

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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The Sabbath Recorder.

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

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O wind-swept day! The leaves are brown; The sky is overcast; All shivering stands a flower or two That lingered to the last.

The summer's golden wine is spent;

Its pageant has gone by; Just here and there a hurrying bird Speeds on across the sky, And sombre lie the shadows deep Where brightest forms have been; But will no glory dawn again, No life its love-webs spin?

Beyond the wind the bird-songs ring;

Beyond the clouds are suns; Within the beaten shafts of trees The wine of life still runs; Across the shivering earth are strown The harvests of the flowers; Through sleep and death time brings to birth New glory for new hours.

—C. E. World.

Aggressive

Nov. 6, says: "I was much impressed with your editorial in last week's paper (Oct. 31), respecting the need of an aggressive policy in denominational work. I have been very much discouraged with the state of affairs for the last three or four years," etc. This correspondent goes on to give the results of his observation and experience, in which he states that while he believes in the keeping of the Sabbath—"living Sabbath truth"—as he puts it, as an efficient means of showing its value, and proving our loyalty and consistency, he has never known that course to be effective in securing earnest attention to the question on the part of non-Sabbath-keepers." He also says that he has never seen many favorable results by way of converts, upon the theory that the way to bring men to the Sabbath is to first bring them to Christ. He says: "The general result, under my own observation, is that our revival efforts may be attended by many conversions, but our gains to the Sabbath are generally from the families of Sabbath-keepers, while the converts from other families go into Sunday churches." Those who have noted the history of our work have seen many illustrations of this correspondent's statements.

The Larger View.

The larger view of our work as Sabbath reformers indicates that the securing of individual converts is not our most important work, nor is it the most efficient means of

strengthening ourselves.

Most of the men who have accepted the Sabbath, and united with us within the last fifty years, have been men of right royal mold as to spiritual life and in conscience toward God before they became Sabbath-keepers. They have become Seventh-day Baptists for that reason. Men of that type do not abound. They are scattered here and there—George Seeley in Canada and A. P. Ashurst in Georgia are examples—and our Sabbath reform work must cover a wide field, seeking such men, and inciting thought and discussion on the part of others, as well. No reform gains attention, much less careful consideration, without a specific message, backed by fundamental truths, and voiced in clear-cut appeals. The salesman, who gains the attention of customers, and secures purchasers for his goods, does not generalize concerning goods and commerce as a whole. On the contrary, he excludes all others as much as possible, and "talks up" his own wares to the best of his ability. Temperance advocates who succeed do not spend time in pleasing platitudes about reforms in general: they go like a rifle shot for rum and rum-drinking. All fields of reform, of business, of education, prove the demand for pointedness, definiteness and intensity, as the price of success. The more difficult the task the greater need for these qualities. The Japanese would have made no impression on Port Arthur by general campaigning in Manchuria.

THE mass of men, Christian and non-Christian, think and teach that the observance of the Sabbath is not demanded by Christianity. Some look upon it as a harmless notion of ours, while others deem it wrong and as opposed to the interests of Christianity. The world respects this useless sacrifice on our part, while it adds a little pity for the folly which makes so unimportant a thing a matter of conscience. Under such circumstances, no one will come to us unless their personal interests or convenience is served, or they have come to see that Sabbath observance is a part of Christian duty, with the word "duty" written in capital letters. Those who come from considerations which make for convenience and self-interest, go for the same reason when circumstances and surroundings change. Hence it is inevitable that when Seventh-day Baptists go into any form of evangelistic or other work, which seeks the conversion of men to Christ, recognizing that such conversion is complete without Sabbath-keeping, they defeat their own ends, so far as gaining converts is concerned. Christianity without Sabbath observance, and Christianity

from the standpoint of Seventh-day Baptists, differ so widely, that if we teach men that they may become full-fledged Christians without regard to the Sabbath, we cannot induce them to add what the world deems a useless or a hindering burden by way of Sabbath-keeping, afterwards. The logic of the case is unmistakable. History accords with that logic.

