apostle tells in the first epistle to the Corinthians of the different offices of church members, apostles, evangelists, pastors and teachers. The relation of the pastor to the church is a spiritual one. No proper relation, deserving that name, can exist, unless it is a spiritual one. The apostle said, speaking to the elders of Ephesus, 'Take heed unto yourselves and unto the flock over which the Holy Ghost has made you overseers.' The object and purpose of this relation is to feed the flock of God. The people ought to be willing to be fed. Those who stay away from the services of the church are evidently not hungry. The grand object of the church is to evangelize the world."

Solo, "A Dream of Heaven," Miss M. Althea Crandall.

Address, commending the pastor to the care of the church, by Rev. A. McLearn of the Rockville church.

Mr. McLearn said: "It is necessary for me to say a few words only to stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance. I think that you all ought to come to the prayer-meeting. None of you can afford to omit it. Those of you who stay away need it just as much as those who come. It is said of us as a people that we are too respectable. We can not be too respectable, but we may be too conservative. If your pastor preaches the Gospel, do not be afraid to say 'Amen.' In the prayer meeting or in the Sabbath morning service get as near the front as you can, and do not leave a lot of vacant seats between you and the pastor. I think that Pastor Burdick will like that kind of close communion. Do nothing yourselves that you do not want your pastor to do. If you do not want your pastor to play cards, do not play cards yourselves. Josh Billings says, 'If parents would bring up children in the way they should go, they must sometimes walk in that path themselves.' The minister who never chides is not the most profitable leader. It is his business to lift people up to his own standard and to that of the Gospel."

Address, commending the church to the new pastor, Rev. Clayton A. Burdick of the Pawcatuck church.

Mr. Burdick said: "There is no other calling so high among men as the feeding of the flock of the Lord Jesus. Except as we have the spirit of God to direct us, the work is too great. The care of a pastor for the church is like that of the keeper of a house. The church is a temple. It is the pastor's business to keep that house in order, the fire on the altar always burning and the lamps on the golden candlestick always lighted. The care of the pastor is like that of the shepherd over his sheep. The pastor must know where the best feeding places are. He can not drive the flock; he must lead them. Paul urged the Corinthians to follow him as he followed Christ. The pastor must himself go in the right way. The pastor must gather the stragglers. They may have fallen into some snare. The pastor should keep his flock from the wolves of false doctrine. The lambs of the flock are the especial care of the pastor. The relationship of the pastor to the flock should be a relationship of love. He should stand firm as

a rock, but always show a spirit of love. In order to do all these things the pastor must know his flock. He can not supply their needs unless he knows what the needs are, and supply them from the Word of God.

Welcome to the new pastor, Deacon Paul M. Barber, representing the First Hopkinton Church.

He said: "We hope to be mutual in all our workings and that the spirit of God will be with us. We know that your work is liable to be arduous. In all the work that we do for God we are not alone. He will give us help. I believe that a person who does not love God with all his heart can not succeed in handling the flock. I believe that the work mutually done will be for the honor of the kingdom of God."

Response by the pastor.

Mr. Burdick said: "I thank you for the welcome given through Deacon Barber. I wish on behalf of myself and family to thank the people of Ashaway for what they have done to welcome us at the parsonage. In regard to the pastorate, I think first of the responsibility. It is the pastor's place to teach the Gospel to dying men. It is his duty to comfort those in sorrow. When these thoughts fill my mind I am more than overwhelmed. I have often wondered why God did not call angels to this work instead of weak, imperfect men. In the second place the pastorate is a great privilege. My hands are not so helpless as to do nothing but write sermons; my feet are not so helpless as to do nothing but to bear me to make pastoral calls; but there is nothing that I had rather be than a pastor of a Seventh-day Baptist church. I have great respect for the men engaged in political affairs in our nation, yet I would much prefer to be a pastor of a Seventh-day Baptist church than a member of Congress or the Governor of a State. What is to be my policy? I can tell you in few words. The preaching of the Gospel is the greatest work of the ministry. I believe that the minister should proclaim Seventh-day Baptist doctrines without restrictions. I propose to give about one-half my time and strength in visiting the people and in doing pastoral work. I am not here to lord it over God's heritage, or to overturn your established customs and practices. I propose to undertake no changes except those which you and I shall agree are desirable. I solemnly pledge to you and to my God to give unto you the best of my manhood. I pledge to all reformatory work my labor and my prayer. May God help us all and bless us for his Son's sake."

Hymn 549.

Benediction by the Pastor.

THE FIRST SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST CHURCH OF HOPKINTON, R. I.

The church at Westerly, now First Hopkinton, was formed pursuant to a mutual understanding between the two local divisions of the Newport church, which had for a long time alternately met at Newport and Westerly though distant thirty miles. The resolution which was passed authorizing a separate organization at Westerly, is as follows: "at a yearly meeting of the church at Westerly, the 17th of the 7th month, 1708, it is ordered and appointed, by the mutual agreement of the church, that that part of the congregation in and about Rhode Island shall be a distinct church or congregation from that at Westerly, provided the brethren and sis-

ters at Newport, that were not present at said meeting, do consent thereto."

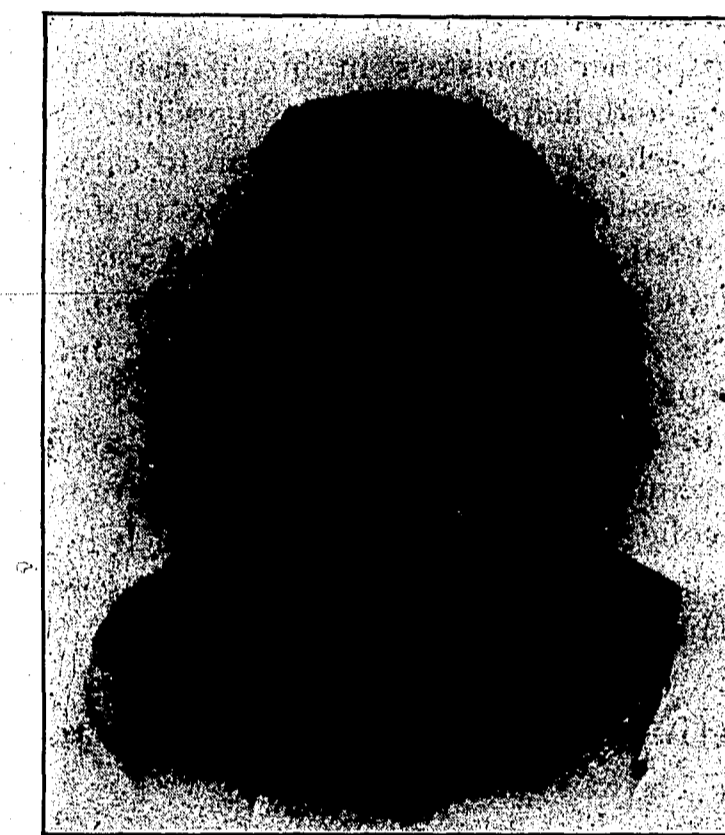
The new church proceeded at once to complete their organization, by choosing an elder to preside over their congregation. The following minute is the first recorded by the church after its formation as a distinct body: "The church, taking into consideration the necessity, as also our privilege and duty by the authority of God's word, that one be chosen to the place and office of an elder to the congregation in and about Westerly, do make choice. Whereupon it was agreed and desired, that our aged brother John Maxson, sen., be the person."

The number, at the organization of the church, was seventy-two members, and two new members, George Stillman and Joseph James were the same day admitted into the church. Three days afterward, Mr. Maxson was ordained, and on this same day Israel Barney was baptized and united with the church. John Maxson, sen., died Dec. 17, 1720, aged 82 years. John Maxson, Jun. was ordained July 5, 1719, and made pastor Dec., 1720. John Maxson, Jr. died July, 1747, and was the same month succeeded by Joseph Maxson, who was ordained June 26, 1739. In Sept., 1760, Joseph Maxson died, aged 77 years. Thos. Hiscox, ordained Oct. 8, 1732, was made pastor in September, 1750, and died May 20, 1773, aged 87 years. Joshua Clarke, ordained May, 1768, was made pastor in May, 1773, and died March 8, 1793, aged 76 years. He was followed by John Burdick, ordained June, 1774, made pastor Sept. 3, 1793, and died March 27, 1802. Abram Coon, ordained Aug. 26, 1798, was made pastor in March, 1802, and died Sept. 28, 1813. Matthew Stillman, ordained June 3, 1804, was made pastor in the fall of 1813, and died March 7, 1838. Daniel Coon, ordained April 4, 1819 was made pastor in March, 1838, and was pastor until 1851. Elder Coon was the first person in the history of the church from 1708 to 1851, who, having been made pastor, did not hold "the place and office" without interruption until the date of his death. Each of these pastors were ordained by the church from its membership, and were pastor's assistants from time of ordination until made pastors. Since 1851, the pastors are as follows: Lucius Crandall, 1851 to 1852. Charles M. Lewis, 1852 to 1857. Sherman S. Griswold, 1857 to 1858. Joshua Clarke, 1858 to 1864. Alfred B. Burdick, 1864 to 1871. Arthur E. Main, 1871 to 1881. Wardner C. Titsworth, 1881 to 1884. Ira L. Cottrell, 1884 to 1891. George J. Crandall, 1891 to 1899. Clayton A. Burdick, 1899 to 1904. William L. Burdick, 1904.

WILLIAM LEWIS BURDICK.

William Lewis Burdick was born in Hebron, Pa., Nov. 6, 1864. From his parents, LeRoy and Esther Randolph Burdick, and the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hebron, Pa., he received the influences, intellectual and spiritual, which shaped his life. His conversion occurred at the family altar when eight years of age. This was a striking and dearly-marked experience, but it was not made known because he thought people would say he was too young to become a Christian. The failure to make a public profession of faith in Christ at that time he has since felt was his first great mistake. Three years later he was baptized by Eld. James Summerbell and joined the First Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hebron, Pa.

Under the intellectual stimulus of his parents at an early age he resolved to secure a college education. About this time, when fourteen years of age he was impressed that his life should be devoted to the Gospel ministry. The fact that the church at Hebron was so much of the time pastorless, had much to do in deepening this impression. Keeping this conviction to himself, he decided that if when he became of age, there was the same impression as to duty, he would prepare for that work, and that he would secure a college education, whether he entered the ministry or not. From that time this one purpose controlled his life, and every spare moment from the farm work was spent with a view to its accomplishment.



In the autumn of 1884, turning away from one of the happiest of homes, he entered the academic department of Alfred University and graduated from the college in 1890. The expenses of these years were in a large measure met by teaching and working at whatever his hands could find to do. That which proved most profitable, after he had taken Higher Mathematics, was railroad surveying, opportunities to engage in which came to him through the kindness of G. H. Lyon, of Bradford, Pa. Mr. Burdick's college work was nearly completed a year before his graduation and he was thus able to do a year's work in the Theological Seminary during his senior year in college, and to graduate from the Seminary in 1892. He deemed the subjects studied in the Seminary as the greatest, profoundest and most vital with which the human mind can grapple, and to them he gave his undivided time, believing that vacations offered sufficient opportunity for "practice." Near the close of the year 1886, the First Hebron church asked him to preach for them whenever he could. His first sermon was preached New Year's day, 1887. This was not a new experience to him, however, because he had frequently been called out to speak at public gatherings of various kinds. From that time many of his vacations were spent with the Hebron churches, with occasional conversions as one of the results. Although still a member of the First Hebron Church, the First Alfred Church, in 1891, passed a resolution, calling upon Mr. Burdick to "improve his gift."

