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Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,

THE IMPORTANCE OF PERSONAL ENTHUSIASM AND EFFORT IN OUR DENOMINATIONAL WORK IS LIKELY TO BE UNDERSTATED.

Personal Influence and Denominationalism

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AFTERMATH.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.
When the summer fields are mown,
When the birds are fledged and flown,
And the dry leaves strew the path;
With the falling of the snow,
With the cawing of the crow,
Once again the fields we mow
And gather in the aftermath.

Not the sweet, new grass with flowers
Is this harvesting of ours;
Not the upland clover bloom;
But the rowen mixed with weeds,
Tangled tufts from marsh and meads,
Where the poppy drops its seeds
In the silence and the gloom.

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sent back word, "I will not be disbanded." Missionary efforts were renewed, and the Church was rebuilt. That was individualism at its best.

All church and denominational interests have similar experiences, and similar demands for the efficient, unfaltering, personal factor. We wrote to command the devotion and efficiency of individuals, men and women, lone Sabbath-keepers, and lone enthusiasts whoever and wherever they are.

Such lives, even when comparatively unknown and unappreciated are of highest value to the denomination in its larger work. Such persons are centers of power and influences of inspiration and life, even though they hold no official place, and are not recognized as of special value.

An important lesson comes at this point. Each one is bound to make the most and the best of himself for the sake of interests larger than himself. The smaller the denomination, and the more important its mission, the greater is the demand for the highest type of individual life and influence on the part of its members.

We should appreciate this more and more. Failure and success await each ones answer to the demand for individual development in behalf of denominational life.

A LETTER came yesterday in which the writer told of a trial that seemed sharp and almost "unbearable," but when she determined that it was a cross to be accepted and carried, rather than fought and complained of, peace and relief both hastened to her.

Such experiences are sure to come when God's children learn that it is by his loving provision that much of our best training comes through what men call crosses. A large share of our troubles, and many of our failures come because we rebel against experiences, which, if accepted, with prayer for help, bring best results.

Although human vision must always be short-viewed and imperfect, truthful souls soon learn that the sun shines behind the clouds when the storms are at their fiercest on the earth. Yesterday the storm of rain and wind along our coast was by far the fiercest of the season.

Today the sun shines on us, and the winds are coolers to comfort standards. There was a night on Galilee when the disciples were storm-tossed and tempest-beaten to the verge of ship-wreck. On no other night could they have learned such lessons of faith and comfort from Him, who bade the winds go back to their home in the hills, and the waves to smooth away into the "great calm," which followed the Divine Voice.

All spiritual experiences are safeguarded for our good. All storms drive God's children nearer

to Him, and Home. The great purpose of this life, as God sees us, is the unfolding and full development of vigorous Godly character. The disciples were better men, in many ways, after that night of storm. Our correspondent took a step near God when she "accepted the cross," which ceased to be a burden, when accepted.

There is an old and pleasant mansion on the river bank four miles away, which is so hidden from the street by trees and hedges that the passer sees little or nothing of it, but from the river side its beauty and comforts are in full view. Our fears and doubts, our weaknesses and rebellion often hide the good results which the Father seeks for us through trying experiences.

At the smelting works, Denver, Col., we saw load after load of certain kind of rock thrust into the consuming heat of fire and chemicals. For aught we knew the rock was as worthless as common mountain stone. By and by we went below, where little streams of liquid metal came out, in which lead, silver and gold were combined.

These streams came from the crushed and fire-tortured rock, which had been thrust in above. These metals were separated by further treatment, and precious gold was gained, the much sought treasure. So God gathers for us spiritual treasures.

THE article from the Dutch Review, which has appeared in the last few numbers of THE RECORDER shows the high standing of the pastor of the Haarlem Church, and of our cause in Holland. The excellent character of The Review, as a literary magazine, will give weight and value to the cause of Sabbath truth which is so fully set forth by it.

Beyond the pleasure we take in the fact that Pastor Velthuisen has been so justly honored among his countrymen is our thankfulness that through him the truth is also honored, the church at Haarlem is prosperous and is increasing in numbers and influence. The members of the church there, as at Rotterdam and elsewhere, are active in many good works, which make for the welfare of the city of Haarlem, and of the higher interests of humanity.

The pastor's son, G. Velthuisen, Jr., who has been prominent in "Midnight Mission" work for some years, has gained place and influence second to few, if any of the workers in the field of Social Purity. This fact gives added strength to the Sabbath Cause in Holland. THE RECORDER congratulates its readers in Holland in that the blessings of God are thus apparent upon them and their work. We pray that they may abound more and more in blessings and good works.

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

During the greater part of this period its work has been done in one building. For nearly a fifth of a century this commodious structure has served its purpose well, but the work has far outgrown the plans of its founders.

Every available space is crowded with apparatus, specimens, and curios of great value. Every recitation room is filled beyond its capacity each term. More room is needed for the library. The requirements of today call for another building on the college campus. The demand is urgent.

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

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

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

Walter H. Westery, R. I., and editorial matter to Mrs. J. N. Burno, Chicago, Ill.

Life Preserved in Literature. The writer has often wished for the time and ability to record the impressions, experiences and inspiration which a great library contributes to the lover of books. Such a wealth of these is associated with Astor library in New York, and the British Museum in London, Eng., that life and memory are doubly enriched thereby. The first value of such libraries is that valueless books are left out. They contain only that which is worth preserving. The floods of thin, trashy books that sweep down the stream of current literature are lost to sight, leaving the actual treasures for a permanent place, and a growing immortality. In the literature which succeeding centuries gather for keeping, one is face to face in conversation and communion with the greatest and best thought of the world. These bring to the investigator the riches of the world's life. They answer a thousand questions concerning what has happened to men. They tell of the world's common thought, of universal tendencies and of world-wide experiences. The stories and illustrations touching good and evil, sin and obedience, purity and impurity, are told and retold with new force and meaning. Leaving out of the catalogue the Bible—finest of literature, and greatest of books, from whatever standpoint it is judged—the life of the world is preserved and interpreted in the world's books as it could not be in any other way. The extent to which the Bible has shaped and colored the literature of the world, indirectly, makes it impossible to eliminate that Book, in fact, even when it is left out of the books one may be considering. The impress of the Bible is on all the great poetry with which the libraries are filled, and its tinges are seen in all the stories which are worth preserving. History is woven from the materials which the Bible and the fundamental principles embodied in it have furnished. Enduring biography is full of Biblical truth. As the life of Christ touches all other lives, so does the Bible touch all literature. It is not possible to measure the influence of the Bible on the world's literature, nor the effect of such influence on the life of the world through literature. In a very definite sense then the Bible may be called the source of all that is best in literature, by indirect influence alone.

Interpretation and Analysis of Life. BEGINNING with the Bible, human life is analyzed, interpreted and explained in literature, as nowhere else. That interpretation, turns mainly upon themes connected with immortality, future life, sin and righteousness. There is little of permanent literature in which some or all of these themes do not appear. It is sometimes said that the dominant note in literature is Love in some form. Perhaps it is. But love, in all its higher and more permanent aspects, its results, immediate or remote, its promises and prophecies, belongs to human kind, not to butterflies or beasts. All themes touching right and wrong, purity or impurity, belong to the life of moral agents and immortals. In this deeper analysis literature deals with future life as much or more than with what has already been. The past is partial explanation and commentary on the present, and ceaseless prophecy of that which is yet to come. Nowhere else do we come into such close touch with all existence, past, present and to come, as in a great library of the best litera-

ture. Embalmed in history, poetry, and romance, all times and peoples surround one. This room holds stories of Egypt, Babylonia, all early civilizations, all "pre-historic" periods. Those periods are crowded farther and farther back, through the literature which each succeeding year uncovers. They have gone backward many centuries within the memory of the writer. Another alcove connects Egypt and Greece, Babylonia, and Rome, Palestine and Arabia, and crowns history with the coming of Him who is the supreme Life of all lives, and all times. Other alcoves furnish links which fill out the chain until to-day and all the yesterdays, from Eden down, are a theme in living, throbbing life; life performed, performing and prophesying. Libraries are not sepulchres, for what is there gathered and embalmed is living still though silent to the careless passer by. But to him who, loving books, and seeking knowledge, opens the treasured records, reads and listens, they are eloquent, vocal, full of conversation, joyous with music, and sometimes throbbing in saddest refrains. Poor indeed are they who love not books, and know not what treasures libraries enfold. Foolish are they who seek not to cultivate love for books, as for choicest treasures. Narrow the horizon and starved are the lives that care not for books, books I say, not trash, rubbish, stuff. The most irreverent Protestant, if he be truly Christian, can not wander through the great cathedrals, St. Peter's, Milan, Cologne, with covered head and careless feet. The columns, arches, and altars call him to confession, worship and prayer, whether he will or not. In similar way one who knows anything of the value of books, of the sacredness of libraries, can do else than rejoice that through literature, led by the Word of God, all life is preserved, interpreted and prophesied of through books, libraries, storehouses of the world's best thought.

Experiments in Meteorology. It is announced that the Government is about to undertake new and advanced measures toward better knowledge of atmospheric conditions and their relation to the weather and the general welfare. A finely-equipped station will be opened on the crest of the Blue Ridge mountains, at Mount Weather. Balloons and kites will be used to a large degree. The point of observation will be 1,800 feet above the sea near the western line of the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia. One point to be studied is the relation of the atmosphere of the sun to the atmospheric changes on the earth. The work of the National Weather Bureau has been productive of much good, and these plans for more scientific work on a larger scale will add much that will be of value to science and to actual affairs of everyday life.

Preserving Sunday. AS PUBLIC opinion is clarified, the fact becomes more apparent, that the increasing disregard for Sunday and for all faith in any sacred time, begins with prevailing theories and practices among church people. The representatives of the New England Sabbath Protective League, and of The World's Christian Endeavor Society, have issued a statement and appeal, in which the following significant paragraph appears: "It is the culpable laxity in Sunday observance by professedly religious people, which is very generally the cause of the mischievous

laxity in thought and deed of the public at large. All wicked people, of course, are opposed to Sunday observance, as they are to other wholesome restraints on human folly and crime. And if those, who profess to be regardful of God's will, are so blind as not to see, or so wayward and reckless as not to learn and to follow the Divine mind on this subject, but show in their conduct a flagrant disregard of God's command, multitudes of reputable people who stand between the two classes will naturally be indifferent, and even apologetic concerning Sunday desecration."

Sustained by History. WHAT these friends of Sunday say is fully sustained by history. The observance of Sunday has always depended on the theories and practices of Christians. That observance has been comparatively strict, and approximately Sabbatic in proportion as the Sabbath ideas which the Bible associates with the Seventh-day have been transferred to the First-day. The Puritan Sunday of Old and New England was the result of an intense and extreme application of this conception. As the opinions and practices of the churches—Protestant—have discarded the idea of such transference, and have taught that Sunday has no connection with the Sabbath, or the Fourth Commandment, there has been a strong and steady decline of regard for Sunday. Sabbathism in connection with it has gone, and holidayism has resumed sway. Logic, history and the Bible have united to compel men to abandon the Puritan conception, and each of these, as well as the prevailing holidayism, will forbid any return to that position. One path, only, remains open to the Protestant churches, namely, a return to the Sabbath, and to its observance according to the standards which Christ established. The logic of events and opinions gives no other answer to the problem of Sabbath Reform. The feeble execution of moribund Sunday laws is not Sabbath Reform. The most sanguine friends of Sunday see this; but having deserted the Fourth Commandment and the Sabbath of Christ, they have no ground for reform, no escape from holidayism. We who stand for the Sabbath made Christian by the teachings and examples of Christ, its Lord, can afford to wait while the falling fortunes of Sunday continue because of the unscriptural and illogical grounds on which it is based. It is a source of hope, that men are gradually, though too slowly, apprehending the true source of the growing disregard for Sunday. That source is the opinions and practices of Protestant Christians, rather than European Immigration.

ABOUT UMBRELLAS,

Almost everything has a history. But, as one struggles along during some beating rain trying to keep the umbrella from turning inside out, it never occurs to him to inquire of the appearance and origin of the first of these very useful articles. Perhaps no one of our personal belongings has met a greater change in style and purpose than the same protector from the rain.

Years, yes, centuries ago, instead of being carried about, borrowed, and perhaps never returned, umbrellas were a symbol of power and were carried by kings. In the old sculptures of Egyptian and Abyssinian kings they are often represented passing along in processions, each one with an umbrella over his head.

In India, too, they served the same purpose. Princes had among their titles that of "Lords of the umbrella," and as late as 1850, a ruler of Burmah proclaimed himself "King of the umbrella-bearing rulers."

As its name signifies, the umbrella was at first intended only as a shade from the sun. And in those hot Eastern countries royalty at least must need some protection from the torrid rays.

Perhaps as a mark of distinction in the early Christian churches a large umbrella was usually hung over the priest. And from this custom an umbrella became associated with the cardinals who were chosen from basilican churches; that is, churches modelled after an old Roman building. And probably the baldachin, or canopy which is shaped very like an umbrella, and built into many cathedrals, had a similar origin.

Among the ancient Greeks and Romans only ladies used the umbrella, and for a man to be seen with one, was considered very effeminate. On state occasions the old Venetian doges, too, used to carry umbrellas to aid their dignity, and Pope Alexander III decreed that on each one of these there should be golden statuettes of the Annunciation. In those days to have lost an umbrella must have proved rather a serious matter.

After a time an ordinary Venetian citizen, who probably felt the sun hot on his head, had the courage to appear with an umbrella; and for this feat his name, Michael Morosini, has been preserved for many years. Verily there are many ways in which one may achieve fame. His umbrella was a small flat green square covered with a copper spiral.

Soon after this, the fashionable ladies of Venice dared in their turn to carry umbrellas, though those umbrellas of the long ago afforded a great contrast to the lace and chiffon creations with which the fair maids of to-day add to their charms; for they were made of leather, and were stretched open with wooden hoops.

After the Venetian ladies adopted umbrellas men also began using them, and, strangest of all, horsemen, though the effect must have been rather grotesque. Imagine, for instance, a modern rough rider careering about the country with an umbrella opened over his head, resting the handle on his thigh, so that, to quote from the quaint old chronicle, "they should minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching sun."

When the umbrella first came to England is much disputed. We are told that among the very earliest manuscripts there is an illustration of a lord with his yeoman carefully holding an umbrella over his head. So in all probability even the Anglo-Saxon was familiar with the luxury.