A FEW years ago the Missionary and Tract Societies united in work at Louisville, Ky., upon the plan that evangelistic labor should be undertaken until a band of converts thus gathered was ripe for the consideration of the Sabbath, which should be presented to them when they were ready for harvesting. Bro. VanHorn, now pastor at Albion, Wis., was the principal worker in the evangelistic campaign. That campaign—tent work, house to house work, etc.—was continued for weeks. It was done well, patiently, persistently, and wisely. It was characterized by devoutness and ability on the part of Bro. VanHorn and his co-workers. When the field was deemed to be ripe, the writer, as a specialist in that department, was summoned to present the Sabbath. Bro. VanHorn welcomed his coming and co-operated zealously, but to no avail. The converts and friends were devoted to him, and in full sympathy with his work. This secured for the Sabbath reform specialist a respectful reception and a fair hearing, but the answer, in fact, if not in exact words, was this: "We are Christians. In accepting Christ our duty is done. We do not care to add a useless burden and an unpopular peculiarity to our Christianity. You are a pleasant speaker, but we are not yours." The world in general may be somewhat better for our work at Louisville. So far as the spread of Sabbath truth is concerned, it was a flat failure. We recall it here, because it was well planned and well executed by Bro. VanHorn, and it was understood by both societies as a test of the plan of bringing men to Christ, and adding Sabbath observance to that conversion.

What Then Shall We Do?

Speaking as one whom circumstances, personal choices and appointment by the Seventh-day Baptist people, have made a specialist, the writer repeats here what he has said many times before. We must carry Sabbath truth into the great and permanent currents of thought among Christian leaders. It must go as a distinct and definite message. It must insist that the law of God, the example of Christ, and the spiritual life of the Christian church, demand the recognition of the Sabbath

as a part of Christian duty, and a return to its observance by those who claim to be Christians. This does not mean that they are not Christians up to the point now occupied, but that Sabbath observance must be added to their Christianity; that those who follow Christ must follow him as a Sabbath-keeper and a Sabbath-defender. "It is not an easy task!" Certainly it is not. "There is no hope of success!" Are Seventh-day Baptists willing to say that to God? What agencies shall we use? We are shut up to the one agency of our publications, so far as the world at large is concerned. To this must be added the living teacher on the fields already occupied by us. We had better use every dollar and every man in Home Mission work on fields, where it is our duty to "strengthen the things that remain," rather than seek to open a single new field for the next ten years. In a work like ours, character, convictions and conscience are the need, not numbers. Our correspondent is right. Seventh-day Baptists have a definite message. To deny this is to deny their right to exist. They are people with a message, or else they are disturbing schismatics. If they shrink, falter and withhold, they are not worthy of their place and message. Are they only schismatics, disturbers, those who propose added burdens to Christians, and not vital truths, and just requirements?

#### God's Standard Supreme.

It is told that in olden times in Scotland the Highlanders met annually at a beautiful place, which, with its grassy plain and wall of high mountains, formed an ideal spot for their assembly. The clans, as they arrived, took their positions in a circle, and each set up its own standard. When all had gathered, the flag of Scotland was taken to the centre of the circle and slowly raised. As it went up, one by one the other standards were lowered, in token that their allegiance to their country was over and above that to their clans. Herein is an illustration of the duty and privilege of making each individual's choices subservient to the will and law of God. The greatest good to each, and to all, can be attained only as God's standard of character and action is recognized as supreme. Until this is done, obedience is not complete. Last evening the conversation turned upon the lines which define a given tract of land. The surveyor said: "There are certain fixed monuments and lines from which all surveys must be made." In a given case a land-holder had insisted that certain measurements "could not be correct" because they did not agree with his opinion concerning his lines. The surveyor could not change his decision because he must "follow the records," and be governed by fixed points according to those official records. God's Book and His Law are the fixed official records, and the supreme standards for human action. Erect your own standard, if you will, but bring it into loving obedience when you come into the presence of God's standard. Remember also that you are always in the presence of God's standard, with which your own must be made to accord, or you are not a loyal member of His household and kingdom.

Most pathetic of the words of Christ are those in which he mourned over Jerusalem, because, blinded and negligent, she discovered not that which God offered for her peace and uplifting. No

other form of failure is so sad, and none more inexcusable, than such indifference and neglect. Christ's pity-laden words are recalled by a sentence we have just read from an article in the *Menorah* for October. The writer is discussing the question of Judaism in America, and the twentieth century. He says: "But what the final event may be, this much is sure: above the perplexity of the present situation there arises in conspicuous relief a certainty and a question. This is the certainty: Judaism is worthy of the Jew. This is the question: Will the Jews prove worthy of their Judaism?" At the feet of Seventh-day Baptists lies the certainty that their faith and opportunities are worthy of them, or of any people seeking to know and do the will and work of God. Before the eyes of Seventh-day Baptists, written above the portals of the twentieth century in glowing letters is the question: "Will you be worthy of your time, your place, and your vocation?" What answer will you make? Silence is answer. Inaction is answer. Fear and evasion are answers. Brave words of hope and faith are answers. Liberal gifts of money are answers. Niggardly response, and no response at all, are answers. Putting off decision is answer. What answers have you made hitherto? What answer will you make now? What is your record in heaven as a Seventh-day Baptist Christian?