The summer of his graduation from Alfred Theological Seminary his home church called him to be their pastor, and to ordination. The ordination took place on the 12th of September, 1892, but desiring to study more, he declined

the call to the pastorate of the church, and entered the University of Chicago, where he spent one year in graduate work, giving the most of his time to Church History and the Old Testament Scriptures in the original language. August 1, 1893, Mr. Burdick became pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist Church at Lost Creek, W. Va., and continued such a little over two years. In February, 1896, he entered upon the pastorate of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Independence, N. Y., in which capacity he served until July, 1904. Seven years of this time he has also been Corresponding Secretary of the Seventh-day Baptist Education Society. In his pastorates, though he has made preaching of the Gospel his chief work, he has spent more than one-third of his time in pastoral duties, considering all people not under the immediate care of other ministers in his parish, to be reached and helped by him, if possible. Since leaving school, it has been his plan to carry one or two studies entirely outside of his professional work, the first study hour of each day being set apart for this outside investigation. The subjects for such study have been, mainly, philosophy or history.

In 1888, Mr. Burdick was married to Flora L. Greenman, who, two years later, graduated from college in the same class in which he did. Their home is now blessed by the presence of two daughters and a son.

ADVENTISM AND THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

H. H. HINMAN.

I have read with much interest the series of articles in the SABBATH RECORDER on "Adventism, Jewish and Christian," and while I appreciate their historic value, I desire to note my respectful dissent from the conclusions given in the issue of July 18.

As preliminary, I wish to say first, that the teachings of the so-called higher critics, by their denial of plain statements of the Christian Scriptures, or by giving them a meaning entirely out of harmony with their literal import, has done more to undermine the influence of Christianity than all the writings of Voltaire, Paine, or Ingersoll; and that no class of Christians has so much to lose from this wresting of the Scriptures as the Seventh-day Baptists.

Second. Our strength as a denomination consists in a firm adherence to the obvious import of the words of Christ and his apostles. It is only by reading into them a meaning which the words do not convey, that either pedo-baptism or a Sunday Sabbath can be maintained. We can not consent to such perversion. To do so is denominational suicide.

Third. The decline in piety, the dearth of revivals, and the growing contempt for all things sacred have kept pace with the growth of the higher criticism, and have been most obvious in those denominations that have been most under its influence.

Fourth. The doctrine of the personal coming of our Lord Jesus Christ is one of the most obvious and positive of the teachings of Christ and his apostles, and has been accepted by the church in all ages. One of the oldest formulas of doctrine, the so-called Apostles' Creed, says: "I believe . . . in Jesus Christ . . . our Lord, who . . . ascended into Heaven, . . . from whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

Among the many passages in which the Scrip-

tures affirm the personal coming of our Lord, are the following: "Then shall appear the sign of the Son of Man in Heaven, and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory" (Matt. 24: 30). "When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory; and before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another" (Matt. 25: 31, 32). "Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me and of my words in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him also shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels" (Mk. 8: 38). "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven" (Acts 1: 11). Note that "a cloud received Him out of their sight," and it is said, "He shall come in the clouds of heaven." "For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel and the trump of God; . . . then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up . . . to meet the Lord in the air" (1 Thess. 4: 16, 17). "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God" (2 Thess. 1: 7, 8). "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints" (Jude 14). "Behold, He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him" (Rev. 1: 7). "Unto them that look for Him, shall He appear the second time, without sin unto salvation" (Heb. 9: 28).

Fifth. The blessed expectation of the return of our Lord has not only been the hope of the church in all ages, but is everywhere presented as the grand incentive to a faithful and holy life. Our Saviour says: "Watch therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. . . Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when He cometh, shall find so doing" (Matt. 24: 42, 46). "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ" (Tit. 2: 11-13). "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly, and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ" (1 Thess. 5: 23).

Sixth. The doctrine of the personal coming of our Lord is not to be confounded with the doctrine of the gift and presence of the Holy Spirit. The latter doctrine has justly a separate statement in the Apostles' Creed, and has ever been held by the church as a distinct, but equally important truth with the promise of our Lord's personal coming. They are parallel truths, and like parallel lines, do not conflict with each other. The gift of the Spirit was made specially manifest on the day of Pentecost. Peter said it was in fulfillment of the prophecy of Joel, that the Spirit should be poured out on all flesh. Our Lord, before He went to Heaven, promised his disciples to send the Comforter, "even the Spirit of truth," who would guide them into all truth, for "He shall take of the things of mine and show them unto

you." The Comforter came, and has been with the church in all ages. But the Comforter is everywhere spoken of as a present endowment, while the coming of the Lord is spoken of as a future event. It is not the Comforter that is to come in the clouds of heaven, and before whom all nations are to be gathered. His office is not that of judge. He can not be seen, but his presence is manifested in his transforming power over the minds and hearts of men. But of the coming of Christ it is said: "Every eye shall see him." "For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be" (Matt. 24: 27). It was not the blessed Comforter to whom John prayed when he cried out: "Even so come quickly, Lord Jesus" (Rev. 22: 20), for the Comforter had been with him from the beginning of his ministry.

Seventh. It is conceded that the apostles, like their Lord, did not know the day nor the hour when He should be revealed, but they greatly desired His return, and many of the church have hoped that it might be in their lifetime. God's people waited four thousand years for the first coming of our Lord; we know not how long we must wait for His second coming. We only know that "He that shall come, will come and will not tarry" (Heb. 10: 37). Peter and Paul evidently expected to die before the coming of the Lord. This is clear from 2 Tim. 4: 6 and 2 Pet. 1: 14, 15. Manifestly, they did believe in the personal and visible coming of the Lord as a future event. They distinctly affirmed it. The question, then, arises: which is the better authority, Christ and His inspired and commissioned apostles, or modern theologians? Whose opinions are entitled to most weight, those who sat at the feet of Jesus and learned of Him, or those whose minds have been obscured by centuries of controversy?

Eighth. But we are told that the great need of the hour is that special emphasis should be put on the doctrine of the Holy Spirit and the Divine presence with man. This is doubtless true; but it is none the less true that those who hold and teach that "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh," have held most firmly the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, and have been foremost in the work of preaching the Gospel in this and other lands. None have shown greater self-sacrifice or more earnest consecration. Among this number are included such names as Spurgeon, Moody, A. J. Gordon, A. T. Pierson, and others. The higher critics, on the other hand, do not believe in the coming of the Lord nor in revivals. The fruit of their teachings is manifest in an impoverished spiritual life.

And lastly, Adventism is not to be condemned because it has been associated with errors. What Scripture doctrine has not been thus associated? Nor can we afford to countenance a destructive criticism, in order to maintain a theory. To argue that Adventism is Jewish in its origin and therefore untrue, proves too much. So was the Sabbath Jewish, and, indeed, the whole Christian system was revealed to Jews, and given to the world by historians, poets, prophets, and evangelists, most of whom were Jews. The question is simply, "What saith the Scriptures?"

OBERLIN, OHIO.

The government weekly crop report shows an improvement in corn throughout the entire belt. Winter wheat has been harvested.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER

A Review of the Past Severe Cold Winter and the Changing of the Seasons.

There was evidently a scientific cause for the continued cold all through the latter part of the winter months, and far into those belonging to spring.

We observed that there were four severe cold winter storms that followed each other closely: they began on the Pacific coast in middle California, in the latter part of February, and ended about April 10. These storms moved eastward over the high table lands with increasing energy and on over the Rocky Mountains into the Mississippi valley, continuing eastward, where all but one passed out to sea over the New England and Middle Atlantic states, while the third storm passed down the valley of the St. Lawrence, and went to sea by way of Newfoundland.

On the heels of every one of these storms, from the start to the finish, there followed an ever-increasing cold wave, lasting well nigh the commencement of the next storm, thus the freezing temperature was continuous during the whole time; at one time the thermometer reaching a lower point below zero than for many years.

The long, intense cold was the cause of much suffering among the people throughout the country, by the freezing of rivers and harbors, thus stopping the regular course of commerce, causing a deficiency in many necessary articles, especially coal. The bursting of innumerable water pipes destroyed a large amount of patience and did much damage on one side, while on the other, as a recomposure, the cold (which is said to never have been created), laid out nearly every potato bug, *hors de combat*; the result has been that the potato plant has had full swing this season, and has brought its tubers to a high state of perfection, and in abundance. We give thanks whenever they are set before us. It is a noble, mealy and palatable fruit, which we have always been delighted to master.

Having stated the fact of the cold season that has visited us, we proceed circumlocutory to reach what we believe to be a scientific conclusion of the cause of the changes that appear to be taking place.

Beginning with our earth. There was a space which had been subdivided into twenty-four part, in which the earth continues to make an entire revolution, going from "west to east," but in reality there can not exist such points as east and west, north and south, zenith and Nadir, etc., as all such terms are purely conventional. The Creator of all worlds gave this, like all others known, three coincident motions: the rolling or day motion; the orbit or yearly motion, going around the sun for a center, and so far as known there has been given all fixed stars or suns having planetary systems an immense orbit or path, either a circle or an ellipse, the center of which appears to be nearly on a line with the most central star in the Pleiad, or seven stars, and from these thousands of worlds to pass around this immense orbit of great magnitude may require millions of years.

We may be going away beyond the home of comets; they are certainly going far away beyond our home in the galaxy of worlds.

"Now," quod he tho, "cast up thyn ye, Se yonder, lo, the galaxie— The whiche men clept the Melky Weye, For hit ye white; somme, parfeye, Callen hyt watynge strete."—Chaucer.

All speed of revolving worlds is accelerated according to the boundlessness of space in which they move. Our world may now be on its way somewhere, which causes a change of seasons to take place. There is evidence that the seasons have been vastly different in temperature from what they are now. Witness the moraines deposited from glaciers as far south as Trenton in this State, and also the late fossils of plants and animals that lived and flourished in a torrid climate that are being found in Arctic Alaska.

"THROW OUT THE LIVE FLIES."

Once upon a time, so the story goes, at one of our Conferences, a heavy rain storm kept the people captive in the dining tent for some time after the meal. To pass away time, appropriate songs were sung, among them "Throw out the live line." One little fellow who did not quite catch the words, asked, "Mama, why do they sing 'Throw out the live flies?'"

The writer was not present at this Conference, and so is not aware whether the child's rendering was particularly applicable on this occasion, but all who make it a practice to attend our Conference, know that using tents for our dining rooms, as is usually the custom, we have often had a great abundance of these unwelcome guests.

An article on the Woman's page of a recent SABBATH RECORDER calls attention to the results of scientific investigation of the habits of the house fly, which shows that much contagion may be traced to this busy little insect, who, breeding in filth indescribable, does not stop to clean its feet before it walks over our food.

Is it not possible, nay, quite probable, that the epidemics that break out during our Seventh-day Baptist General Conferences, may be traced to the house fly? These epidemics have been variously attributed to canned meat, to ice-water, and to other sources, but individuals refraining from these have been afflicted. So far as the writer's knowledge of Conference extends, meetings at which flies have been most plentiful in the dining hall, are the ones most memorable for epidemics.

May not some plan be devised by which flies may be excluded from the dining tables at our future Conferences? H. E. W.

RESOLUTIONS.

The Ladies' Aid Society extend to dearly loved sister and member, Mrs. N. M. Mills, our heartfelt sympathy in the great sorrow which has come to her in the death of her husband, our loved and respected pastor.

We recommend her and hers to the tender mercies of the Heavenly Father who watches over the widow and the fatherless.

MRS. HENRY L. DAVIS,
MISS LOTTIE SCHAUBLE,
MRS. LUTHER S. DAVIS,
MARLBORO, N. J., Aug. 3, 1904.

OUR LIFE WITH CHRIST.