It seems certain that in the twelfth century they were in common use among the English, though we find no mention of them in their literature until 1598. Then according to a recent writer, the umbrella is described in a book called "World of Wonders" as "a kind of round fan or shadowing that they use to ride with in summer in Italy; a little shade."

Sixty years later an umbrella was exhibited in a museum near London, and was called "one of the wonders of the ark," though one can with difficulty conceive Noah and his family needing any protection from the sun. In a church near Lancashire, England, there was, until a few years ago, an umbrella said to be

more than three hundred years old, and which was used to protect the host.

In the seventeenth century umbrellas were commonly found in coffee-houses, but were evidently very little used. Still they must even at that time have been known as a protection from storms, for Michael Drayton, writing of doves, said that their feathers were good, like "umbrellas, to shield you in all sorts of weathers." But Colonel Wolfe, writing from Paris in 1752, says that umbrellas were carried there for both wind and rain, and wonders that they were not introduced into England.

About this time, however, there appeared the very first Englishman who habitually carried an umbrella. Jonas Hanway began the practice. At first he was ridiculed, but he lived to see his example generally followed. The ladies of the French court in the seventeenth century had attendants carry umbrellas over them, and a hundred years later the men adopted the use of gorgeous red ones trimmed with gold lace.

The Dutch, too, were among those who used the umbrella as a sign of power, and it must also have denoted wealth, since in 1650 these articles were sold at from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty dollars apiece.

When the Cape of Good Hope was colonized by the Dutch, their governor did not forget the umbrella, but decreed "that no one less in rank than a junior merchant, or those among the citizens of equal rank, and the wives and daughters of only those who are or have been members of any Council, shall venture to use umbrellas, and those who are less in rank than merchants shall not enter the castle in fine weather with an open umbrella." Here is another cause for gratitude that we are living here and now instead of there and then.

As the umbrella came into ordinary use, it was obliged to change its ungainly shape; the old whalebone ribs were discarded, and frames were substituted; silk covering took the place of leather; and thus from the symbol of royalty was derived the rainy-day friend of our times.—*C. E. World.*

THE MEDDLESOME HABIT.

One of the easily besetting sins against which the people need to be on their guard, is meddlesomeness. No Christian should be what Saint Paul calls "a busybody in other men's matters." But how hard it is not to be. Going into church the other day we noticed that nearly every devout Christian mother stopped her little flock upon the steps of the sanctuary and gave one last savage twist to braid and bow, one vigorous pat to the carefully parted hair, and one final tilt to her own protruding headgear. She might have spent hours upon the same toils and cares before leaving her home, but so long as there was a moment left in which to add another touch, nothing could be considered complete. At the inner door of the sanctuary we heard a little group discussing the "horrid" arrangement of the flowers upon the communion table, and we noticed that one of the grave and reverend deacons before he took his seat looked carefully up and down the row of windows, and at last tip-toed up to one and closed it; while upon the opposite side of the church an usher ran up one curtain and down another without any other reason than we could see than sheer force of habit. The first thing the minister did when he entered was to twist the pulpit and the

elder who handed up a pulpit notice stopped a moment to retouch it.

All of which is due to pure force of habit, the habit of meddling with things as we find them, under the foolish impression that nothing is correct until we have given it our peculiar and personal twist. Indeed, we found ourselves before the sermon was concluded thinking over a half-dozen better ways in which the dominie might have laid out his discourse; and the first book we opened on our return to the home was, as we discovered, by some new critic who had written five hundred pages to show how Moses ought to have rearranged the Pentateuch. In fact, everyone appears to be of the opinion of Hamlet,

"The time is out of joint: O cursed spite, That I was ever born to set it right." Now there is just where "you and I and all of us (fall) down." The time is well enough if we would only let it alone. The chances are that by our meddlesomeness we mar more than we mend. The probability is that the cook broiled the breakfast bacon better than we could have done it, the tailor cut the coat better than as if he had followed our directions, and the minister's sermon was more logical and forceful as he laid it out than it would have been could we have joggled his elbow.

No one can ever be happy in this world who fancies himself or herself born to "set it right." It would do us all good at times to sit with the pupils, instead of taking, uninvited, the seat of the master and critic. One of the most useful lessons any man can learn is to let things alone. Let the chair stand where the maid placed it. Let the dinner be served without protest as the good wife ordered it. And remember that the world will have to get along without us some day; that if we keep hands off from it for a little while, it may be learning, as it must learn, to eventually get along without our suggestion or interference.—*The Interior.*

A LITERARY CRITIC ON THE BIBLE.

Praise of the Bible as an English classic has become trite; yet it is always opportune, for one generation does not always reverence the opinion of a prior one. Edmund Gosse, the eminent English critic, has just written to the Bible Society of England a most cordial letter, in which he says of the Bible:

It would be impertinent for me to praise the English Bible, and needless to dwell upon its value as a model of noble language. But since you offer me this opportunity I should like to insist on the importance to those who are ambitious to write well of reading the Bible aloud. It is a book the beauty of which appeals largely to the ear. By one of those almost miraculous chances which attended upon the birth of this incomparable version, each different part of it seems to have fallen to a man appropriately endowed for that fragment of the task. The gospels, for instance, vibrate with the tender and thrilling melody of stranged instruments; in the narrations of the Old Testament and in the Psalms we find a wider orchestra, and the silver trumpet predominates. When young men, therefore, ask me for advice in the formation of a prose style, I have no counsel for them except this: Read aloud a portion of the Old and another of the New Testament as often as you possibly can.

One of the very best of all earthly possessions is self-possession.—*Prentice.*

GENERAL CONFERENCE

Address of the President Geo. W. Post, at the Opening Session at Nortonville.

This is the age of new things. Men and events move swiftly. Scientific discoveries have revolutionized our surroundings. Social forces are tearing up the settled fabric of society. Transformation and readjustment are epidemic: more, they are pandemic. Humanity in the mass is becoming wiser, more energetic, more competent. There is a growing dissatisfaction with imperfection and injustice and inefficiency and sham. Ignorance and self-esteem no longer pass for dignity. Men are being jostled out of their old grooves with a force as stunning as the Japanese fighting methods are to their enemies.

Truth alone remains unchanged, and its moral and religious forms being changeless for the time being to be relegated to the background. Moreover, those phases of morals and religion which are not based on everlasting truth, will be hard hit in the universal shake up. We Seventh-day Baptist are no exception to the rule. We have much to learn, some things to change, and a few burdens to cast overboard.



PRESIDENT GEORGE W. POST.

One of these last is a certain self-complacency, a feeling that our position is absolutely correct in theory, if not in practice. This point of view exhibits normal activity and prevents our development. But there are good reasons why we should not be so sure of ourselves. In the natural world we are continually being faced with facts which are beyond our comprehension, and show us the narrow limits within which we exist. Our perceptive faculties are less acute than those of many of the lower animals. The eye-sight of the eagle, the sense of smell in the hunting-dog, the hearing of the horse, are all far superior to our own. What subtle knowledge impels the homing pigeon through five hundred miles of space in a direct line to its nest? The septomatic labor of bee and ant and beaver we say is due to instinct. What is instinct? It is, perhaps, the unconscious impression of eternal truth on living organism and its manifestation in their acts.

We know little of the processes of our own bodies. We are made up of countless cells, each having its own business and perhaps the power of volition and intelligence. In a drop of blood the size of a pin's head, there are 5,000,000 red corpuscles and 6,000 white ones. These white corpuscles wander about at will through the tissues, in and out of the blood vessels, destroying, invading microbes, clearing away refuse matter, eating what they cannot dispose of otherwise and in general, acting as special police. Is there a wound of the skin, thousands and millions of white corpuscles throw themselves into the breach to repel invasion by microorganisms and perish in that gela fight, acting apparently with the greatest forethought and wisdom. This is an example of many processes inherent in ourselves, of which we are entirely unconscious.

Most of our vital mechanism goes on without our control, and much of it is beyond our comprehension. With the X-ray we can see through a grindstone, whether there is a hole in it or not. Competition is no longer the life of trade, but combination. Judicious higher criticism has illuminated many obscure places in the Bible. All these things go to show the narrow limits of our perceptive faculties. We are surrounded by a vast ocean of unknown truth and fact, some of

which we shall ultimately explore and understand, but the greater part of which is, no doubt, beyond the grasp of human intellect. It is believed that small pox germs are so small as to be invisible to the strongest microscope. And yet we are rapidly coming to the point where the sum of knowledge already acquired along some specialized lines is too great to be held in the most comprehensive brain.

Soon our children will have to be college graduates when they are born or the duration of human life and activity will have to be extended or else mental and physical vigor must be greatly increased in the individual. Will spiritual attainments keep pace with this development? Yes! Sooner or later they must. Amid all this confusion and kaleidoscopic change, the Bible stands calm and serene, unmoved by human mutations and achievements. The ten commandments are now, as always, the terse and comprehensive statement of man's duty. The sermon on the Mount rises above our petty selfishness and clashing and strife like a snow-capped peak above a plain. So far beyond our common practice are those precepts that a "Golden Rule" Mayor is famous throughout the nation, and a Tolstoi is known around the world, simply because they advocate the practical living out of these ethics. And yet the present advances in civilization are directly due to the working of this leaven even in so small a measure. How glorious will be the full development!

New ideas are gaining ground in every line of human endeavor, in philosophy, in art, in chemistry, in mechanics and locomotion and farming and politics and labor. As a people, we have been slow to feel the pulsations of this new vitality. We are conservative by heredity and environment and training and preference. As to heredity, it will be difficult to find a parallel example of an idea dominant in a few families, which has forced its impress so deeply into the lives of six generations of descendants. The stock from which we are sprung has been frugal, hardworking, patient, earnest. Our ancestors were independent of thought and act—sometimes even to a fault. They loved liberty and honesty and righteousness more than luxury or honor or social pleasures. They saw the true values of existence. They despised the pomp and paraphernalia, the superficial glitter and the glamour of compromise. All honor to those sturdy, self-centered, God-fearing souls.

The Conference at Ashaway two years ago was mainly historical. The salient points of our past have been carefully presented to the present generation, so that our people have a good general knowledge of the lines which have led up to themselves. We now turn to the future. This review of the past has brought to light many things, some bad, some good. It clears up many problems. It makes us dissatisfied with the present and eager for greater progress in the time to come. We cannot stand still, and at this gathering we are feeling our way forward into new fields. We are engaged in original research work. We have need of faith and practical common sense—horse sense, if you please. Horse sense, you know, is a classical term, because a man who has horse sense will have a stable mind. We have need of wisdom and tact, divine wisdom and superhuman tact. We have need of shrewdness and conservatism.

But there are two kinds of conservatism—one genuine, the other spurious. That conservatism which looks before it leaps, which is sure it is right, and then goes ahead, I glory in, and we have that kind among our people. But there is a conservatism which is too self-satisfied, which is opposed to any change; which is blind and prejudiced and bigoted, which puts its head under its wing like the ostrich and imagines that it is safe. Such conservatism is one of the most worthless assets which a man or a people can possess. It must be admitted then that as a people, we have some things to learn and some things which need improvement.

A man upon the earth follows the motion of the earth upon its axis, also the revolution of this planet around the sun, and the motion of the solar system through space, the combination resulting in a most complicated spiral, which is varied a little by our own movements on the earth's surface. So we as a people, are moving forward, whether we will or not, impelled by force, some of which we can recognize and estimate, and some which are outside our knowledge altogether.

Let us now look for our imperfections, and let us hope that when we have examined them in a good natured and impersonal way, the proper remedies will suggest themselves.

1. One of our greatest hindrances in obliquity of effort, and by this I mean that we do not all pull in the same direction. Our branches of work are well conducted, but too independent of each other, so that from lack of mutual knowledge there results, not willingly, but unavoidably, a little rivalry, a little friction, a little captious criticism.

2. Another notable defect among us is lack of system. This subject will be treated by many able speakers during this Conference.

3. A growing desire for luxury and a corresponding distaste for hard and continuous work, not monotonous, grinding, drudgery, but regular, well-ordered, consecutive effort, which is the foundation of happiness.

4. Our young people are leaving us, not being satisfied with the prospects which we offer them. This is our fault, not theirs.

5. Sports and amusements are assuming an importance which threatens to eclipse our religious enjoyments and duties.

6. There is a tendency to live beyond our means, both in private and in our institutions. This borders on dishonesty.

7. The lack of material for the ministry.

8. Sporadic movements of local origin and ephemeral duration

engross the attention and inspire the enthusiasm of our people to the detriment of old and time-tried lines of work.

9. Lack of concentration. It is impossible for us to focus our attention steadily on any project, without a close knit organization.

10. Lack of money. This is purposely placed last, because it is least. Gifts are a sure gauge of interest, and when we are right in other respects there will be no lack of funds. This can be demonstrated both by reason and experience.

How shall we correct these defects? How shall we treat these pernicious symptoms?

1. We must be willing to learn—to learn new facts, to accept new truths, to realize that some things are so as well as others. We must move forward—cautiously and deliberately, it is true, but with intelligence.

2. We must believe that our neighbor is a pretty good fellow after all, a little tintured by local color, perhaps, but at heart, loyal and consecrated and self-sacrificing, willing to give his brains and means and time and strength to any good movement which awakens his interest and satisfies his judgment.

3. We need the full and free discussion of our denominational themes by representatives of all branches of our people, to the end that our work may be harmonious and well directed and forcible and successful. Such discussion is the normal work of our denominational gatherings, quarterly meetings, associations and conference. It deserves the most important place on our programs, and to this, all other matters should be made subordinate.

The two Councils have been valuable, but chiefly so as they have pointed out the true methods of co-ordination in our work. Let us get together. A general interchange of views will bring out the fact that in spirit we are as one man in the earnest desire for the triumph of what is right. General discussion will outline a path which is the composite of the best wisdom in our ranks, and will dispel the obscuring clouds of local and personal bias.

In this present Conference, a step will be taken towards the airing of important topics, concerning which we are now at variance, and the consensus of wisdom will be applied to some of our crying needs. There are other good remedies for this case of ours. Good cheer is an excellent tonic. The charm of novelty is proverbial. Square business methods are concrete Christianity. To make things attractive is a duty as well as a pleasure. To live comfortably is not unreasonable. We must furnish work to those who need it, including clergymen at a fair remuneration, and we must not give up this problem until it is solved. For a man to starve his family in order to keep the Sabbath is unnatural under existing conditions. It is also unnecessary. These are some of the suggestions which come to mind for improving our condition. Others will occur to you.

Trusting in God and looking to Him for guidance let us make the most of our talents and strike out for better things. Let us pray for growth in Grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

BOTTLED EXPRESSLY FOR FAMILY USE.

