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HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS.

'T is home where'er the heart is,
Where'er its loved ones dwell,
In cities or in cottages,
Thronged haunts or mossy dell.
The heart's a rover ever,
And thus, on wave and wild,
The maiden with her lover walks,
The mother with her child.

'T is bright where'er the heart is;

Its fairy spell can bring
Fresh fountains to the wilderness,
And to the desert spring.
Green isles are in the ocean
O'er which affection glides,
A haven on each sunny shore,
When love's the sun that guides.

'T is free where'er the heart is;

Nor chains nor dungeons dim
May check the mind's aspiring thought,
The spirit's pealing hymn.
The heart gives life its beauty,
Its glory, and its powers;
'T is sunlight to its rippling stream,
And soft dew to its flowers.

ONE needs little acquaintance with

the business world to learn that the most permanent element in the assets of any man, or combination

of men, from a financial standpoint, is character. Keeness and shrewdness in business have their value, but if associated with dishonesty, or if the real elements of trustworthiness are lacking, their value is greatly decreased; indeed, such characteristics promote weakness rather than strength, since keeness without conscience is almost sure to result in dishonesty. The permanent interests of business seek reliable men, and while the value of character cannot be expressed in dollars and cents, as readily as the value of a pile of brick can be, it is nevertheless the most valuable asset. Young men are likely to overlook this fact in considering how they may make themselves most valuable and gain success in business matters. The business world believes in conscience, in purity, and in all the higher and better elements of manly character. The absence of conscience is the immediate source of most of the troubles in the business world. If character be lacking all other attainments soon come to naught. Direct and indirect defalcation, direct and indirect thievery, together with all minor forms of dishonesty, grow luxuriantly where conscience is lacking, and genuine manly character is not. Our readers who were at the Conference will recall with satisfaction and pride the statement made by the Business Manager of the Publishing House, that its financial standing is "A. No. 1 because the business world believes in the integrity and

devotion of the denomination which owns the plant." This statement is a practical illustration of the commercial value of character, and of fidelity and honor in business. Equally important is genuine Christian character in every department of life. Brilliant literary attainments, commanding eloquence, and masterful power to move men to action, are likely to be sources of evil if such character as we are here considering is absent. All other things in the history of the world are ephemeral, and leave little trace by way of permanent results. Character endures. Those actions, projects and books which embody the best elements of Christian character, manliness and womanliness, are the permanent things. As a great fire reduces all combustibles to ashes, but purifies the gold which may be in the burned edifice, so history on earth, and in Eternity, leaves nothing enduring except character.

CONSTRUCTION, in almost all cases, must wait on more or less of destruction. This is noticeable in all large reform movements. The rubbish of error must be removed before new foundations can be built. When men have accepted partial or total error as truth, and time has given it a permanent place in theories and practices, a large amount of destructive work must be done before actual reform can begin. Men cling to errors and half-truths until they crumble in uselessness or positive evil. Hence it is that reforms usually come by reaction against evil results rather than by direct acceptance of new truth, regardless of errors which man have adhered to. Sabbath Reform is governed by this great law. Having adopted certain errors concerning the Sabbath, the world is indifferent to the claims of the Sabbath, and to direct appeals in its behalf. When the baneful results of such erroneous views reach the final stage of ripeness, and error brings its full harvest of evils, men are compelled to give up all hope of reform, or listen to the call of truth long ignored and disregarded. For many centuries a few voices made appeal in behalf of the fundamental principles which gave birth to the Protestant Reformation, with little evident effect, beyond their own condemnation, or death. To defend the truth then, meant ignoring, condemnation, martyrdom. It was only when the evil results of Romish errors, religious, political and social, grew to be a crushing weight, that Germany and England gave heed. Self-protection compels reform, in the end. Otherwise destruction hastens. It is because the world is so slow to heed direct appeals in behalf of truth, that so much time must be spent in destructive work. But such work is not actually destructive. It is preparatory, and destructive only in the sense of removing that which prevents men from seeing

Who Preaches.
In opening a lecture in Brooklyn the other evening, Booker T. Washington, the great African teacher and philanthropist, said: "I shall not preach a sermon, for I am not a minister; but the words of the Bible which I have just quoted are so potent and wide in their application to education, morals and religion, and to our duty as citizens, that I begin what I shall say with them." The words he quoted were: "But be ye doers of the word and not hearers only." Those forms of public discourse commonly called sermons, are but a small part of preaching. It is a serious error when men think that preachers are the only ones who preach. All doing is preaching. All obedience to the Divine Word is preaching unto righteousness. All disobedience and neglect of the Divine Word are preaching unto unrighteousness. Actions are powerful preaching. Deeds are eloquent. Choices are potent influences. Men follow each other as to deeds more than they follow advice in words. Mr. Washington called his words a "lecture." He preached eloquently and well. Preaching in words is no less actual because it is called "lecture," "address," or "remarks." Neither is it any less actual because it is spoken by deeds, rather than by words. That which induces results in the thoughts, acts, and lives of others, through your influence, is preaching. Every church has as many preachers as there are members, though it may have but one pastor. The writer listened to an excellent sermon by a pastor yesterday, from the text, "Be ye angry, and sin not." His preaching will be of little account if it be not seconded and complemented by the deeds of his congregation. The men and women of a church preach much oftener and

and accepting disregarded truth. Sabbath Reform is yet in the preparatory stage. Whatever is fundamentally true in connection with Sunday observance, will abide. All that is error will fall, whether the truth concerning the Sabbath finds hearing and acceptance, or not. But Sabbath truth cannot find acceptance in the faith and practice of individuals, or of society at large, so long as errors, or half-truths concerning Sunday and no Sabbatism, hold sway. These errors must be crowded out before the Sabbath can find place. Until these lessons are learned men are not prepared for aggressive work nor permanent hopes as Sabbath reformers. Seventh-day Baptists must accept these larger facts, and see the true relation between constructive and destructive work, before they are prepared for truly aggressive movements or abiding faith in that which they are called to do.

**Home, Home,**

A FEW evenings since, the writer joined with others in the celebration of a "Silver Wedding." The greater number of those present were near the half-century mark, as to age. At such a time one must realize the supreme value of homes. The ideal home is a God-ordained institution of supreme value touching everything good. Each home, founded in love and purity, by the marriage of one man and one woman, is a creative center of life, influence and destiny. As the years pass, the persons forming a home, husband, wife, parents, children, grow into union, oneness, and likeness, and are held to each other by the strongest bonds that life can know. No other relation reveals both the strength and the weakness of individuals as the home does. The deepest realities of character unite to make up home experiences. If love, forbearance and proper consideration be wanting, the ideal home is destroyed, and the ruins which result are saddest of all ruins. A shattered home is "Paradise Lost." When purity and love, forbearance and helpfulness abide, no other place can equal home in those influences and results which make for joy, peace and righteousness. The wife and mother is always the supreme center of home. She bears the bulk of its burdens and is the source of its richest joys. One who was of the company that evening said: "I think a silver wedding marks the central point in the responsibilities of life." His words were true. If men and women have become what they ought to be, at middle life, their hearts and hands are filled to overflowing with interests and responsibilities. If there be children in the home, they are approaching, or have reached early manhood and womanhood, and are preparing to go forth, or have just gone, to try life's sterner realities. It is then that homes are being supplemented by other homes created by the children who go out with mingled joy and sorrow, from the "parental nest." When this deeper meaning of such anniversaries is kept at the front, there is double value in them. Life is measured best by that which it has initiated, or accomplished, for future time. Generations pass quickly. Silver weddings hasten, golden ones are few, in comparison, but they come all too soon, unless something worth preserving has been gained. The one who spoke as above, of silver weddings and their solemn responsibilities, added: "When Golden Weddings come people have entered the autumn time of ripeness and comparative rest." Seen in their best light, both are times for rejoicing, and are much more than social functions of an hour. Every true con-

ception of life finds thankfulness in the chance to do and become, to strive and attain, to learn through failures and profit by mistakes. Men and women who have lived to the half-century mark, who have had place in active duties for thirty years, are poor indeed if something has not been gained worth rejoicing over; if something good has not been sown, and something valuable for eternity has not been already garnered. He who comes to fifty years thus, will be fitted to join with Dr. Henry L. Morehouse, Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, who on the attainment of seventy years in health and vigor, wrote in the *Home Mission Monthly* for October, "My Song at Seventy," the first verse of which is:

"I sing a song at seventy years,  
O'erflowing with thanksgiving;  
My soul its Ebenezer rears,  
For life is worth the living;—  
A joyful heart, my fellow men,  
Beats on, at three score years and ten.  
If silver and golden weddings are a joy on earth,  
The re-uniting of homes in Heaven will be gem-crowned beyond all we now know.

It will be well for you to read the Golden Silence, following four lines, twice to-day and three times to-morrow:

"There is so much bad in the best of us,  
There is so much good in the most of us,  
It hardly behooves any of us  
To talk about the rest of us."

Wrongs are to be condemned, but the prevalent tendency to exalt one's own goodness by elaborating and exaggerating the faults of others, ought to be buried by silence. Such silence is golden, indeed. Too often is it true that it would be an improvement if "most of us" were tongue-tied. Wrong should be condemning when it includes the one who utters the condemnation; no other condition is a just one. Silence would be greatly increased if people would always include themselves when they ought, placing their own names at the head of the list of the censured ones. A permanent scar is in the palm of the writer's right hand. The occasion of the wounding taught a valuable lesson. It was during student life at Ripon College, Wis., many years ago. The wound was a jagged one, from broken glass. The physician who dressed it put the parts in proper position and bound on a compress soaked in sweet oil. I complained because so little was done to promote healing. The physician said: "All you need is to hide it from the air and foreign substances." This is the lesson: Much that is made worse by denunciation, especially in individual actions, would heal soon if treated with the antiseptic of love-born silence and private personal appeal. Souls heal under the influence of golden silence. They grow worse under the added irritation and poison of unkind rebuke and unjust criticism. Cultivate golden silence.

**Treatment of Sunday by Christians.**

THE *Biblical Recorder*, Raleigh, N. C., for October 5, says: "Look at the treatment of the Christian Sabbath. It is made the feast day of the whole week, excursion day, general traveling day, ice cream day, Sunday work is distinctly on the increase. We have already entered commercial, industrial and economic conditions in which even now the rescue of the Holy Sabbath from desecration seems a hopeless task." Along the same line, *The Defender*, making an appeal for the interests of the

New England Sabbath Protective League, in the issue for Sept., 1904, says: "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 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." In view of such testimony, the importance of Sabbath Reform, and of seeking such reform upon a truly religious and biblical basis, is doubly apparent. Christians have patched a compromise, against the Sabbath of the Bible, and in favor of Sunday. The above shows the result.

**Religion the Foundation of Peace.**

ALTHOUGH the world is in the midst of interest and anxiety concerning the war in the East, all words and efforts in favor of universal peace are timely and worthy of support. Greatest among those at this time is the session of the Peace Congress lately held in Boston, and greatest among the words spoken there were those of Secretary Hay. He is a representative American whose wisdom and character give double weight to what he says. Standing at the head of the United States in its relation to other nations, his attitude is of the greatest importance. His speech before the Congress was far more than soft sentimentality or meaningless optimism. His words were those of a man who has clear vision which he follows without shrinking. Every lover of true nationality in any land whatever, and every Christian man who seeks to advance the coming of the kingdom of peace and of good will among men must rejoice that the Peace Congress has been held at this time, and that one of our greater, if not our greatest statesmen, has spoken so wisely before it, and to the world. The closing words of Secretary Hay's address are repeated here, not only that we may commend them but that our readers may catch their spirit and be strengthened in their purposes to seek for peace among men. "The time allotted to me is at an end. I can only bid you Godspeed in your work. The task you have set yourselves, the purpose to which you are devoted, have won the praise of earth and the blessing of heaven since the morning of time. The noblest of all the Beatitudes is the consecration promised the peacemakers. Even if in our time we may not win the wreath of olive; even if we may not hear the golden clamor of the trumpets celebrating the reign of universal and enduring peace, it is something to have desired it, to have worked for it in the measure of our forces. And if you now reap no visible guerdon of your labors the peace of God that passes understanding will be your all-sufficient reward."

**Seventh-day Baptists in West Virginia.**

THE attention of our readers has been called to Corliss F. Randolph's "History of the Seventh-day Baptists in West Virginia," and THE RECORDER takes pleasure in making further mention of it. Mr. Randolph has special fitness for that work. He is a lineal

descendant of William Davis, of Wales, "who may be regarded as the father of the churches of West Virginia." He is writing the book because of his love for the theme; and for historic research. Greeley used to say, "I want a man for a reporter who has a nose for news." Mr. Randolph has a nose for history, and he knows whereof he writes. He does not, as some men do, attempt to evolve history from his own notions as to what ought to have happened. In a prospectus of the book, he tells of its origin, thus: "The author of this history was invited to prepare a historical sketch of the Seventh-day Baptist South-Eastern Association for the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Organization of the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference which was held at Ashaway, Rhode Island, in August, 1902. The preparation of that paper revealed clearly the need of a work which should cover the entire history of the Seventh-day Baptist interests represented by the Association, beginning with William Davis of Wales, including his education, his emigrations to America, his conversion to the Sabbath, his settlement in New Jersey, and the organization and history of the Shrewsbury Church and its removal after the Revolutionary War to Western Virginia, and the history of that church and others organized in that state down to the present time. That work the author has endeavored to prepare. He has carefully examined all available sources of information, the churches, without exception, cheerfully placing their records in his hands for this purpose. He has spent all the available time from a very busy life for the past three years, and has spared neither pains nor expense in collecting the material, and he believes that his work covers its field as no other part of the Seventh-day Baptist Denomination has ever been covered." The value of such a book must be unquestioned.

**Picture Worship in the Russian Church.**

OUR readers have noticed during the last few months various references to the worship of Icons by the Russians. It is a curious feature of Russian Christianity that picture worship, a form of idolatry, has become so strongly entrenched as a part of its religious system. It is more prominent in Greek Catholic, than in Roman Catholic Christianity. So extensively has this picture worship entered into Russian thought that in the present war every Russian regiment has its patron saint; his Icon is kept in the church of the local garrison, and when in the field in a tent, something after the fashion of the ancient Jewish tabernacle. This Icon is in charge of a clergyman, or some officer of the church who attends to the usual public religious duties. The day which is sacred to the saint whose picture forms the regimental Icon is elaborately celebrated by the regiment, and sometimes the Icon is carried into battle to encourage the wavering, and comfort the wounded and the dying. Among the lower classes, especially the peasantry, a small cross or some other sacred image, given to them on the day of baptism, is worn suspended on a chain or string about the neck, underneath the clothing. Since miraculous powers are attributed to the saints, the Icon of a saint is also accredited with miraculous powers. The Icon entrusted to Gen. Kuropatkin when he departed for Manchuria is known as "the folding Icon of Saint Petersburg." It contains three pictures, the central one being that of Alexander Nevski, who, as

sovereign, waged victorious war with Sweden and gained an important victory on the banks of the River Neva, in 1240, A. D. Because of this victory he was named Saint Nevski. In the left hand of this St. Petersburg folding Icon is St. Alexander, who is Kuropatkin's patron saint. The third picture, which is on the right hand, is St. Nicholas, the miracle worker. Above, in the centerpiece, appear the three pictures of the Holy Family, Christ, Virgin Mary and Joseph. The Russian cross surmounts the Icon. This form of idolatry is so strong, and so deeply believed in, that the presence of these Icons is relied upon as a special agency in securing bravery, giving comfort to the wounded, and peace to the dying.