Our walk with Christ is the most intimate of relations. According to the figure which our Lord Himself uses, and in which Paul out of his own experience concurs, it is nothing less than the sharing of life itself. The vine branch is cut away from its old root. Except that it is

grafted into the new vinestock it would be dead and withered. It draws its life from sap which the new root that has adopted its supplies. In Paul's figure we are crucified with Christ, dead and buried with Him, and the life we now lead is nothing less than His risen life. Christ is more than our companion. He is our source.

This figure of the scion grafted into the living vine has wonderful suggestions. It signifies that there was a beginning for own life with Christ. The scion grew originally on another stock and drew its life from other roots. It was cut off, and thereby died to them; it was grafted in, and began to draw its life for the first time from Christ. Regeneration lies in plain sight on the surface of the parable.

So, too, the figure carries a suggestion of continuing individuality. The scion is grafted in that way with its new life bears its own kind of fruit. There is neither uniformity nor monotony among Christ's disciples. Peter is still Peter and John is John—each deepened and broadened by the life of Christ. Our Lord does not absorb. He enlarges and glorifies His disciples. The vinestock, in ordinary vineyard experience, must be strong and sound, but it gives its whole strength to the bearing of the kind of fruit which is native to the scions. The scion takes its life from the stock in order to bring forth fruit after its own kind. Christ does not overwhelm our individuality by His afforded life, He helps us to bring forth fruit of our own kind more freely and more perfectly.

The life of Christ is therefore embodied and expressed in the individual characters and lives of men. We are His fruit-bearing branches. He lives in us and manifests His life in our accomplishment. Here is our opportunity and our responsibility, and here is the exceeding sinfulness of our sin. Our anxiety is not to be at all for life. That is His provision. In Him we live and move and have our being. We abide and we may rest and rejoice in Him. Our effort must be to become fit channels for the expression of His life, to carry on His purposes, to show by service and by cheer the true quality of His life to men.—*The Congregationalist*.

HE MEANT BUSINESS.

It was little John's first day at school. He had attended kindergarten and was familiar with the playwork there; but he knew that school was a more serious place, that now he was to learn to read and write, that he was entering upon a new life of great possibilities. All went well for a time; but toward the close of the session the teacher, thinking the little people might be tired and would welcome a change, sent them to the board.

"Now, children," she said, "I want to see how nice a picture each one can make."

This seemed to John quite too much like play for real school life, and he turned to the teacher with a very serious little manner and said: "But I came here for business; I mean business."—*Junior Baptist Union*.

Helen—If you were to meet a ferocious bull, dear, what would you do?

Percy—What a question to ask! Don't you know I was champion long distance runner at school?

If a bird in the hand
Is worth two in the bush,
Then the man with the pull
Is worth two with the push.

Jews had been looking for their king; the promised heir to the throne of David. But alas! They had stopped so long over the gathering of tradition, they had dwelt so long in imagination of a king coming in earthly powers and glory, one who should lead them in victory against their foes, they could not recognize their king in him who was so humbly born, who sought no throne except in their hearts. Oh, that they had received their blessing! Oh, that they had known how favored they were! For it was to the Jews almost alone that Christ gave his oral teachings, among them he wrought his miracles in Jerusalem, the holy city, he walked in human form.

Forty years after the crucifixion, Jerusalem was conquered by the Romans. Now without home or country the Jews were scattered throughout the world, the greater part among Christian nations. How have they fared at the hands of their Christian brothers? Rome shut the door of all honorable professions against them. She made a home-loving and industrious people earn their living by their wits, rather than by their hands. Spain for a while treated them with kindness and here, quick to make the most of their opportunities they soon rose to prominence in all the noblest movements of the times. It was the Jews who kept alight the torches of learning during the dark ages. Russia! her pages are black with oppression, tyranny and massacres of the Jews and each year she is adding to her shameful record. In England, after the conquest, they prospered for a while for they were under the special protection of the king. But for this protection they paid dearly. At one time, an English king appropriated one-fourth of the wealth of the Jews to his own personal use. Even then his subjects were jealous of their prosperity. They forbade anyone to trade with a Jew, even to sell him the necessities of life. The church, although singing the psalms of their father David, excluded them. To such a depth had Christianity fallen that even the gates of heaven were closed to those to whom our Saviour belonged. In every land, from the dispersion until the present time, the Jew has been a wanderer and an outcast, but through it all he still remains, waiting, watching, hoping, ever hoping.

Do we as Christian people realize how much we are indebted to the Jews? What wonderful gifts they have contributed to knowledge, to science, to philanthropy! But their best gifts have been spiritual. They first sounded the depths of human need and in due time produced a Redeemer. They gave us our Bible, the Old and the New Testament. Their religion has ever been one of faith looking forward to the coming of the king of kings. That hope was fulfilled in Christ. Will it be realized to all but to those in whom it was born? Will they who have held so tenaciously to the Scriptures never learn to interpret them aright? God never forgets, and he will remember his promise to Abraham. The Jews must be saved! But has the Christian church ever taken a true and heartfelt interest in their salvation. At the very foundation of our faith is the command "to love our neighbors as ourselves," but how this has been transgressed and ignored, in respect to the Jew! To all other nations without Christ we give our aid, our sympathy, our prayers. But the Jews, instead of aiding, we have robbed, instead of sympathizing with them, we have hat-

ed them, and our prayers for them have never been said.

We are to be Christ's witnesses to all men, but have the Jews not seen in us a false and misleading image of him? His love was not bounded by prejudice. He turned from none with a look of scorn. But, you say, the Jews care for no one but themselves, they do not make good citizens or friends. Would it be strange if they who have been oppressed so long, had grown to hate their oppressors? But we know this is not true; for in times of need, in fire or famine they have given freely of their wealth and of their sympathy. In times of war they have laid down their lives for the lands that have so grudgingly sheltered them. And ere we call them selfish, let us remember that in their confidential communion with God for centuries, they have been praying to establish the world in the kingdom of righteousness.

Oh, mistaken and desolate people! They are vainly seeking afar that which has ever been near them, but who shall lead them again in the right way? This work is yours, O Christian people! Heed the voice that pleads "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people." O ye! who have been with Christ and learned of him, show forth the Christlike spirit to these your brothers. Let them see in your lives the true spirit of the Master. Then they will recognize their Messiah. Then they will look upon him whom they have pierced and go mourning, yet rejoicing.

MILTON COLLEGE, Milton, Wis.

If you knew a boy must cross a swollen stream, where the bridge was partially washed out, leaving only a few narrow, shaking timbers, would you not be interested? asks an authority. Would you not be willing to do all in your power to help him cross in safety? Yes, you would help to twine ropes around the beams for him to catch hold of; you could hardly keep your hands off the safety rope around his waist, in your anxiety for him. How you would cheer, encourage and sympathize with him in his undertaking. When a boy is passing from childhood to manhood, he needs just such encouragement. He is worth saving, worth protecting; yet he often crosses the dangerous place amid the taunts of older brothers, the ridicule of sisters, the criticisms of father, and even the half-hearted sympathy of mother. No one understands his case.

A MASTER-CURE.

In the snug harbor of Burnt-Coat, Capt. Abner Roundturn's old schooner lay at anchor, fog-bound on her homeward trip east from Boston. Not far distant, with smoke lazily curling from the galley fire, rode another bluff-bowed old-timer, piled high with a fragrant deck-load of cedar shingles. After supper her master and owner, Captain Buttbolt, embarked in his yawl-boat, and with one hand slowly sculled across the placid water towards his neighbor, meantime gently stroking his long white beard.

"How does she head to-night?" he called, facetiously, on approaching.

Captain Roundturn lowered the newspaper he was reading on deck, and looked out over his spectacles.

"Hello, Buttbolt, that you?" said he. "Heave us holt of your line and come aboard! Pleased to see ye. Seem's though you're looking a little grain streaked like. Fell away, ain't ye?"

"I ain't feeling any too antic, now that's a fact, you," admitted Captain Buttbolt, as he climbed stiffly over the rail. "Missed my sleep by nights an awful sight of late, on account of leakin' so bad. I'm 'most afraid I'll have to take and lay over a tide or two on the flats in yonder and see if I can't make out to squ'sh a little mud into my seams."

"Sho, now!" Captain Roundturn said sympathetically. "Aggravatin' to once git leakin' that way, ain't it? Probably a good dose of that soft mud may fix you up for a spell; that is, without you're wormy. I been lucky enough to hold consid'ble tight myself for quite a few trips back now, but same time I know what it is to be a-leakin', as good as the next one. A leaky vessel will take it out of a man horrid—it's giving of him the laborin' oar all the time, with nary hand to spell him. You look to me a good deal like the last run o' shad, Buttbolt. Doctored yourself up any, have ye?"

"Oh land, yes, indeed!" said Captain Buttbolt. "I cal'late to doctor right along. What d'ye git holt of for news in your paper to-night? Lumber freights pickin' up any yit?"

"Fathers, you! That's a fortin't-old paper. I bought me that up to Baws'n, and she's all the one I've clapped eye on sence. We took it dungeon-thick o' fog off Thatcher's, and never see hide nor hair of nothin' at all till we made Matinicus, and poked in here. I was jest this minute reading where the King of England was by the heels to bed, and some of 'em was misdoubtful if he wan't liable to leave go his hand-holt for good. I cal'late myself all the way in this world ever he'll be up and 'round again is to jest turn to and heave every soul of them college doctors of hisn chock outdoors, neck and crop. The way I look at it, you once let a click of college doctors git ary one of them kings or dooks flipped out on his back to bed in good shape, and it's seldom ever they'll leave go of him very sudden, now you tell your folks! Them kind don't cal'late to leave alone of no man, and in pertikler one of them big herbs same's King What's-his name, till his wallet is dreened somewheres nigh dry. I got no use for them kind, myself. Plague on 'em, it's seldom ever you'll run afoul of one that's what you may call anyways a nach'al doctor. Turn to and take away the books from 'em, and how much good will even the pick of 'em be?"

"I ain't much on them kind myself, take 'em by and large," Captain Buttbolt admitted.

"Lots of folks, though," continued Captain Abner, "always cal'late to run and fetch the doctor at every hand's turn, jes' though they was possessed to heave away money whether or no. Now I ain't scairt but what I've got a med-cine right here aboard o' me that would cure up old King over acrosst there double-quick—same time I s'pose likely he never'd touch of her on no account, for the very reason she don't come costly enough for them big high muck-a-mucks."

"What is she—some of your git-up?" asked Captain Buttbolt. "You doctor some consid'ble yourself, don't ye?"

"Oh, no great, no great at this day o' the world," Captain Roundturn answered, modestly. "This one ain't my make, though I'm knowing to all her ingreencies, but I buy her all mixed, in room of fussin' round to git me the dogwood and the thorough-wood and all the rest-part of the chicken-fixin's. There's an old woman lives all soul alone clean away out back of my place

down home there, that mixes up this 'ere master-cure, ye see, and I ain't been without a bottle aboard of me for risin' of thirty year. I always keep a one right in the cupboard to home, and I'd lieveser take a good hidin' any day than for to fill away with this vessel in the spring o' the year unless'n I had a one aboard o' me right where I could clap hand to her in a secont's time. I'll fetch up my med'cine chist on deck, Buttbolt, for I want you should take and give this cure a good try right off. Good men are scarce these days, and you want to take care o' yourself."

So saying, the captain disappeared in his dark little cabin, and soon emerged with an ancient cigar-box, the cover of which was held in place by several turns of rope-yarn. From among half a dozen vials he at once selected one of peculiarly stained and gummed-up appearance. First removing the stopper and indulging in a series of apparently revivifying sniffs, he tapped it caressingly and handed it to his visitor.