A great many products are put up—bottled expressly for family use, only to mention ketchup, pickles, milk and cream. But there are other things that are also bottled for use in the family, that are not material; but they are kept in store and drawn out upon occasion. Every housekeeper has a supply. What are they? Well; let us variously designate them as temper, impatience, irritability, unreasonableness;—these are kept most carefully bottled up for family use and it is not unfrequently that the stopper is drawn! Bottled up as they are, they often begin to ferment and press for a wider range during business hours and when strangers are by. But the stopper at such times is only pressed down the tighter. It would hurt the business to show irritability and give way to temper. A man would lose his client, or his patient, or his customer or his place if he should give way to it. So down it stays till he comes—where?—why, to his dear, peaceful, quiet home, the place he loves, and whose dear inmates he loves. But then they know by his looks that the day's business has been trying, and soon the bottled up temper which would have injured the business begins to show how it has been kept expressly for family use. Strange—isn't it?

And how does it all come about? Why are the testiness and the impatient reply all saved up for the home and the ones we really and devotedly love and care for there? Why, it is all there—the cowardliness and meanness of spirit that lead to this outburst. We dare to do it because we know we can do it and still be tolerated. Men in business and strangers in society would not tolerate it; so we keep it in. But in the family we let it out. In many a character this quality of ill temper stands out as the one glaring defect. Its ferment will permeate a household like an evil leaven; its

shadow will brood over an otherwise happy circle like a storm-cloud.

For the man who habitually gives way to temper and testiness there is only one course open, and that is to go apart by one's self and think it out—think what wrong you have done and how you have injured others. Bitter words are like knives; they leave cruel wounds—wounds that often pierce the most loving hearts.

Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds;

You can't do that when you are flying words.

Thoughts that we think may sometimes fall back dead,

But God himself can't kill them when they're said.

Let the man who is afflicted with this malady sit apart with the Master and tell it to him, and get the touch of his healing robe, which will make even crooked tempers straight. There is no other way. And no other way is needed, because this is a sufficient way. Let him pray with David, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

The waspish temper is bad enough when men only are concerned; but when its stinging virus is seen to destroy the peace of the home, making every member suffer, the evil goes deep. Do not give way to it, Christian! Keep the bad spirit down! See to it that you are not the one meant when some shall ask—"What are these wounds in thy hands?" and he shall answer—"These are the wounds wherewith I was wounded in the house of my friends."—*The Christian Work and Evangelist.*

THE BASIS OF CERTAINTY.

There is no more vital question before modern Christians than the real basis of certainty in religion. Many of the books on religious subjects, which are receiving the largest measure of public attention, are occupied with one phase and another of this important problem. Does our conviction that Christianity is true rest upon the genuineness and authenticity of documents, or upon historical evidences, or upon tradition, or upon something deeper and more central than any of these things? Is there any argument that added to the weight of cumulative evidence from these external evidences will carry the mind to the firm ground of settled assurance in central truths of the Christian revelation?

Slowly from this discussion the truth is emerging that the experience in the heart of the individual of the birth from above is the crowning fact which puts the keystone in the arch of Christian evidences. The man who is conscious that through submission of his will to Christ he has passed from death to life, that his sins have been forgiven, and that he has received a vital impulse to righteousness, has in himself a witness to the Christian verities that convinces him that his feet have been planted on the rock. One who has enjoyed this experience may not be able to refute all the skillfully framed arguments that may be brought against his faith in the spiritual fact, but he has an evidence that argument can not touch. He is like the astronomer who saw the sun rise and registered the fact, even though his assistants were proving by their almanacs and logarithms that it could not rise until ten minutes later. You can meet an argument with an argument, but no man ever yet was successful in meeting a fact with an argument. And when an argument is confirmed by facts it rests upon an impregnable basis.

The experience of the birth from above is the fact that is not in the least affected by the results of modern critical and historical studies. We make a great mistake when we think that Christianity has won its way in the earth because its preachers have been such strong logicians. The secret of its power and its triumph has been that it has actually done something for men in the transformation and re-creation of the inner life of thought, desire and purpose. It has brought peace and strength and life. No matter how much discredit skeptics throw upon documents, so long as men by following the directions of those documents come to a spiritual experience that purifies and expands and vitalizes their souls Christianity is unassailable, and the spiritual experience reflects back a new and strong evidence upon the documents.—*The Watchman.*

Missions.

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

MRS. TOWNSEND HOME.

Mrs. Townsend has arrived home from Fort Houston, Texas, with her son Parker, who was able to take the journey by resting at Texarkana, St. Louis and Chicago. He is improving quite rapidly physically, but his hearing and eyesight remain about the same. The Post Surgical Corp thought that the cooler climate of the North, his physical improvement and his youth would tend to restoration of sight and hearing although it would take several months. Mrs. Townsend will move to Clinton, Wis., and make her home with her daughter, who is a teacher of music and supervises the music in the public schools of Clinton. Mrs. Townsend as soon as she is settled in Clinton will resume her work as Missionary Colporteur in the North-west.

R. S. WILSON, ATTALLA, ALA.

We meet once a month at Attalla for preaching, the Sabbath before the first Sunday in each month. The Sabbath-school is kept up all the time. Have held four protracted meetings at Healds, with about thirty conversions, most of them joined the First-day churches. Our meetings there are well attended. I am preaching once a month at Lemins Saw Mill. There are about 40 families there now, and they keep up a large Sunday-school and are going to build a house of worship. The prospects are as good for us there as I have seen for a long time. Wish I could have some one come here and help me for awhile, think it would do much good. We are not what we ought to be spiritually. We need a revival. Wish an evangelist might come and hold some evangelistic meetings.

REV. GEORGE SEELEY, PETITCODIAC, CANADA.

Glad you had so good a time at the Associations and wish that we could see a Seventh-day Baptist great meeting once again. Distances and finances utterly preventing us. I am happy in my work in this country, and not wishing for a change on the ground of lonesomeness or loneliness. Your excellent letters from time to time do us so much good, inspiring our hearts with courage and hope. We are glad to be remembered by a few of our people. We receive parcels of Sabbath-school papers from several dear young people, two of whom live in Plainfield, N. J., one in Berlin, N. Y., and another in North Loup, Neb. These are distributed to children in my field of Christian work, and old and young read our *Sabbath Visitor* with much delight. If others could favor us along that line, they would be doing good and helping forward our work. After the most severe winter ever remembered by the oldest Canadian, and spring time came, and we could go among those we have been preaching to, we found them pleased at our return and they gave us a glad welcome. During this quarter have given twelve discourses. More would have been given but for rainy weather, and other hindrances, preventing us, and twenty-five visits and calls.

The places occupied are the same as heretofore, viz.: Canaan Forks, Hunter's Home, and Brookvale, with fair congregations at each place. I have distributed large numbers of the SABBATH RECORDER among the people, who are very glad to get them, and read their contents.

I have my services in School Houses, which the trustees willingly give for the purpose. In the most of places they would be refused but in these places I have good friends who treat me very kindly. I wish I had some better report to give, but it may be that the better is reserved for the future. Indeed I pray and hope so.

OPEN-AIR EVANGELISM.

The advent of the summer months brings to our attention this important phase of Christian work. In many cities churches are conducting regular campaigns with special evangelists. The fifty-first year's record of "The Open-air Mission" of London is worthy of the attention of all interested in this work. It reveals some startling facts, which prove the need for such evangelism—for instance, that on Sunday mornings people on their way to the great race-course have been counted at the rate of 1,000 per minute. In Manchester alone, 5,000 shops, besides public houses, are regularly open on the Lord's day, while in London the total number is 22,000. In one borough the number of men entering public houses on a recent Sunday was many thousands in excess of the whole male population of the borough—for example, 83,500 male visitors entered the public houses at Paddington; this is nearly 18,000 in excess of the male population of that borough.

This "Open-air Mission" has sent forth evangelists to no less than 1,235 different places, visiting nearly 60,000 homes, and holding about 3,500 special services. The workers visit races, fairs, markets, cattle shows, regattas, barracks, seaside resorts—in fact, any place where a concourse of the people may be found. It is estimated that a total of 500,000 people have been met at these various resorts. Over 1,000,000 Testaments, tracts, etc., have been distributed, and over 100,000 miles traveled. The results have been most encouraging.—*The Missionary Review.*

WHAT THE CHURCH COULD DO.

Rev. John Stewart, of Madras, says: "If the churches of Christendom sent forth their missionaries in the same proportion as the Moravian Church, there would be on the field 400,000 instead of 14,000, and if only a quarter of the members and adherents of the Protestant Church gave one half-penny per day, the amount raised would be \$25,000,000 instead of \$4,000,000." As it is, the Church is at present in touch with less than one two-hundredth part of those for whom Christ died, and 30,000,000 are dying without a knowledge of salvation. The work will certainly never be done unless a very different and higher standard of consecration to God is adopted by the Christian men and women of our land. "The urgent need, the absolute duty, the unspeakable blessedness, and actual possibility of living wholly for God, is the ground on which not only our responsibility, but our appeals for the evangelization of the heathen world must ever rest."

We see in the *Detroit Free Press* that five cents' worth of oil of lavender, mixed with the same quantity of water, will keep a room clear from flies, using an atomizer to spray it around the room. People like the odor, but flies do not.

Prayer, when engaged in, in spirit and in truth, contains within itself its own answer, in the heavenly calm and repose which it communicates.—*James McCosh, D. D.*

Woman's Work.

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

TO-DAY'S FURROW.

Sow the shining seeds of service
In the furrows of each day,
Plant each one with serious purpose,
In a hopeful, tender way.
Never lose one seed, nor cast it
Wrongly with an hurried hand;
Take full time to lay it wisely,
Where and how thy God hath planned.
Thus the blessed way of sharing
With another soul your gains,
Which, though losing life, you find it
Yielding fruit on golden plains;
For the soul which shows its blessings,
Great or small, in word or smile,
Gathers as the Master promised,
Either here or after while.
Sow this day the seeds of service
In some life, as you can spare,
Bend above the soul you strengthen
For a moment's silent prayer.
Trust that somehow God will nurture
Deeds which love and faith afford,
Till the angel hands shall reap them
For the garner of the Lord.

—*Presbyterian Journal.*

YOUR Editor is unable to be present at Conference, but hopes to have a full report of the work of our women for the readers of the Woman's Page. Arrangements have been made to that effect.

THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN.

The meeting of the International Council of Women held in Berlin in June was full of interest to all concerned. It was attended by women from all over the world, America sending a large delegation of her prominent women. An interesting program was presented and questions of deep interest presented and discussed. One point that received much attention was that of equal representation of men and women before the law in the countries represented by the delegates.

The music hall in which the meetings were held was one of the largest in the world. The meetings were well attended, and in several instances it was necessary to hold overflow meetings to accommodate all who wished to attend.

A new feature of the convention was the presence of "hearers," those who did not go as delegates, but to listen to the discussion of subjects in which they were particularly interested and to report these sessions at the next meeting of the American Council.

Another new thing at this meeting was an exhibition of the work of women of many countries in sculpture, painting, literature, music and other lines of work. The space for each country was so limited that the exhibits had to be shown in the most compact form. The work of American women writers proved so extensive, that the names of the writers and the titles of their books only could be shown in tabulated form. The same was true of the American writers of plays and musical compositions.

American women took a prominent position in the Council. An American woman was president and others took leading parts in the discussion. "It was not," Mrs. Sewell said, "because they were deeper thinkers or better educated, but because they were better speakers" that they came so much to the front.

Miss Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr spoke on the subject of "University Education of Women." She refuted the charges made by

some educators in the last few years, that university work overtaxes the strength of women and renders them unfit for matrimony. It was her claim that more men than women broke down from overwork in college, and the mothers of the largest families are now college women. "Woman's Work in Art and Literature," "Women and Trade Organizations," "The Consumer's League," and "Women in Church Work" were some of the subjects discussed by the representatives from America.

The Council decided to attack with vigor the White Slave Traffic. This has come to be a well-organized business. Hundreds of young girls are yearly enticed from their homes in Germany, Poland and Central Europe with the promise of high wages as servants in America, and come here to their destruction. To battle against this evil, the women of all nations should use their best efforts that the life and virtue of all young women coming to our shores may be made safe.

Mrs. Sewell, the out-going president of the Council, in speaking of American women in general, says: "They deceive themselves into thinking that because they enjoy advantages and opportunities superior to those open to other women that they themselves are superior."

"Personally, I have always felt that the chief weakness of my country is its false patriotism, the vanity which assumes that it is first and best, which naturally results in indolence and self-indulgence. If American women are to keep pace with the women of other countries they must be more teachable, less arrogant, less luxurious and self-indulgent; more serious in their aims, more painstaking, accurate and laborious in their methods. That is my view, and I hope that I shall still have some friends after expressing it."

THE WHITE-RIBBON MOVEMENT.

MRS. W. M. BELL.

Before the Civil War was finished the Government, for the payment of its debt, seized upon the commodity of the saloon, figured its percentage on the gains from the vices of the people, and, in 1863, the liquor traffic climbed the throne of revenue. Ever since that time this cruel power has held in its hand a scepter and a lash,—the scepter of money, preferment, and power to those who bow to its demands, the lash of vengeance to those who resist,—until to-day it is the tyrant of our civilization. It was not the legal status, but the awful results of this traffic that first aroused the womanhood of our country. Its effects were felt in the most sacred of all places,—the home,—and mothers, wives, and children, were paying for the revenue in hunger, tears, and often blood. The first movement in this temperance reform, known as the "whirlwind of the Lord," began at Hillsport, Ohio, in 1873, when seventy women, upon whom the Spirit of the Lord had come, started out to try, with prayers and tears, to heal the hurt of their own homes and of their own city.

Their enthusiasm can only be accounted for by the Greek meaning of the word, which is "God in us," and not as usually translated, "a multitude of people with us." The movement spread rapidly, crossing the line between the North and the South, revealing to its leaders that it would soon embrace the nation in its sweep, for the hurt was all over our land, and the same suffering was everywhere. The first work was entirely evangelistic, saloon doors were besieged

with prayer, and the drunkard was sought and reclaimed. Many were induced to sign the pledge. But our sisters soon found that success could not come from dealing with a result while the cause remained untouched, and that while a few were being saved, drunkenness was not cured. This brought them face to face with the legalized saloon and the question, Who is responsible? From that hour the women have gone forth in a war against the liquor traffic, which shall never cease until rum's power shall be broken.