**Women Who Smoke and Drink.**

ON Oct. 6, at a meeting of the W. C. T. U. of Essex County, N. J., held in Newark, Mrs. M. S. Holmes, of the Department of Antinarcotics, made some startling statements. She declared that cigarette smoking among women, and the use of liquor at fashionable five o'clock teas, is now quite generally practiced. As to cigarettes, she said that one factory puts up annually 20,000 packages, decorated and perfumed, especially "for use by women at social functions." Mrs. Holmes also reported that one part of the work of her department was to induce girls and young ladies to pledge against indulgence in cigarettes, and that during the year, twenty-one girls had been induced to sign the pledge against such indulgence. Sad and startling as these facts are, they are the legitimate result of smoking and drinking on the part of fathers. It is well understood that the tendency to such indulgence is transmitted from fathers to sons, and that the example of fathers is a large reason why boys begin such indulgence at an early age. So far as the law of heredity is concerned, the daughters of such fathers are as directly involved as are the sons, and doubtless the influence of fathers and husbands goes far in fostering the taste, and thus the indulgence on the part of their wives and daughters, God's laws touching such transmission are universal as to their results, and unless the indulgence in narcotics on the part of men shall be lessened, such indulgence is certain to increase among women. Similar statements have appeared from time to time which THE RECORDER has not deemed of such importance as this official one is.

**Nominated for Governor.**

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR George H. Utter, of Westerly, R. I., who is well known to our readers, was unanimously nominated for Governor on the Republican ticket, Oct. 12. Mr. Utter has high qualifications for the position, and should he be elected, the people of Rhode Island will find their choice a wise one, and favorable to the best interests of the State. While Seventh-day Baptists have always been well at the front in governmental matters in Rhode Island, so far as we now recall, they have not been represented by an incumbent of the governor's office, since the time of Governor Samuel Ward, who was also a member of the Continental Congress.

**Vaccinating Ground.**

THE attention of those readers who are farmers is called to an item in the Summary of News, concerning the newly-discovered nitrogen-fixing germ. Because the editor of THE RECORDER was a farmer's boy, he takes double interest in this discovery, and ad-

vises that it be tested by those who read this. The fact that the matter is in the hands of the Government at Washington, and that it does not call for large amounts of money by unknown concerns precludes the fear that it is a hoax. Nitrogen is one of the most important elements in costly fertilizers. The atmosphere is loaded with free nitrogen. Beans, peas, the clovers, alfalfa, etc., owe their great food-value to nitrogen. The scientific lines in this case are distinct and well established. Write the Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C., for further information. Try it.

**SUMMARY OF NEWS.**

It is reported that Mt. Pelee was in full eruption again on Sept. 30. The eruption in May, 1902, which destroyed the city of St. Pierre and other towns, resulted in the death of 40,000 people. It is to be hoped that the present eruption will not be thus disastrous.

The Firth Sterling Projectile Co., of McKeesport, Pa., is making a large addition to its plant because of orders for war projectiles to be used in the Orient. The projectiles intended for Russia and Japan are shipped from here to Germany, France and Italy. This is said to be the first time that projectiles have been sent from the United States to those countries.

Thos. H. Boden, of the Armour Packing Company's office at Lexington, Ky., and his two bookkeepers, were fined ten dollars each and costs "for violation of the Sabbath" by working in their office on Sunday, Oct. 2.

The results of the careful sanitation in connection with the Isthmian Canal are both prominent and gratifying. John T. Wallace of Chicago, chief engineer of the Canal Commission, reports that there are 1,500 men on the ground, of whom 500 are in the sanitary department. These men are almost wholly Americans. Mr. Wallace declares that the climate itself is not bad, and that if there be prevailing sickness, it is due "to lack of proper regard for the ordinary laws of health." He also adds what those acquainted with similar circumstances can well understand, that "those who suffer from diseases are generally hard drinkers who die off in any tropical country, and others who pay no attention to proper food and do not sterilize the water they drink." The sanitary corps gives special attention to yellow fever. Its investigation shows that yellow fever is produced by "a day mosquito" and malaria by "a night mosquito." Special efforts are being made to destroy the mosquitoes. What Mr. Wallace reports here is confirmed by a member of the engineering department who writes similar statements to his friends in this city.

On Oct. 10, the President appointed Robert J. Wynne, acting Postmaster General, as Postmaster General. Mr. Wynne was prominent in unearthing the frauds in the Post Office department last year.

The annual report of the American Bible Society, Sept. 7, shows that the total issues of the Society in eighty-eight years amount to seventy-four million, four hundred and forty-one thousand and six hundred and seventy-four copies of the Word of God. The Society is doing increasing work in Japan and the Philippines.

On Oct. 10, President Roosevelt instructed the State Department to ask information from Russia concerning mail matter which was intercepted when the steamer Calchis was seized by the Russian ships, forming the Vladivostock squadron. With the information at hand, it seems

that a somewhat serious offence was then committed by Russian officers.

The Century Magazine for October publishes an article profusely illustrated, by Gilbert H. Grosvenor, upon "Inoculating the Ground." It describes the late discoveries made by Dr. George T. Moore, director of the government Laboratory of Plant Physiology, in the Agricultural Department at Washington. Our space now allows the following general statements. The discovery is that of inoculating the ground, so as to greatly increase its fertility and its productive power. It is specially applicable to leguminous plants, clover, alfalfa, beans, peas, etc. The inoculating germ is a bacteria which gathers free nitrogen from the air, and fixes it in the roots of the plants and the soil, when it acts as a powerful fertilizer. Crops are increased from thirty to fifty per cent. at first, and subsequent crops are increased still more. The process of producing this nitrogen-fixing germ has been patented (No. 755,519,—March 14, 1904) but the government is ready to distribute the germs to farmers on application. The article in The Century gives details and directions. Note this paragraph: "Enough germs are sent in each little package to inoculate seeds for from one to four acres. The package can be carried in your pocket, and yet does more work than seven cart loads of fertilizer. It costs the government less than four cents a cake, or less than a cent an acre, and saves the farmer thirty or forty dollars, which he would have to spend for an equal amount of fertilizer. Different cultures are sent for different crops." Notable results have been gained on wornout land in Maryland, and elsewhere. In point of scientific wonder and of economic value this discovery has no equal in modern times.

Early in the week the Russian army in Manchuria, greatly reinforced since the disastrous battle of Liao Yang, assumed the aggressive and moved southward upon the Japanese. The movements on Oct. 10, were temporarily favorable for the Russians. As the battle continued on the 11th, 12th and 13th, of October, the Japanese turned the tide and gained success on all their lines. As we go to press—Oct. 14th—victory for the Japanese promises to be as great or greater than it was at Liao Yang. Both armies fought with desperation and great bravery. The situation as it appears at this writing may change, but it now looks as though the summer campaign would close with the record of an unbroken series of reserves to Russian armies. This last movement on the part of Russia looked toward the final relief of Port Arthur, where the Japanese are slowly crowding the doomed city toward surrender. It is also reported that Vladivostock is again threatened by Japanese ships. There is evidence that the supplies and ammunition in Port Arthur are low, while the difficulties and dangers of blockade-running are increased by the watchfulness of Japanese ships. Rumors are freshly circulated that the Russian Baltic Fleet is about to sail for the scene of war. One hope springs from this sad story of carnage and destruction. It is that the terribleness of the situation will hasten the coming of peace.

The Bureau of Statistics reports for October indicate the corn crop for 1904, in the United States at 2,463,724,000 bushels, oats, 885,500,000 bushels, barley and rye are about the usual average, buckwheat is a little below the average. Tobacco, somewhat above, rice a little below, potatoes 16 above the average for the past ten years.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The members of the American Sabbath Tract Society will meet in adjourned session for the transaction of such business as may properly come before them, at the office of Charles C. Chipman, No. 220 Broadway, New York City, N. Y., on Wednesday, Oct. 26, 1904, at 2.30 P. M.

J. FRANK HUBBARD, President. A. L. TITSWORTH, Rec. Secy.

TRACT SOCIETY. F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer. IN ACCOUNT WITH THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY, For the Quarter Ending September 30, 1904.

Table with financial entries: Balance cash on hand July 1, 1904 \$ 125 44; Funds received since as follows: Contributions as published: July \$ 366 15, August 481 88, September 133 56— 981 59; Income Account; receipts from dividends and interest as published: July \$ 868 13, August 32 00— 900 13; Interest on Bank balances 7 35; Publishing House Receipts: July \$ 615 63, August 593 99, September 558 19— 1,767 81; Total \$3,782 32.

Table with financial entries: Cash paid out as follows: G. Velthuysen, Sr., salary \$ 151 50; A. H. Lewis, salary 500 00; A. H. Lewis, expenses Watch Hill to Plainfield 8 10; A. H. Lewis, expenses to Conference 64 71; George Seeley, salary 37 50; George Seeley, postage 15 00; Mrs. M. G. Townsend, salary 40 00; A. P. Ashurst, salary and expenses 30 00— \$ 846 81; Publishing House Expenses, sundry bills and pay roll 2,817 77; Total \$3,664 58; Balance Cash on hand 117 74; Total \$3,782 32.

E. & O. E. F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., October 1, 1904. Examined, compared with vouchers and found correct.

D. E. TITSWORTH, WILLIAM C. HUBBARD, Auditors.

TRACT SOCIETY—EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-day Baptist Church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, Oct. 9, 1904, at 2.30 P. M., with the president, J. Frank Hubbard, in the chair.

Members present: J. Frank Hubbard, A. H. Lewis, F. J. Hubbard, Frank L. Greene, H. M. Maxson, Corliss F. Randolph, E. F. Loofboro, D. E. Titsworth, Henry N. Jordan, J. D. Spicer, J. A. Hubbard, O. S. Rogers, C. C. Chipman, G. B. Shaw, J. M. Titsworth, Asa F. Randolph, Mrs. H. M. Maxson, Will H. Crandall, J. P. Mosher, Wm. M. Stillman, Business Manager John Hiscox.

Vistor, Walter L. Greene. Prayer was offered by Rev. George B. Shaw. The committee on distribution of literature made the following recommendation, which on motion was adopted:

Resolved, That a new tract, not to exceed thirty-two pages in size, entitled, "The Evolution and Future of Sunday Legislation," be printed for immediate use in Pennsylvania and New England.

The supervisory committee reported business as usual at the Publishing House, and bills ordered paid.

Correspondence was received from Rev. J. T. Davis from the California field, including his report for the quarter.

On motion, the appropriation for salary for Rev. J. T. Davis was ordered discontinued on Jan. 1, 1905.

Correspondence was also received from Mrs. M. G. Townsend, making her report for work on the North-Western field for the last quarter.

On motion, the appropriation for Mrs. Townsend was ordered continued for another year, provided the Missionary Society and the Woman's Board co-operate in her employment as hitherto.

A letter was received from the Board of Trustees of the Seventh-day Baptist Memorial Fund, relating to a bequest to that Board by the late Rev. Nathan Wardner, for the joint benefit of the Tract and Missionary Societies, requesting the approval of this Board in the action of the Board of Trustees of the Memorial Fund, in signing and executing a deed of release for this legacy, for reasons given in the letter.

On motion, the request was granted, and the action of that Board approved.

The treasurer presented statement of receipts and disbursements, since the last meeting.

On motion, Rev. George B. Shaw was appointed to represent this Board at the South-Western Association.

Minutes read and approved.

WM. M. STILLMAN, Assistant Secretary.

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ. Between broad fields of wheat and corn Is the lowly home where I was born; The peach tree leans against the wall, And the woodbine wanders over all; There is the shaded doorway still, But a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn—and, as of yore, I can smell the hay from the open door, And see the busy swallows throng, And hear the peewee's mournful song; But the stranger comes—O, painful proof— His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees Where my childhood knew long hours of ease, And watched the shadowy moments run Till my life imbibed more shade than sun; The swing from the bough still sweeps the air, But the stranger's children are swinging there!

There bubbles the shady spring below, With its bullrush brook where the hazels grow; 'Twas there I found the calamus root And watched the minnows' poise and shoot, And heard the robin lave his wing, But the stranger's bucket is at the spring.

O, ye who daily cross the sill, Step lightly, for I love it still; And when you crowd the old barn-eaves Then think what countless harvest sheaves Have passed within that scented door, To gladden eyes that are no more.

Deal kindly with these orchard trees; And when your children crowd their knees, Their sweetest fruit they shall impart, As if old memories stirred their heart; To youthful sport still leave the swing, And in sweet reverence hold the spring.

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds, The meadows with their lowing herds, The woodbine on the cottage wall— My heart still lingers with them all, Ye strangers on my native sill, Step lightly, for I love it still.

Happiness does not come unbidden. Keep sweet when you are tempted to respond.—Rev. E. E. Ide.

The Business Office.

It's an old saying, you can't run the mill with the water that has passed.

We cannot run the Publishing House with the money we received last year. That has been spent. It helped install the new Linotype, and it paid for the workers on the field.

But the workers are on the field now; the Publishing House is running its Linotype; it's paying its bills, but it is taking about all the money the Treasurer can lay his hands on.

The Society was free from debt last July, when the fiscal year closed. It won't remain so much longer, if the present condition does not change for the better immediately.

You ask why the Publishing House, with its increased business and lessened expenses, does not make enough to pay its bills?

It hopes to do so, in the course of the year, but the Publishing House is like many a town treasury, dull picking except when taxes are due.

Every country newspaper man has to rattle the stray cartwheels in his pockets pretty lively to keep him cheerful during the quiet summer months, but when the subscriptions become due—well, that another matter. Then the money—not all of it, though—that he has earned all summer, comes rolling in.

"That's us," as the small boy says. RECORDER subscriptions do not average \$20 a week in the summer and early fall, but in the three winter months we get what's due us—perhaps.

So we urge you to be systematic—not benevolent, but generous and prompt, helping us out when help is most needful.

SPECIAL MEETING OF THE SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

The Sabbath-School Board of the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference met in special session at the call of the President, at 220 Broadway, New York City, October 10, 1904, at 5 o'clock, P. M., with the President, Rev. George B. Shaw, in the chair.

The following members were in attendance: Rev. George B. Shaw, Rev. Eli F. Loofboro, Frank L. Greene, Charles C. Chipman, Esle F. Randolph, and Corliss F. Randolph.

Visitor, Walter L. Greene.

Prayer was offered by Esle F. Randolph. The minutes of the last regular meeting were read.

The Recording Secretary reported that the usual notice of this meeting had been sent to all the members of the Board.

Correspondence was presented from Rev. Arthur E. Main, and Prof. Charles B. Clarke.