#### Desecration of Sunday by Baptists.

THE *Biblical Recorder*, Raleigh, N. C., publishes a vigorous protest against holidayism on Sunday, as it is created and fostered in the conducting of Baptist Associations in the South. The article is of value because it shows the growth of such holidayism, under the guise of religious meetings. The article opens with this sentence: "The following is written to call attention to a tendency which, in my mind, is hurtful to Baptists and the kingdom of Christ; a tendency which causes many people to close the Sabbath-day twenty-four hours farther from Jesus, and His coming kingdom than they began that day." The situation is described as follows: "There is less thought, in the mind of the average attendant upon an Association, for the coming of the kingdom of Christ than for almost anything else. The Sabbath during the sessions of our Associations have become too largely a holiday, a day for recreation and a picnic. Very few people attend that they may learn of God and His righteousness. Our Associations convince very few people that we are in earnest about our Lord's business. Sometimes ministers, and I say it with deep regret, stand out on the yard, or sit in buggies talking with the indifferent during the sermon by some earnest soul, who needs sympathy so very much. Deacons, some of them with white hair, are too often seen out talking in a hilarious manner while the minister is preaching, and feeling all the time that he is making a miserable failure. Church members, not a few, act as if they were on a picnic, and the sermon in the house is the last thing they think about. Considering these facts, and they are real facts, as thousands in North Carolina know, what impression does an Association make on a community? The people, especially the ungodly, look upon the occasion as a picnic and banquet. They come from afar to spend the Sabbath in a frolic and enjoy the dinner, which is abundant, and the chief part of the Association. They do not regard us as being in earnest about the cause and kingdom of

our Master." The appearance of similar facts, showing the absence of Sabbatic observance of Sunday by Christians, in many other places, gives emphasis to the fact that the attitude of Christians is a prominent force in the general secularization of Sunday. We who stand for the Sabbath must take double heed, lest a similar loosening of convictions and conscience works ruin to us and our Sabbath-keeping.

#### Influence of the Bible on National Life.

Two weeks ago we called attention to the great and beneficent influence of the Bible on the literature of the world. Not less marked and valuable is the influence of the Book of Books on the highest principles of righteousness, which appear in the constitutions and jurisprudence of modern nations. This is clearly seen among English-speaking nations. From the time of Alfred the Great, king of England, crowned 871 A. D., at twenty-two years of age, to the present time, England and the United States have illustrated the fact that the Bible, especially the Old Testament, has been a prolific source from which national constitutions have drawn highest and best things. Note some principles which have guided in the creation and the history of our republic. It is founded on the idea that the individual man has such intrinsic worth, dignity and power for self-government that a world-embracing nation is possible, with a government for the people and by the people. The highest conception concerning men as a race, and man as an individual, is the fundamental one with which the Bible begins. Man is the Son of God, by creation, birth and inheritance. He is created in God's image. He begins life in close companionship with his Father. Psalmists and prophets repeat this fundamental truth in numberless ways. He is declared to be but "little lower than the angels." This idea of the divine parentage of men, and of their intrinsic worth, pervades the Old Testament, and abounds in Judaism, which was the highest expression of religion in ancient times. Although the Old Testament was the product of times marked by periods of anarchy and the slow unfolding of the better elements of national life and character, its central idea concerning men contains every essential element of Republicanism. Alfred the Great was a close student of that book, and made the Ten Commandments the basis of his wise and beneficent efforts to model the constitution of England for righteousness. The best elements in our republic are the natural evolution of that which Alfred drew from the Old Testament and planted in the hearts of our English ancestors.

#### Human Freedom.

AS FIRST of all, and always to be recognized, our national creed exalts human freedom. The most strenuous periods of our history, from Bunker Hill until now, and the most bloody, have been struggles for human freedom. Of the influence of the Bible in fostering this demand for freedom, and in promoting its growth, there can be no doubt. God's ancient people, through whom the Old Testament came, began their national history with a song of freedom on the banks of the Red Sea. The Hebrews knew how the dregs of the cup of slavery tasted. Their lash-scarred backs were well inscribed by the slave driver's whip. Their lips were familiar with the groans that oppression forces from breaking hearts. Freedom has been a sacramen-

tal word on Hebrew lips ever since Miriam led in the song of deliverance, when the proud waves covered the enemies of freedom. Our own Declaration of Independence grew in the soil which faith in the Old Testament had enriched.