"There you," he said, "there she is, full bigness. The label has got a little mite greased-up like, but I want you should understand, Cap'n, that when you come to hunt 'round for a master-cure, you hain't need look no further. Inside or outside, man or beast, you'll find she works complete."

Captain Buttbolt took the bottle, held it up to the light with a critical air, and at length cautiously applied his nose to it.

"Don't be the leastways skittish of her!" his friend said, reassuringly. "There's consid'ble fogo to her, but she won't do ye no hurt, not if you turned to and downed the whole business."

"Smells to me like a good strong make of med'cine, and no use talkin'," declared Captain Buttbolt, coughing slightly.

"She does so! That's a fact!" cried Captain Abner, enthusiastically. "You come to take and open her up inside of a close room anywhere, and seems 's though you couldn't smell another blame' thing all the rest-part of the day. She's got the bo-ink-um to her, and no mistake about it! Why, jest let me take and tell you a little thing I seen that med'cine do one time. You acquainted any along of old Cap'n Marline?"

"Goes in that little slab-sided creatur' with the white waist? Walks kind of crippled-up like?"

"That's him!" Captain Roundturn said. "That's the same old sir. Been all crippled-up with that leg of hisn for a long spell sence. Well, Buttbolt, the last time ever I was to Bayport I hauled in alongside of him at the wharf, cal'latin' to take his berth soon's ever he was loaded. Come to find out, old Cap'n's leg had jest been givin' of him hail colubny about that time, and the pore old sir allowed he'd suffered same's ary thole-pin for nigh a week's time; so's that very morning he'd sent a boy up street to fetch a doctor down aboard of him, though he says to me as a gin'ral rule he never could abide having them kind come a-nigh him. Well, sir, so pretty quick down comes this 'ere boy with one o' them reg'lar-built old college doctors in tow. Mister doctor he took and shun down aboard of Cap'n Marline, went below, give the old sir's leg an overhulin', and says right off the very fust thing, 'Look a-here, Cap'n! s' he, 'we'd ought to have you in the hospittle. You're liable to have a mess of it with that leg' of yourn at this rate, and lucky not to lose her out-right."

"My soul and body! You don't tell me," says old Cap'n, commencing to horn up same's a burnt boot. "I can't go to no hospittle! s' he. 'Why,' s' he, 'I got shingles aboard o' me for the meetin'-house down home, and promised all fair and square to have 'em there before folks all was right in the thick of hayin'. I sh'd look well going to ary hospittle right atop o' that, wouldn't I?"

"That's your hunt, o' course," says mister doctor, "but the best advice ever I can give ye is, you'd full better let me git at that leg to-day!" "Well, sir, I was riled. I was some consid'ble riled up, and no mistake. I see plain as the nose on your face jest how ter'ble anxious this 'ere doctor chap was to shove his knife into old Cap'n Marline. "Cap'n, s' I, 'you best go a grain slow in regards to this 'ere losing a leg. Don't never lay down and lose ary leg for no one man's say so, it don't matter a rap who 'tis! This looks to me, s' I, 'as though they was a leg short up to some plague-gone college or hospittle ashore here, and cal'late yourn will work in about this time handy as a pocket in a shirt. Don't allow 'em to play none o' their points on ye, I says to him. 'You once take and leave go of a leg that way, and you ain't going to turn to and grow you out a brand, spankin' new one in room of her any too easy—that is, s' I, 'not without there's a sight more blame' lobster about you than ever I give ye credit for!"

"Mister doctor he sat there at first and grinned away at me same's an old Chesy cat. Seem 's though the prospects of loppin' off folk's legs tickled him more than a little; but finally soon's ever be see that I was really like to heave him out of his job, he got crosser 'n two sticks, and commenced to take on in good shape. "You keep your advice to yourself till she's ast for, will ye!" s' he to me. "What is it you know in regards to doctorin', anyways?" he says. "Oh, well there! Set-fire, you!" I up and says right off. "Come to that, jest you turn to and tell us what in tunkett it is you know your own self in regards to it, without 'tis what you've culled out of some book or 'nother!"

"Aha! jes' so!" exclaimed Captain Buttbolt. "You poked it right at him that time, and no rubbin' of it out, neither. Undertake to take much more talk along of ye after that, did he?"

"Never a yip!" said Captain Roundturn. "Pretty quick after, soon's ever he found he couldn't scare old Cap'n no longer, he grabbed holt of his gipsack and give it to her up the dock a-flyin'."

"Plaguey good reddance to bad rübbidge, too, thinks I to myself. 'Now then,' I says to Cap'n Marline, 'you hain't need to fret yourself the least mite in regards to that leg o' yourn, for I got the very med'cine right aboard o' me that will cure her up all tanto, and not half try, neither,' s' I.

"By fire! he says, 'I do wist you'd fetch her out right off, then! Seems 's though I wouldn't begredge nothin' in reason to be cured up of this leg.' She pains me every hand's turn 'most fit to kill!' s' he.

"Well, sir, I took and give him double and thribble the reg'lar dose of this same master-cure, all het-up fit to take the hile along with her, and then I wrapped up his game leg jest fairly soako with it and shoved him into his bunk. Then I give him an extra bottle of cure; told him to keep a doctorin' stiddy till she was dreened dry, and I wouldn't be noways scairt

to bate but what he come out of it bright as ary new dollar. Next morning he took a favor'ble slant o' wind and put her for home. That was Fourth of July day, mind ye—nigh two months sence. When he was coming out past the Castle, there to Baws'n of a Monday mornin' in this very last trip, Cap'n Marline was workin' in with the wind to the west'ard, and crossed my bow 'not two lengths off'n me. The old sir was to the wheel hisself, and wove his hand at me as antic as ever you see in your life.

"How're you makin' it these days, Skip?" I hollers to him.

"Fine as silk!" he says, and fetches his leg a good slap; when you don't want to forgit, only a short spell afore, them college doctors to Bayport was all feather-white to turn to and massacre the man!"

"That doos beat tar-water out and out, and no use talkin'!" cried Captain Buttbolt, again removing the stopper from the bottle, and this time snuffing it most vigorously. "There 'ere must make out to be a master-cure, as you say. I wouldn't mind giving of her a try myself. S'pose likely you ain't got an extry bottle aboard of ye to spare me, jest this minute?"

"Well, no, I hain't; that's a fact, you," Captain Abner said, regretfully. "That's all the one I've got by me this trip, Buttbolt, and you see nigh the half of her is dreened, but same time I cal'late to help you out fur's ever I can, for seem's though you needed doctorin' up the wust way."

Then, rising and removing his glasses, Captain Roundturn carefully scrutinized the murky heavens in all directions; held a moistened forefinger high over his head a moment, and, finally, putting hand to his ear, listened attentively.

"Buttbolt," at length he said, with decision, "I tell you what I'm going to do with ye. It looks to me as though we'd have a scale to-night. The rote sounds from well in on the western shore this evening, and I believe there's an air o' wind drawrin' off'n the beach a'ready. I look to see this fog-mull scale off clear as a bell by high-water slack to-night, and give me a good fair slant down home. Bein' as you really have the look of a reg'lar-built invaleed, Buttbolt, why, set-fire if I won't go even halves with ye on that bottle of cure, and jest take my chances the rest-part of the ways home!"—The Outlook.

The fortune left by the late Paul Kruger, late president of the Transvaal, is between \$3,750,000 and \$5,000,000, chiefly in European securities.

John Holland, inventor of the submarine boat, claims to have invented a flying machine that will make air navigation safer and more popular than bicycle riding ever was.

Authorities in Boston are taking precautions to keep out dangerous anarchists, who are said to be endeavoring to gain entrance to the United States disguised as members of the Salvation Army.

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.

Children's Page.

A SLUMBER SONG.

M. E. H. EVERETT.

The twilight winds swing in the low forest branches
The shy owlets peep from their sheltering tree,
Green ferns tremble over the hovering sparrow,
And the brown elves are dancing in innocent glee,
But O my merry one, my merry and loving one,
Wander not with the brown elves to-night,
But here where thy mother leans smilingly over thee,
Sleep in thy crib with its pillow so white.

High up in the blue sea, the moon boat is sailing,
The sky fairies name it their "Merry-go-round,"
And over the mountains, the plains and the ocean,
They speed it away to the far hunting ground;
But O my precious, my precious and sleepy one
Sail not away in the moon boat to-night;
But here where thy mother sings tenderly over thee,
Sleep in thy crib with its pillow so white.

Beyond the wild hunting ground lieth a country
Where earth children stand by the fountain of Grace,
Singing their chorus of blessings and praises,
And calling to thee from that glorious place;
But O my little, my little and blessed one,
Seek not that portal of gladness to-night,
But here where thy mother prays faithfully over thee,
Sleep in thy crib with its pillow so white.

ROULETTE, PA.

THE INQUISITIVE CUBS.

Once upon a time, in a wild secluded spot in the Rocky Mountains there lived a family of bears. They were six in number—Mr. and Mrs. Grizzly, and their cubs Joseph, Alexander, Sally and Jemima. Very early each morning the father went off hunting while the mother saw to her children.

"Now, my dears," she would say, "you must try to imitate me. Give your right paw a good lick—so, and then rub carefully round and round your left cheek and the left side of your head; now lick your left paw and go carefully over the fur on your right cheek and that side of your head. Repeat after mother as you do it—

"This is the way we wash our face,
We wash our face, we wash our face;
This is the way we wash our face,
On a hot and sultry morning."

No, no! Joe and Sandy, you haven't washed behind your ears properly! Try again. There, that will do. Now smooth out your fur with your claws as you see me do, whilst you say—

"This is the way we comb our fur,
We comb our fur, we comb our fur,
This is the way we comb our fur,
On a hot and sultry morning."

Oh! Sandy, my dear child, part your fur, dear, in the middle of your forehead. That's better; now you look stylish. Listen, children! I think I hear Father's voice. Run and meet him, and perhaps you can help him with the breakfast."

Mr. Grizzly's mouth was very full, and when he came in sight Mrs. Grizzly exclaimed joyfully, "What ho! you are in luck today, Father."

"Yes, indeed!" said he with a smile as he wiped his heated brow—"a cassowary, a peccary and a golden eagle; not so bad, eh?"

"How did you manage to be so successful?" asked Mrs. Grizzly as they all sat down to breakfast.

Mr. Grizzly paused as he divided up the cassowary.

"Let us have a fair start, Mother, and then I'll tell you all about it."

"Jemima, take your paw out of your mouth, dear," said her mother.

"Oh, Dad! may I have the merry-thought?" begged Sally.

"But I want it," cried Jemima.

"Sally is the youngest, so let her have it, Father, please," said Mother.

"There! Now I think that everyone has a share!" said Mr Grizzly.

"As plump and tender as a cassowary as ever I tasted," remarked Mrs. Grizzly.

Mr. Grizzly smiled.

"And now I'll tell you about my hunting," said he. "The golden eagle was a very simple business. I put some salt on her tail, and then gave her a gentle hug!" The cubs laughed.

"As to the peccary and cassowary: I observed them afar, standing stock still and staring. I crept up behind them, and then I saw that they were fascinated by a big boa constrictor. He

'Held them with his glittering eye,' as I believe the poet says. So I just fetched the peccary a blow with my right paw, and the cassowary a blow with my left paw, and knocked their silly heads together. Then I said 'Thank you, Mr. Boa!' and scooted.

"Bravo!" cried Mrs. Grizzly. "And now, if you have all finished, I should be glad, my dear, if you would take the boys for a nice walk, whilst the girls help me clear away the breakfast and tidy the cave."

Father Grizzly held out a paw to each of his sons.

"Come along, my lads!" said he. And off they went.

"Pa, where are you going to take us?" asked Joe.

"Well," replied his father, "I thought we would go to the woods and look for honey."