Voted, That the Treasurer be instructed to pay the expenses incurred by Walter L. Greene in attending this meeting.

The President was requested to take such measures as he may deem best to acquaint the churches and Sabbath-Schools of the denomination with the plans and purposes of this Board.

After a protracted discussion of the plans of the Sabbath-School Board with respect to the new work in view it was

Voted, That Walter L. Greene be employed by this Board as Sabbath-School Field Secretary at a salary of \$700 a year, and that his time of service begin September 1, 1905.

Voted, That Mrs. Walter L. Greene be invited

to edit the proposed new department of Helps for Primary Sabbath-School Teachers in the Helping Hand.

Minutes read and approved. Adjourned.

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH, Recording Secretary.

FROM THE SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

The President of the Sabbath-School Board wishes to call the attention of every reader of the SABBATH RECORDER to the report of the special meeting of the Sabbath-School Board, which is published on this page. Read it carefully. Read it twice.

We have been talking for a good while, and now we are to do something. We have a work to do that is fundamental and vital, not only to Seventh-day Baptists, but to all Christianity. The Sabbath stands or falls with the Bible. Christianity also falls or stands with the Word of God. The Bible will stand and the Sabbath will triumph. In the meantime, and it may not be a long time, there is a great work for Seventh-day Baptists to do. The members of the Sabbath-School Board believe that you are looking to us for direction and help. For years you have been urging that more be undertaken, and you have never yet failed to give a prompt and generous response to any suggestion or call from our board. We have a great work. It is now quite unoccupied. At the Conference last August the Sabbath-School Board was enlarged and strengthened. At the September meeting we voted to call someone to be our Sabbath-School Field Secretary. We have already found the man, young, spiritual, scholarly and energetic. He will complete the theological course at Alfred University next June. On September 1, 1905, he will begin the work of Sabbath-School Field Secretary. In the meanwhile he will devote every energy to prepare himself to arouse new interest in the study of the Bible everywhere, and to organize, direct and inspire the Bible-Schools. Will you not pray for him and for us?

This will mean greatly increased expenses for the Sabbath-School Board, whose treasury today is entirely empty, and whose system of raising money is such that we never get anything without asking for it. The Sabbath-School Board believes in God, and in the Bible, and in the Sabbath, and in the people. You have expressed confidence in us and have suggested that we move forward; and we in turn look to you with confidence for moral and financial support. Our system of raising money has been: "One collection each year from each school," and has been sufficient for all our needs. We now ask, and ask with confidence, that all the Sabbath-Schools of our beloved denomination shall adopt the system of giving four collections each year. Please bring this matter to the attention of all the schools at once. Name the dates for the year in advance, if you will. Let it be understood that on certain Sabbaths of certain months that there will be offerings for the Sabbath-School work of the denomination. The exact dates are not important, but it is important that a system be adopted.

This is our financial plan, in which we have asked the cooperation of the Board of Systematic Benevolence. If such a system should be generally adopted, it would not take long to find out who are in earnest, and how much you mean what you say to us. We need some money now

and next year we will need much more. Please reread the report of our special meeting, and prayerfully consider the suggestions of this letter.

Your servant in Bible-School work, GEO. B. SHAW, President of the Sabbath-School Board.

WAGES AND PRICES OF LIVING.

As we enter upon a campaign in which ignorance with more or less sincerity will air itself upon the stump, while eager partisanship will juggle with cause and effect in the measure of dexterity of the individual "spellbinder," it is worth while to appropriate such facts as may help us weigh the factors in our political issues of economic origin. The Bureau of Labor of the Department of Commerce and Labor has just issued a bulletin on wages and the cost of living. Its data is valuable because about retail prices scientifically gathered and compared, and are pertinent to problems which become confused in the hurly-burly of a political campaign. The bureau's study of the cost of living is based upon reports for 1901 of special agents about 2,567 families in thirty-three states. The average size of these families was 5.31; their average income, \$827.19; their average expenditure for all purposes, \$768.54; their average expenditures for food, \$326.90. The largest food item, costing \$50.05, was 349.7 pounds of fresh beef. Butter followed. Of the average total expenditure of these families the per cent. disbursed for certain items was: Food, 42.54; clothing 14.04; rent, 12.95; fuel, 4.19; labor and other organization fees, 1.17; books and newspapers, 1.09; amusements and vacation, 1.60; intoxicating liquors, 1.62; tobacco, 1.42; charity, 0.31; religious purposes, 0.99. The bureau's investigation into retail prices is the first extended investigation into retail prices covering a long series of years yet made in this country. Food prices were secured from 814 retail merchants in the same localities whence came the data on family expenditure. The period covered was each month of the fourteen years from 1890 to 1903; the articles numbered thirty, and the relative prices were a series of percentages showing the per cent. the price in each year was of the average price for the ten-year period from 1890 to 1899. These figures show that beef for roasts and stews, which was just average, that is 100, in 1891, was in 1903, 113.1. Bread fluctuated between 99.4 and 100.3. Butter, which was lowest in 1896, at 92.7, was in 1901 at 103.2. In the fourteen years coffee, with few recoveries, dropped from 105.4 to 89.3. In 1897 eggs were at 91.4; in 1903 they were at 125.3. In 1894 lard was 88.7 per cent. of average in 1902, 134.3. Salt pork and bacon rose from 99.1 per cent. of average in 1892 to 139.8 in 1903. Tea has shown no wide fluctuations, but sugar, whose price in 1890 was 118.6 per cent. of average, was in 1903 but 96.1. For these same fourteen years and the same 2,567 families the lowest price of food was 95.5 per cent. of average, being in 1896, when the country was recovering from the panic of 1894. In 1903 food was 7.7 per cent. higher than in 1890; 6.3 than in 1891; and 15.5 than in 1896, the year of lowest food prices. It is the conclusion of the statisticians of the Bureau of Labor that the increase in the cost of living, as a whole, in 1903 when compared with the year of lowest prices, was less than 15.5 per cent. This is interesting and important.—The Standard.

## Missions.

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

### ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society, for the election of officers and the transaction of such business as may properly come before it, will be held in the vestry of the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist church in Westerly, R. I., on Wednesday, October 19, 1904, at 9:30 o'clock, A. M.

WM. L. CLARKE, President.

A. S. BABCOCK, Rec. Sec.

A REAL minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ is called of God through the Holy Spirit to preach salvation to men dead in trespasses and sins. He is an ambassador of God, to men to give them the message of reconciliation. There is no higher calling in the world than this for man. Great is the responsibility of the preacher of the gospel of salvation. His preaching and ministerial life and influence are to lead men to conviction of sin, to conversion and acceptance of Christ as a personal Saviour. The work of the preacher is not only to convict and convert, but to instruct, inspire, persuade, arouse and move men in regard to spiritual life and activity. He stands for purity of life, high purpose, noble endeavor, holy example, lofty aspiration and righteous acts in life and character. He represents in the world Christ's spiritual and temporal kingdom, its spirit, aim and purpose. His preaching, however powerful, will be as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal if it is not exemplified in his life with men. His preaching should be to exalt Christ and not self, to save men not for self glory, to be approved of Christ and not for popularity.

WHAT shall the preacher preach? The Word of God in its simplicity and purity. Not himself, but Jesus Christ the Lord, and himself a servant for Jesus' sake. He is to preach the gospel and the law in their inseparable relation and unity. He is to take a stand against all evil and preach against it whether men like it or dislike it. He is not to scold but rebuke in love. Paul's charge to Timothy was, Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long suffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables. The Christian church is in just that condition to-day. People do not want rebuke, or plain and pointed preaching. They wish to be entertained at divine service with an eloquent religious oration and a musicale of high order. Preaching for the last decade or more and to-day, is too much from the head and to the head and not from and to the heart. Not all preachers are doing it, but too many are. They cater to the people instead of bringing the people up to the true idea and purpose of preaching. One of two things will be done, either the preacher will bring his people up to his conception and standard of religion and Christian service or the people will bring him down to their conception and standard. It is the duty of the minister of the gospel to lead his people by his preaching and life to higher spiritual life and service.

WITH all the responsibility and hard labor of the gospel ministry, it is a glorious calling and work. There is delight to the soul in it. There are of course heart aches, disappointments, and sad experiences, but the joy of seeing souls

come to Jesus and experience the new birth, seeing the wonderful transformation in the lives of men who were so sinful and wicked, more than compensate for them all. Notwithstanding the sacrifice the gospel minister has to make and the hardships to endure, it is a happy life he has, and a rich reward every day. The gospel minister is as essential to the prosperity of a community from every standpoint as any one in it, whatever may be his occupation or social standing. We need more ministers. We are thankful that some are coming into the ranks and are giving themselves the needed preparation for the work. But we need more still and may all earnestly pray the Lord of the harvest to call and send more laborers into the harvest field.

### LETTER FROM REV. D. H. DAVIS, D. D.

It has been some time since you have received anything from me. It has seemed difficult for me to do very much this summer that I could avoid. I have said to myself several times that I must write, but then could not put myself at it, and so the days have one after another been allowed to pass by. I have not been very well for the past two months, but am glad to say for the past week I have been picking up very rapidly and am feeling much better. I hear just now there is a good deal of Dengue fever about. I sincerely hope it will not overtake me. I have been fortunate in not having had it thus far.

The members of our Mission were all made glad on last Tuesday upon the arrival of Miss Burdick. She reached Shanghai two days ahead of the time we expected her, and this of course added to the pleasure of receiving her. You may remember that the Pacific steamers do not come up to Shanghai, but cast anchor at the mouth of the Whang-poo, some thirteen miles away, and passengers and baggage are all conveyed to Shanghai by means of a small tender or steam tug. Mr. and Mrs. Crofoot and Dr. Palmberg went down on the tender to meet Miss Burdick and accompany her up to Shanghai. I was not well enough to go. I had been stopping for several days at Archdeacon Thomson's, an old friend, by special invitation, and had been under the care of Dr. Boone while in their home. He advised me not to take this trip, but if I wished I could return home, which I did.

We all gave Miss Burdick as hearty a welcome as possible, and on Sabbath arranged a reception service. Mr. Crofoot spoke words of welcome in behalf of the foreign missionaries, Mr. Tong spoke in behalf of the Boys' Boarding School, Mr. Dzau spoke in behalf of the church, Dr. Palmberg spoke in behalf of the Day Schools and the Lieu-oo members, and work. Mrs. Tseu (Kwe-iung, Erlow's daughter) spoke in behalf of the Girls' Boarding School, then the congregation arose as an expression of their welcome, and following this Miss Burdick responded. She did remarkably well in expressing herself in Chinese. We were all very much interested in the message she brought to us of friends and the people in the home land, and it seemed to me that the Chinese especially were interested to hear a word about Dr. Swinney, Mrs. Fryer, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph and John Randolph, those who had been in the work here in former years. With a few closing remarks by myself, and a hymn and prayer, a very interesting service was brought to a close.

We do pray that Miss Burdick's return to the work here will bring very much blessing to this little church, and to us all.

The Sabbath previous to Miss Burdick's arrival we received a young girl as probationer. She is living in the city chapel for a time with Dzau-sing-chung and studying the Bible. We pray that she may become a true and faithful Christian.

To-day Dr. Palmberg has gone to the mountains to spend two weeks with a friend. We hope it will do her very much good, for she has not been at all well during the summer.

Miss Burdick is planning for a trip to Lieu-oo this week. She wishes to make this visit before the schools open.

It is our practice near the close of the summer vacation, just before the opening of the schools, to have the school buildings whitewashed and thoroughly cleaned, and this work is now in progress. This work will require about a week. I am hoping I may at the close of this month or the first of October be able to get away for a little change.

I suppose one of the daily topics of discussion with you, as with us, is the Japanese and Russian war. The Japanese have evidently been guided by the spirit of great wisdom and caution. From the beginning of the war to the present there has been a steady succession of victories. It has seemed to me that this cruel war has gone on long enough, and that other powers might with great consistency step in and say thus far and no farther.

I desire to thank the Missionary Board for their willingness to assist in the support of an evangelist and pastor for the Shanghai Seventh-day Baptist church. I do not know yet whether the hope of such a worker will be soon realized or not. We must wait for the clear indication and call of God of the person to take this work. It will be worse than useless for us to lay hands on any one whom God has not called, and so we must wait. I have hoped that the Spirit of God might be given to some one in the church, and that he might feel especially called to engage in this most needed branch of work for the upbuilding of our cause here.

WEST GATE, SHANGHAI, Sept. 6.

### BEFORE THE RAIN.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

We knew it would rain, for all the morn  
A spirit on slender ropes of mist  
Was lowering its golden buckets down  
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens,—  
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,  
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,  
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed  
The white of their leaves; the amber grain  
Shrunk in the wind; and the lightning now  
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain.

### AFTER THE RAIN.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

The rain has ceased, and in my room  
The sunshine pours an airy flood;  
And on the church's dizzy vane  
The ancient Cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,  
Antiquely carved, gray and high,  
A dormer, facing westward, looks  
Upon the village like an eye:

And now it glimmers in the sun,  
A square of gold, a disk, a speck:  
And in the belfry sits a dove  
With purple ripples on her neck.

The new birth is the great "must" of the Bible.—Rev. J. P. Miller.

## Woman's Work.

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

### THE ISLE OF LONG AGO.

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River Time  
As it flows through the realm of years,  
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,  
And a broader sweep and surge sublime  
As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow  
And the summers like buds between;  
And the years in the sheaf—so they come and go  
On the river's breast with its ebb and flow,  
As they glide in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical isle up the River Time  
Where the softest of airs are playing;  
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,  
And a voice as sweet as a vesper chime,  
And the June with the roses are staying.

And the name of the isle is the Long Ago,  
And we bury our treasures there;  
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—  
There are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!  
There are trinkets and tresses of hair,  
There are fragments of song that nobody sings,  
And a part of an infant's prayer.  
There's a harp unswept and a lute without strings,  
And the garments she used to wear.

—New York Tribune.

THE *Tribune* Fresh Air Fund has just closed another year of successful work. One thousand a week was the average number taken into the country, while about the middle of August the numbers reached nearly five thousand a week. About one thousand of this number were sent into the country for two weeks, while the others were sent on day excursions to Excelsior Grove on the Hudson River. These day excursions have been in operation for fifteen years, and all the expenses of these day trips have been borne by one man, who believes in doing good in secret, and is unwilling that the world shall know his name. In the fifteen years that this work has been carried on almost four hundred thousand women and children have been taken for a day's outing into the country. The parties taken to Excelsior Grove, are taken to and from their destination free of charge by steam-boat, have the freedom of the Grove for the day, and while each family is expected to provide its own lunch, an abundance of milk is furnished to all who want it. There have been twenty-three of these excursions this year, and an average of a thousand women and children have been taken each day. Though the crowds have sometimes been very great, it has all been accomplished without any serious mishap. The *Tribune* Fresh Air Fund was the first work of the kind in this country, and is almost the only one, if not the only one, where all the money contributed goes directly for the benefit of the children. There are no paid officials in connection with this work, all expenses being defrayed by the *Tribune*, that the boys and girls may get all the benefit of the money sent for their use.