#### Justice for All.

THE Biblical conception of man's dignity and worth, and his right to freedom, involves the idea of justice to all, and for all. On this point our national life has drawn from the Bible with best results. The God of the Bible, above all else, is a God of justice, and one demanding righteousness. Hear from the 58th chapter of Isaiah, the grandest demand for justice, in any language. All professions of loyalty toward God, all expressions of worship and reverence, are spurned by Jahve, because those who make them are unjust toward their fellows. Stop your prayers. Cease your singing. No longer pretend to be humble. I am sick of your sham and wearied by your pretense of goodness. Stop all this hypocrisy, feed the hungry and deal justly. Until you do that I disown you all. That is the Biblical conception of justice.

#### Man's Brotherhood.

A FUNDAMENTAL doctrine of our nation is the brotherhood of man. Our noblest preachers declare it. Our sweetest poets give it voice. Our martyred Lincoln died for it. From the first chapter of Genesis to the last word in Revelation, human brotherhood runs like the dominant chord in a great oratorio, like a thread of gold in a fabric from the loom of righteousness. Whatever of human brotherhood we know has been learned from the Bible more than from all other sources. There is an old Rabbinical legend which tells that when the Egyptians were overwhelmed in the Red Sea the angels about the throne of God began to sing for joy: whereupon God rebuked them, saying: "My creatures are lying drowned in the sea, and do you desire to sing before me?" Malachi (2: 10) says: "Have we not all one father? Hath not our God created us? Why do we deal treacherously every man against his brother, profaning the covenant of our fathers?" As for the New Testament, he who is its central figure and source, almost without exception, speaks of himself as "the Son of Man," that he might the more identify himself with us. The universal brotherhood of the race enriches the entire story of the Gospel, and of the new life. More need not be written here. The best elements which enter into our national life are Bible-born. The founders of our nation were students of that book, and believers in it. Out of such study and faith our nation has come.

#### The Tangle Concerning Church Property in Scotland.

LAST week we spoke in general of the problem now at hand over church property in Scotland. The case justifies further space at this time. The Free Church of Scotland, into whose hands the House of Lords by its decision of Aug. 1 placed all the property of the Presbyterian church thus far, has refused to compromise or to make any concessions to the United Free Church, and has petitioned the Court of Session at Edinburgh to give them immediate possession. The Free Church of Scotland consists of twenty-four Gaelic ministers in the Highlands, who refused to unite with the other branches of the Presbyterian church, and because of their uncompromising attitude and adherence to the ancient standards

of the church are held by the recent decision to constitute the original church and as such to be entitled to all the property of the United Free Church. This property amounts to \$50,000,000 in buildings and \$5,000,000 in cash. These twenty-four ministers will assume control of 1,100 churches, only, they will not be able to fill the pulpits. There are three theological seminaries in Scotland and missionary schools and colleges in India to be supplied with teachers. If no compromise or readjustment is made, 1,100 ministers of the United Free Church of Scotland will be dispossessed of their manses and put out of their pulpits. The Archbishop of Canterbury, just before he left this country for England, was asked to act as a mediator.

#### Governor Utter.

THE relation which George H. Utter, treasurer of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society, and a deacon in the Seventh-day Baptist church at Westerly, R. I., sustains to our readers makes it eminently proper that THE RECORDER should congratulate him upon his well-earned election as Governor of Rhode Island. That state, as the "Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations," was the only place outside of the colony of William Penn, where there was enough of Religious Liberty, in early times, to permit the organization and development of Seventh-day Baptist churches. From 1671 to date, Seventh-day Baptists have had prominent and efficient part in whatever has been for the higher and better interests of that state. By inheritance, and personal character, Mr. Utter belongs to the best side of our history. In the late contest, he and his friends made a clean and manly fight, and won. Governor Utter will bring to his office, such character, culture, manliness and ability as will honor the state and those whom he represents. We say this without any reference to his party affiliations, and would say it as gladly, if, being such a man, his political affiliations were other than they are. Our congratulations are for the man, not the partizan. Success to Governor Utter.