"That cry rings on and it will not cease,
On our borders will never again be peace.
The voice of warning has come abroad;
The time grows ripe for the hour of God."
And one of these days may the faithful sons and daughters of the Almighty God go up to the ballot-boxes of this nation, and in those ballots that
"Fall as still as snowflakes fall upon the sod,
And execute the freeman's will as lightnings do the will of God,"
write in the Constitution of America, once and forever, that the liquor traffic must go from the land.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is the second thought of the crusade, rightly often named "Organized Motherhood." With its badge, a bow of white ribbon, its motto, "For God and home and native land," it has set itself on high moral ground, or rather has been led here by the hand of God. It demands total abstinence for the individual, prohibition for the nation, the equality of men and women in the church and state, and equal standard of purity for men and women; which laws will make it easy to do right and hard to do wrong, with Christ underneath it all.

So rapidly has this movement grown that organizations have been effected in every State and Territory in the Union, including Alaska, Hawaii, and a beginning in the Philippines. Ten thousand towns and cities have local unions, and one thousand new unions were organized in 1900. There are nine separate State unions among the colored people, and organization among the Indians is well begun. Literature in eighteen different languages is distributed among the foreign-speaking people, and a missionary is kept at the Port of New York. Eight round-the-world missionaries have been sent from the national W. C. T. U., and the world's W. C. T. U. now includes fifty-eight countries, with five hundred thousand members, and its motto is printed in nearly every known language. Truly, the white ribbon encircles the world, while equally universal is the noontide hour of prayer.

At least forty distinct departments of work are now maintained and reported at the annual conventions, each an avenue leading to our Rome—the annihilation of the liquor traffic. They appear under the heads of organization, preventive, educational, evangelistic, social, and legal. Under the educational department, the idea of scientific temperance instruction in the public schools has originated, and mandatory laws have been secured in every State in the Union but one. Under these laws, 16,000,000 children receive instruction as to the nature and effects of alcohol and other narcotics on the system. Of the sixteen millions who receive temperance instruction in our Sabbath schools, three hundred thousand are pledged total abstainers. Two hundred and fifty thousand chil-

dren are trained as temperance workers in the Loyal Temperance Legion, and march to the motto, "Tremble, King Alcohol, we shall grow up."

The W. C. T. U. was an important factor in securing the quarterly temperance lesson in the International Sunday-School Lesson series, and in securing a world's union temperance Sunday. Before any other society had taken up mother's meetings, it had organized thirty-seven States and Territories. This department includes special study of the topics connected with heredity and hygiene. Its schools of methods are held in all Chautauqua gatherings. It has largely influenced the change in public sentiment in regard to social drinking, and equal purity for both sexes; and through its efforts thousands of girls have been rescued from lives of shame, and ten thousands of men have signed the pledge, and been redeemed from inebriety. It has created a great literature. Beside the official organs, millions of pages are printed and distributed among soldiers and sailors, miners and lumbermen. Under the head of legislation it has been the chief factor in state campaigns for statutory prohibition, constitutional amendments, reform laws in general, and those for the protection of women and children in particular, and in securing anti-gambling and anti-cigarette laws. It has been instrumental in raising the age of protection for girls in every State but two. The age is now eighteen years in thirteen States, and sixteen years in nineteen States, and from twelve to fifteen years in other States. Curfew laws have been secured in four hundred towns and cities. It secured the appointment of police matrons, now required in nearly all the large cities of the United States.

It keeps a superintendent of legislation in Washington during the entire session of Congress to look after reform bills. The national W. C. T. U. secures more petitions than any other society in the world. It is true that this organization is often called radical, for the reason that the principle back of that radicalism is so little understood. Men and women who profess to believe in temperance put wine on their tables. A political party may declare belief in temperance and yet perpetuate the saloon by law. The white ribboners are more than temperance people. They are total abstainers. This is not the result of prejudice, for the mists have cleared away, and science is with their position. Surely it ought to nerve every woman to her best endeavor when she learns that here at home, even in our State of Ohio, there is one legalized saloon to every white ribboner, and when we know, too, that our missionaries cannot go abroad without meeting the effects of the accursed traffic. In that beautiful poem, "The Light of Asia," the poet tells of Buddha, the prince who gave his life for the world. He had all that heart could wish—a stately palace, a beautiful wife, a loving child. Joy, peace, and power surrounded him like the sea; but through the music, across the splendor, came the cry of the sad world that needed help. So one night he stole out in silence away from his sleeping wife and child, turned his face from ease, ambition, and royalty, and gave up all to hush the moan that called him to self-sacrifice. The women of whom I write to-day have learned this lesson, not from Buddha, but from Christ. When you read the letters W. C. T. U., say gently, "These are they who hear the cry of the world."—*Woman's Evangel.*

A TOKEN OF ESTEEM.

By authority and in behalf of the Seventh-day Baptist church at Fouke, Ark., we hereby express our appreciation of the services of Sister Carrie E. Nelson as the teacher for the past two years of our Seventh-day Baptist school at this place, and certify that we are grateful unto her, and to God who moved upon her heart to make her services here a free-will offering unto him for the advancement of his cause here.

As a teacher she has been faithful and efficient, taking charge also of the boarding house where the pupils from abroad found a home, and the girls were trained in household duties, and there, as elsewhere, she maintained a high standard of morals. She has been a helper in the Sabbath-school and church work.

We know that her labor has not been in vain; and believe that her teaching and example will continue to bear good fruit in the years to come; as some of the seed she has sown will germinate after many days.

Her departure from us is a matter of regret to the church, to the patrons of the school, and the scholars who have received her instruction, and to the whole community, by all of whom she is held in high esteem. We hope our loss may prove to be her gain.

S. I. LEE,
A. S. DAVIS,
Committee.

FOUKE, ARK., Aug. 19, 1904.

BURIAL CUSTOMS OF THE CROWS.

You may be interested to know something about the burial customs of the Crows. There have been several deaths in the nearby camps lately and some pathetic things have come to our notice. With the intuition of nature the Indian seems to know and feel the approach of death. Accordingly when the word goes forth that a certain sick Indian is going to die it is the signal for the gathering of friends and relatives and also for the beginning of the death chant, that piercing wailing of the Indian's sorrow. The grave clothes are put on before the person dies, the burial taking place immediately after death.

The way of expressing grief is certainly barbarous. In the case of a relative a finger joint is severed or the finger tip cut off; and the long locks of hair, always the pride of the Indian, cut short. Sometimes the young man will blow his finger end off with a six-shooter. The friends lacerate the fingers, and some of the older women prick their heads with a large knife point until blood flows profusely down over the face. The idea of sacrifice is somehow connected with this self-torture, but its exact significance I have as yet been unable to determine.

Where a rough box is used, the person while yet alive is measured for it. All haste possible is made to get to the place of burial, usually a high hill top or crevice of rock. Stones are piled over the remains as a covering. In a few instances shallow holes have been dug. Until two years ago trees were largely used as places to deposit the dead. Seven bodies in trees are within a mile of the mission allotment. The personal belongings of the deceased, such as axe, gun, blankets (if a woman then cooking utensils) and beaded finery, to be used in the "happy hunting grounds" are buried with them. All others effects are burned, except an article or two which is cast into the stream to be carried away—forever.

Several nights ago from the window here at White Arm's we saw two fires burning brightly on the pine hills bordering the Little Big Horn, one on the very summit and the other lower down. The fire on the hilltop was beside the stone grave of Knows-the-Good-Medicine, the bride of a year who had died the day before. Seated nearby on the cold ground was Bull Weasel, her husband. He had been wailing by the side of the body from sunrise in the morning until after ten at night, without food or water, and the thermometer was ten degrees below zero. How heavy the burden of sorrow to one who stays thus hopelessly with the dead! The fire lower down was by the grave of Knows-the-Good-Medicine's mother, who preceded her into the other world by several months. Here the friends and relatives were mourning while Bull Weasel was keeping lonely vigil on the summit above. This morning I went to a camp where a young Indian by the name of Little Bear had just died. Shall I describe what I saw when I went into the tent? The body was tied up roughly in a dirty tarpaulin, mourners were prostrated in a small circle, wailing loudly. On the ground in the center of the group was an axe all besmeared with blood where it had been used to mutilate the fingers. Add to this an intolerable odor and you have the picture in part.

White Arm's mother had a Christian burial. When Striking Woman died I told him that the burial customs of the Crows were all new to us and that while we wished in no way to intrude upon any of their time honored ceremonies we would gladly do as we would do among our own people if he wished. His reply through an interpreter was something like this: "I realize the old days are gone. They will never come back. The Crows should do now as the white people do. Bury my mother just as you would your own. Whatever you say we will do." So a well lined and trimmed casket was made and a Christian service held. We laid her tenderly away on the mission allotment. I have suggested to White Arm that some time later we would build a neat little fence to enclose the grave and that I would pick out a good stone from the hills and chisel a suitable headstone. This seemed to please him very much. But even over White Arm the old-time customs have a peculiar power, for at the time of his mother's death he and his wife cut off their hair and slit their fingers. Otherwise they abandoned the old ways of mourning.—*The Standard*.

FACTS.

"Let us have facts." Well, let us have them, but let no one be so stupid as to suppose that religion does not already have a pretty large stock of facts. The Christian religion itself is a fact, a tremendous and prolific fact, out of which rise other facts as grass springs from the earth. The Bible is a fact, its vast influence is a fact. Its circulation far beyond that of all other books is a fact, its translation into the tongues of many tribes and nations is a fact. Its power to transform character and transfigure life is a fact exemplified times and times without number. The passing of the nations, whom its old prophets denounced and doomed is a fact. Its whole history bristles with facts.

The Christian religion deals with facts. Sin is a fact, universal and awful, filling the annals

of the race with tragedy, deep, dark and dreadful, blighting youth, disgracing old age, a fact proclaimed in cries of anguish, written in tears and told with a perpetual wail of sorrow. Satan, the old serpent, is a fact. His poison is in our blood, his ceaseless work on every hand. Men dismiss him from the Bible only to find him walking around in their hearts, or to feel his sting at the next encounter with their fellow men.

Temptation is a fact. The downward tendency is a fact. Backsliding and hypocrisy are facts. Idolatry, murder, lying, lust and all the other iniquities against which Christianity arrays itself are facts.

Our utter and crying need of redemption is a fact. That reform is not enough is a fact. That we need a power which will pervade us through and through and make us every whit whole is a fact. That there is regenerating and redeeming power in the Christian religion is a fact. Revivals are facts. The changes which they have wrought in communities, the new impulse which they have given to generations, the missionary enterprises which have been born of them, the revolutions which they have wrought in the lives of men and women, are facts.

The philanthropy of the Christian religion, the humanitarian spirit which it has introduced, is a fact. The asylums, hospitals, homes, refuges, and retreats which it has brought into all Christendom are facts.

The faith which the Christian religion begets is a fact. That it has produced fidelity which stood the test of fire and sword and all the terror of enraged and unbridled power is a fact. That it has made convictions which in turn made revolutions and progress and liberty and free institutions is a fact. That only those lands upon which Christianity has put its impress have moved into the upper realms of civilization is a fact.

And the Christian religion deals with that other fact which so appalls the race, the fact of death. Millions have testified that their faith takes away its sting and have raised Paul's exulting cry, "Death is swallowed up in victory." The hope and the heroism which have been thus inspired are facts.

Nothing else has to do with so many facts and so great facts as religion, and to call only those things facts which physical science considers and to ignore the facts which fall within the sphere of religious faith and action, is to be blind to the most important thing of life. What more absurd than to see in the wall which houses a hospital a fact and not to see a fact in the spirit which prompted and pervades the institution? or to see a fact in the chemical change wrought in a community or an individual life by a revival or other spiritual influences?

But it is said that Christian faith reaches beyond facts into the unknown. This is not disputed. There is no need to dispute it. Science does the same thing. It never yet discovered a fact, great or small, which did not carry it over into the unknown. Indeed, notwithstanding all the claims to the contrary, science does not confine itself to facts. "Any one who is practically acquainted with scientific work," says Mr. Huxley, "is aware that those who refuse to go beyond fact rarely ever get as far as fact; and any one who has studied the history of science knows that almost every

step therein has been made by anticipating nature, that is by the invention of hypotheses." A hypothesis is something assumed, but not proved. Science assumes. It says that if you compel it to furnish facts as it goes along it cannot get on at all. It must have credit, or go under, and credit is faith.

In view of these things, what is the use of all the time thundering into the ears of the Christian believer that he must have facts? He already has facts almost unlimited and which stun us by their significance and greatness. And so far as he reaches beyond facts his faith strikes nearer the heart-beat of human life than the assumptions of the scientist.—*The Advance*.

MY FIRST WOLF.

One bright afternoon in March, 1903, my husband and I set out from the pretty village of Princeton, Minnesota, to make a few professional calls in the country. We had driven twelve miles or more, and had visited one patient, when, because of bad roads and heavy drifts, it seemed practicable to drive across fields instead of continuing in the main highway.

When about a mile on the partially broken path, a runner broke and we were totally disabled. We wondered whether it would be better to return to the last house or press forward for help. It was late in the afternoon, but not yet twilight.

Finally it was decided that it would take too long a time to go back, a decision of which we afterwards had reason to heartily approve.

Far ahead over the prairie we could discern wolves and other signs of life, so leaving me sitting in the sleigh and well wrapped in furs and robes, the doctor went on.

He took the horses with him to bring back some kind of a conveyance, and I sat contentedly listening to the receding bells and heartily enjoying the quiet scene. Neither of us had any apprehension of danger.

Suddenly, quite a distance at my right, I saw what I thought was a huge dog emerge from a clump of trees and sniff the air as if lost. He was a beauty, and I was admiring him, when, as I gazed, he leisurely trotted in my direction.

Then I saw his bushy tail and the shape of his nose. Lo! he was no dog, but a big, gray, timber wolf, the terror of the Minnesota farmer. That very winter two little girls near St. Cloud had been torn in pieces by one of these beasts, as they were returning from school.

What could I do? So far as human companionship was concerned I was alone, for my husband was a quarter of a mile away and out of sight.

God seemed very near, and I felt safe. At first I thought by keeping still the animal might not notice me. I little knew how keen was the sense of smell in a wolf. He evidently had seen me and was coming to investigate.

I had no weapon but the whip, no protection but the sleigh and robes. How I did pray to God to save me as I realized the situation! Immediately I rose and flourished the whip, screaming "Help! Help!" throwing all the carrying power possible into my voice.

The wolf bounded forward, coming with long leaps straight toward me. Still I prayed and shouted.

Two or three rods from the sleigh was a wire fence. I saw the long, lank body as he neared this fence. Two ideas were uppermost in my mind: one, how soon it would all be over; the other, intense pity for my husband when he should come back and find—what I dared not think.