On the shores of Long Island is a house with several cottages that one of the charitable institutions of New York use for the summer. They call it Sea Breeze, and here they send women, babies and children over three and under fourteen years of age. Fifty-four thousand three hundred persons have been cared for here during the nineteen weeks that the place was kept open this year. Most of these were taken to Sea Breeze for the day only, but several, usually mothers with sick babies, were kept sev-

eral days. The finances for this work have been so carefully managed, that the cost of transportation from New York to Sea Breeze averages a little over eleven cents a trip. The benefit that comes to the women and children who are taken for even one day from the hot-crowded tenements of the city to the cool, fresh air of the country or sea-shore is almost beyond the comprehension of those who enjoy the fresh air and green fields all the time. To many it gives new life and to others it is the saving of life itself.

### WOMAN'S BOARD.

RECEIPTS FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

In August.	
Ashaway, R. I., Mrs. E. F. Stillman, school work at Fouke, Ark.	\$ 5 00
Berlin, N. Y., Ladies of Seventh-day Baptist Church, unappropriated	4 20
Berea, W. Va., Mrs. J. E. Metherell and daughters, unappropriated	5 00
Edgerton, Wis., Mrs. Emogene Stillman, Tract Society, \$13; Missionary Society, \$12	25 00
Hebron, Pa., Mrs. L. R. Burdick, unappropriated	1 00
Jackson Centre, Ohio, Ladies' Benevolent Society, Crofoot Home	3 00
Nile, N. Y., Ladies' Aid Society, China Mission	7 00
West Edmeston, N. Y., Ladies' Aid Society, Tract Society	3 00
China Mission	3 00
Home Mission	3 00
Evangelistic Work	3 00
Board Expense	15 00
	\$65 20

In September.	
Collection at General Conference, 1904, Education	\$ 17 55
Gentry, Ark., Ladies' Society, unappropriated	8 00
Milton, Wis., Mrs. C. W. Green, Tract Society, \$1, Missionary Society, \$1	2 00
Milton, Wis., Mrs. A. J. Wells, Account Freight on China Christmas Box	1 00
Milton, Wis., Ladies' Benevolent Society, Account Jennie B. Morton Scholarship in Milton College	55 00
Peninsula, Ohio, Miss Frances Stillman, Tract Society	1 00
	\$84 55

Mrs. L. A. PLATTS, Treasurer.  
MILTON, Wis., Sept. 30, 1904.

### RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, Our beloved sister, Perdilla Z. Rogers, has fallen asleep, and

WHEREAS, It is fitting that we, the Ladies' Aid Society, express our appreciation of what she was to us;  
*Resolved*, That we express to the bereaved family, in their hour of deep trial and affliction, our heart felt sympathy, and devoutly commend them, for condolence, to the One who bears our sins and carries our sorrows.

*Resolved*, That this society has lost one of its most valued and efficient members, and that the interests of this society, the church, and the Denomination, have lost a true friend, and generous supporter. A sense of her sterling, Christian character tempers our grief, feeling sure that our loss is her eternal gain.

*Resolved*, That this memorial of her be spread upon the society's records, that one copy be sent to the bereaved family, and another be furnished the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

MRS. L. D. SEAGER,  
MRS. M. B. YORK,  
MRS. A. C. DAVIS,  
Committee.

FARINA, ILL.

"Over a winding, wayside wall,  
Ragged and rough and gray,  
There crept a tender, clinging vine,  
Tireless day by day.  
At last its mantle of softest tint  
Covered each jagged seam,  
The straggling wall half broken down  
Became, with that leafy, tinted crown,  
Fair as an artist's dream.

"O for the kindness that clings and twines  
Over life's broken wall.  
That blossoms above the scars of pain,  
Striving to hold them all!  
O for the helpful, ministering hands,  
Beneficent, willing feet,  
That spread rich mantles of tender thought  
O'er life's hard places, till time has wrought  
Its healing—divine, complete!"

—Christian Advocate.

## SENATOR HOAR A STRONG ADVOCATE OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

From his first appearance in public life the late United States Senator Hoar from Massachusetts has been an earnest upholder of all kinds of legislation for the benefit of women and has been instrumental in the passage of many laws which have given to them better opportunities of education and wage-earning, and above all he has been a fearless champion of the Political Rights of Women.

A strong attachment existed between him and his estimable wife. When Mrs. Hoar died last winter, his friends predicted that he would not long survive her. His life-long advocacy of equal rights for women was doubtless made more earnest by his association with this noble woman.

All his public addresses on this subject are characterized by a high respect for womanhood. In a speech delivered at Amherst, Mass., Mr. Hoar said:

"I believe that the Republic will never reach the lofty ideal of the conception of our fathers; it will never attain the high moral quality which will be alike its strength and its safety, until that qualification shall be given to it by the help and co-operation of woman.

"The moral temperament, which determines permanently the history of any community, is given to it by its women. No nation, no city, no household, ever took a lofty place, where the influence of woman did not inspire it with the heroic temper. But this influence can only be exerted by woman to its fullest extent when she shares the responsibility, and takes her proper and fair part in the conduct of the State which she is to influence.

"Whenever in the household woman is admitted to the confidence of her husband, she can be depended upon for all household virtues of economy, of self-sacrifice and purity. It is only when she is excluded from that confidence that she sets the example of selfishness and frivolity."

ELNORA MONROE BABCOCK.

### "HE BELIEVES IN ME."

There is nothing which quite takes the place, in a boy's life, of the consciousness that somebody—his teacher, brother, sister, father, mother, or friend,—believes in him.

One of the most discouraging things to a youth who is apparently dull, yet is conscious of real power and ability to succeed is to be depreciated by those around him, to feel that his parents and teachers do not understand him, that they look upon him as a probable failure.

When into the life of such a boy there comes the loving assurances that somebody has discovered him, has seen in him possibilities undreamed of by others; that moment there is born within him a new hope, a light that will never cease to be an inspiration and encouragement.

If you believe in a boy, if you see any real ability in him, (and every human being is born with ability to do some one thing well,) tell him so; tell him that you believe he has the making of a man in him. Such assurance has often proved of greater advantage to a youth than cash capital. There is inspiration in "He believes in me."

I hear the wind among the trees,  
Playing celestial symphonies;  
I see the branches downward bent,  
Like keys of some great instrument.

—Longfellow.

## Young People's Work.

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

### MARION LAWRENCE'S GOOD RIGHT ARM.

No man need be ashamed to show his emotions and his affections. Of course, to make a display of them is disgusting, but they have their rightful part to play in the machinery of life. A truly great man has a great heart. Christianity is to win its triumphs by the power of love.

One of the most interesting men on the Kur-furst cruise was Marion Lawrence, the well known Bible school worker whose question box is conducted in the *Sunday School Times*. Being a whole-souled man, he threw himself cordially into the work of the temporary school on board the vessel. Whether he was superintendent or not, he moved about lending a quiet hand here and there, wherever he seemed to be needed, and his personality, forceful and winning, did much to make the school inviting and successful. The second Sunday, having spent the first one with the young men's Baraca Bible class, I went below to visit the primary department. As the session was about half through, I came up to the main school. I stood in the rear part of the room a few moments, just to cast my eye over the scene and enjoy it. Mr. Lawrence saw me standing there. We had met, but were only slightly acquainted. I doubt whether he could have told my name. But a nameless something bound us together. He came down to meet me and, in the most matter-of-fact manner, slipped his arm round my shoulder, entwining his fingers with mine—and there we stood for a little time talking about the classes.

I can not begin to describe to you the thrill of pleasure which that little act brought to me. Suddenly that first cabin dining room took on a home-like air and all the faces looked kind. I had not been in particular need of it. I already had many friends on board, and had been given more notice than I deserved; but that momentary clasp in the right arm of a great and good man lingers as a delightful memory yet.

If I had been a homeless, friendless boy, and had timidly wandered in there, and been greeted in that way, I would almost have been willing to lay down my life for the man who did it. I imagined myself for a moment alone, discouraged, poor, forsaken—and as I felt his fingers twined with mine, there was born in my heart such a love as usually comes only after the lapse of years. If I were the friendless boy in the town where that man lives, you can reckon I would be at his school every week, if I were able to crawl.

Well, there is such a boy—several of them—in your town. And you are the man whose good right arm is to draw him. Perhaps he has not been to Sabbath-School at all. You may have to go after him. But all the prizes of life—and there are many—will never bring to you the satisfaction and joy which will thrill your heart when it is yours to win him to the Saviour whose you are and whom you serve.

### THE TEST OF INFLUENCE.

The highest test of a sermon is not the praise of men. Aye, and is it not true of a life? Two men went out from the hall that day. One of them came up to the preacher before he departed and very gracefully assured him that it was

an excellent sermon. He had "enjoyed it very much." Did I see or did I imagine a shade of disappointment in the speaker's eyes?

The other man still sat in his place after the sermon was finished. He was in deep thought. There was a suggestion of moisture about his eyes, but underneath the mist was a quiet, steadfast look. He did not enter into conversation on the way home. He was not sul- len or unsocial—only thoughtful. Someone asked him how he liked the sermon and he answered, "I was glad I was there." He went home and wrote two letters, letters which ought to have been written before. Then he went down the street. His wife watched him and saw that he went into a house where he had not been in a long time. There had been some trouble. Bye and bye the two men came out onto the porch. Their faces were shining. They were saying good-bye, but their hands lingered in each other's grasp. All the week a peculiar look was on this man's countenance. It is there yet. I do not know how to describe it, but even the reflection in the faces of the other members of the family is pleasant to see. And the blessing has even gone a thousand miles away along with Uncle Sam's mail-bag.

### A STATESMAN IN AFRICA.

DEAR PASTOR RANDOLPH:—My profoundest regard to you; I hope you and your family are well, and things are moving on pleasantly in the church in Alfred, of which I am a member. The Law Department in Howard University opened on the first of this month at 6 p. m., after the close of the Sabbath. Having passed my preliminary for admission successfully I have entered upon my studies with ardent zeal. Should the question be asked, why I an ecclesiastic, have entered on the study of law, the answer is, As the grand fabric of God's holy law is destroyed by ecclesiastics, it needs ecclesiastical lawyers to reconstruct it. I am praying earnestly to our Heavenly Father to open the way for me, so that I may reach the height I am aiming at, that is, to be a statesman in Africa, either in the Republic of Liberia, or in the kingdom of Abyssina. I have bought all my law books for the first year excepting three, viz., Liedeman on Real Property, Liedeman on Bills and Notes, and Hale on Sorts. Those that I have bought have cost me in all \$26.50.

As our class begins in the afternoons, I go to work from morning until noon, daily five hours, at 15 cents per hour; my implements are pick axe, shovel and wheelbarrow. As it is outdoor work, when the cold season comes, I shall have to quit; I trust the Lord will then provide some indoor work, whereby I may be able to earn money to pay for my board and lodging. I am glad to say that I am still advocating God's truth to men and women as opportunity presents itself. Finding that my present lodging is quite convenient, and my landlord and his wife are very kind, I have decided to remain at my present lodging for the term.

A few days ago a white gentleman, a Seventh-day Adventist, hearing that I am studying law in order to enforce God's law on my people, said to me, in forcible utterance, that the first four commandments in the decalogue which teach us our duty to God, man is not to enforce but leave them to God; otherwise we should be interfering with God's prerogative in taking his work out of His hand, which will be an offence to the Almighty. I told him he was mistaken, for there is scriptural authority for enforce-

ing on men the observance of the commandments which teach us our duty to God; for when Josiah became king of Israel and found that the first and second commandments were being transgressed, he never rested until he had idolatry destroyed and the true worship of God re-established in Israel; and when Nehemiah returned from the Persian court and became a governor in Israel, when he found that the fourth commandment was being transgressed, he never rested until he had the Sabbath of the Lord our God strictly observed by the Jews. And neither king Josiah nor governor Nehemiah had taken God's work out of His hand; God used them as instruments in re-establishing His law among His people; and that's just what I intend to be, an instrument in God's hand in destroying idolatry and Sabbath-breaking in Africa, thus I am preparing myself to be a statesman, to perform this work in Africa. He then said that the government of Israel was theocracy, that's why Josiah and Nehemiah were permitted by God to do what they did, but I told him that he was again mistaken, for theocracy came to an end from the time that Saul became king of Israel. It was than a monarchical government and God approved of the actions of king Josiah and governor Nehemiah.

Yours sincerely,

J. C. DAWES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 9.

### SPEAK GENTLY.

G. W. LANGFORD.

Speak gently; it is better far  
To rule by love than fear;  
Speak gently; let no harsh word mar  
The good we may do here.

Speak gently to the little child;  
Its love be sure to gain;  
Teach it in accents soft and mild;  
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young; for they  
Will have enough to bear;  
Pass through this life as best they may,  
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,  
Grieve not the care-worn heart;  
Whose sands of life are nearly run,  
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor;  
Let no harsh tone be heard;  
They have enough they must endure,  
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know  
They must have toiled in vain;  
Perchance unkindness made them so;  
O, win them back again.

Speak gently; Love doth whisper low  
The vows that true hearts bind  
And gently Friendship's accents flow;  
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently; 'tis a little thing  
Dropped in the hearts deep well;  
The good, the joy, that it may bring,  
Eternity shall tell.

Twenty-eight persons were killed and sixty injured, by a head-on collision of trains on the Missouri Pacific road near Warrensburg, Mo., on Oct. 10. The victims were excursionists from South-Western Kansas to the World's Fair in St. Louis. The frequency and terribleness of such accidents during the past season is an appalling national calamity.

### HOW THE OCEANS WERE LINKED.

In *Harper's Magazine* for October Frank H. Spearman, the well-known railroad authority, tells the dramatic story of the building of the Union Pacific Railroad. His description of the completion of the enterprise and the attendant ceremonies is most interesting:

"Surely no such story is written anywhere on the records of our railroads," says Mr. Spearman. "The days when Dodge ran the line, Jack Casement laid the rail, Leland Stanford drove the spike and Bret Harte supplied the poem, can never return. Literature and the railroad had not become wholly divorced when the California poet wrote, 'What the Engines Said.' From the stages of theatres and on the first pages of newspapers particular announcement was made of the celebration to come on the next day. The rejoicing in San Francisco reached the extravagance of a kermess. In the bay the shipping was bright with bunting, and between gaily decorated buildings processions of jubilant citizens marched all day. What matters it that we know

now the electric current suffered a stage fright and the ring of the sledge on the last spike could not be made to repeat beyond Omaha? Is it not enough that the chief operator was equal to the occasion and drove the heavy blows in dignified clicks at the telegraph office on the Missouri River? What is of consequence is the way in which the clicks were received—the blows repeated at San Francisco on the great bell of the City Hall and cannon booming with the last stroke of Fort Point; and on Capitol Hill in Omaha a hundred guns following the explosion of bombs and the screaming of steam whistles. Capitalists, prominent citizens, volunteer firemen and horseshoers could still walk happily in one tiresome procession when the last Pacific Railroad spike was driven. Grant took the news in the White House, Chicago turned out a parade four miles long. New York was saluting the Pacific coast with salvos of artillery and Trinity chimes were ringing Old Hundred and Trinity voices were chanting 'Te Deum' when the earliest transcontinental line was finished; and in Philadelphia the old bell was ringing in Independence Hall. For American railroading surely these were the golden days."