"Pa," said Sandy slowly, "I really do think that honey is just the very loveliest thing that there is."

"So do I, dad," chimed in Joe.

Their father smiled at their enthusiasm. By-and-by he sniffed the air.

"Oh, Pa! what is that?" asked both the cubs at once.

"Guess!" replied their father.

"Honey, is it, Pa?" they cried.

"Honey it is, sonnies; and now we've got to find it!" said their father.

They hurried on through the beautiful forest. All around them were stately palms and cabbage trees with cauliflowers for fruit, and banyans, and prickly pears, and monkey trees with monkeys swinging on the twigs. Birds of paradise flashed in the sunshine, parrots and cock-a-doodles and guinea pigs sang among the branches. The ground was covered with moss and ferns, and orchids and arum lilies, and pine-apples and flowers of sulphur. None of these beauties of nature appealed to the bears, for their one thought was honey.

At length they came to a bank. There was a hole in the bank, and that hole was full of honeycomb. Joseph and Alexander were about to rush forward when their father held up a warning paw. Mr. Grizzly struck a match, set fire to a pawful of grass, and when it was well alight stuck it cautiously in the hole. The fumes made the bees giddy and stupid. Then Mr. Grizzly raked out the honeycomb, and he and his sons enjoyed a royal feast.

"Oh, my!" cried Joe with his mouth full, "isn't it scrumptious?"

They now went on again until they reached a mossy dell, and here Mr. Grizzly sat down upon a bank and told the cubs that he would give them a roaring lesson.

"Now then!" said he, "heads up, spread your toes, put your paws behind your backs, and say 'Gr-r-r-r-r-r!'"

"Gr-r-r-r!" piped the cubs. It was not much of a noise.

"Try again, sonnies," said their father, "and this time more in your noses!"

"Gr-r-r-r!" said the cubs.

Mr. Grizzly clapped his paws. "Better, much better!" said he. "And now, for a change, let me hear how dimly you can howl, 'Ou-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo!'"

"U-oo-o!" said the cubs.

"Fair, very fair for a beginning!" said their father. "Practise it half-a-dozen times, and then we'll be moving homewards."

"I don't want to go home!" grumbled Sandy. "Nor do I!" said Joe.

However, their papa took their paws and began to step out briskly.

But Joseph dragged behind, and Sandy sobbed, and their kind father had as much as he could do to get the boys along. Sad to say, when they got within sight of home, Joe tried to stamp on his papa's toes, and Sandy actually bit his paw!

After dinner Mr. and Mrs. Grizzly sat down to talk, so they said to the cubs—

"Run along, children, and have a good game together!"

Off scampered Joseph with the others at his heels.

"I vote we play touch," cried Sally.

"All right," said Joe.

After touch they played at hide and seek. Then they ran a race, and ran so far that they got within sight of the woodman's log cabin. The doors and windows were wide open.

"Hello!" exclaimed Joe, "there's no one at home, so let's explore!"

Outside the cabin were a bench and two pails full of some sort of liquid. The cubs sniffed and sniffed. Could it be honey? The colour puzzled them, for the contents of one pail was black, and of the other pail bright green. As the cubs could not reach the contents with their tongues they tried to tilt the pails. At each pail one cub pulled and one pushed. Then suddenly the pails overbalanced and there was a pretty how-d'ye do! Sally burst into tears, but Joe said, "It can't be helped; we've got more than we expected, and we must just lick ourselves clean!"

"But I don't like it; it's nasty stuff!" cried Jemima, "and it sticks like anything!"

"It's very pretty!" said Sandy, admiring the green color.

"Taste it, taste it!" cried practical Joe.

Not one of the cubs liked it, however, the least wee bit.

"I want my mother!" sobbed Sally.

There was nothing for it but to tramp sorrowfully homeward; and when at length they reached the cave a miserable sight they presented to their wondering parents.

"What have you been doing?" exclaimed Mr. Grizzly. The cubs all began to speak at once.

"It is impossible to make out what you say!" cried Mother. "Now, Joseph, you are the eldest; tell me at once how you got into such a terrible pickle."

"We saw black and green honey in pails, boo-hoo! and when we went to taste it, all the honey jumped out at us! Boo-hoo!"

"Rubbish!" said Mother. "What is it that the children have got on them, Father?" she asked anxiously.

"Paint and tar!" replied Mr. Grizzly promptly.

"Oh, cubs, cubs!" cried their mother, wringing her paws, "why do you meddle with what you don't understand? How am I to get you clean again, I should like to know?"

"Soft soap, and plenty of it," advised Mr. Grizzly. "Rubbing, washing, clawing, it will take a good month before they're fit to go into society! However," he muttered to himself, "cubs will be cubs!"

Mr. Grizzly was a true prophet. Mrs. Grizzly persevered with the scrubbing, but at best it was slow work.

When the wood-cutter came home, great was his surprise to see his pails upset and all their contents spilled. He examined the ground closely.

"Ah, ha!" said he, "bear foot-prints!"

He shouldered his gun and followed the trail of the cubs, which was plainly marked out in tar and paint. By-and-by he spied the home of the Grizzly family, and crawled stealthily along the ground until he got quite close. He saw Mrs. Grizzly, scrubbing brush in paw, busily at work upon her four cubs. She was so absorbed that she knew nothing of the movements of the wood-cutter who rested his gun on a handy chunk of rock and carefully took aim at her.

He was just about to pull the trigger when a great paw sent man and gun flying. The gun exploded harmlessly and the wood-cutter rolled head over heels down a precipice and lay at the foot stunned and bruised.

Father Grizzly had been hunting, and had fortunately returned in the nick of time to hunt the hunter and save his family. The joy of Mrs. Grizzly, Joe, Sandy, Sally and Jemima may be imagined.

"Never mind, my dears!" cried Mr. Grizzly as he hugged each member of his family in turn. "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, as the wood-cutter has found to his cost. As far as we are concerned, all is well that ends well!"—*Little Folks.*

THE BROKEN PINION.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

"I walked through the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing,
And I found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed its wound, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soared as high again.

"I found a young life broken
By sin's seductive art;
And, touched with a Christlike pity,
I pressed him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose,
And struggled not in vain;
But the life that sin had stricken
Never soared as high again.

"But the bird with a broken pinion
Kept another from the snare;
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair.
Each loss has its compensation;
There is healing for every pain;
But the bird with a broken pinion
Never soars as high again."

Young People's Work.

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

A YOUNG PEOPLE'S HOUR.

A Young People's Hour of the Local Union of the Southern Wisconsin and Chicago churches was held in connection with the quarterly meeting at Walworth, Sunday afternoon, July 31, at 3 o'clock. The president being absent, Prof. Edwin Shaw, of Milton, had charge of the meeting, which opened with a song service led by Harold Stillman, of Walworth. The secretary being absent, Mrs. E. M. Holston was appointed secretary *pro tem*. The program given was as follows:

Scripture Lesson, 23d Psalm, Allen West, Jr., Lake Mills.
Solo, Harold Stillman, Walworth.
Prayer, Wm. Crandall, Jr., Walworth.
Reading of minutes.
Duet, Miss Stelle Maxon and Mr. Jesse Maxon, Walworth.
Paper, "Sincere Personal Consecration," Miss Grace Crandall, Milton Junction; read by Miss Jennie Rose, Rock River.
Address, "Denominational Loyalty," Rev. T. J. Van Horn, Albion.
Duet, Howard and Helen Cottrell, Milton Junction.
Paper, "Denominational Life and Power," Miss Stelle Maxon, Walworth; read by Miss Lelia Stillman, Walworth.
Address, "Quiet Meditation and Prayer," Prof. Edwin Shaw, Milton.
Duet, Rev. and Mrs. T. J. Van Horn.
Election of officers resulted as follows:
President—Mrs. M. G. Stillman, Walworth.
Vice Presidents—Ethel Jeffrey, Albion, Mabel Maxon, Walworth, Nelson Inglis, Milton, Mignon Whitford, Rock River, Ross Coon, Milton Junction, George Main, Chicago.
Secretary—Mrs. E. M. Holston, Walworth.
Treasurer—Stelle Maxon, Walworth.
Consecration Service, led by Rev. T. J. Van Horn.
Closing Prayer, Rev. L. A. Platts, Milton.
Mrs. E. M. Holston, Sec.

A FOREIGN MISSIONARY IN NEW YORK CITY.

Frank L. Greene said in the prayer meeting the other night, when we were bidding God-speed to Miss Susie Burdick, that he was especially interested in Dr. Palmberg's work since he had been brought into association with her sister Elin. The latter is a teacher in New York city, but she is a foreign missionary too. Of the fifty boys under her charge, not one was born in this country.

It is a grand thought for all our teachers to consider. In hundreds of thousands of cases the unevangelized foreigners do not need to have the Gospel sent to them across the sea. They have come across the sea to meet it. That may not have been their avowed purpose, but the opportunity is there just the same. The state hires men and women to teach these children. There, without expense to any missionary boards, the teachers can teach and live Christ in a thousand ways, if they are so minded. My Christian Endeavorer, you who are mourning over the narrow drudgery of your lot, think of the divine work which has providentially been placed in your hands.

And what about the rest of us? Why is the teacher called on to be a missionary in her sphere more than we are called to be in ours? We come into contact with other lives. We have influence. The other lives are not all German and Italian, but God hath made of one blood all nations of the earth. I know a factory where a theological student spends part of

his time working in the summer vacation. His Christian employers like to have him there because his has a good influence on others who work with him. He is genial and friendly, swift and faithful in his work. His presence carries a moral and spiritual tonic. Which reminds me of that passage of Scripture, "Let the light of the theological students so shine that men may see their good works and glorify their father which is in heaven." Or isn't that the way it reads? O, yes,—"Let your light so shine." Let it shine right where you are.

Now someone says, "That's just what I believe. It seems so foolish to send missionaries off to China when there is plenty of missionary work to do at home." Let me give you three statements to think about. The man or the church or the national body of Christians which hugs the Gospel to its own breast, refusing to give it to others, will die of dry rot. When you refuse to obey the commission of Christ you have denied the very principle that brought the Gospel to your ancestors and to you. The people who are doing the most for Christ at home are the ones who are most anxious to send the same message to others. "The light that shines brightest shines farthest from home."

THE SABBATH AT CHAUTAUQUA.

A Simon-pure Sabbath-keeper is glad to keep the Sabbath wherever he is, for he keeps it not unto men, but unto God. It is good to hear of this place and that place where the Sabbath is being kept. The numbers may not be large, but the light shines. I like to think of the Sabbath being kept at Northfield and Monona and Jerusalem and on the Grosser Kurfurst. In line with this I quote from a letter which has dropped down from Chautauqua: "We Sab-batarians have to miss the exercises today (Sabbath.) There are six or eight of us here and we are going to have a little meeting this afternoon in the grove."

The writer of this letter is not an ordained preacher, but he has been ordained of the Spirit of God to demonstrate the truth of God and the life of faith wherever he is.

LIFE AND POWER.

Read at the C. E. Hour of the Quarterly Meeting of Southern Wisconsin.

I can not begin to name the essential characteristics of denominational life and power. They might be summed up in one sentence, viz., a deeper understanding of God's word. There we find examples of forgiveness and forbearance among Christ's disciples.

As our pastor stated a short time ago, if men would put aside all secular business and come together for a few weeks for the express purpose of thinking and studying God's Word, and of Christ's work here upon earth, they would realize as never before the infiniteness of God's love. Consequently there would be a wonderful change in the life of the church.