How the wolf crossed the fence I never knew. When I looked again he was on my side of it, but what a change! With dropped head and tail, as if ashamed, he stunk off at an angle of forty-five degrees, then faster and faster.

Suddenly I heard the shouts of men. My husband was returning with help. Then they came in sight, lashing the poor horses to their utmost speed.

The wolf had evidently heard the bells and voices before I could distinguish them. Hence his change of purpose.

With long, flying leaps he bounded away down across the field until he disappeared from sight among some oak trees. The farmer said he was one of the largest wolves he had ever seen. If he had had a gun he could easily have shot him.

We afterwards learned that on that very day, a man was obliged to dismount from a load of hay, and flourish a club in the face of a big wolf which had stopped his horses. Probably this was the same animal.

Excitement ran high. Doctor said they were just returning when they heard my cry, which startled them.

Did the wolf mean business? I never knew. But I had lived in Minnesota nearly fifteen years and this was the first timber wolf I had ever seen, and he was at least interested in me. The animal was hungry. The snows had been heavy and prey was scarce.

I was alone, but God heard my prayer and saved my life.—*The Morning Star*.

A JAPANESE RIP VAN WINKLE.

The *Open Court* for May, 1904, brings the following Japanese legend:

"Once upon a time there was a man who was so very pious that he spent most of his time between meals in praying. He spent all his leisure, that is when he wasn't eating or sleeping, upon his knees. His wife was a practical sort of woman and drew her lord's attention to the fact that while he was praying she and the children was starving. The saintly man paid no attention to her remonstrances except to remind her that salvation was more important than food and so continued his devotions.

"At last, patience ceased to be a virtue and the 'Katrina' of the Orient, disgusted with her prayerful spouse, drove him from the home and bade him continue his prayers in the mountains. Thus evicted, the pious man wandered into an upland glade in a range of hills near his native village and was soon engaged in his favorite occupation of praying. Suddenly his attention as diverted from spiritual to temporal things.

"In a sheltered nook near where he knelt, two ladies attired in the rich garb of members of the Imperial Court sat in front of a small table playing a game of 'Go,' the Japanese equivalent for checkers. So ravishingly beautiful, so graceful and so skillful in their play were the fair ladies that the village saint forgot his prayers, his home, everything, and was soon absorb-

edly watching the game and the players. And as he watched, the sun set and the moon rose and then disappeared, and the seasons came and went and still he watched.

"At last came a crisis in the game. One of the ladies made a bad move which our pious friend noticed. 'Fair lady,' he exclaimed, 'you have made a mistake!' At the sound of his voice the players started in alarm, the 'Go' table went and the ladies became foxes and scurried away in a twinkling.

"Rising from his knees the saintly man returned to his native village. Not aware that he had been gone very long he finds that his family has passed into oblivion, and that he has been absent one hundred years!"

The story exists in several versions and different morals are educed from it—one of which is characteristic of the Japanese love of ceremonious propriety, pointing out the bad taste of criticising another person's play.

CONSTRUCTING A CHRISTIAN

The first time I saw Cologne Cathedral—nearly half a century ago—it presented a stumpy appearance, for the towers had not yet been built. The next time I saw it, the scaffoldings on which the builders were busy were rather a disfigurement. But a few years since when I beheld the completed towers, lifting their snow-white splendors into the sunlight, I felt that the old historic Rhine saw no such magnificent object in all its course from the Alpine mountains to the sea.

This is a bit of a parable of the way in which the Master constructs a Christian. The Bible describes true Christians as "Christ's workmanship created anew unto good works." If any sharp critic should look over a company of church members gathered at a Communion Table, he might say, "Well, if these are Christ's workmanship they are very imperfect specimens, as I can testify from personal acquaintance with some of them."

Very true, but if that same critic wished to select a piano he would not go into a manufactory where its different parts were being put together; he would go into the salesroom and see the finished instruments.

This world is only a workshop for the fashioning of Christian character. "Ye are Christ's building," said the great apostle; the towers were not up yet. "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect," was that same apostle's honest confession; the scaffoldings were still standing, and the Master's work on that heart and life was still incomplete.—*Baptist Commonwealth*.

FOSSIL DISCOVERIES IN KANSAS.

County Surveyor E. R. Burchfield, while running a survey for the Dakota, Kansas and Anthony Railroad through Harper and Barber counties, says a dispatch to *The Tribune*, discovered a petrified portion of the spinal column of a large whale. Mr. Burchfield thinks that Barber County was on the shore of the inland sea that occupied part of the United States at one time, and that Harper County was probably the deepest part, owing to the thickness of salt found there. Many of the high points of land in Barber County appear as though they had at one time been islands, as large beds of fossil remains are found, and now and then beds of gravel that indicate glacial detritus.

Children's Page.

NORTH GERMAN CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy father guards the sheep,
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,
And from it fall sweet dreams for thee.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
The large stars are the sheep,
The little ones, the lambs, I guess,
The gentle moon, the shepherdess,
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!
Our Saviour loves His sheep.
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sake came down to die.
Sleep, baby, sleep!

CLIPPER AND SNIP.

There was grief in the office, for Gypsy was dead, and four little motherless dog-babies whined feebly as they strove in vain to find food.

Gypsy was the office dog and every man there loved her, she was so intelligent and good. "I wouldn't have taken fifty dollars for her," said Mr. Lane, her owner, sorrowfully. "She was a pure blooded terrier, and quicker than greased lightning in the matter of rats."

"The pups will die," said the clerk. "It seems a pity to lose so fine a breed."

"I'll take 'em," said the office boy drawing near, broom in hand.

"If I'll raise 'em will you give me one?"

"Of course I will, Jim, and if you can't raise but one even, it is yours, unless you want to sell it to me. They'll die as they are, and I do not know of any dog nursery to put them in."

"What on earth have you got there, Jimmie?" cried Mrs. Scott as her boy came in with a capful of squirming, whining puppies scarcely larger than new-born kittens. She was a kind-hearted woman and tender of all helpless, needy things whether human or animal, and she hardly waited to hear Jimmie's story of the value and virtue of the little mother of the orphans before she had milk on to warm, and a nest preparing to receive them.

Poor little creatures, they were thoroughly chilled and almost starved, and one of them died before a way was found to get the milk down their throats, and two of the others were very weak, but one was still strong and Jimmie had great hopes of him. He was a patient nurse and, aided by his mother, the orphans received every attention.

A bottle was prepared, as for other babies, with a quill run through the cork, and the puppy, for the weak ones died in the night, soon learned to take the warm milk, and to cry for it when hungry. Jimmie kept him in a little basket at the head of his bed, and toward morning the puppy would waken him, crying with cold and hunger. The boy kept the bottle of milk warm under his pillow, and after feeding it to the tiny fellow would curl up in Jimmie's warm hands, boy and dog sleeping together till morning.

Such care brought with it a great deal of love, and the little dog grew dearer to his little master every day. He was a perfect copy of his lamented mother, and Mr. Lane would gladly have bought him when he became old enough to care for himself, but Jimmie could not bear to give up his pet.

"Whenever you want twenty-five dollars

more than you want a dog, come to me," Mr. Lane said, after Clipper had paid a visit to the office, where Jimmie had proudly shown off his cute tricks and bright ways. He was then about ten inches long, with such tiny legs, bright eyes, and eagerly wagging bit of a tail that he seemed to be in a twinkling of motion all the time.

Mrs. Scott had taken a kitten to raise about the same time that Clipper came, and the two were great friends. It was amusing to see them play. One favorite game was around a hassock which usually stood near Mrs. Scott's chair. Snip, the kitten, would seat herself on it and Clipper would race madly around it, barking in the most terrifying way, Snip watching ever motion with keen interest until Clipper in some unguarded moment would catch her by the tail and whisk her off in a jiffy, when lo, Clipper would be sitting on the hassock, a dog-gish smile on his face, and Snip would circle round and round until her chance came to jump up and push him off. Time after time they would repeat the play until they were tired out and ready to curl down for a nap together.

At night Mrs. Scott had been puzzled at hearing queer sounds in the kitchen where they slept, and one night when the moonlight made the room almost as light as day, she went out to see what had wakened her at one o'clock in the morning. There were snip and Clipper running races across the floor, tails up and running for dear life side by side, bumping their silly little heads against the wall when they reached it, then turning about and racing the other way.

It was very comical, and for several nights Mrs. Scott was awakened at the same hour to hear little heads thumping against the walls, eight little scurrying feet dashing across the kitchen floor.

One night Clipper did his friends a real service—a number of houses had been entered by burglars, and on the night Mrs. Scott was alone with the pets, and the men probably knew it for they came up boldly, and were half way through a window when Clipper's sharp little bark became a very fury of angry noise, and jumping up he caught the burglar's leg in his sharp little teeth, worrying it as he would a rat. Nip, nip, nip he went, dodging the blows and kicks and taking a fresh hold between his shrill barks until the neighbors were aroused and help was coming.

"I'd rather grapple with two big dogs than one of them yelping little streaks of black lightning," said one of the men next day as he nursed his sore leg. "You can catch a flea easier than you can them, but they can catch you all right, and bark every minute besides."

Mr. Lane was more than ever anxious to buy Clipper after this exploit, but it was not until Jimmie was tempted with the sight of a bright, new fifty dollar gold piece that he would think of giving up his pet, but he was a poor boy with his way to make in life, and very anxious for a year in some good school, and it seemed foolish to refuse. Clipper never grew to be as large as Gypsy, his mother, but what he lacked in size he made up in energy and quickness, and Mr. Lane thinks him, "the smartest dog that ever run on four legs."—*The Christian Work and Evangelist.*

The city of God slowly rises through the ages, and every true life is a living stone in some of its palaces.—*C. Geikie, D.D.*

MISS DOROTHY'S DOLLY.
Miss Dorothy's Dolly was awfully sick,
So she sent for the doctor double quick;
The case was grave; it made him scowl—
For the doctor was wise as any owl.
A fine string of pearls, a pink satin gown,
He ordered, at once, with a terrible frown;
A quick trip to Europe, a new Paris hat,
A real sealskin coat, and an Angora cat,
She soon got them all, and delightful to tell,
Miss Dorothy's Dolly is now pretty well;
Which certainly proves, in spite of old jokes,
That dollies are really like most other folks.
—*Holiday Magazine.*

"CHEER HIM."

At some points in the Alps the guides warn tourists not to talk, not even to whisper, lest the reverberation of their words in the air may start an avalanche from its poise on the mountain. There are men and women who are carrying such loads of duty, anxiety, or sorrow, that the slightest addition to the weight would crush them. They are battling bravely against odds. They are holding out under great pressure, sustained by a trembling hope of getting through, at last, successfully. They are bearing up under a burden of difficulty or trouble, comforted by the expectation that in the end their darkness will turn to light. But everything is in the balance.

Then along comes one of these gloomy discouragers. He has no perception of the fitness of things. He lacks that sympathetic feeling which enables men of a finer grain and a nobler quality to enter into the experience of others and put strength into their hearts. He discovers the mood of anxiety through which his friends are passing. But instead of speaking a word of cheer to help them to be victorious, he talks in a lugubrious way which makes difficulty seem greater and burdens heavier and sorrow altogether hopeless.

It is very hard to be patient with such people. They make life unmeasurably harder for everyone they meet. They take the brightness out of the sunniest day, the blue out of the clearest sky, and something of the gladness out of the happiest heart. Then they make work harder for every toiler and pain keener for every sufferer. Surely there ought to be a law making it a crime for one man to discourage another, and affixing severe penalties to every violation of this law.

How much better it would be if instead of being discouragers we should all learn to be encouragers of others! The value of words of cheer is incalculable. There is an old story of a fireman who was climbing up a ladder amid smoke and flame, trying to reach a high window, to rescue a child from a burning building. The man had almost reached the window, but the heat was so great, and the smoke so blinding, that he staggered on the ladder and seemed about to turn back. A great crowd was watching him with breathless interest below and, seeing him waver and hesitate, one man cried, "Cheer him!" The cheer nerved him anew for his heroic task, and in a moment the brave fellow had entered the house and soon returned, saving the child.

It is cheer people want, not discouragement, when they are fighting a hard battle. Men who give us their doubts and fears only, are misanthropists. True philanthropy brings us hope and heartening. The truest helpers of others are those who always have their words of incitement and inspiration, who are always encouragers.

Young People's Work.

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

TO A SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

My dear Friends—Permit me to remind you that the Teachers' Meeting is held to-night. I shall not remind you every week, of course. That would be monotonous for you and tiresome for me. I simply want to get you into the habit of going, so that it will be like second nature to you.

Another thing—you do not come to be filled up, but to exchange. Be prepared with thoughts, suggestions and questions. Above all, be ready to point out some way in which the lesson can be made practical to our scholars. Let thought strike against thought until the fire flashes and the room shall glow with light.

There are wonderful possibilities in your school. Join hand in hand, for a grand forward march.

ABOUT A SMILE.

He was a materialist, and he was laying down his opinions, as usual. "We know only matter and its phenomena," he said. "As long as we stick to matter we are on safe ground, but when we branch away from it we run into superstition and all the foolish beliefs and baseless dreams of religion. It makes me smile to see people trying to believe more than matter tells them."

"But what is a smile?" asked one of his hearers.

"What is a smile? A smile is a parting of the lips," replied the materialist.

"Something pulls at the muscles, I suppose, and makes a little split in the face, or some kind of a disturbance takes place which makes the corners of the mouth reach toward the ears for support. But did you ever see an alligator part his lips and proceed to smile?"

"Did I? Yes, once, on a memorable occasion."

"What did you think?"

"I didn't stop to think. I ran."

"It suddenly occurred to you that the old fellow meant something, did it?"

"Yes, it came over me that he meant business, and I did not care to have him do business with me."

"And so there is considerable meaning even in an alligator's smile? But did a young lady ever smile upon you?"

"Yes."

"What did you think then?"

"I thought about it all day and woke up in the night thinking about it."

"And then—?"

"I proposed."

"And—?"

"We were married."

"Does she ever smile on you now?"

"Occasionally."

"About spring hat time, I suppose."

"Oh, yes, but never mind."

"But did you ever see a pretty baby look up into your face and smile?"

"Yes."

"What did you think then?"

"I thought it was an angel."

"An angel! And are there angels? But did you ever see a plain face take on a smile which seemed to transfigure it and set the radiance of beauty upon it?"

"Yes."

"And did a man who was running for office ever smile on you?"

"Yes, indeed."