Our readers will enjoy Harte's poem, written for that railroad wedding:

What was it the Engine said,  
Pilots touching,—head to head  
Facing on the single track,  
Half a world behind each back?  
This is what the Engines said  
Unreported and unread!

With a prefatory screech,  
In a florid Western speech,  
Said the Engine from the WEST:  
'I am from Sierra's crest;  
And, if altitude's a test,  
Why, I reckon, it's confessed,  
That I've done my level best.'

Said the Engine from the EAST:  
'They who work best talk the least.  
S'pose you whistle down your brakes;  
What you've done is no great shakes,—  
Pretty fair,—but let our meeting  
Be a different kind of greeting.  
Let these folks with champagne stuffing,  
Not their Engines, do the puffing.'

'Listen! Where Atlantic beats  
Shores of snow and summer heats;  
Where the Indian autumn skies  
Paint the words with wampum dyes,  
I have chased the flying sun,

Seeing all he looked upon,  
Blessing all that he has blest,  
Nursing in my iron breast  
All his vivifying heat,  
All his clouds about my crest;  
And before my flying feet  
Every shadow must retreat."

Said the Western Engine, "Phew!"  
And a long low whistle blew.  
'Come now, really that's the oddest  
Talk for one so very modest,—  
You brag of your East! You do?  
Why, I bring the East to you!  
All the Orient, all Cathay,  
Find through me the shortest way,  
And the sun you follow here  
Rises in my hemisphere.  
Really,—if one must be rude,—  
Length, my friend, ain't longitude."

Said the Union, "Don't reflect, or  
I'll run over some Director."  
Said the Central, "I'm Pacific,  
But, when riled, I'm quite terrific,  
Yet to-day we shall not quarrel,  
Just to show these folks this moral,  
How two Engines—in their vision—  
Once have met without collision."

That is what the Engines said,  
Unreported and unread;  
Spoken slightly through the nose,  
With a whistle at the close.

### WHY NO JAPANESE GENERAL HAS BEEN HIT.

The reason is that the generals of the Japanese are directors, calmly managing the war by telegraph and telephone, while the Russians cling to the old Skobelev tradition of a commander at the head of his men leading the fight. The correspondent of *The Times* says: "From the Japanese line we can see the white-coated Russian officers riding conspicuously before their troops, while from the Russian side it must be hard to discover the Japanese officers, because their uniforms are so like those of the ranks, and because General Kuroki and the lesser generals usually are somewhere behind the fighting line managing their battles by telegraph and telephone." The description of the way in which the engineers run wires with almost electric rapidity is graphic: "Firing is heard somewhere at the front. A detachment of engineers emerges from the headquarters, pack ponies carry bundles of light bamboo poles, while coolies and carts follow them with coils of slender copper wire. The poles, which have pointed ends, are quickly planted, the wire spreads out as fast as men can uncoil it, and a field telephone is at work."

### THE TAKEN GIFT.

A minister of the gospel was trying to explain to a lady the difference between praying and taking; but she was a slow pupil, and could not see the distinction. Presently they went to her home, and tea was on the table.

"Will you take a cup of tea?"

"Thank you."

"Milk and sugar?"

"If you please."

The tea was prepared and handed towards him; but he appeared as though he did not see it, and said plaintively: "Please, madam, give me a cup of tea."

The lady thought that he was absorbed in some far-away subject, and put the tea closer to his hand; but still he did not seem to see it, and

said: "May I trouble you, madam, for a cup of tea?"

Again the lady reached it nearer, and said: "Excuse me, but the tea is there, ready for you; will you not take it?"

And immediately he turned to her, and said: "That is what God has been saying to you for the last ten years. You have been pleading with Him to give, whilst He has been pressing His richest gifts toward your hand, saying, 'Take, child, take!'"

God's offer of salvation is never withdrawn for an instant. It is there for our acceptance at any moment.

### A NIGHT IN THE RED SEA.

ALFRED COMYN LYALL.

The strong, hot breath of the land is lashing  
The wild sea horses, they rear and race;  
The plunging bows of our ship are dashing  
Full in the fiery south wind's face.

She rends the water, it foams and follows,  
And the silvery jet of the towering spray,  
And the phosphor sparks in the deep wave hollows,  
Lighten the line of our midnight way.

The moon above with its full orb'd luster,  
Lifting the veil of the slumberous land,  
Gleams o'er a desolate island cluster,  
And the breakers white on the lonely sand.

And a bare hill range in the distance frowning,  
Dim wrapt in haze like a shrouded ghost,  
With its jagged peaks the horizon crowning,  
Broods o'er the stark Arabian coast.

See, on the edge of the waters leaping,  
The lamp, far flashing, of Perim's strait  
Glitters and glows, as the ship goes sweeping  
Fast on its course for the Exile's Gate.

And onward still to the broadening ocean,  
Out on the narrow and perilous seas,  
Till we rock with a large and listless motion  
In the moist soft air of the Indian breeze.

And the Southern Cross, like a standard flying,  
Hangs in the front of the tropic night,  
But the Great Bear sinks, like a hero dying,  
And the Pole Star lowers its signal light.

And the round earth rushes toward the morning,  
And the waves grow paler, and wan the foam;  
Misty and dim, with a glance of warning,  
Vanish the stars of my northern home.

Let the wide waste sea for a space divide me,  
Till the close coiled circles of time unfold,  
Till the stars rise westward to greet and guide me,  
When the exile ends, and the years are told.

### HOW WE SUFFER FROM THE WAR.

Orders have been issued in San Francisco suspending all freight service to the Orient by the steamships of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and Occidental and Oriental Steamship Company and the Portland and Asiatic Company. This is one result of the war. This suspension covers freight to Japan, China, Korea, Siberia and Manchuria. In peace times this trade in the aggregate has in late years amounted to \$32,000,000 annually. The loss of San Francisco shipping merchants on account of its abandonment is computed at \$300,000 a month, and of the steamship companies at \$100,000 a month. Of course, these are not all who will be affected. Not unlikely it will seriously affect the business of Southern cotton mills, their product finding its best market in the Orient. Consider how the trade of England and Germany has been affected by recent events. These lessons ought to have a powerful effect in strengthening the interest of men of business in advocating treaties of international arbitration as a means of preventing wars.—*Boston Herald*.

Beloved, let us love so well  
Our work shall still be better for our love,  
And still our love be sweeter for our work.

## "RECONCILIATION."

Delivered by Rev. Wayland D. Wilcox at Conference at Nortonville, Sabbath eve.

2 Corinthians 5: 20.

"Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

It is very generally admitted, that there is a Supreme Being who exercises a moral government over the world; that he is a God of wisdom, power, and goodness; and, to be consistent, we must allow that to love him supremely, and obey him willingly, is the reasonable service of every rational and intelligent creature. Is it not strange, therefore, that we should be his enemies, and that the apostle and ambassador of Christ should have occasion to exhort us to be reconciled to God? Let us first notice the want of reconciliation with which we are indirectly charged.

Opposition to the will of God is virtually opposition to himself; for who rebels against any sovereign, but he who refuses to submit to his laws? There is a want of reconciliation in man to the established order of God in the system of nature. It is true we admire much in this vast system, and we bestow much praise, but do we not indulge in some censure? For example, we are glad that the earth rewards the husbandman for his toil, yet many would like it better if it would bring forth spontaneously and fill their closets, cribs, and barns without toil or care on their part. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," is an order of God, against which many hearts rebel. Again we love life, sweet, precious life, the best gift of heaven to man; but would not many like it better if it were longer and more certain? The thought of losing it sheds a gloom over all their prospects. There is want of reconciliation to God in the order of his providence. What is providence? It is the care God exercises over his creatures, including their sustenance, preservation, correction and comforts. Are we reconciled to it? We fear only in part. True, we are well pleased with those providences which lavish upon us health, friends, and prosperity; but how is it under a reverse of fortune, when we have affliction, poverty, blasted prospects, and sore troubles? Do we like these things? All that befalls us in the arrangements of providence is intended for the same great end—the glory of God in our final joy. All our murmurs against our adverse fortunes are so many evidences of our want of reconciliation to God's providence.

There is want of reconciliation to the law of God. By law here we mean the whole revelation of God's will to man, as set forth in the Holy Scriptures. To this law the sinner is not reconciled, because it is not reconciled to his life and conduct. For example, the covetous are not reconciled to the law of God, because it demands charity; the fraudulent are not, for it requires justice; the proud are not, for it teaches humility; the dissipated are not, for it enjoins chastity. In a word, when we have found sin in a thousand forms, we shall have a thousand witnesses that sinners are unreconciled to God's law, because it is opposed to their life and conduct; and this is necessary that they may know themselves, "for by the law is the knowledge of sin."

As we are not reconciled to God, and that ir-reconciliation is owing to our own rebellion and depravity, it may be fairly inferred that God is not reconciled to us. How then can the two

unreconciled parties be brought together? To find an answer to this question brings us to speak of the means of reconciliation.

We may become reconciled to God only through the mediation of the Saviour, Christ Jesus. "For there is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus; who gave himself a ransom for all, to be testified in due time."

In ancient times it pertained to the office of mediation to reconcile differences, and the manner was to bring the contending parties to a convenient distance apart, when the mediator stepped between, laid one hand on each, and proceeded to make propositions of peace. To this custom there is an allusion in the book of Job, "Neither is there any daysman between us, that he might lay his hand upon us both." But who can act as daysman between God and man? Can a man? His arm is too feeble to reach heaven. Can an angel? His arm is too short to reach earth. Who then? None but the Lord Jesus Christ, the God-man Mediator. With the right hand of his divinity he lays hold of the eternal throne of God, with the left hand of his humanity he grasps a sinful world, and with those far-reaching, outstretched arms he draws heaven and earth, God and man together. For "God was in Christ reconciling the world to himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and he hath committed unto us the ministry of reconciliation."

The ministry of Christ's own appointing should be a ministry of reconciliation. When Christ was upon earth he preached his own blessed Gospel, and before he ascended to heaven he appointed men to labor in the ministry of the word, who, in our text, are called *ambassadors*. This term, among statesmen, designates persons sent by public authority to transact business with some foreign power. But here it means a grander mission, a far nobler calling. These ambassadors are those sent by the Lord Jesus Christ to offer from himself terms of peace and reconciliation to sinful man. Their commission is in these words: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." I would rather be the minister of the Gospel, the ambassador of Christ, to the poorest, humblest people on earth than to be ambassador from these United States to the Court of St. James.

But how shall we distinguish the true ambassador of Christ from mere pretenders to that character? The rule is plain and it is easily applied. "By their fruits ye shall know them," namely, the fruits of holiness, indicating a thorough change of heart, and the fruits of their ministry. It is not to be supposed that Christ sends any on this embassy but his own loyal subjects, constituted such by genuine conversion and Spiritual adoption. Those whom God converts and sends out to convert others are the true ambassadors of Christ. Whatever we may lack beside, if we would be "able ministers of the New Testament," we "must be indued with power from on high," so that, like Paul's, our speech and our preaching may not be "with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in the demonstration of spirit and of power, that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." Such a ministry must be more or less successful, causing the hearer to feel that "the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

So far as the atonement and mediation of

Christ and the pure ministry of his word are properly used, so far they will effect the desired reconciliation, being mixed with faith in them that hear. Hence there are degrees of reconciliation. The impenitent and unbelieving are not reconciled in any sense, except that they are offered mercy and salvation on condition of repentance and faith. True penitents, who are striving for the faith of Christ, are so far reconciled as to acknowledge themselves in fault, and to desire conditions of peace. They know that the law is spiritual but they are carnal and cannot be justified by the deeds of the law. Such an one may well say, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

The truly and fully reconciled are those who are pardoned through faith in Christ, and are regenerated by the Holy Spirit. They "have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Paul, alluding to his state before he experienced this change, complained of captivity, bondage, wretchedness, a burden called the *body of death*, and helplessness under all this distress of mind; but widely different in his language when speaking of his happy deliverance from that state, "There is therefore no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

When a man has long felt prejudice in his heart against a neighbor, treating him as an enemy, but subsequently becomes satisfied that the fault was his own, and effects a permanent reconciliation, his mind is relieved of a burden, and he feels light and joyful; but what is this compared with reconciliation to God, attended by peace and joy in the Holy Ghost?

It is "the peace of God which passeth understanding;" it is "joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

Lastly, what are the motives to this reconciliation? It would be an easy task to show that every attribute of the Supreme Being operates as a strong argument and a powerful motive to be reconciled to him. But the chief consideration is that of his condescension, as brought to view in our text. He beseeches us to be reconciled to him, and stoops to ask our love.

Was it ever known that a ruined debtor, being offered a full release by his merciful creditor, refused to accept liberty from his thralldom? Only in the case before us. Here the sinner owes "ten thousand talents, and has nothing to pay." The Lord freely offers to forgive him the whole debt, and he strongly refuses the offer.

Was it ever known that a condemned prisoner, awaiting the execution of his sentence to death, being offered a reprieve from his sentence by the governor of the state, still hugged his chains and courted premature death? Only in this instance, where the sinner "is condemned already for sin and unbelief;" while on his way to execution, the Governor of the Universe offers him full and free pardon, and even condescends to plead with him not to refuse his gracious offer. Yet he stubbornly rejects it, and heedlessly rushes on to destruction. But some, yes, thank God, many are yielding to the scepter of mercy, passing joyfully from the death of bondage and sin into the life and liberty of reconciled children of God. May others be encouraged to follow their example till the king-

dom of darkness shall be demolished, and the kingdom of our Lord and his Christ prevail in every heart, and in all lands!

Finally, we cannot close without a warning and an exhortation to those who still refuse to be reconciled to our Heavenly Father. Are there any such here to-night? And do you still persist in your most unrighteous opposition to the will of God? We warn you, in view of your own misery and helplessness, in view of your danger, we warn you by the number of your sins, by the troubles of a guilty conscience, and the threatenings of God's violated law to be reconciled to him. We entreat you to accept his mercy. We exhort you by the compassion which God has shown for man, by Christ's suffering and death that you might have life, by his great love for you, by the comfort, joy, and peace he alone can give, by the Christian's hope of heaven we exhort you to accept now the offer of life and salvation. We do more than exhort; "as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

## SAND PICTURES.

"If the augustness would condescend to take honorable repose for but a moment, until his servant can get her miserable sands, she will make for him the sand-pictures."

That was the way a little Japanese girl spoke one day in Kobe to a visitor. An English child, even if she could do what this little one did, would have said: "If the gentleman will be seated I will get my sands in a minute."

They speak quaintly in Japan.

But she brought in a moment three little bags filled with sand—white, blue and yellow—and then she led the way into the garden. Seating herself, without disarranging a single fold of her dainty kimono, she scraped a smooth place on the gravel walk and poured out the white sand, carefully spreading it in a little square.