Many of our young people seem to feel out of place when they go out among the business people. They seem to feel that, because they are Seventh-day Baptists, they can not obtain as good positions as they would if they kept the First-day. Of course there are communities in which it would be next to impossible to obtain any kind of work because of their religious belief. But there are among our Seventh-day Baptist young people, a large number who have

made, and others who are making, a success in the world. Does this not show plainly that "where there is a will there's a way?"

And then there are many others who have left our denomination because they have not had courage enough to refuse a tempting position which denied them the Seventh-day Sabbath.

A remedy for this which comes to me is this: Why can we not have as a part of our C. E. work a course of study of our Sabbath question among our young people? All would get a much better conception of the real meaning and reason for remaining steadfast in the determination to keep the Sabbath of Christ. There is plenty of information to be found in our denominational papers and books. Either the pastor or the Sabbath-school superintendent could take charge of the work.

We all long to see our young people standing firm and true in the ranks, and the signs all point towards a steady increase in the number of young men and women actively engaged in the work of our churches. It seems strange when we think of the humble beginning of the Christian Endeavor movement and compare it with its extent and influence now. It is a sort of school for the younger ones, from which they graduate into church work and responsibilities.

But one thing above all else which seems to have the most divine inspiration, is music. We read that the Israelites used that form of worship almost entirely, although it was still in a crude state then; how much more it should mean to us! Possibly the paid choir is a little discouraging to the congregation. Certainly there is more responsiveness on the part of the congregation, if they feel themselves at liberty to join in praising God with the voices which he has given them. It is a good old-time doctrine and will bear a good test. This paragraph, from the RECORDER, seems to be just the thing to carry with us as a reminder of the passing of time and opportunity:

"Master of human destinies am I,
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote and passing by
Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore—
I answer not, and I return no more."

SINCERE PERSONAL CONSECRATION.

Read at C. E. Hour of the Quarterly Meeting of Southern Wisconsin, by Grace I. Crandall.

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

Such was Paul's entreaty sent to the Christians at Rome. By the mercy of God and of His son Jesus Christ an abiding and world-wide sacrifice for sin had been made. Henceforth by accepting this sacrifice as his own each individual sinner might have life eternal.

It was reasonable then that those who had been thus redeemed should present a daily living sacrifice of the bodies which Christ by his blood had cleansed and sanctified. Paul saw that the Roman Christians did not feel this obligation as they should. If he were here there is rea-

son to fear that he would find the same lack among more modern Christians.

As we read the news of the day, it seems as though the spirit of the times is one of abject selfishness and base ingratitude. In the commercial world every day brings accounts of new conflicts for greater gain. Among religious enthusiasts there is a constant demand for a gospel of love, a God who cares for his children and will supply all their needs, but one who at the same time asks no sacrifice in return. The creed which says, "Thou shalt, and 'Thou shalt not' is unpopular. But listen to the words of our Saviour, as he was giving his farewell instructions to his disciples just before his crucifixion. "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love, even as I have kept my father's commandments and abide in his love." Again, "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch and is withered, and men gather them and cast them into the fire and they are burned."

There is no portion of the Bible more full of love and sympathy than this tender heart-to-heart talk, yet even here we find such stern truths. If ye keep my commandments as I have kept my father's commandments. See Christ kneeling there alone in the garden and hear His agonized cry, "Nevertheless, not my will but Thine be done," we are to keep His commands as He kept God's, if we are to abide in Him. We can not be half-hearted, we can not withhold any part of our allegiance. It must be a whole-hearted service, a service without reserve. This is the only reasonable service we can give. When a man wishes to cross the ocean he does not cling to a rope from the pier lest he shall drown. He boards the ship, cuts himself loose from the land entirely, and trusts his all to the pilot of the ship. Any other course would be ridiculous. The ship has no part with the land. It must be free from it to make any progress and one who clings to the land can not stay on the ship. He will be drawn overboard and will perish.

So it is with the service of God. It leads away from the world. The one who embarks in it must cut loose from all worldly things and trust his all to the great Pilot, otherwise the world is sure to draw him away from his Master and he must perish.

Whether consciously or unconsciously we all make our choices and we make them in accord with our ideals. The young man who thinks most highly of fame or wealth will seek them and whether successful or not will sell his soul in the seeking. The young woman whose ambition above all else is for social or even educational leadership will sacrifice her principles to attain her desire. Certainly these are worthy objects to strive after but we must not make them first. They seem good to us and we desire them but we are short-sighted. Only the far-seeing eye of God can discern whether they are good or evil to us individually. He knows our strength and our weaknesses, he sees where we would succeed and where we would fail. Is it not safer then to let him arrange it all for us? If we will only trust him He will find the right place for each of us, and lead us to true success therein. He can make no mistake. If we abide in Him, keeping his commandments, He will abide in us and cause us to bring forth much fruit, for without Him we can do nothing.

Oh! That we, Seventh-day Baptist Christian Endeavorers, could only realize our weakness,

our nothingness without Christ, and our strength and power in Him. If only each one of us individually could come to feel our dependence upon God, could come to abide in Him daily and hourly, seeking His guidance in every step as we start out in life and doing His will whatever the apparent cost.

What would be the effect of such consecration as this upon our denomination? Should we lack ministers? Would the calls for mission workers go unanswered or the treasuries remain empty? Would there be any need for the older people to work and plan to save us to the Sabbath? We ought to hang our heads in shame at the thought. Isn't the fact that Christ died for us, loves us and is longing to protect and lead us enough? Must we be bought with some worldly bauble to keep us true to such a Saviour? God doesn't want weak kneed, vacillating servants. He wants brave, proud soldier followers who will bend the knee to none save their Master.

Our young men ought to be eager to preach the Gospel if God so wills it. We ought all to count it an honor to be considered worthy to spread the news of Christ and Him crucified. We must go into all the world and preach the Gospel either in person or through the means God gives us, else we are not abiding in Christ as He abode in His Father.

And "lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

Our Reading Room.

PLAINFIELD.—Mrs. T. H. Tomlinson has received worth that her niece, Miss Mienola C. Davis of Pueblo, Col., a daughter of Henry C. Davis, was one of those who lost their lives in the wreck on the Rio Grande & Denver railroad, near Pueblo on the night of Aug. 7. Miss Davis was eighteen years old.

DERUYTER, N. Y.—The president of the Corporation of DeRuyter village, Mr. A. W. Francis, is an enterprising and public spirited man. After paying heavy damages for defective sidewalks, Mr. Francis had an ordinance passed that hereafter all sidewalks must be of stone or cement. Being a retired business man he has given his personal attention to the walks and roadways, buying all materials needed at wholesale, and employing only capable native workmen, and we are getting a system of walks that are safe and substantial and an honor to our village. They are now engaged in laying a smooth and permanent cement walk of 135 feet in front and leading up to our church, which will nicely correspond with the handsome repairs on the church and parsonage. The sisters in our Woman's Benevolent Society are leading in these things. L. R. S.

LINCKLAEN.—Brother Norwood of the Theological class at Alfred is doing a good work at Lincklaen and Otselic. He seems to combine in happy proportions three essentials for a good pastor: work, wisdom and watchfulness. L. R. S.

A British army surgeon at Rangoon, Burma, reports that he has discovered a cure for the leprosy. He succeeded in cultivating the leprosy germs, and then produced a substance which destroys them. He reports a success in the treatment of leprosy patients.

ANIMALS NOT YET CAUGHT.

"Oh there are a good many animals that are still to be caught and exhibited in the menageries," said the old animal man, reaching into the cage and scratching the head of the jaguar. "I can run off quite a list without stopping to think," he said.

"All the zoos are now crazy for an okapi. That's the strange prehistoric beast that Sir Henry Johnston found alive in Eastern Africa. It's a cross between a giraffe and a horse, apparently, and a mighty big animal. There'll be big money for the circus that gets the first example, and there are some plucky and smart men in Uganda this very minute looking for the brute.

Nobody has been lucky enough or smart enough to catch a Kadiab bear alive and carry him into civilization. There's something like a beast for you—big as a calf, so that he'd make a roaring Rocky Mountain grizzly look like a little brown bear alongside of him.

"Down in South America, somewhere behind the northeastern side of the Andes, a little north of the equator, is a beast that is the biggest rodent in the world. Travelers have seen pieces of its hide and its bones and a few of them have glimpsed as it sped through the dark primeval forests. It is a true rodent, like the rat, but it is as big as a Newfoundland dog. That would be a catch for a zoological garden.

"Then in the forests of the Amazon are two birds that would make their captor a famous man among zoologists. They are the bell bird, which has a voice exactly like a clear, ringing bell, and the 'lost soul' which has a cry that makes the shivers creep along a man's backbone when he hears it in those dark, mysterious, silent, forbidden woods.

"In Burmah somewhere is a rhinoceros that has a back hide and big tufted ears. The hide has been seen by white men lots of times, but they haven't ever seen a living animal.

"Up in the Himalayas a man has been looking for years for—what do you suppose? A unicorn. He may be crazy—he may be right. He says he has heard so many tales from the native hunters up there of the existence of a 1-horned antelope horse that he is bound to try and get one. I don't think there is any such thing, myself, but then I didn't take much stock in the discovery of a primitive horse in Central Asia either, and now the zoological gardens of Hamburg and New York both have specimens of these horses—funny big-headed little brutes that are representatives of some type of horse that must be hundreds of thousands of years old.

"One explorer followed mysterious footprints in the snow of the high mountains of New Zealand, but never came up with the beast that made them. But they were such strange footprints that other scientists agreed with him that the thing that made them was quite unknown to the world and must be a wonderful being.

"So, you see, there is plenty of work still for us wild animal catchers. We haven't seen every thing that there is to be seen, by a long shot."—Washington Star.

WONDERFUL YELLOWSTONE.

Probably no area of equal extent contains so great a number of natural objects capable of arousing wonder, enthusiasm and awe as are

found crowded together in the Park, writes Arnold Hague, in the May Scribner's. Its many scenic features of restful charm, found alongside areas of never-ending activity, with weird, grotesque surroundings, surprise one at every turn. Yellowstone Lake, the largest sheet of water in America at so high an elevation, with its indented shore line and 140 square miles of surface dotted with forested islands, presents to lovers of nature a series of picturesque landscapes unequalled upon any other inland waters. Their unique and marvelous rock setting, and the Grand Canyon, with its majestic outlines and brilliant coloring, are worthy of all the praise bestowed upon them, and merit a separate descriptive article. More than a score of waterfalls and cascades, some of them of exquisite grace and beauty, pour the waters of mountain torrents and plateau lakes from the uplands to the lowlands. Many of them well deserve a visit, but their fame is obscured by the real marvels of the Yellowstone. Again, the fossil forests, so seldom visited, tell a most interesting story of a buried plant world, of explosive eruptions of mud volcanoes and the gradual piling up of erupted lavas and ashes. All these, enticing as they seem, appear insignificant when compared with the hydrothermal phenomena displayed in geysers, boiling springs, hot lakes, solfataras and numberless fumaroles which have gained for the Park the appellation of the wonderland of America. Unquestionably it is this hot water treatment which the region has undergone that has developed most of the objects of interest and made the Park famous the world over. Even the lake owes much of its attractiveness to its hot springs and paint pots, and the Grand Canyon would lack its brilliancy of coloring and its sculptured buttressed walls but for the long-continued action of hot as well as cold water.

SIGHTLESS YET SEEING.

On the wings of the fragrant May air was wafted, on a Sunday afternoon, this touching and simple dialogue between an old man and a little boy walking together in the Public Garden of Boston:

The trees were in their spring dresses of soft greens and the flower beds were bright with tulips and pansies.

"Grandpa, see! What is over there?" the boy asked. His voice was clear and sweet. He pulled at the old man's hand.

"Why, over there is a great round bed of tulips, Leon, and down among the tulips the pansies are growing thick."