"It was a great, beaming, all-devouring, I-love-you-so smile, wasn't it?"

"Yes, a regular sugar tree smile."

"And you saw the Republicans on the night of the election in 1896, didn't you? and the split in their faces? Pretty broad, wasn't it?"

"Yes, it couldn't have been any broader without setting their ears back."

"And it meant some great things didn't it?"

"Yes, I should say so."

"It meant all that the campaign meant, didn't it? All the concern and interest and hope and fear and passion of a mighty struggle, the throbbing of a nation's heart, didn't it?"

"I don't dispute it."

"A smile, then, is not simply a parting of two red lips, a little crevice in the countenance?"

"No, that is not quite all."

"And it is not quite the same when an alligator opens his countenance and puts on one of his far-reaching, inclusive smiles, as when a baby or a young lady or a great party smiles?"

"Well, no, not just the same."

"A smile, then, is something more than matter, isn't it?"

"Possibly."

"You can't get the sweetness of a smile by tapping a sugar tree? or by growing cane in a Louisiana bottom? or by making beet sugar?"

"No."

"You can't barrel it up as you do molasses, can you?"

"No."

"In other words, you can't come at a smile as you do at matter, or treat it as you do matter, can you?"

"Not exactly."

"If you stick to matter when you try to investigate it, or think about it, you miss all that is most important in it, don't you?"

"Well, perhaps we do."

"Then why do you ask that we must stick to matter, or run into superstition or baseless dreams? If we stick to matter all the time how much we will explain."

"But science does explain things."

"Yes, some things. It can explain a crack in a wall, or a rift in a cloud; but when the young lady parted her lips and smiled, you called in a minister. There is much in life that sends us to the minister, the prophet, the man who sees beyond matter."

"O, if you want to think about such things, there is, but you don't need to think about them."

"We don't! But we do, for they are the most important things of all. The significance and secret of life are in them, without them life would be a journey among sticks and stones."

"Well, I am not going to waste any time on intangible things."

"Just so, and that is what I don't like about some of you men. You profess devotion to facts and you ignore more of the real facts of human life than any other class of men before the public."

Then they parted, and neither was smiling. This is what is called the conflict between science and religion.—*Grapho, in the Advance.*

"Self-conquest is the greatest of all victories"

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ASKING QUESTIONS.

If we remember correctly, it was Captain Palmer, of the Sinaitic Exploration Expedition, who told the story of his ineffectual attempt to get a needed word from his Arab guide. Not satisfied with any Bedouin expression which he knew for indicating locality, he bethought himself to ask Selim for something better. So after turning the matter over carefully in mind, he said, "Selim, if you were to see a hunter come down the mountain side over yonder with a wild goat upon his shoulders, one that he had recently shot, you know, what would you say to him?" It never occurred to the Englishman, fond of sport, that anybody would have other than one salutation for the successful "jaeger," viz., "Where did you get it?" But Selim replied with the utmost suavity, "I would say, 'Peace be to you.'" This did not suit the Captain's purpose; so after a little meditation he returned to his etymology search, and said, "But, Selim, suppose you wanted to know in what place he shot the goat?" "I wouldn't care to know," was the imperturbable reply. And therein we have, in a word, the difference between Anglo-Saxon progress and Bedouin immobility.

In the spiritual world we have the Anglo-Saxon and the Bedouin. We have the man who ponders the deep things of God, and asks with Job, "If a man die shall he live again?" and with the psalmist, "How doth God know? and is there knowledge with the Most High?" While we have also a class, perhaps a growing class, who do not care to know; who look upon all the spiritual phenomena of life with lack-luster because unquestioning eye. They float upon the surface of life as they find it, without aim, purpose or will. Society feebly interests them, golf and the theater amuse them, and a dinner at the club satisfies them. It is not only true that we "don't know," they "don't care to know."

But if we cannot admire the man who never asks questions, we can still less admire him who does nothing else. It is a great mistake to consider life nothing but a "problem," the universe nothing but a "riddle." Saint Paul found it difficult to be patient with a professed religious life which was forever involved in a maze of doubts and interested only in a tangle of "vain questions" impossible of solution. His own great epistles are searchings into the deep things of God. His mind was preternaturally acute. He must go to the root of things. He would know not only the being, but the character, the purposes and the immanence of God. He would have a philosophy of history, particular and universal. He was the great questioner of his age, and the least tolerant of any man who was only an interrogation mark, because he saw that many of the questions with which men forever busied themselves were trivial and others insoluble. The philosopher may become a mere wrangler, the moralist a mere casuist and the exegete only a quibbler. He did not have far to look to discover men who were more interested in tables of "endless genealogies" than in the tables of the law. He found men who devoted their lives to the investigation of nice points concerning rites and forms, who had no interest in the spirit of revelation or the purpose of the divine order. Scholasticism is as fatal to progress as indifference, for while the one leaves the man undeveloped, the other dissipates all his God-given

energies. Life is a question; but it is also something more.

It is a questioning age with us who really belong to the twentieth century. The races which have not yet emerged from the dull apathy of a sluggish babyhood may still feel no interest in problems or riddles, but our perils in "questions to no profit." From certain intellectual fields our fathers have already gathered what grain there was. It is foolish for us to simply thresh over the straw that is left. It is to be feared that we are founding a new scholasticism in our churches and schools which has little bearing upon vital godliness. There are questions which real men ought to ask, and these are questions God is ready to answer.—*The Interior.*

THE SUPREME TEST.

Elijah was right when he made the test of the two religions, the practical one of which of the two Gods could produce an actual definite result. He had no fear of the outcome. Baal, though worshipped with imposing ceremony and elaborate ritual, could do nothing, while Jehovah revealed himself as a living God.

That is the supreme test of any religion. We discover its value not by examining its ethical precepts, nor ascertaining what it promises to do in the future. Its real value is seen in what it can actually do for those who accept it.

In this way we see the superiority of Christianity when compared with the other religions of the world. Mohammedanism emphasizes many truths that are universally accepted. But we do not test it by the Koran. We test it by the sort of character which those teachings have actually produced. And then it is that its worthlessness is seen. So Confucianism has precepts of great beauty and truth, but we look at the Chinese Empire and there get the true measure of that religion. In the same way Buddhism fails. In fact Christianity is the only religion that can stand this test. Its worth is revealed not by the truths which it emphasizes so much as by the lives which it produces by the acceptance of those truths.

This is the supreme test of Christianity as a religious system, and also of one's individual profession of it. The world looks to see what religion actually does for one now. It may be somewhat interested to know what it will do in the next world but it is infinitely more interested to know what it can show now. It looks carefully for results here in this world. And it is not always disappointed. It sees in the lives of thousands a peace and a joy that the world does not give. It sees victory over sin that can only be accounted for by admitting the power of unseen, Divine forces in the soul. And when the world sees this it believes, and when it sees no evidence, it doubts the reality of the religion.—*Baptist Commonwealth.*

VEGETABLE PATCHWORK.

The curious fabric made by the leaf-cutting ants and bees is thus described in a recent article on "Tailoring Animals" in "Harper's Magazine" by Dr. Henry C. McCook. He says:

"In tailoring establishments the cutting department represents the highest trained skill. To plan a garment and then cut its various parts from the stuff is distinctly the work of a finer intelligence than to put the parts together. It may be forcing analogies too far, but at least it is a fancy that lies close to fact that the

highest order of insects, the Hymenoptera, perhaps contain species that cut from the leaves of plants a covering for their young, which pieces they unite upon a fixed and traditional but apparently premeditated plan. The cutting, or parasol, ants may be grouped with these species, and the leaf-cutting bee has even a better claim to the first honors in the cutters' association in their gild. Her brooding nest is a tapestried tube made in soft wood, in the pith of an elder-stock, the hollow of a tree, an opening in an old wall, the shelter of a cornice, or a hole in the ground. Having chosen and arranged her quarters, she proceeds to get material to drape its walls. You may see her then squat upon a rose leaf, revolving upon her feet while she uses her jaws as scissors, thus clipping out a circular patch, which she carries to her quarters. The piece is thrust into the tube, with the serrated edge, it is alleged, habitually placed upon the outside. The elasticity of the cutting causes it to cling to the walls, and when a dozen pieces, more or less, are laid in and over-lapped, a small thimble-shaped cell is formed. Into this the mother drops an egg and puts a bit of bee-bread, and seals up the cell with a cutting or two. Like cells are added until they are lengthened out into a chamber two or three inches long. Other chambers follow, the mother placing half a dozen cells in every one, until her maternal zeal is satisfied, which at times is not until several separate rooms are tapestried. This feat, in the number of pieces cut and placed, rivals that of our grandmothers' patchwork quilts; for the bee may cut and carry and drape a thousand pieces ere her task is done.—*The Christian Advocate.*

THE MYSTERY OF CONTENTMENT.

A well-born, finely gifted, highly educated man, a trusted commissioner of ruling chiefs, becomes, at once and from choice, a companion of illiterate fishermen; the persecutor, persecuted; the despiser, despised—visions of wealth and fame exchanged, on the instant, for the hard realities of toil, alienation of friends, weary wanderings by land and sea.

Following these were other liftings-up and castings-down; elated now by revelations of ecstatic bliss; now a thorn in the flesh lest he be exalted above measure; worshiped now as a God come down from heaven, and anon the cry of an infuriated mob, "Away with such a fellow from the earth, it is not fit that he should live;" his daily wants at times abundantly supplied; again forced back for clothing and bread to his old trade of tent-making; now the unhindered range of the Roman Empire; now closely guarded in a Roman prison.

Patience to bear such opposite extremes—"In whatsoever state, therewith to be content"—is a life lesson that is the aptest scholar finds it no easy task to learn. The greatest of apostles confesses to having been himself a scholar in that school. His name is down in the catalogue. He was graduated with honor. Set to learn the lesson, he is happy in being able to say, "I have learned." Happy, but not boastful. Not merely, "I have learned," but "I am instructed." He frankly acknowledges having received help from One who, more than a teacher, was also an initiator; "I am initiated," he says. Contentment was a mystery he could not otherwise have understood—the wonderful, divine secret of knowing both how to bound and

to be abased, both how to be full and to suffer need.

This great lesson a fit scholar may, in part, learn from philosophy alone. Learned even so, it is worth to a man all that it costs. To the Stoic his stoicism is "gain." Learned in the school of Christ; the contentment a token of sweetest submission to the will of God; learned out of implicit confidence in the great Instructor's love, wisdom and power—then is contentment a rare and most precious possession. "Godliness with contentment is great gain."—*Dr. Addison Ballard, in the Interior.*

WHAT HAPPENS TO A CHINESE BABY.

On the evening of the first day after the baby had arrived the *paterfamilias*, according to the Chinese custom, prostrates himself before a joss, and, touching his head to the floor, voices thanks to the gods and to the honorable ancestors for the small son who was sent perfect of body and full of health. On the evening of the second day the ceremony is repeated and on the third day the voice of the wife joins that of the husband in thanksgiving. Also on the third day a limited number of relatives and friends are called in to witness the first head shave. The rooms of the home are decorated for this occasion with green branches of either fir, cedar, or spruce, to insure *fueng-suey*, or good luck, to the house. Other ornamentations in honor of the baby are long silk threads, bearing little circles, squares, and hearts of gold and scarlet paper. These are festooned from the walls and are hung from the ceiling. A few feet away the threads are invisible and the gay scraps of paper appear to be floating in the air. For the head-shaving the guests are seated in a semi-circle before the joss. The mother is carried to a seat of honor to the right of the joss, and the baby, swathed in yards of scarlet and purple silk, is brought in on an elaborate pillow. The eldest child, or nearest relative, carries a green branch, crossed with threads of scarlet paper, and waves it slowly over the head of the baby. This wards off evil influences and insures good health. After a quaint ceremony by the father before the joss, the tiny forehead of the baby is shaved by the mother, and a christening similar to that of the Christian religion—except that the prayer is made to the ancestors and the water used to sprinkle the baby is perfumed with sandalwood—is a part of the ceremony.

The name by which the child is afterward known is also bestowed by the mother. After the shaving of the head, a cap of scarlet silk, with decorations of gold and pewsels, and with a tiny round hole in the top, is placed upon the baby's head, and the christening is completed. In every Chinese family, however poor, at least one banquet is given in honor of the birth of a boy. The banquet viands may be only rice and a bit of salt fish, and there may be only a half dozen or so present; nevertheless, the feast is given, for it is baby's right, and the rights of babies are respected by oriental parents.—*Harriet Quimby, in Leslie's Weekly.*

The effective life and the receptive life are one. No sweep of aim that does some good work for God, but harvests also some more of the truth of God and sweeps it into the treasury of the life.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Courtesy is the oil in the machinery of social life.—*Avellaneda.*

NOT ONE TO SPARE.

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?" I looked at John—John looked at me. (Dear patient John, who loves me yet As well as though my locks were jet); And when I found that I must speak, My voice seemed strangely low and weak. "Tell me again what Robert said," And then I, listening, bent my head. "This is his letter: 'I will give A house and land while you shall live, If, in return, from out your seven, One child to me for aye is given.'" I looked at John's old garments worn, I thought of all that John had borne Of poverty and work and care, Which, I, though willing, could not share; I thought of seven mouths to feed, Of seven little children's need, And then of this. "Come, John," said I, "We'll choose among them as they lie Asleep;" so, walking hand in hand, Dear John and I surveyed our band. First to the cradle lightly stepped, Where Lillian, the baby, slept, Her shining curls, like gold alight, A glory 'gainst the pillow white. Softly the father stooped to lay His rough hand down in a gentle way, When dream or whisper made her stir, And huskily he said, "No, her!" We stopped beside the trundle-bed, And one long ray of lamplight shed Athwart the boyish faces there, In sleep so pitiful and fair; I saw on Jamie's rough, red cheek A tear undried. Ere John could speak, "He's but a baby too," said I, And kissed him as we hurried by. Pale patient Robbie's angel face Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace, "No, for a thousand crown, not him!" He whispered, while our eyes were dim. Poor Dick! bad Dick! our wayward son, Turbulent, reckless, idle one— Could he be spared? Nay; He who gave Bids us befriend him to his grave; Only a mother's heart can be Patient enough for such as he; "And so," said John, "I would not dare To send him from our bedside prayer." Then stole we softly up above And knelt by Mary, child of love. "Perhaps for her 't would better be," I said to John. Quite silently He lifted up a curl that lay Across her cheek in willful way, And shook his head; "Nay love; not thee," The while my heart beat audibly. Only one more, our eldest lad, Trusty and truthful, good and glad— So like his father. "No, John, no, I cannot, will not, let him go." And so we wrote, in courteous way, We could not give one child away; And afterward toil lighter seemed, Thinking of that of which we dreamed, Happy in truth that not one face Was missed from its accustomed place; Thankful to work for all the seven, Trusting the rest to One in heaven.