Then, taking a handful of the blue sand, she let it trickle through her fingers, rapidly making a design of a cottage in outline. With the yellow sand she made the background, and, mixing the yellow and the blue, she designed trees of brilliant green.

She drew yellow windows in the blue cottage, and made a yellow walk leading up to the door. In five minutes she had made the most delicate little picture, which looked like a panel in a Japanese screen.

Every child in Japan plays this little game of making sand-pictures, and it is one which will give unending entertainment to children everywhere. It is easily tried, and some beautiful things can be made by any child with a taste for drawing.

## THE WIFE.

PHOEBE CARY.

Her washing ended with the day,  
Yet lived she at its close,  
And passed the long, night away  
In darning ragged hose.

But when the sun in all his state  
Illumed the eastern skies,  
She passed about the kitchen grate  
And went to baking pies.

There is a mighty *go* in the Gospel as well as *come*. It is *come, go*.—B. F. Jacobs.

Humanity has been aptly divided into two classes, lifters and leaners. Which are you?—Rev. A. Z. Conrad.

## Children's Page.

## HOME AGAIN.

But you don't know where I've been—  
I've been off down on a farm!  
Look here, where I've burnt the skin  
More'n half way up my arm!  
I could had a teeny pig  
To bring home but ma said no,  
It would get too awful big  
When it onct begun to grow.

An' I saw 'em makin' hay  
With a cutter ten feet wide—  
When I wanted, all the day  
I could sit on top an' ride!  
A n'onct, sir, the cutter stick  
Cut a rabbit right in two—  
He went "squeak, squeak!" like that, quick—  
An' you ought to seen him—whew!

Farmers have no groc'ry store,  
But they get their eggs in mows,  
An' they don't need milkmen, for  
They squeeze milk straight out of cows!  
An' my uncle—Uncle Jed—  
Onct when I was standin' by—  
"Open up your mouth!" he said—  
But he squirted in my eye!

I went round in overalls  
An' had pie for breakas—gee!  
An' I rang the bell that calls  
In for dinner an' for tea.  
An' the hired girl, she ate  
So ma didn't raise a fuss.  
At the table 'long with us—  
Country girls aren't s'posed to wait,

I washed near the back-stoop pump  
In a basin with the rest,  
An' nobody tried to jump  
On us when we splashed or messed.  
Ma, she says that I'm a sight  
'Cause I got so black—oh dear,  
I'm afraid I'll get all white  
'Fore I go again next year.

—Lippincott's.

## A PARROT VILLAGE.

Frolic was taken one day to see Chatter, a gray parrot from Africa. Chatter's master told Flo and Henry a very interesting story about the bird. "I got Chatter from a sailor in Guinea," he said. "Only a few months before he was flitting in his native forest, but he soon learned many words and showed that he was very clever indeed.

"A short time after he came to live with me I made a cruise along the coast of Liberia. Chatter came, too. His fare on the ship was \$5.00.

"One morning, as we were near land, the captain asked me if I would like to go ashore and see a parrot village.

"Do parrots ever live together in a village?" said I.

"Yes, indeed," he replied; "to be sure, a few blacks dwell there also, but the parrots rule the place."

"Chatter and I went with him. The little town looked as if the birds had it all to themselves. Parrots strutted up and down the sandy streets; parrots hopped in and out of the houses, which were really only wretched huts; parrots looked out of the openings that served as windows; parrots seemed to be everywhere.

"The negroes of these settlements make a business of catching the birds, the captain told me, and gave me a very interesting account of it.

"Every spring all the men, women and children go out into the forest to hunt them. When the young parrots are first getting ready to fly the blacks pounce upon them, carry them home

in baskets and feed them until they are able to take care of themselves. Then they clip their wings and turn them loose in the village.

"The parrots play about in the sunshine much as the little black children do. They always find their way home at meal time.

"A village of this kind is called a parrot farm. When the birds are grown they are sold to the masters of Dutch and British sailing vessels. Such ships sometimes carry hundreds of these tiny passengers back to Europe.

"The captain bought fifty parrots from a bright-eyed chocolate-colored boy, who jabbered and grinned and capered around like a monkey. As the people in that region do not use money, he paid for the birds by giving the boy some yards of the cloth known as 'turkey red,' a string of glass beads and a straw hat almost as big as an umbrella.

"While we were making the bargain Chatter disappeared. We searched the village without finding him and I began to fear that my bird was lost or stolen.

"Just then we heard a racket in a tree near by. Going closer, we saw Chatter perched upon a high branch, making a speech. Around him, on other branches, was a large flock of parrots who were watching him and paying attention to every word he said.

"He rattled on in a gibberish they seemed to understand, for he was often greeted with a chorus of parrot cheers. Was he telling them of his travels, of the white people he lived among and the strange language they spoke?

"Perhaps so, for the parrots laughed and mumbled, as if to say: 'Dear, dear, what queer folks there are in the world!'

"When Chatter saw me he looked confused. He knew I was vexed and, thinking it best to close his remarks, he looked around at his bird auditors, flapped his wings and cried out:

"Gee whiz! How the wind blows! We're going to have a storm! Good-day, gentlemen, good-day."

Flo and Harry laughed, but Frolic looked as if he thought this a very strange story indeed. "Gee Whiz!" he repeated to himself, softly. And he eyed Chatter as if he thought him quite the oddest bird he had met.—*Christian Advocate*.

## THE SAME OLD CAT.

James Whitcomb Riley, in his inimitable way, tells the story of a "much-aggravated and unappreciated lad" who made up his mind that he "could not stand the tyranny of home longer," and so early one morning he put a long-contemplated plan into execution, and ran away.

All day long he played down at the old "swimming-hole" with the other boys, making a raid on an orchard at noon to stifle the pangs of hunger. At night, when his companions went home, he was left alone, "with a lump in his throat that hurt worse when he didn't notice it than when he did." As it grew dark, he "oozed" toward home. He climbed the back fence into the big back-yard, which had such a "homey" look that he had never noticed before. After roaming around getting acquainted with his home that he had left so long ago, about twelve hours since, he wandered into the sitting room, where father was reading the evening paper and mother was sewing. They took no notice of him, and he sat down on the remote edge of a chair and waited to be recognized. He could hear the boys playing out on the commons their nightly game of "town-fox," but he didn't want to join them. He just wanted to stay right there at home for

ever. The clock ticked, oh! so loudly, but otherwise the silence was so deep that it was painful. Finally, when it became more than he could bear, he cleared his throat and mustered up courage enough to say, "Well, I see you've got the same old cat."

#### EQUAL TO THE EMERGENCY.

Wordsworth's lines of the child at play, "as if his whole vocation were endless imitation," were recently recalled by a conversation overheard in the children's ward at the Johns Hopkins Hospital.

A little girl of nine, whose role was that of nurse, rang an imaginary telephone on the wall to talk to her companion at the farther end of the room, who played the part of doctor.

"Hello!" said the nurse. "Is this the doctor?" "Yes," answered a deep voice; "this is the doctor."

"This lady is very sick," he was informed.

"Well, what seems to be the trouble?" a bit gruffly.

"She has swallowed a whole bottle of ink!" said the nurse.

The doctor, not flurried, inquired what had been done for the patient; but the nurse, too, was ready in emergencies. She answered:

"I gave her two large pads of blotting paper!"

#### ALMOST HUMAN.

A farmer of a New York town owns a little white mare called Whitefoot. Every school-day morning Whitefoot hauls Mr. Ellis's two little girls in a wagon to the school-house, a mile from home, and after leaving the children there the little mare turns round and trots back to her masters house without any driver. When the school-closing hour approaches, Mr. Ellis hitches Whitefoot up and starts her off alone for the schoolhouse and in due time she comes back with the little girls. She is so careful and expert in passing vehicles on the road that she never has a collision or damages her harness.

One Sunday night Mr. Ellis's hired man drove Whitefoot over to Middletown on his way to New York. Before embarking on the cars here he tacked a piece of paper on the wagon seat containing this notice: "Don't stop this mare. She belongs to William H. Ellis, Bloomingburg, and will go home all right;" and then turning the mare's head homeward, he let her go. Sure enough, she covered the distance, a long nine miles, in safety, and at a pace that brought her home in about an hour.—*Watchman.*

On Oct. 10, the Inter-State Commerce Commission, sitting in Chicago, began a public investigation of the fraudulent monopoly created by agreements between private car companies and railroads. Private investigation has been going on for several months, to which the public hearings now begun are supplemented. Facts brought out up to this time show that private companies own the special cars for transporting meats, dairy products, etc., in "refrigerator cars" and that these dictate terms to railroads so that the shippers of such food products make the prices which consumers must pay. The producers of beer, and the Standard Oil Company, are two other branches of this monopoly. The investigations indicate that the regular railroad companies are seeking to escape from the grasp of these private-car companies which, it is said, dictate terms as to transportation to them as well as the price of products to the public. This investigation promises to unfold interesting facts.

## Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER

### The Four Tunnels under the Alps.

The Simplon is opened, and a train passed through the tunnel proper. There are now four railway tunnels at or near the base of the great Alpine range of mountains, situated between France and Sardinia, and Switzerland and Lombardy in Italy. The first tunnel made was under Mont Cenis, from which it took its name; it was not quite three miles in length, was all of ten years in making, and was finished in 1870.

This tunnel, in its day, was thought to be a remarkable piece of work, employing the highest order of engineering skill at that time. We well remember that the Mont Cenis tunnel was published world-wide as the greatest achievement in tunnel building ever known.

The St. Jothard tunnel has been until now the prince of tunnels, having to its credit nine miles and 1,692 feet. This tunnel was begun in 1872, only two years after the Mont Cenis was completed, yet in that time the science of tunnel building had so improved, that the St. Jothard, although more than three times the length of the Mont Cenis was completed in less than the same length of time.

In the meantime the Alberg tunnel was made, and was finished in 1870. Although more than twice the length of the Mont Cenis, it took less time to build and finish, for it was completed within the ten years.

The Simplon tunnel, between Switzerland and Sardinia in Italy, now completed (except the approaches), is over three miles longer than the St. Jothard, and has been made in just six years, having been commenced in August, 1898. We are of the opinion that these Alpine tunnel makers now so thoroughly understood their business, that they would undertake a ten-mile tunnel for a railroad through a mountain, and agree to complete it in five years.

The Simplon is nearly parallel, and directly under the Simplon Pass, over which Napoleon Bonaparte was four years up to 1805, constructing a military road for his army to reach Italy. Napoleon's road over the Simplon Pass, was forty-one miles between two points, which is now reached by the tunnel in a distance which was given in feet in an article a week or two ago. Will our young friends please put the number of those feet into statute miles, and see which side of twelve is the length of the tunnel?

The making of these tunnels through the high mountains has been greatly facilitated by the improvements made in the use of electricity as a power. In making the Simplon, the power was changed from falling waters (at the head waters of the river Rhone) to electricity, was taken by wire and distributed for labor where needed, in tunnelling, and will continue to be used for running of trains, lighting and other purposes. The glacial waters will also continue to be used for cooling the atmosphere throughout the tunnel and rendering it salubrious.

As the chain of the Alps mountains is over seven hundred miles in length, other tunnels may be projected in the interest of commerce to reach the Adriatic sea of Gulf of Venice.

We will now close our notes on tunnels under the Alps, and hope ere long to chronicle tunnels through the Andes, as two of them are very much needed.

God bestows His blessings in accordance with law.—*Rev. C. N. Sims.*

## Our Reading Room.

BOULDER, COL.—At the quarterly business meeting of the Boulder church, April 3, 1904, two deacons were elected, Bros. A. L. Clarke and S. J. Swan, and arrangements were partly made for the ordination to occur on the first Sabbath in June. Very shortly before this time the death of Rev. A. B. Prentice, who was to officiate, occasioned a postponement of the services. The ordination finally took place, August 20, 1904, as follows:

The council chosen to conduct the examination of deacons-elect consisted of the following members: Rev. F. O. Burdick, Rev. S. R. Wheeler, Rev. Wm. C. Daland, D. M. Andrews, J. R. Wheeler, Mrs. F. O. Burdick, Mrs. Mina Coon, W. McWhorter, and J. Clarke. D. M. Andrews was elected clerk, and Rev. Wm. Daland was chosen to conduct the examination. After the examination it was voted unanimously that it is the sense of the council that the examination be adjudged satisfactorily and that the candidates, Brethren A. L. Clarke and S. J. Swan, be accepted by the council. Voted that an account of the proceedings be forwarded to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

After the usual opening exercises, Rev. Wm. C. Daland preached the ordination sermon, Rev. F. O. Burdick offered the consecrating prayer and Rev. S. R. Wheeler gave the charge to the church and candidates. The right hand of fellowship was given by the pastor of the church, Rev. F. O. Burdick, followed by a hearty hand-shaking by all present. So ends this chapter.

D. M. ANDREWS, *Church Clerk.*

BOULDER, COL., Sept. 30, 1904.

DE RUYTER, N. Y.—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of DeRuyter, is growing in numbers and usefulness. Besides union meetings on Sunday at the several churches a reception was held Monday evening, Oct. 3, at the home of Mrs. Marie S. Williams, at which nine new members were received, choice music was rendered by the Ladies' Quartet, and an excellent paper was read by Mrs. P. A. Burdick, of Alfred, N. Y.

On Oct. 4, 1854, Orrin Henry and Miss Sarah C. French were married at Earlville, N. Y., and on Tuesday, Oct. 4, the family and friends gathered to celebrate their golden wedding. By the great mercy of God, there has not been a death in the family these fifty years, and the children were all present, six in number. Of the eleven grandchildren all were present except one who had just enlisted in the navy and gone to Brooklyn Navy Yard. The day was happily spent in music and song and prayer. A bountiful dinner was served and the family dispersed, leaving as a present, a large dining room extension table. L. R. S.

WESTERLY, R. I.—Mr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Stillman of the Potter Hill road celebrated on Sunday the fifty-sixth anniversary of their marriage. There were thirty-six present at a family gathering in the evening, representing four generations. Mr. and Mrs. Stillman have always resided at their present home, which was built in 1748. Mr. Stillman and his eight children were all born in the same house, which stands today in fairly good condition. They both enjoy good health in their old age.—*Westerly, (R. I.) Sun, Oct. 10.*

No man is useless while he has a friend.—*B. L. Stevenson.*

## THE NANTUCKET SKIPPER.

JAMES THOMAS FIELDS.

Many a long, long year ago,  
Nantucket skippers had 'a' plan  
Of finding out, though "lying low,"  
How near New York their schooners ran.

They greased the lead before it fell,  
And then by sounding, through the night,  
Knowing the soil that stuck so well,  
They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,  
Could tell, by tasting, just the spot;  
And so below he'd "douse the glim,"—  
After, of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,  
This ancient skipper might be found;  
No matter how his craft would rock,  
He slept, for skippers' naps are sound.

The watch on deck would now and then  
Run down and wake him, with the lead,  
He'd up, and taste, and tell the men  
How many miles they went ahead.