"What is it smells so sweet? It is there." The little boy pointed.

"There is a small bed of hyacinths over there. They are all colors, purple and white and pink."

"And here? What is on this side, right by us?"

"Right by us and over your head is a cherry tree covered with buds and a few blossoms. The blossoms that are out are quite double, like little roses. One more warm day and the tree will be white."

The child looked up.

"O, it is so lovely! I think I can see it just as plain as anything. Don't laugh, grandpa, I can see it!"

"I did not laugh, my boy. Did you think I would laugh at you?"

"Well, of course it is silly, for I see only dark,

really, but sometimes I pretend I can see through the dark, you know."

The child heard a step and turned his head and smiled toward the passer-by. It was a dear little face. His eyes were dark and soft and beautiful. They were eyes that would always look through the dark at all lovely objects.—Boston Transcript.

Advices received by the commissioner of the general land office show that the total registration for the Rosebud Indian lands, which ended at six o'clock Saturday night, reached 106,326. There are only 2,500 selections to be made.

MARRIAGES.

STILLMAN-MAXSON.—At the home of the bride in Leonardsville, N. Y., July 23, 1904, by Rev. A. C. Davis, Jr., assisted by Rev. I. L. Cottrell, Stennet C. Stillman and Mrs. M. Elizabeth Maxson, both of Leonardsville.

DEATHS.

BASSETT.—Marcella Crandall Bassett, youngest daughter of Barney and Eliza Crandall, was born in Whitesville, N. Y., Feb. 21, 1839, and died in Andover, N. Y., July 10th, 1904, being four months and 21 days in her sixty-sixth year.

Early in the fifties, while yet a mere child, she gave her heart to God, was baptized and joined the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Independence, N. Y., where, since, she has retained a consistent membership. She was a musician (for her time) of more than ordinary ability with a sweet and powerful contralto voice, which she used earnestly and efficiently in endeavoring to attune the hearts of men to the glory of God through the prayers of song, and for nearly a score of years acted as chorister and organist to the church of her adoption. She married Francis M. Bassett, Sept. 20, 1862, and by whom she leaves one son and four daughters to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate Christian mother. Funeral services were conducted by the writer at the home on July 13, at 2 o'clock, P. M., and interment took place in the cemetery at Independence, N. Y.

E. D. V. H.

SAUNDERS.—At Brookfield, N. Y., July 29, 1904, Mr. Artemus Saunders, aged 79 years, 11 months and 2 days.

Artemus Saunders, the son of Augustus and Eunice Saunders, was one of a family of ten children, of whom only two, Sophia and Phoebe L., remain to cherish his memory. He was baptized June 8, 1895, while Rev. E. B. Saunders was holding a series of revival meetings here, and later became a member of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of this place, May 12, 1900. Although he did not make a public profession of religion till late in life he always set a good Christian example for those around him, continually giving kindness, sympathy and cheer to all his friends and neighbors. When his health would permit he was a faithful attendant at all the regular meetings of the church, contributing liberally to its work. He has lived a quiet life, but although quiet it always spoke for Christ in its deeds of love and thoughtfulness for his fellow men and the words that he uttered near the close of his life, will forever live as a continual benediction upon all those who knew him. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." The funeral services which were attended by a goodly number of friends and relatives were held at his late residence in Brookfield.

H. L. C.

WINCHELL.—Mrs. Mettie (Clarke) Winchell died very suddenly of heart failure, in Chicago, July 28, 1904, being a little past 38 years old.

In the time of Rev. O. U. Whitford's pastorate here in Walworth, she was baptized and received into this church. Sometime later she united with the Milton Junction church. For some years she has lived in Chicago. The funeral and burial was in the Walworth church and cemetery, July 30, with both the pastors of said churches taking part. Our church was well filled. Pastor G. J. Crandall gave a brief discourse. She was a strong and faithful young mother, beloved by many friends and relatives. She leaves a kind husband and two children.

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 with 2 columns: Date and Lesson Reference. Includes entries for July 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, Aug. 6, 13, 20, 27, Sept. 3, 10, 17, 24.

LESSON IX.—ELIJAH DISCOURAGED.

LESSON TEXT.—I Kings 19: 1-8.

For Sabbath-day, Aug. 27, 1904.

Golden Text.—"In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me."—Psa. 120: 1.

INTRODUCTION.

Elijah had a great triumph that day upon Carmel. Perhaps he thought that the great reform for which he had been hoping was accomplished. The people had turned to Jehovah. It was not however a reformation upon conscientious principle, founded upon the recognition of individual sin. They turned to Jehovah, because reason and the evidence of their eyes told them that Baal was no god to be depended upon.

Perhaps Elijah thought that the people would now destroy every place of worship for Baal and Asherah. But their enthusiasm was exhausted when they helped to slay the four hundred and fifty priests at the Brook Kishon, and they were ready to wait to see what Elijah was going to do next.

Instead of being done, the work was scarcely more than begun. Elijah had been in a state of mental exaltation, and now came the reaction. He was worn out physically and exhausted spiritually. At just this opportunity of mental depression the message of Jezebel came to Elijah, and he ran away. We are not to say that he was really afraid but rather discouraged.

In this age of the world physical depression often produces moral despondency. We need to keep well in body in order that the soul may not be hindered in its life. If we understand that this depression comes from the exhaustion of the body we will know how to discount it, and to guard against being borne down by it.

TIME.—The next day after our last week's lesson, and the succeeding days.

PLACES.—Jezreel, a city in the plains of Jezreel in the tribe of Issachar in which Ahab had a royal residence in addition to that in his capital city Samaria. Beer-sheba, the southernmost city of the promised land; the wilderness south of Beer-sheba; Horeb, the place where the law was given to Israel.

PERSONS.—Elijah, the prophet; Ahab, the king; Jezebel, the daughter of Eth-baal of Zidon, the queen of Israel noted for her wickedness; the servant of Elijah. The angel of Jehovah is also mentioned.

OUTLINE:

- 1. The Threat of Jezebel. v. 1, 2.
2. The Panic of the Prophet. v. 3, 4.
3. The Ministry of the Angel. v. 5-8.

NOTES.

1. Ahab told Jezebel all that Elijah had done. It is very evident that she was not present at Carmel to witness the triumph of the prophet of Jehovah. She thought of these doings as the work of the prophet rather than of God himself. And withal how he had slain the prophets with the sword. This was to her mind more significant than that fire had come from heaven in answer to his prayer. He had put to death the priests of that worship of which she was the chief patroness. Her sense of personal injury was the uppermost thought of her mind. It is possible that Ahab as he rode back to Jezreel in the storm was willing to acknowledge defeat, and to renounce the worship of Baal. But not so, his wife; she would believe in Baal in spite of the most convincing proof of his powerlessness, and she would resist to the last.

2. Then Jezebel sent a messenger unto Elijah. Why she sent a messenger instead of an executioner is still a problem. Perhaps she was so beside herself with rage that she could not refrain from expressing her hate before she had time to make arrangements for an execution; perhaps she thought Elijah could not escape, and that she would add to his punishment by letting him anticipate for twenty-four hours his execution; or perhaps it was practically impossible to bring about the execution of Elijah at that time when his triumph was the theme upon every tongue, and she thought by a threat to drive him away out of the land. The first of these three views seems to me a little more likely. So let the gods do to me, and more also. A very usual form for an oath, or solemn imprecation. Compare I Kings 20: 10 and other passages. The Hebrew so often translated "God" is the same as that translated "gods." The context must determine whether the reference is to the one true God, or to the false gods. In this case the verb is in the plural and there can be no question that Jezebel referred to her own gods. The meaning of Jezebel's oath is, May the gods bring a yet greater evil upon me if I fail in executing the vengeance upon you that I threaten.

3. And when he saw that. The Septuagint has instead, "and he was afraid," evidently reading the same consonants in the original text but with different vowels. If this reading made as good sense it might be claimed as the true reading; but it is hardly possible that the man who stood so bravely alone in the face of all the people and the king of Israel should now quail before the message of one wicked woman who was surely no more powerful today than she had been yesterday. The words "when" and "that" are not in the original, and are unnecessary for a good translation. "And he saw and arose." Elijah saw that to remain was but to put his life in hazard needlessly. See Introduction. And went for his life. That is, to save his life. And came to Beer-sheba, which belongeth to Judah. Our author would have us notice that Elijah did not hide somewhere in the Northern Kingdom, but went at once to the southernmost city of the Southern Kingdom. In Josh. 19: 2 this city is mentioned as belonging to the tribe of Simeon; but this tribe had practically disappeared before the division under Rehoboam. It is to be noted also that in Josh. 15: 28 Beer-sheba is referred to as belonging to the tribe of Judah. And left his servant there. In his despondency Elijah wished to be entirely alone. There is a tradition that this servant was the son of the widow of Zarephath, but there is no great probability in its favor.

4. A day's journey into the wilderness. He wished to get away from the habitations of men, and to be alone with God. The wilderness here mentioned is the wilderness of Paran in which the Children of Israel wandered for so many years. A juniper tree. Better a broom-tree, a white-blossomed shrub or small tree, offering shade to the weary traveler. And he requested for himself that he might die. What reason to prolong his days now that his labors were utterly useless? He had thought that Ahab and the people of Israel would return to Jehovah in true allegiance, but he finds that Jezebel has the place of influence yet. It is enough. He thinks that he has striven enough and lived long enough, and that further efforts are useless. What could he do that would have more influence than that scene on Carmel which now seemed so barren in lasting results? For I am not better than my fathers. Long life was considered among the Hebrews as a great blessing. Elijah thinks he is no better than his pious ancestors, and that therefore he does not deserve the blessing.

5. And he lay down and slept. Jehovah does not immediately rebuke his servant or give him instruction. His error arises from weakness, and he is not now in the proper physical condition to listen to instruction. An angel touched him. The heavenly messenger came, and like a fellow-man awakened him out of sleep by a touch.

6. A cake baked on the coals. Or, hot stones. Evidently very similar to our modern "johnny" cakes. When our Saviour fed the Five Thousand by the lake, it was with common barley loaves. Here the miraculous provision for the prophet is the simplest food.

7. Arise and eat, because the journey is too great for thee. We are to infer that Elijah had come as far as the juniper tree of his own purpose, and that now

Jehovah is sending him to Horeb. Perhaps he had been too weary to eat when the angel first aroused him. 8. And went in the strength of that food. As Moses went without food for forty days while he was receiving the law from Jehovah, so now the prophet fasts forty days, sustained by the miraculous food which the angel had supplied. Many have wondered that he did not reach Horeb in much less than forty days, since it could not have been more than two hundred miles away. We are not told however that he was probably absorbed in meditation, and did not give his attention to making rapid progress. Unto Horeb the Mount of God, so-called because of the special divine revelation at the time of the giving of the law. Sinai is another name for the same mountain. It was especially appropriate that God should reveal himself to Elijah in this place at which he had revealed himself in such a marvelous manner to Moses and the people of Israel.

THE SANDPIPER.

BY CELIA THAXTER.

Across the narrow beach we flit,
One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather bit by bit,
The scattered driftwood, bleached and dry,
The wild waves reach their heads for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white light-houses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song;
Or flash of fluttering drapery;
He has no thought of any wrong.
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Staunch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night,
When the loose storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright;
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper and I.

STOLEN THOUGHTS.