WHAT CAUSES DOWNFALL OF CLERKS.

The presidents of surety companies have been discussing in the insurance press the causes of defalcations of clerks and other employees. In New York, Boston, and Cleveland most of these

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.

DEATHS.

BONHAM.—Infant son of Winchester and Fannie D. Bonham, Aug. 1, 1904.

E. B. S.

DAVIS.—Mrs. Hannah W. Davis of Shiloh, N. J., was born, Nov. 26, 1833, and entered into rest July 30, 1904.

Mrs. Davis was the daughter of Isaac and Phebe Ann Davis, of Marlboro, N. J. When a girl about 14 years of age she gave her heart to Christ, was baptized and united with the Marlboro church. December 30th, 1853, she was united in marriage to Geo. H. Davis, of Marlboro, N. J. About twelve years ago they came to Shiloh to live and two years later removed their membership to the Shiloh Church, where she has been a faithful and beloved member until called up higher. The husband preceded her to that better country by several years. She leaves a sister, Mrs. Platts, of Rhodestown, N. J., a brother, Deacon Henry Davis, of Marlboro, a brother Watson, and a Deacon Artis Davis, of Shiloh Seventh-day Baptist church, an only son, Chas. N., with whom she has lived since the death of her husband. Six weeks ago she received a stroke and since has been a model of patience in her helplessness, but was most tenderly and lovingly cared for by her son and his wife and children. A large circle of friends mourn their loss.

E. B. S.

DAVIS.—Hannah Bond Davis born Sept. 27, 1903, and entered into rest Aug. 16, 1904.

The daughter of Luther Laverne and Kate Schenck Davis, a beautiful child, a favorite of all the large family of relatives. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

E. B. S.

IRISH.—Mary Irish was born at Hopkinton, R. I., April 7, 1820, and died at Farina Ill., July 2, 1904, aged 84 years, 2 months and 25 days.

She was the daughter of Elnathan W. and Sally (Davis) Babcock. She experienced religion at an early age and became a member of the Seventh-day Baptist Church. She was married Jan. 28, 1843, to Daniel B. Irish. They lived first at Westerly and after two years removed to Waterford, where Mr. Irish was ordained to the office of Deacon. In the spring of 1866 they became interested in the opportunities afforded by the West and removed to Farina, becoming constituent members of the church and were very useful factors in the life of the young church. She fell asleep at the home of her son, H. P. Irish, where they sat down to their first meal in the little home upon the prairie more than 38 years before. Sister Irish was well known for her sterling Christian character. She was ever a help to her husband in his office and a blessing to the church and the cause. She has passed away at a ripe old age, full of good works, leaving to the church the inspiration of a devoted life and to her family the heritage of a sainted memory. "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

L. D. S.

ROGERS.—Perrilla Z. Rogers was born at Berea, W. Va., March 24, 1851, and died at Farina, Ill., Aug. 19, 1904, aged 53 years, 4 months and 25 days.

She was the daughter of Otho P. and Nancy Zinn, who embraced the Sabbath and became prominent in the early history of the Pine Grove Seventh-day Baptist Church. May 31, 1857, Mr. Zinn passed away and in 1866 the family removed to Farina, where they have been identified with the work till the present time. Feb. 19, 1870, Mrs. Rogers was baptized by Eld. C. M. Lewis and became a member of the church. She was married to W. H. Rogers, Dec. 25, 1872. Their home has been blessed with six children, five of whom are living. From childhood she has lived the strenuous life. Whatever her hand has found to do she has done with her might. Faithful to her home, she ever found time to minister to the sick and care for the needy. No good cause ever appealed to her in vain. She was deeply interested in the Denominational work as well as the home church and was ever a liberal contributor to all our enterprises. The community mourns a citizen of great worth; the church a sister—a tower of strength. The home a loving wife and mother whose value is beyond computation. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth. Yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

L. D. S.

officers do not name speculation in stocks, cotton, and grain as the principal cause of the moral downfall of clerks, but they give to it the second place. In New York is given a cause which is put as one of the most serious but is not mentioned by the surety companies of the other cities: it is betting on horse racing. One fourth of the defalcations in New York which come under the observation of the president of the American Surety Company of this city are said by him to be "traceable to betting on horse racing;" whereas an officer of a company in the East reports that "horse racing does not cut any figure there." He gives three things: extravagant expenditures on women as the main cause; speculation the second cause; and another cause is "expensive hobbies." In all the cities intemperance is described as a prolific cause of defalcations and of business failures. The manager of the Cleveland Surety Company claims that the largest and widest range of mischief is done by, first, the New York Stock Exchange; second, the Chicago Board of Trade; and third, the New Orleans Cotton Market. All the officers agree that not more than one tenth of the defaulters deliberately set out to defraud their employers, but getting into embarrassment by gambling they persuade themselves that by gambling more they will be able to return the whole. Our readers may not be aware that there are surety companies which for a certain percentage will go on the bonds of any employee or officer in public or private service; they therefore have to study these questions, as fire insurance companies study the moral risk, which many of them consider as important as the physical risk, and as life insurance companies study the experience and antecedents and heredity of applicants. That one tenth are thieves from the start is a simple fact; but the other nine tenths are assumed to begin in one vice or another before they bring themselves to the point where they will steal. Under such circumstances the intention to return does not in our opinion diminish the essential dishonesty of their mental and moral condition. It is very much like the noted case of the Christian who deceived himself into the idea that it would be right for him to steal the miser's money and give it to the poor. He had lost the conception of moral honesty before that entered his mind.—*The Christian Advocate.*

Comfort one another
With the hand-clasp close and tender,
With the sweetness love can render.

—M. E. Sangster.

The pursuit even of the best of things ought to be calm and tranquil.—*Horace.*

MARRIAGES.

CLEMENT-CRANDALL.—At the home of the bride's parents, North Loup, Neb., August 14, 1904, by the Rev. William C. Daland, D. D., assisted by the Rev. Benjamin Clement, father of the groom, Mr. Peter Ernest Clement, of Darlington, Wis., and Miss Ora Adelia Crandall, of North Loup, Neb.

GREENE-SHERBURNE.—At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. Murray Maxson, 516 W. Monroe St., Chicago, August 21, 1904, by Rev. Wayland D. Wilcox, assisted by Rev. M. B. Kelly, Walter L. Greene, of Alfred, N. Y., and Mizpah Z. Sherburne of Chicago.

ODELL-WHITFORD.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Whitford, Aug. 17, 1904, by Pastor C. S. Sayre, Miss Mary Whitford, to Mr. Lewis Odell, both of Alfred Station, N. Y.

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

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LESSON XI.—ELIJAH TAKEN UP TO HEAVEN.

LESSON TEXT.—2 Kings 2: 1-11.

For Sabbath-day, Sept. 10, 1904.

Golden Text.—"He was not; for God took him."—Gen. 5: 24.

INTRODUCTION.

We come to the last scene in the life of Elijah. His manner of leaving this world is thoroughly in accord with the life that he led. He had been for many years to Israel and the kings thereof the embodiment of Jehovah's admonitions. Coming without warning, he had announced the famine; then upon Carmel he had called the fire from heaven, and prayed for the rain that put an end to the famine. When Jezebel had boldly put to death the unfortunate Naboth in order that Ahab might have his beautiful vineyard, Elijah was on hand to denounce the crime, and prophesy the punishment that should come both to the king and the queen. When the weak Ahaziah ignored the God of Israel and appealed unto the prophets of the false gods to find out in regard to the outcome of his illness, Elijah called down fire from heaven to put to death his insolent messengers.

We are not to think however that his life was all harshness and violence. He learned the lesson that Jehovah had taught him at Horeb. We are to infer that he revived the schools of the prophets which had languished during the years of the apostasy of the people since the time of David; and that he became the venerated and loved leader of the young men in these schools.

It is probable that we have no record of many of the important deeds of this prophet. Doubtless he exerted a wide influence throughout the nation of Israel and was winning by his teaching many away from the debasing worship of Baal. His influence over Ahab was considerable.

TIME.—The time of this event is very uncertain. From 2 Kings 3: 11 we would infer that Elijah was already translated in the lifetime of Jehoshaphat who died in the year 851 B. C. The writer of Chronicles would imply that Elijah was still upon earth in the reign of Jehoshaphat's son Jehoram. 2 Chron. 21: 12.

PLACES.—Gilgal, Bethel, Jericho, and some uninhabited place east of the Jordan.

PERSONS.—Elijah, the prophet; Elisha, the faithful minister of Elijah and his successor; certain of the sons of the prophets.

OUTLINE:

1. Elijah and Elisha Visit the Schools of the Prophets. v. 1-5.
2. Elijah and Elisha Cross the Jordan. v. 6-8.
3. Elisha Makes a Request of Elijah. v. 9, 10.
4. Elijah is Taken up to Heaven. v. 11.

NOTES.

1. When Jehovah would take up Elijah by a whirlwind into heaven. It seems more than likely that Elijah had a prophetic intimation of what was going to happen, and so sets about making farewell visits. The whirlwind or storm-wind is the natural means by which the supernatural translation was to be accomplished, or perhaps it is the word which our narrator uses because he can find none exactly to represent what he would like to say. *Elijah went with Elisha.* We are not told how closely Elisha had been associated with Elijah in the years that followed that day when the prophet summoned him from the plow. We may infer however from such references as those in 1 Kings 19: 21 and 2 Kings 3: 11 that Elisha was the constant

companion and disciple of Elijah. From Gilgal. Not the Gilgal mentioned in the Book of Joshua; for that was near Jericho, and one could not go down from there to Bethel. This Gilgal was in the hill country, of Ephraim. Duet. 11: 30. There was also a school of the prophets here. See chap. 4:38.

2. *Tarry here, I pray thee; for Jehovah hath sent me as far as Bethel.* Compare similar words in verses 4 and 6. The reason for this thrice repeated exhortation is not certainly manifest. It may be that Elijah, knowing that the time of his departure was near, felt a longing to be alone with God. It is possible however that he wished merely to put Elisha's constancy to the test. *As Jehovah liveth, and as thy soul liveth.* By these solemn oaths Elisha asserts his abiding loyalty to his master. We can easily imagine that the hour of Elijah's departure from the earth could not be less trying for him than the hour of death to those who die with full control of their faculties. Perhaps indeed Elisha thought that Elijah was to be removed from him by death. At any rate he has the firmest resolution not to desert Elijah. We are not to think that Elisha persisted in following Elijah through any selfish interests.

3. *The sons of the prophets.* These were the pupils or disciples of the prophets, young men who gave themselves to religious study and meditation. They evidently had a sort of family life together. Although the word "school" is often used in speaking of these "sons of the prophets," we are not to think of anything like a modern school. We are to infer that Elijah had a deep interest in these companies of young men. He probably visited them this day that he might give them a few words of farewell exhortation. *Bethel.* This is the place memorable for the vision of Jacob. It was here that Jeroboam set up one of the golden calves. Perhaps the school of the prophets had been established here to counteract the evil influence of the calf-worship. *Came forth to Elisha and said unto him, etc.* It seems very strange that they should be said to meet Elisha rather than Elijah. We may guess that something is omitted, and that first Elijah called together the sons of the prophets and spoke some words of exhortation and farewell, and that when the young men called the especial attention of Elisha to the words that implied that Elijah was to be taken away. Some have thought that not only did Elijah have a prophetic intimation that the time of his departure was at hand, but also that Elisha had a separate revelation to the same effect, and furthermore that the sons of the prophets had the same divine message. It is more natural to suppose that Elijah made known to the others what God had revealed to him. *Hold ye your peace.* That is, be silent. Probably he meant, Let us not talk about it.

4. *Jericho.* This city is famous as the first that the Israelites took when they came into the Promised Land. Here also was the residence of a company of the sons of the prophets, and Elisha is warned as before of the loss of his master.

6. *And they two went on.* None of the sons of the prophets presumed to accompany them, however much they desired to do so.

7. *Fifty men of the sons of the prophets.* Evidently this was not all that there were at Jericho. It is significant that even in the degenerate days of Israel under the reign of Ahab's sons there were such considerable numbers of young men devoted to the service of Jehovah. *Stood over against them afar off.* King James' Version has probably the right interpretation although not a very good translation. They doubtless watched the two till they passed out of sight, eager to see what would become of Elijah. It is probable that they saw the parting of the waters of the Jordan.

8. *And Elijah took his mantle, and wrapped it together.* Perhaps that it might resemble the staff with which Moses smote the waters of Egypt. *So that they two went over on dry ground.* As the Children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, and through the Jordan also near this very place. As there were fords of the Jordan this miracle seems at first sight unnecessary. Possibly this was at a time of high water. It would seem also very appropriate that some lesser miracle should introduce the great event of the day.

9. *Ask what I shall do for thee, before I am taken from thee.* The separation is near. Opportunity is given to show his character by declaring what he most desires. *Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me.* This request has often been misinterpreted. Elisha did not ask that he might be twice as great a man as

Elijah; but rather, carrying on the figure of sonship, Elisha asked that he might have the inheritance of the elder son, that is, that he might be his successor. The first-born according to the law inherited twice as much of his father's property as one of the younger sons. See Deut. 21: 17. Elisha's request is not selfish. He is asking for a position of responsibility. Danger and hardship will be his portion.

10. *Thou hast asked a hard thing.* He had made a request beyond Elijah's ability to bestow. *If thou see me when I am taken from thee.* Elijah realized the value of the display of God's wonderful power as a means of strength and encouragement to Elisha. How could he who had seen the vision ever falter? Very likely Elijah did not know just how he would be taken, but he knew that the divine power would be manifest.

11. *They still went on, and talked.* Elijah doubtless counselled and encouraged Elisha for the work that was before him. *A chariot of fire, and horses of fire.* The reality is evidently beyond the power of words to picture. The majesty of God is present as at the transfiguration of Jesus. *Parted them both asunder.* That is, because the one was taken up and the other left.

IN A STRANGE LAND.

JAMES T. FIELDS.

Oh, to be home again, home again, home again!
Under the apple-boughs, down by the mill;
Mother is calling me, father is calling me,
Calling me, calling me, calling me still.

Oh, how I long to be wandering, wandering
Through the green meadows and over the hill;
Sisters are calling me, brothers are calling me,
Calling me, calling me, calling me still.