One night 'twas Jotham Marden's watch,  
A curious wag—the pedler's son;  
And so he mused (the wanton wretch!)  
"To-night I'll have a grain of fun.

"We're all a set of stupid fools,  
To think the skipper knows, by tasting,  
What ground he's on; Nantucket schools  
Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting!"

And so he took the well-greased lead,  
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth  
That stood on deck—a parsnip-bed,—  
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

"Where are we now, sir? Please to taste."  
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,  
Opened his eyes in wondrous haste,  
And then upon the floor he sprung!

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,  
Hauled on his boots, and roared to Marden—  
"Nantucket's sunk, and here we are  
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"

## THINGS TO SMILE AT.

Dr. Washington Gladden was once discussing Christian evidence with a number of students.

The students, as is sometimes the way with young men, manifested a lack of faith. They were not ashamed of this lack either; they seemed, on the contrary, to be proud of it.

"I," said a lad of eighteen years, a freshman—"I am an agnostic." He spoke pompously, his hands in his pockets. He regarded narrowly the effect on Dr. Gladden of his bold words.

"You are an agnostic?" said the clergyman.

"I am an agnostic."

"What is an agnostic?" Dr. Gladden asked.

"Tell me, won't you, just what meaning you attribute to that word?"

The lad swaggered about the room. He still kept his hands in his pockets. "An agnostic," he said, frowning—"why, an agnostic is—ah—a fellow who isn't sure of anything."

"How does it happen then," asked the clergyman, "that you're sure you are an agnostic?"

An old negro in a South Carolina town was arrested for stealing chickens, and as the old fellow bore a rather bad reputation it was quite hard to secure counsel for him. At last a young lawyer, who had known Rastus for a long time, took his case, to the great joy of the old man.

When his trial came off the judge asked him:

"Are you the defendant?"

The old fellow, perplexed for a moment, then replied: "No, sah, dat's de defendant; sah, made

pointing proudly at his counsel, "I'se de man wot stole de chickens."

The following story shows that grass and Greek may form a ludicrous combination:

At a recent live-stock show in Chicago, Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, was a speaker. On the same platform sat Norman J. Coleman, the first secretary of agriculture. Out of this unusual coincidence grew a humorous incident.

Secretary Wilson made a happy speech, and because of his popularity with the Western ruralist he was the shining, central figure of the gathering. When he had finished talking, lusty lungs and sun-burned hands gave him noisy approbation. The applause had not ceased when a Nebraska farmer, with whiskers like Senator Peffer's, arose in the back of the hall and said: "Gentlemen, we are all mighty glad to hear Secretary Wilson and are ready to do him honor, but let us not forget the other great man we have with us. We have on the same platform to-night the alfalfa and omega of agriculture—"

It was as far as the speaker ever got. His few remaining words were lost in the shrieks of laughter.

## WHEN HE IS RUSSIANIZED.

A journal in Vladivostok states that the Russianizing of the Chinese has already begun. The Chinese dealers and merchants in Port Arthur and other towns make a great point of adding to their family names a Russian ending, besides aping the Russian dress and manners.

Ere the bland and placid Chinaman is moulded into Russ  
There will be a world of trouble and another world of fuss;

It will take a million barrels of this hair restorer stuff  
To induce a crop of whiskers that is modled like a muff;

And he'll have to learn, in talking, to use accents like a cough,  
For he'll have to change from "Wun Lung" to Wunskivitch Lunhoff."

When the calm and smiling Chinaman is truly Russianized

We shall be a bit bewildered, and another bit surpassed  
For, instead of dangling queue, he'll wear a halo pompadour,

And his hair will hit the ceiling, when it used to sweep the floor,  
And his chirographic knowledge will be sleeping at the switch

When he tries to write the Chinese for Sam Lees-kivosovich.

Will the Russo-Chinese gentleman still emigrate to us?  
Will he mix his laundry dealing in a sort of Chino-Russ?

Will he gruffly murmur to us in the tongue of Demidoff,

"You not gotski ticketiski, you no gotski washeekoff!"  
If he does, then there's a prospect that our vision will be met

By a Russo-Chinese riot, tangled in an alphabet.

A new battleship, the Georgia, was launched at Bath, Me., Oct. 11. She is one of three ships now in progress, all of which belong to the largest and strongest ships afloat. Her trial displacement is 15,000 tons. She is 435 feet in length. Her armor has a gross weight of 3,700 tons. She will be heavily armed and her quarters will accommodate 700 men.

## MARRIAGES.

DUTROW-DAVID.—At the home of the bride's parents, LaCade, Ill., Sept. 24, 1904, by Pastor L. D. Seager, Eugene M. Dutrow, of Jetmore, Kan., and Bertha V. David, of LaCade, Ill.

## DEATHS.

BURDICK.—Myren G. Burdick, son of Russel Wells and Amelia Vincent Burdick, was born at Farina, Ill., Feb. 24, 1868, and died at his home in Clay County, Ill., Oct. 3, 1904.

He was married Sept. 27, 1891, to Sarah Ellen Dillman. Their home was blessed with four children, who with their mother are left to face life alone. A large circle of relatives and friends are saddened by the untimely removal from their midst of one who was respected and admired for his sterling qualities. Bro. Burdick was a loyal member of the Seventh-day Baptist Church at Farina, and died in the full assurance of the hope that is set before God's people.

L. D. S.

BONHAM.—At Colorado Springs, Col., Aug. 18, 1904, Miss Anna D. Bonham, after a painful illness caused by cancer, entered into rest.

She was the daughter of Richard J. and Ann D. Bonham, formerly of Shiloh, N. J. Forced to leave her home and friends of Shiloh, N. J., by the rapidly failing health of her brother, she attended him to Colorado in search of health, but in vain. His life was too near spent, and in a short time he was laid at rest in the beautiful cemetery near Colorado Springs. Within a few years she has been called on to minister to and to part with father, mother, two sisters, and two brothers, and to all she gave the same cheerful, patient care, although she herself very frail. The last few years she and her brother, Charles L., had lived together at Colorado Springs, she making him a very pleasant home, with her thoughtful care of his comfort and her life, which by friends was regarded as perfect as a human life could be. She has passed beyond the joy of ever seeing the old Shiloh friends again, though from time to time some of them gave her great joy by seeing her in their pleasant home. She was laid to rest in the West, the home of her adoption. The brother and friends have the deepest sympathy of Shiloh, N. J. She gave her heart to Christ Dec. 8, 1872, was baptized and became a member of the Shiloh Seventh-day Baptist church.

E. B. S.

HOOD.—Mrs. Benjamin Hood was born April 13, 1835, and died at Richburg, N. Y., Sept. 28, 1904.

Sister Hood's maiden name was Harriet L. Allen; she was born in Brookfield, Madison County, N. Y., was married to Benjamin Hood, Feb. 10, 1856, became a member of the Richburg Church in 1871 and lived a faithful, consistent Christian life, meeting the obligations of the family, the church and neighborhood with patience, sweetness and faithfulness. Her illness of a year's duration she bore with Christian fortitude, and died trusting in Jesus as her Saviour. Her funeral was held at her late residence, Sept. 30, and was largely attended by sympathetic neighbors. The text was by request from the fourteenth chapter of John, "In my father's house are many mansions," etc. o. d. s.

JONES.—Ira Wallace Jones was born in Alfred, N. Y., May 15, 1855. He died at his late home, directly opposite the place where he was born, Oct. 7, 1904, in the fiftieth year of his age.

The stock was pioneer upon both sides, his grandfather Jones and great grandfather Stillman having been early settlers. His father was Rev. Henry L. Jones of Wellsville for a number of years a lawyer, and in later life a loved and honored pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist denomination. Ira Jones was admitted to the bar at the age of 22 years, and afterward was a bookkeeper for large tannery interests in Wellsville. Sixteen years ago, his health having broken, he moved upon the farm formerly occupied by his grandfather Stillman, near Alfred. He was baptized in the Baptist church of Wellsville, when a boy of twelve. For many years he, with his wife, has been a member of the First Alfred Seventh-day Baptist church, into which fellowship his son was also baptized five years ago. He leaves a wife, son and little daughter. He was a man of honor, integrity and high standing in the community, holding a prominent position on the town board, and being a Home Department visitor of the Sabbath-School. He was kind to others, and his death is attended by many expressions of loving regard. Of the eleven students who have made their home with him while attending school, four acted as the bearers at his funeral. Pastor's text, Ps. 37:3.

L. C. R.

## 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.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 1.	Elisha Succeeds Elijah	2 Kings 2: 12-22
Oct. 8.	The Widow's Oil Increased	2 Kings 4: 1-7
Oct. 15.	Elisha and the Shunammite	2 Kings 4: 25-37
Oct. 22.	Elisha and Naaman	2 Kings 5: 1-14
Oct. 29.	Elisha at Dothan	2 Kings 6: 8-23
Nov. 5.	Joshua the Boy King	2 Kings 11: 1-16
Nov. 12.	Joshua Repairs the Temple	2 Kings 12: 4-15
Nov. 19.	Isaiah's Message to Judah	Isa. 11: 1-9; 16-20
Nov. 26.	World's Temperance Lesson	Isa. 28: 1-13
Dec. 3.	Hezekiah Reopens the Temple	2 Chron. 29: 18-31
Dec. 10.	Captivity of the Ten Tribes	2 Kings 17: 6-18
Dec. 17.	Review.	
Dec. 24.	The Prince of Peace	Isa. 9: 1-7

### LESSON V.—ELISHA AT DOTHAN.

For Sabbath-day, Oct. 29, 1904.

LESSON TEXT.—2 Kings 6: 8-23.

**Golden Text.**—“The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.”—Psa. 34: 7.

#### INTRODUCTION.

We can hardly say that Elisha was an intimate friend of the kings of Israel, yet unlike Elijah he resided sometimes in the capital city, and was recognized as a royal counsellor. As we are told in this lesson he did very efficient service for Israel in informing the king of intended forays of the Syrians. Israel was at this time in a weakened condition, and was continually harassed by predatory invasions.

There is the same doubt about the precise time of this lesson, and as to who was the king of Israel as in the case of last week's lesson. Evidently the incident of this lesson could not have occurred shortly after that of last week; for the king of Syria would certainly have had sufficient gratitude to keep the marauding bands away from Israelitish territory. Our lesson is also certainly not in close connection in time to the paragraph that follows it.

**TIME.**—About the same as in last week's lesson.

**PLACES.**—Samaria; Dothan, about twelve miles north-east of Samaria.

**PERSONS.**—Elisha, the prophet; the king of Israel (perhaps Jehoram. See note of last week); the armies of Syria; the servant of the prophet.

**OUTLINE:**

1. Elisha Reveals the Plans of the King of Syria. v. 8-13.
2. The Chariots of Jehovah are Revealed to the Servant of the Prophet. v. 14.
3. The Syrian army is Led Astray and Captured. v. 20-23.

#### NOTES.

8. *Now the king of Syria was warring against Israel.* The warfare was evidently more of the nature of predatory raids and skirmishes rather than of direct attack. *In such and such a place shall be my camp.* He told them thus in private of his formal and definite plans. The word translated “camp” is found only here in the Bible. We are to understand not an ordinary encampment for the rest of the army but rather a concealed camp or ambushade for the purpose of attack upon the Israelites.

9. *Beware that thou pass not such a place.* A definite warning as to the place of the ambush. Perhaps the king was planning to start upon some military expedition. Josephus says that it was a hunting party that was about to bring the king into the place of danger.

10. *And the king of Israel sent to the place, etc.* He sent scouts to find out whether the danger was real or not, or perhaps he sent soldiers before hand to occupy the position which the enemy were planning to take. *Not once nor twice.* But several times. If the king of Syria had been forestalled in his plans only a few times he would not have been greatly surprised and

would perhaps have ascribed his ill-fortune to accident.

11. *And the heart of the king of Syria was sore troubled for this thing.* Or better, was enraged. *Which of us is for the king of Israel?* He suspected treachery and the evidence seemed to him very conclusive.

12. *Servants.* As we have noted elsewhere this word is used of the high officials and officers of the king. *Nay, my lord, O king.* One of the king's officers very politely contradicts his conclusion. *Elisha, the prophet that is in Israel.* The fame of the prophet had extended to Syria, and this well-informed officer had heard what was no doubt a common report in Israel. *In thy bed-chamber.* Elisha knew the King's most secret plans. This implied superhuman insight on the part of Elisha.

13. *Go and see where he is, etc.* The king determines to seize this dangerous enemy, and so sends spies to ascertain his whereabouts. *Dothan* is mentioned in Genesis as the place near which Joseph found his brethren at the time when they received him so cruelly and sold him into slavery.

14. *Therefore he sent thither horses, and chariots, and a great host.* That is, a great host to arrest one man, probably not a great invading army. The fact that the king of Syria might thus easily besiege a city only twelve miles from the capital of Israel shows to what a deplorable state of weakness Israel was reduced. It is noticeable that the king of Syria did not stop to think that the man who could reveal the plans against the king of Israel might easily discern also the plans that were directed against himself. *And they came by night and compassed the city about.* They took great precautions against the escape of Elisha. If the army had approached in the daytime some one might have seen them in the distance and have warned the prophet to flee. Their force was stretched out so as to surround the city completely and leave no little loophole for escape.

15. *Servant of the man of God.* It is very improbable that this was Gehazi. The word translated “servant” is a different word from that used of Gehazi. It is sometimes translated “minister,” and is used to express the relation in which Joshua stood to Moses. *Alas my master! how shall we do?* He thought that they were completely undone and that now Elisha would be taken captive by the Syrians. From a human point of view he drew very logical conclusions.

16. *For they that are with us are more than they that are with them.* One with God is a majority. Elisha already beholds the unseen forces of Jehovah which he knows are for his protection.

17. *Open his eyes that he may see.* That is, Give him spiritual vision that he may discern the divine forces. *The mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire.* They were there before, but the young man had not seen them till now. The language is to be understood as figurative. Literal horses and chariots of fire were not needed for the deliverance of Elisha. The vision which the young man saw was too grand for description in earthly language. With this resplendent host for the help of the prophet compare the twelve legions of angels which our Lord Jesus might have had if he had chosen to be delivered from his enemies. Matt. 26: 53. Compare also the horses and chariots of fire sent to receive Elijah. *Round about Elisha.* Not close to him, but sent for his protection.

18. *And when they came down to him.* The meaning of this line is in dispute. Some hold that “they” refers to Elisha and his servant; and “him” to the leader of the Syrian host or to the army collectively. Others, with greater probability, think that “they” refers to the Syrian soldiers and “him,” to Elisha. The prophet and his servant had evidently gone forth boldly from the city and were now surrounded by the soldiers. *Smite this people, I pray thee, with blindness.* A rather unusual word for blindness, used only here and in Gen. 19: 11. In this case the men did not exactly lose the power of physical sight,

but were unable to perceive what would have been readily manifest to them under ordinary circumstances,—namely that the man whom they sought was right before them. They did not realize that they were smitten with this miraculous blindness.