"The moment a man is satisfied with himself everybody else is dissatisfied with him."
"Flattery is a sort of bad money, to which vanity gives currency."
"The usual fortune of complaint is to excite contempt more than pity."
What is mother? A gift of priceless worth; a breath of God's love sent down unto earth.
The two main pillars of Christ's religion are the depth of sin and the height of righteousness.
Willing hands will not remain long idle, if wedded to thoughtful hearts and observant eyes.
"Our deepest sorrows affect the temper less hurtfully than do our minor disappointments."
"When you fret and fume at the petty ills of life, remember that the wheels which go round without creaking last the longest."
If God made no response except to perfect faith, who could hope for help? He is the God of sprouting seeds and little vital beginnings.
Get holy principles, and thou shalt get the pinions of an angel, which shall bear thee above all clouds and storms of earth, into the sunshine and calm of eternity.

REPORT OF GEORGE SEELEY.

The following report of work done through the Canadian Branch of the American Sabbath Tract Society will be of special interest to all our readers:

My report for the denominational conference year is as follows: 200,000 pages of our Seventh-day Baptist literature from the publishing house at Plainfield have gone forth from this branch office in Canada into thousands of homes in this fair country, both among the rich and great and the poor and humble. The field is widening and opening up for more and more work of this kind. During the year, more than any one since this work commenced, I have received testimonials from not a few that my work was appreciated, and light is beginning to spread on this all important subject, and one text should be of vital interest to all who wish to make the Bible their guide, and hearken their home by truly "Keeping the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus."

A want that I had felt the need of, was well and suitably remedied by Dr. Lewis in the following slip which is fastened in the largest tract in every envelope that is sent forth from this office, which should be considered by all who read it:

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST LITERATURE.

Published by the American Sabbath Tract Society.

The American Sabbath Tract Society is the publishing association of the Seventh-day Baptists. The accompanying publications represent that ancient body of Christians. In their present denominational form they were organized in England early in the Seventeenth Century and in America in 1671. Their denominational ancestors were the Waldenses and other Christians, who continued the Sabbath-keeping practices of the Apostolic Church. Through them the Seventh-day Baptists are directly connected with the Sabbath-keeping Christ and His forerunner, John the Baptist. This package is sent out from the Branch Depository at Petitcodiac, New Brunswick, Canada, Rev. George Seeley, Manager, who invites correspondence.

This item of great denominational value is of great interest to myself and a truer and better article never appeared before.

Hitherto many persons who received our tracts did not know of such a people as Seventh-day Baptists, only having heard of Seventh-day Adventists, now will they know of the existence of a Sabbath-keeping people which have continued to exist from Apostolic days till now, bearing some name suggestive of their views and practices, during the ages.

Being instrumental in sending abroad the vital truth of the true Sabbath of the Bible is a matter of no small importance to the millions of Canada, if they only knew it. And the denomination who thus send it to them must know they are engaged in doing the great Master's work. They must realize that it is no small matter, but closely connected with the grandest Christian work of this age, or any age. Indeed it is of first importance. O, Seventh-day Baptists rouse thee to this grand movement more than ever before. Working and giving in the past as you have been, gird thee for greater and grander in the future. Long ages of darkness and tradition, and gross error leading vast millions to the sin of Sabbath-breaking in an awful extent, will pass away later on, and the true light

of glorious Sabbath-observance will break upon the lands and people, to whom Sabbath-keepers are sending the truth now. How honorable the work, how full of God's love and grace the real motive thus actuating our people. Oh, Seventh-day Baptists, never give up till you have accomplished the mission your Divine Lord has given into your hands.

"Truth ever lovely since the world began, The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man."

It gave me much pleasure to see in a recent number of the SABBATH RECORDER a note from the editor, bright and true, regarding a valuable little work put forth in tract form from the trenchant pen of my excellent friend and brother Robert Saint Clair, of Rainbow Centre, Ont., Canada, (like ourselves in Petitcodiac, N. B., a lone Sabbath-keeper). It is a review of some articles which appeared in the Christian Herald of New York. It is well worth reading and owning. Thus is our Lord raising up in Canada one after another to herald the neglected and despised Sabbath truth. The work goes on and will finally conquer.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again The eternal fears of God are ours."
Shall we not pray and hope more than ever for this much desired event to appear.

ANOTHER VIEW.

Collier's Weekly of July 30, speaks of "Sunday at St. Louis," as follows:

"One of the worst mistakes connected with the very interesting Exposition at St. Louis is the Sunday closing. Nobody loses more by it than the champions of real religion, for nothing could do more to cool a people toward religion than an act so out of accord with the feelings of the time. How the error came to be made nobody seems to know. The provision was made a condition of the National Government's contribution, several years ago, but what influences led the Government to make the provision we have been unable to learn. It may have been the idiosyncrasy of some one Congressman. We have heard, with scepticism, that brewing influences were behind it. Certainly the brewers, the St. Louis restaurants, and the keepers of billiard halls are the only gainers, and especially the brewers, for the crowds which would have been having refined pleasure at the Exposition grounds now have a somewhat less refining pleasure drinking beer by thousands in the resorts with which St. Louis is surrounded. It would be a good thing if the forces which caused this mistake at Washington could be uncovered.

BIBLE LECTURES TO CONTINUE AT NORTHFIELD DURING SEPTEMBER.

Immediately after the General Conference for Christian Workers closing August 14, there will be held at Northfield a series of Post-Conference addresses which will continue until about Sept. 12. These lectures are given at this time in order to enable any who were not at the preceding conferences to hear some of the noted speakers of these gatherings. Although the definite program has not yet been announced, it is understood that Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, the eminent English author and evangelist, Rev. Hugh Black, the well-known Scotch theologian of Edinburgh, and Rev. F. S. Webster, rector of All Souls Church, London, will be the principal speakers. The conference management

have arranged to keep open for the accommodation of guests several Seminary buildings, Camp Northfield until Sept. 1, and the hotel "Northfield." Northfield is particularly attractive during September as the schools are in session and there is less excitement to detract the attention from the meetings.

My brother Charles, amid the difficulties of our early ministry, used to say: "If the Lord would give me wings, I would fly." I used to answer: "If the Lord bid me fly, I should trust for the wings."—John Wesley.

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 Hurley. 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. pro tem.

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

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

VOLUME 60. No. 34

AUGUST 22, 1904.

WHOLE No. 3104.

THE FAMILY MEETING.
CHARLES SPRAGUE.
We are all here,
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
All who hold each other dear.
Each chair is filled, we are all at home!
To-night let no cold stranger come;
It is not often thus around
Our old familiar hearth we found.
Bless, then, the meeting and the spot,
For once be every care forgot;
Let gentle peace assert her power,
And kind affection rule the hour.
We're all—all here!

Some are away,—the dead ones dear,
Who thronged with us this ancient hearth,
And gave the hour to guileless mirth.
Fate, with a stern, relentless hand,
Looked in and thinned our little band;
Some like a night-flash passed away,
And some 'sank' lingering day by day;
The quiet grave-yard—some lie there—
And cruel ocean has his share.
We're all—all here!

We are all here!
Even they—the dead—though dead, so dear,
Fond memory, to her duty true,
Brings back their faded forms to view.
How life-like, through the mist of years,
Each well-remembered face appears!
We see them, as in times long past;
From each to each kind looks are cast;
We hear their words, their smiles behold,
They're 'round us as they were of old.
We are all here!

We are all here:
Father, mother,
Sister, brother,
You that I love with love so dear.
This may not long of us be said;
Soon may we join the gathered dead,
And by the hearth we now sit 'round
Some other circle will be found.
Oh, then, that wisdom may we know
Which yields a life of peace below;
So in the world to follow this
May each repeat, in words of bliss,
We're all—all here.

NEVER make apologies at the opening of your sermon. If you are not prepared to preach, refuse to attempt it. A man loses standing with his hearers, at the outset, who tells them that he has little or nothing worth saying. Do the best you can and keep still about your want of preparation. People who think will discover your weak points soon enough and calling attention to them makes matters worse. Keep still concerning your doubts—if you have them—concerning truth and duty. The world needs hopefulness and certainty in all matters of right

doing and right living. Bring the pulpit results, not processes of investigation and half-formed conclusions. Do not attempt to preach on themes about which you know so little that you cannot speak with a good degree of clearness and accuracy. Better let a theme entirely alone than to "tousel it over" with no result but the revelation of your own ignorance. If you are not informed on a given theme, say so, and let it alone. Study clearness as to expression. Put your thoughts in plain forceful language. Having done this, do not confuse your hearers by repetitions and "further explanations." Avoid side issues and unimportant matters. The pulpit is no place for (—) (—). Living themes are such as impinge on the lives and experiences of your hearers; note, your hearers. Let Solomon and Nero alone, and attend to the people before you. Do not ask what will please your hearers, but rather what will help them. The world needs helping more than pleasing. He succeeds best who furnishes most towards the good of men and their uplifting. Better one incentive toward higher living and holiness than a score of pleasant platitudes. Remember what Goethe said: "I am willing to listen to any man's honest convictions, but don't bother me with your doubts. I have enough of my own."

WITHIN easy sight from our window is a light house, with a "flash light." From sunset to sunrise, night by night, it is constantly flashing, flashing, flashing! Other lights are around, some near it. None of them flash. The singleness of purpose which marks that light teaches many lessons. It is the only light of its kind in this section of the coast. It marks a specific place, a definite type of danger. The charts know it by a specific name. The sailors know it and its place, and rely on it to do just what its name and place demand. Inconstancy, or inaccuracy on its part mean disaster to many. Last night was very dark, but the darkness made the light clearer. It seemed to delight in its work, more than usual. Each flash said: "Here I am. This is the place of danger. Keep on the right course. Follow the path of safety which my flashes indicate."

CHRISTIANS are light bearers. That simile is always new. Christ used it often. His life illustrated it. Fixed purpose, and unfaltering trust glow in all he said or did. God gave him a specific work. With unwavering fidelity he fulfilled that purpose, doing His Father's will. We, His children, need highest

ideals of our duty to be steadfast in the service of God and truth. If the flashing light should leave its place, confusion and ruin would be increased. Keep your place, or move at the command of your Master. The place marked by that flashing light is not large. Other places are more dangerous. But it must not go out nor seek another place without orders. Perhaps the keeper would prefer some other location, but his preference must wait on orders from the government. Our obligations as Christ's followers are higher than any earthly standards. The following exhortation is worthy of a place here, but higher than the standard thus expressed is the duty to be true to our time and place. "Blest is the man of high ideals, Who fails to-day, to-morrow, and for days to come, But never lowers his standards, nor surrenders to defeat, Till hand and foot, till eye and ear, Till vocal chord and tongue, Till mind and heart are disciplined, And all abilities of body and of soul Are marshalled by the will, And move onward to the drumbeat of perfection."

JAPAN has surprised the world in many ways, and not least in the bravery, patriotism and fighting qualities of her soldiers. As the facts come out, it is conceded that their religious faith is a large factor, if not the largest one in the case. The Japanese soldiers are drawn mainly from the farmers. They are vegetarians opposed to killing and unused to blood. In dash, endurance, skill and courage they compare well with the best armies of modern times. Ancestor worship is the central idea of their religion. It is two or three thousand years old in its present form. The Emperor is held to be the embodiment of all the virtues, and entitled to all the regard due to the whole kingly line, back to the first Imperial Ancestor. The central idea in the Japanese faith is never to degrade the name of an ancestor in any way and to live so that one's posterity will give equal honor to him as an ancestor. Through this faith a high and religious patriotism comes. To do a cowardly act or be recreant to duty is to degrade a long line of ancestors and to forfeit the regard of coming generations. The future life is held to be so desirable that "death is not to be avoided save in so far as the prolongation of life enables the soldier to do glorious deeds—a glorious death is always preferable to a surrender." History is full of similar instances, where the religious element has been the central force in war. This type of religious faith is far more inspiring than that of the Russian which depends on religious symbols as superstitious safe-guards

The Sabbath Recorder.
A. H. LEWIS, D. D. LL. D., Editor.
JOHN HISCOX, Business Manager.

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