Oh, once more to be home again, home again,
Dark grows my sight, and the evening is chill,—
Do you not hear how the voices are calling me,
Calling me, calling me, calling me still?

THE DOG AND THE BELL.

A gentleman who lived in the North of England, had a splendid mastiff dog, called Ponto, who was allowed to roam about just as he pleased all over the house. His favorite place, however, was in the study under his master's writing-table.

When Mr. Davis was away from home, as was often the case, Ponto, much to his disgust, was chained up in the yard. From this treatment he did all he could to keep away.

On one occasion his master went for a few days visit to a neighbor, leaving the usual orders about the dog. In vain, however, did the servants search high and low for Ponto; nowhere was he to be found, and they gave up the search in despair.

In the evening, when the two maid servants were sitting quietly at work in the kitchen, they suddenly heard the small handbell in the study ring violently.

They started up in alarm, and each wanted the other to go and see what was the matter; but neither of them dared, and they sat still.

Presently the bell pealed again, and curiosity proving greater than their fears, they went to the study door. There they paused again, but hearing the bell once more, they turned the handle and peeped in.

What was their surprise to find Ponto sitting on his haunches, with the bell in his mouth. He had evidently seen his master use the bell to summon attendance, and finding himself shut in, he thought he would try if a little bell-ringing on his own account would not get him out of his prison.

One of the chief elements in winning success in any line of effort is the cheerful spirit. To do efficient work; the cheerful habit must be cultivated.—*Rev. F. W. Murray*

FUN IN THE COURT ROOM.

The ordinary routine of the life of the judge of a court brings him into such constant contact with the woes and the quarrels and the seamy side of life in general that he must be grateful for the relaxation now and then accorded him by the humorous happenings that occasionally enliven the tedium of a courtroom.

Judge and jury both smiled audibly in a Boston courtroom at the description a witness, a lady, gave of a horse when she was on the witness-stand. The case was one in which a man had sued the keeper of a livery-stable for damages because the horse had turned out to be a vicious animal, and had run away and broken the leg of the claimant for damages.

"Now, madam," said the defendant's lawyer, "you say that you saw this horse after it was hitched to the buggy on the day of the accident?"

"I did."

"Very well, will you please describe the horse?"

"Well, I don't know that I can very well; but I know that it was a rather smallish blonde animal."

At another time a man whose domestic troubles had brought him into the courtroom was on the witness stand, and a lawyer said:

"You say that your wife treated you with disrespect on the occasion referred to. Please be a little more definite, and tell us in what way she was disrespectful to you."

"Well, she threw a plate at me at the table, and then she dashed a pitcher of hot cocoa all over me, and chased me into the cellar, and threw a pan of milk on me, and then locked me into a potato-bin, and kept me there six hours. If that ain't disrespect, I dunno what is."

The writer was at one time in a police court when a petty lawyer was cross questioning a woman witness in a manner bordering on disrespect.

Finally the witness lost her temper, and turning on the lawyer, she said:

"I want you to understand, me friend, that you air talkin' to a lady, an' don't you forget it!"

A woman was on the witness-stand in a Boston courtroom, and the prosecuting attorney said to her:

"What is your husband's occupation, madam?"

"He is employed by the state, sir," was the reply given in a very lofty manner.

"One of the state officials, perhaps?" said the lawyer with thinly veiled sarcasm.

Further inquiry revealed the fact that her husband's state position was that of a person serving a sentence of twenty years in the penitentiary.

Nothing is more exasperating to judge, jury, and all concerned than the garrulous witness who cannot give a direct "yes" or "no" in reply to a question. A witness of this kind had taken the stand, and the prosecuting attorney said to her:

"You say that it was Monday morning when this unfortunate affair occurred?"

"O, yes; I am quite sure that it was Monday morning because, you see, I always wash on a Monday, rain or shine. I always put my clothes to soak on Sunday night. You see if you do that, and put a little washing-fluid such as I know how to make in with the clothes, they won't need nearly so much rubbing, and

pieces like towels and pillow-slips will need hardly any rubbing unless they are very soiled, and then of course—"

So it was Monday morning when—

"O, I am quite sure of it, for I know I was in the wash-tub, although it was a misty kind of a morning and a poor drying-day, but you see I have a large attic room I dry in on rainy Mondays; so, as I say, I always wash on a Monday, no matter what the weather is; for if I don't it puts back all the work of the week, and I always was a real methodical person, for I think if one is systematic one accomplishes more. My husband often says—"

"No matter what your husband said. All I want to make sure of is that it was Monday morning when this happened."

"Well, I know that it was, for, as I say, I was in the wash-tub, and I was nearly through with all of the white pieces, for I always wash them first just as I always the stockings last; for you see if you do that you save—"

"Well, now tell me just what you saw."

"Well, as I say, I was in the wash-tub, and I had had company all the week before, and of course that made extra sheets and towels and napkins and pillow-slips, and I'd changed my table-cloth three times in one week when I usually changed it but once. Of course when one has company one is apt to be more particular than when one has only one's family, and that makes extra washing; and I do my own washing because I prefer to do it, and then I know it is done to suit me, and none of my things are carried off by dishonest washerwomen. A friend of mine had a lot of her best things stolen by a laundress she didn't know anything about, and then these washerwomen are just as apt as not to bring diseases into the family. My brother's wife's sister's children all got scarlet fever from a washerwoman who came to the house to wash when her two children were down with scarlet fever and—"

"Madam, will you tell me just what happened on this particular Monday morning?"

"Well, as I say, I was in the wash-tub, and—"

"Well, will you be so kind as to get out of that wash-tub long enough to tell us what I really want to know?"

"Well, it's just as I say, I was in the wash-tub, as I always am on a Monday, and—"

"You are excused, madam," said the attorney tartly. "I cannot keep the whole court waiting all morning while you flounder around in a wash-tub!"

A somewhat eccentric old man was on the witness-stand in a courtroom, and a lawyer noted for his elegant and somewhat lofty and confusing diction was questioning the witness. Finally the old man became irritable, and said with asperity:

"O' talk plain English, can't you? You air jist castin' your pearls before swine when you come you highfalutin language on me!"

A big stolid-looking German was on the witness-stand in a city courtroom, and an attorney said to him:

"I understand that there was a lady with you when the affair happened. Who was that lady, please?"

"O, dot vas no lady," was the reply. "Dot vas youst mine wife."—*C. E. World.*

Charity is an angel breathing on riches.

Let our Lord's sweet hand square us, and hammer us, and strike off the knots of pride, self-love, and world-worship, and infidelity, that He may make us stones and pillars in His Father's house.—*Samuel Rutherford.*

My conscious is my crown,
Contented thoughts my rest.
My heart is happy in itself,
My bliss is in my breast.

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. protem.

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

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The work of this Board is to help pastorless churches in finding and obtaining pastors, and unemployed ministers among us to find employment.

THE BOARD will not obtrude information, help or advice upon any church or persons, but give when asked. The first three persons named in the Board will be its working force, being located near each other. The Associational Secretaries will keep the working force of the Board informed in regard to the pastorless churches and unemployed ministers in their respective Associations, and give whatever aid and counsel they can. All correspondence with the Board, either through the Corresponding Secretary or Associational Secretaries, will be strictly confidential.

Nortonville, Kans.
THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST GENERAL CONFERENCE.
Next Session to be held at Nortonville, Kans., August 24-29, 1904.

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Rev. L. A. Platts, D. D., Milton, Wis., Cor. Sec.
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These officers, together with the Secretary of Association, the Secretary of Tract Society; Rev. O. U. Whitford, D. D., Cor. Sec., Missionary Society, and Rev. W. L. Burdick, Cor. Sec., Education Society, constitute the Executive Committee of the Conference.

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THE RIVER OF DREAMS.
HENRY VAN DYKE.
By a secret way that no one knows;
But the soul lives on while the dreamtlike flows
Through the gardens bright or the forests brown;
And I think sometimes that our whole life seems
To be more than half made up of dreams.
For its changing sights and its passing shows
And its morning hopes and its midnight fears
Are left behind with the vanished years.
Onward, with ceaseless motion,
The life stream flows to the ocean,
And we will follow the tide, awake or asleep,
Till we see the dawn on love's great deep,
Then the bar at the harbor mouth is crossed
And the river of dreams in the sea is lost.

IMPROVEMENT and favorable development mark all the scene at Nortonville.

Nortonville, as it greets the General Conference, in 1904. The village of a few years ago, has enlarged its borders, improved its cottage-like homes, and is now organized as a city. The growth of trees and shrubbery, makes it a miniature forest, compared to the open treeless prairie of earlier days. The Seventh-day Baptist meeting house and parsonage have been removed from the original site two miles away to one of the finest sites in the city. The grounds about the church and parsonage are more finely beautiful with flowers, than are the grounds of any other church in the denomination of which we know, the grounds are ample enough for the two large tents, audience room and dining room, and kitchen building so that every facility for the anniversary services are close at hand. The local committees have done the work of preparation in a faultless manner. One notable improvement is that the large dining tent is wholly shut in by anti-flying netting. Welcome and suggestions of comfort abound, while willing hands and smiling faces are at every place for service.

As we have already announced, The Opening THE RECORDER will print the proceedings, papers and addresses of Conference in full as far as copies of papers and addresses can be secured. Editorial descriptions will not be extended, because of this plan of publishing so much in detail. Our readers have already seen the comprehensive, pertinent and suggestive address of President Post. It was listened to with deep interest by a large congregation. The strength of the address, its high tone, and vigorous grasp, found hearty response in the hearts of the people. The address of President Davis, touches high-water mark, as our readers can believe when they read his strong and stirring words. The opening session of the first day set a high

standard, and indicated deep, earnest thought and purpose. As the first conference under the re-adjustment, the opening session was full of promise.

Program. THE full program of the first day was as follows:
MORNING SESSION.
8-9. Biblical and Denominational Studies, Arthur E. Main, D. D.
Address of Welcome, Rev. Geo. W. Hills, Pastor, Nortonville Church.
Response, Rev. Lewis A. Platts, Cor. Sec.
10-11. President's Address, George W. Post, M. D. Report of Executive Committee.
11-12. Address—Our Denomination—Its Aims and Its Resources, President Boothe C. Davis, Ph. D.

AFTERNOON.
1. Report of the Work of the Education Society, Rev. William L. Burdick, Cor. Sec.
2. Address—What Our Schools Do for Us, Rev. Theodore J. Van Horn.
Address—What We Can Do for Our Schools, Prof. S. Whitford Maxson.
3. Looking Forward:
Milton—Pres. William C. Daland, D. D.
Salem—Pres. Theodore L. Gardiner, D. D.
Alfred—Pres. Boothe C. Davis, Ph. D.
EVENING.
Symposium—The Ideal Preparation for the Christian Ministry:
1. The Layman's View—George B. Carpenter.
2. The Scientist's View—Prof. Albert R. Crandall, Ph. D.
3. The Linguist's View—Prof. Edwin H. Lewis, Ph. D.
4. The Evangelist's View—Rev. Mordecai B. Kelly.
5. The Theologian's View—Rev. Eli F. Looftoro.

Neglect Brings Evil.
It was carried out without essential change, and with a vigor and richness worthy of the themes, the speakers and writers. We urge the readers of THE RECORDER to follow the program item by item in the minutes, reports and papers that will appear. THE RECORDER is anxious to transfer the important interests of the whole Conference week to the thousands of its readers who could not be present.

SEEN superficially, the course of the priest and the levite in the scene on the Jericho Road, does not appear as actual wickedness. Being called to account, they would naturally insist that the thieves did all the wrong, while they did right in avoiding trouble. Such negative goodness is next neighbor to positive wrong. The deeper truth was this: They hurried across the road to escape duty. The presence of the wounded man was a call to action; their official relations to the church required them to be first in giving aid. Aside from their

duty as men, their places as Priest and Levite put special obligations upon them. The stricken man could appeal only through the "poor dumb lips" of his wounds, and such appeals could be evaded by sneaking across the road. People akin to these cowards who avoided duty, are living still. Some of them keep on the other side of the road to avoid the sight and claims of a wounded "Friday Night Prayer Meeting," which their neglect has helped to kill. If called to account, they are likely to answer, "We have not touched the prayer meeting, some one else did the wounding." It often happens that the direct enemies of religion and righteousness are the shirkers who cross over to escape obligation and avoid duty. The contrast which Christ draws is telling and vigorous. The Samaritan was an ecclesiastical outcast, compared with Priest and Levite. No one expected him to be foremost in good deeds. He would not have been welcomed as an equal by these road-crossing officials. What he really was appears in what he did. This showed him to be far above them in all true manliness and devotion to right. He marched straight up to the place of duty, set about the work of relief, used all his resources and pledged his word for future aid. He was the genuine article, without the label. He kept the road and gained lasting honor when the labeled cowards earned only condemnation. You had better not run away from duty and opportunity.

The foolish Virgins furnish another example of evil results without avowed disobedience. There was no specific law against empty oil cans on the occasion of a wedding. To be sure all the circumstances demanded care and forethought. Carelessness was in the line of wrong-doing. The want of forethought which forgot the oil supply fostered over sleeping. It naturally led to the attempt to borrow oil, which was another form of getting other people to do what the negligent ones ought to have done for themselves. Carelessness and neglect shut the door of opportunity and remanded the foolish girls to the "Outer darkness." The clear-cut way in which Christ condemns the Priest, the Levite, the foolish girls and the man who hid his one talent, shows that neglect, shirking and moral cowardice are to be reckoned as sins. Results are the final test as to the quality of actions. Reasoning in certain ways, nearly every act or failure to act, can be made to appear harmless. More good people come to evil results, through things which they prove to be harmless, theoretically,

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Salem College.
Twentieth Anniversary Building Fund.

In 1909 Salem College will have been in existence twenty years. During the greater part of this period its work has been done in one building. For nearly a fifth of a century this commodious structure has served its purpose well, but the work has far outgrown the plans of its founders. Every available space is crowded with apparatus, specimens, and curios of great value. Every recitation room is filled beyond its capacity each term. More room is needed for the library. The requirements of to-day call for another building on the college campus. The demand is urgent. It is proposed to lay the corner stone of such a building not later than the opening of the fall term of 1904. To that end this fund is started. It is to be kept in trust and to be used only for the purposes above specified. It is earnestly hoped that every lover of true education, within West Virginia and without, will be responsive to this great need and contribute to this fund in order that a suitable building may be erected. The names of the contributors will be published from time to time in "Good Tidings," the "Salem Express," and the "SABBATH RECORDER," as subscriptions are received by the secretary of the college. Mrs. J. N. Burno, Chicago, Ill.