19. *This is not the way, etc.* If we admit that Elisha lied to them, we are not to judge him by our modern standards, nor to take his action for our example. Good men in that age had not learned God's absolute requirement of truthfulness. But many would excuse Elisha as using a common military stratagem. The “blindness” of the Syrians prevented them from noticing that they were being led into the heart of the city of Samaria.

20. *And Jehovah opened their eyes.* That is, restored to them their ordinary ability to see and comprehend their surroundings. *In the midst of Samaria.* And so in the power of the king of Israel and his army.

21. *My father.* The king of Israel is impressed with the power of the prophet which is manifest in the leading of this Syrian army to captivity. He, therefore addresses the prophet with great deference. *Shall I smite thee?* He is very eager to take vengeance upon the representatives of the nation that has been afflicting Israel.

22. *Thou shalt not smite them.* Elisha had brought these men into the midst of Samaria not to put them to death, but to give them a vivid lesson in regard to the power of Jehovah. *Wouldst thou smite those whom thou hast taken captive.* It is more than probable that the king of Israel would slay prisoners of war in accordance with the custom of the age and the precept of Deut. 20: 13. But these were not taken in regular warfare, and the prophet had another plan for their disposal. *Set bread and water before them.* That is, entertain them as guests.

23. *And he prepared great provision for them.* Or better, *And he gave a great feast for them.* *And the bands of Syria came no more into the land of Israel.* Very likely because they were impressed with the generous treatment accorded to this captured company, or perhaps because they were now convinced that Jehovah was protecting his people and it was no use to try to fight against Israel while the prophet Elisha was helping them.

#### THE SQUAW'S SUGGESTION.

Lieutenant Colonel Pratt, the United States army officer in charge of the Carlisle Indian School, says that many of its graduates who return to tribal life lapse into slipshod speech. Undoubtedly this is true, yet the *Kansas City Journal* tells of one who, at a pinch, could use ancient Bostonese, and have fun in doing it. This exception was a squaw, who one day went into a trader's store at a Western Indian agency, wrapped in a blanket and bearing other evidences of a return to native ways.

“How muchee?” the squaw asked, pointing to a straw hat.  
“Fifty cents,” said the merchant.  
“How muchee?” she asked again, pointing to another article. The price was quoted, and was followed by another query of “How muchee?” Then the squaw looked calmly at the merchant and said:

“Do you not regard such prices as extortionate for articles of such palpably and unmistakably inferior quality? Do you not really believe that a reduction in your charges would materially enhance your pecuniary profits? I beg you to consider my suggestion.”

Then the graduate of Carlisle swept gracefully from the store, leaving the merchant staring after her.

#### A MATTER OF HEALTH



#### THE HUMMING-BIRD.

A little humming-bird fell in the church at North-east Harbor on Sunday morning during service. He was taken up and laid in a flower-bed, but died within an hour. The facts of this verse are literally true.

He fell with folded wings; but beak and eye Both open; and a little plaintive cry Of a hurt thing, perhaps afraid to die.

I took him tenderly from where he fell, And laid him where the flowers he loved so well Might hearten him, and break the fatal spell.

But when I went to him, he lay quite still, Close-sealed the eyes, and tightly shut the bill, But both the wings stretched wide to fly at will.

And this I thought must mean, dear little bird, That you a call to fairer flowers had heard, And flown, like some sweet spirit, at the word;

Careless to see or sip the sweetest things This flowering earth to sight and tasting brings, But for the far flight having trained your wings.

So it were meet for all of us to die, Earth all shut out from the fast-closing eye, And the soul winged with faith, to Christ to fly.

The Outlook.

#### A PLEA FOR INDIVIDUALITY.

Read by Olen Arrington at the Yearly Meeting of the Iowa Churches.

To-day we young-people are apt to lose ourselves in our desire to appear congenial; i. e., I mean, we sacrifice our individuality, in order to be popular among our associates. I can best illustrate this by an example.

At a school, are several young men, waiting for the class bell to ring. One of them passes cigars around, and all take one except one young man. When questioned why he does not smoke with his friends, he replies, that he does not think it right to smoke.

The other boys jeer and laugh at him, for being “mama's fair-haired little boy.” The class bell rings, and the boys go to their recitations. The one is tingling with shame, because (in the eyes of his associates) he is not a man that can smoke with the others. Fearing least he shall be deserted by his friends as a “goody-good,” he resolves to form the vile habit of smoking. He knows it is wrong to smoke, but he wants to “stand-in” with his companions. O, why don't he assert himself? Why can't he let the world know that he stands for right doing, and so become a force in this world; but no, he loses his individuality by doing that which he knows to be wrong, and so passes down to an unhonored grave.

It is not so much a question of knowing what is right, but of doing right. It is not that we wilfully go astray, but we are led or influenced by others. We have had home training that leaves no question in our minds as to what we ought to do, but the fashions and regulations of society often demand of us that which causes us to do as others do, even if we know it is wrong.

Here is a chance for us to show our power, for Brooks says, “Character is power.” We should sever all connection with that which is wrong, and firmly resolve not to affiliate ourselves with those conditions or people which are questionable in their character. Don't take any man here on earth as a model, but look to Him above who guideth the water fowl in its flight, and who will also guide us aright.

“If society and fellowship with others, is responsible for much of the wrong doing in this life, why not then,” you say, “evade society all together and shun associations with fellow men.” If we are in that society and our associations are such that they demand of us to err in order to be eligible to them, then I say, “Drop them.” But there are associations from which we can gain a world of good. We can form friendships that will benefit us all our lives.

Young man, young woman, you can not be too careful as you start out into life in laying out the course you expect to pursue. What a grand thing is life, if we live nobly and well, by developing and using the best and highest that is in our natures, but O, how awful it is if we fail at the critical moment and go down, leading mean and lowly lives.

Therefore I beg, I entreat you to assert yourself. Let “I am what I am,” be your motto. Get on the side of truth and righteousness, and stay there. Don't sacrifice the right for friendship—friendships thus formed are valueless.

“Think for thyself one good idea But known to be thy own, Is better than a thousand gleaned From fields by others sown.”

For God hath ordained that the heart shall sing when the hand does honest and honorable work.—Rev. D. N. Hillis.

#### Special Notices.

The Semi-Annual Convention of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of the Western Association will meet with the Portville Church, Oct. 21-23, 1904. It will convene at 2 P. M., Oct. 21.

#### FRIDAY.

2.00 P. M. Sermon, The Rev. A. G. Crofoot.  
3.00 P. M. Examination of Mr. A. J. C. Bond, candidate for ordination to the ministry.  
7.30 P. M. Evangelistic Services, The Rev. W. D. Burdick.

#### SABBATH-DAY.

10.00 A. M. Ordination Service, followed by the celebration of the Lord's Supper.  
3.00 P. M. Sabbath School; exercises of the main school conducted by Prof. W. C. Whitford; Primary school, Mrs. W. L. Greene.  
7.30 P. M. Evangelistic Service, Dean A. E. Main.

#### SUNDAY.

10.00 A. M. Business.  
10.30 A. M. Paper, The Rev. B. F. Rogers.  
2.30 P. M. Young People's Hour.  
7.30 P. M. Evangelistic Service, The Rev. L. C. Randolph.

Mrs. Abbie B. Van Horn, Sec.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Churches of Southern Wisconsin and Chicago, Ill., will be held with the church at Albion, Wis., beginning Sabbath evening, Oct. 21, 1904, at 7:30 o'clock. The program for the ministerial conference, whose session will occur First-day morning, Oct. 23, is given

below. This is the annual meeting. The Local Union of Christian Endeavor will hold its session in the afternoon of the same day:

1. “The Problem of Saving the Rural Churches,” the Rev. O. S. Mills. a. Is farm life conducive to a high grade of intellectual, moral and spiritual life? b. What the rural church owes its young people looking forward to city work. c. How strongly shall we urge our young people to “stick to the farm a while longer.”

2. “Can the Denomination Use to Good Advantage a Sabbath-School Evangelist and Organizer?” Mrs. Geo. W. Post. a. Methods of securing attendance upon the Sabbath-School. b. The value of a teacher's meeting. c. Normal methods in Sabbath-School work.

3. The Financial System Recommended by our Conference Board of Systematic Benevolence, Walton H. Ingham. 4. The tenth as a right proposition. b. Giving as a religious exercise. c. An ideal church treasurer.

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.

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. W. D. WILCOX, Pastor, 516 W. Monroe St.

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist church, Washington Square South and Thompson Street. The Sabbath-school meets at 10.45 A. M. Preaching service at 11.30 A. M. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. ELI FORSTHVE LOOFBORO, Pastor, 260 W. 54th Street.

#### WANTED.

Rhode Island market gardener wants a Seventh-day Baptist student or recent graduate of an agricultural college as assistant for 1905, for summer or permanent position. Address A, RECORDER Office.

#### FOR SALE.

A 160-acre farm. Good improvements, 1½ miles from West Hallock Church. For further particulars inquire of the undersigned,

Mrs. J. G. SPICER, Edelstein, Ill.

#### A History of

## Seventh Day Baptists in West Virginia.....

A. D. 1789 to A. D. 1902

By Corliss F. Randolph

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OCTOBER 24, 1904.

WHOLE No. 3113.

ANNUAL MEETING. The members of the American Sabbath Tract Society will meet in adjourned session for the transaction of such business as may properly come before them, at the office of Charles C. Chipman, No. 220 Broadway, New York City, N. Y., on Wednesday, Oct. 26, 1904, at 2.30 P. M. J. FRANK HUBBARD, President. A. L. TITSWORTH, Rec. Secy.

THE WORLD'S ADVANCE. GEORGE MEREDITH.

Judge mildly the tasked world; and disincite To brand it, for it bears a heavy pack. You have perchance observed the inebriate's track At night, when he has quitted the inn-sign: He plays diversions on the homeward line, Still that way bent albeit his legs are slack: A hedge may take him but he turns not back. Nor turns this burdened world, of curving spine: "Spiral," the memorably lady terms, Our mind's ascent: our world's advance presents That figure on a flat—the way of worms. Cherish the promise of its good intents, And warn it not one instinct to efface Till reason ripens for the vacant place.

AN emblazoned "hard maple" tree, thirty feet from the window, suggests this question. The leaves which cover the upper third of the branches are exquisitely golden. They are doubly resplendent now—three o'clock in the afternoon—because the afternoon sun of this choicest of October days floods them with a halo of soft shimmering beauty. Thirty feet in another direction is a massive "soft maple," whose leaves yet carry the deep green of summer time. These bar the sunlight so that it falls in fanciful network of shine and shadow on the closely-cut grass of the lawn. The picture is soft, delicate, and slightly evasive, too beautiful to be melancholy. Bryant—prince of poets in some respects—must have been in an unusually plaintive mood when he wrote: "The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year, Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear." That pictures a rainy day in November. You can hear the rush of the rain on the windows, and the complaint of the trees while the boisterous winds whip them with their own branches. But even such a day is not the time for deep melancholy, but rather a day of thanks for things gained and garnered. Autumn is harvest time for ripened treasures. It is the gathering time for coming days of need. All such ingathering is full of comfort, and the prophecy of coming good cheer. The gray weeping and complaining days in autumn time are few, when set over against such days as this on which we write, and watch the window-picture out of doors. Thomas Buchanan did well to sing of autumn:

"It is the season when the light of dreams Around the year in golden glory lies;— The heavens are full of floating mysteries, And down the lake the veiled splendor beams! Like hidden poets lie the hazy streams, Mantled with mysteries of their own romance, While scarce a breath disturbs their drowsy trance."

What Lessons? COUNTLESS ones. All service for God and good, is summer sowing for autumn harvest. More, all Christ-like living is daily garnering. Draw the picture if you will so that the later years of life be called its autumn. Let all that goes before sixty years be planting and growing time. Autumn comes, glowing with assurances that you have not lived, sown and toiled for naught. If you cannot tell what of much or little your life has garnered for others, you must be conscious of personal wealth. There are stores of knowledge that earlier years had not. There is tamed and ripened strength of soul. There is steadiness of purpose unknown to impulsive and flighty youth. Self control has taken the place of haste and rashness. Passion shoots have been cut back by the pruning knife of experience and mistakes. Your vision of life is broader, like that of one who looks from the hilltop rather than the valley. You look outward over that which has been gained, rather than upward across unclimbed slopes and unattained heights. Hope has clearer vision, and faith has stronger grasp on things which cannot be shaken. You care less for that which is not worth knowing and have ceased to cry for what is not worth getting. These are some of the gifts which the autumn of life brings to the children of God. Even the unattained gives a sense of comfort, since the soul knows that better chance to gain it in the next life, now closer at hand, is not far away. Beyond the maples, with their green and gold, are glimpses of white marble head stones marking the spots where the dust of those who once lived and wrought, now rests. These tell of garnered souls, added to the treasures of Divine Love in the land of endless day, and glorified life. With such a picture on this autumn day, one finds new joy, comfort and strength in the lines of Addison: "The stars shall fade away, the sun himself Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years, But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth, Unhurt amid the war of elements, The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

Melancholy? Rather let the autumn time be one of calmer faith and clearer hope. Go on, not cheerless, but confident that more of summer time and roses are not far away in fields of earth and fields Elysian.

A DISCOURAGED man, whose hope and activity cannot be revived, is little better than a dead one. Discouragement means the cessation of effort and the giving up of plans and enterprises. Either of these results are equivalent to removal from the field of action. These facts apply to organized movements as well as to individuals. Business enterprises, political campaigns and the work of religious bodies, illustrate the fact that discouragement, cessation of action and death, are closely allied. The reflex influence of aggressiveness is the main source of success in all enterprises. Immediate results may be wanting, but if hopefulness concerning them continues, the machinery of effort is oiled thereby, and the springs of action are toned up to new force and vigor. Discouragement and hesitation pour acid on the machinery, and hasten its destruction by rust and idleness. Aggressive work by Seventh-day Baptists has suffered from rust and inaction for a few years past. The reasons for this need not be repeated, but the fact is sadly in evidence. The vital center for denominational aggressiveness is Sabbath Reform within, and in the world outside. In many of the more important forms of business—gold mining, railroad building, and orchard planting—much preparatory work is demanded, and years must elapse before final harvests can be gathered. Nevertheless men lavish money, effort and zeal on such enterprises, "cheered by hope and daily strengthened." Our nation begins the Isthmian Canal, stupendous enterprise, in confidence, while the nations of the world await the union of the great oceans with eager but unquestioning faith. Immediate results are found in work begun and pushed. Such results are as valuable a part of the enterprise as those will be which culminate in the meeting of the eastern and western waters at the center of the Isthmus some years hence. The results of aggressiveness, step by step, are as actual and important as the last result with which an enterprise closes.

It is told of a Scotch minister, when one of his hearers, meeting him at the foot of the pulpit stairs, turned some words he had said back upon him, that he replied "Ah, Sandy, you are too soon in your application." The reader cannot be too soon in applying these truths to the question of aggressive work by the American Sabbath Tract Society. This application must be to all our churches, and to each member in each church. American Sabbath Tract Society means little as a name of general application to some one, any one, everybody, and

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