#### READING COURSES FOR MINISTERS.

The American Institute of Sacred Literature, Hyde Park, Chicago, has issued its calendar for 1904-5. Fourteen courses fitted for the "Reading Guild for Ministers and Bible Workers" are announced. The books for these are selected with great care. The calendar announces that: "Upon all subjects generally conceded to be in controversy the best authorities upon both sides are provided. The courses are designed to provide facilities for individual study; they bring before the reader the writings of the best scholars of both conservative and progressive schools, leaving him to conduct his own investigations, to do his own thinking, and to reach his own conclusions. A special effort is made to present the best new books, concerning which readers need authoritative information." The fourteen courses now established for this Guild are given here:

1. The Historical and Literary Origin of the Pentateuch.
2. Old Testament Prophecy.
3. The Origin and Growth of the Hebrew Psalter.
4. The Life of Jesus the Christ.
5. The Apostolic Age.
6. The Problems Connected with the Gospel of John.

7. Christianity and Social Problems.
8. The Preparation of Sermons.
9. The Teaching of Jesus.
10. The History of Israel.
11. The Wisdom Literature.
12. The Teaching of the Apostles.
13. The post-Apostolic Era.
14. The Psychology of Religion and its Bearing Upon Religious Education.

Whether one desires to join the Guild or not, the calendar contains valuable suggestions. The Institute reaches more than ten thousand readers a year.

#### SUMMARY OF NEWS.

In 1895, after the war with China, Japan secured the Island of Formosa, and began the work of bringing it into accord with Japanese progress and civilization. Since that time many hundred miles of common roads have been made, and railroad building has been well begun. There are now over 2,600 miles of telegraph and 1,390 miles of telephone lines in operation. The production of rice has increased 10 per cent and of tea fivefold since 1896. Mining for coal, gold and for silver is being pushed, and best of all, the traffic in opium and its use have been greatly reduced by making it a government monopoly for this purpose. By the building of water works, sewers and canals there has been a great improvement in public health. Deaths from the plague have declined to one-third their former number. Schools have been established, and the Japanese language is taught among the natives. The postal savings banks were used in 1902 by 41,145 depositors, and the amount deposited was 763,575 yen. Such a record is cause for pride and satisfaction to the Japanese, while it makes for good to the rest of the world.

Exports from the United States to Russia, Japan, China, Hongkong, and Korea show a marked increase in 1904 as compared with earlier years. To each of the countries named the exports for the nine months ending with September are larger than those of the corresponding months of 1903, while in the case of China the figures, although showing a marked increase over 1903, still fall slightly below those of 1902, but when combined with the figures of exports to Hongkong give a total greater than that for the corresponding months of 1902 or 1903. The total exports from the United States to these countries are shown by the Department of Commerce and Labor through its Bureau of Statistics as \$56,448,225 in the nine months ending with September, 1904, against \$44,807,366 in the corresponding months of 1903. Similar conditions prevail with reference to imports into the United States from the countries in question. The imports for the nine months ending with September, 1904, are in each case larger than in the corresponding months of the preceding year. The total imports into the United States from the countries named amounted to \$65,389,022 in the nine months ending with September, 1904, against \$60,375,925 in the corresponding months of 1903 and \$49,540,259 in the corresponding months of 1902. The facts indicate that the war does not yet interfere with foreign trade. It seems rather to stimulate it.

A late case under the Sunday law of Pennsylvania is attracting attention in Delaware county in that state. The Supreme Court has granted an appeal in the case of Addison Foster and John G. Pappas, restaurant keepers at Darby,

who were committed to the Delaware county jail for violating the Sunday Laws. These men sold soda water, cigars and candy, as well as meals, and were arrested and fined five or six times for violating the law of 1794. At their last arrest, Sept. 2, Judge Johnson held them in bail to keep the peace, and they were committed to prison when they refused to enter bail. They maintain that the Court was without authority in taking summary action.

It is reported by the New York *Post* that Wilbur F. Crafts of Washington, has instituted inquiry to discover whether any of the clerks of the War Department have been kept at their desks on Sundays, in order to grind out partisan data for use in the late campaign. Our readers will remember that what the observance of Sunday may or may not be under army regulations, was much discussed a few years ago in the case of a soldier, one Cedarquist, stationed at Fort Omaha, who refused to attend target practice on Sunday, on conscientious grounds. They will also remember that Mr. Crafts is especially active in seeking to regulate the conduct of the nation in regard to Sunday observance.

Before this paper reaches our readers, the results of the presidential election will be known everywhere. It has been marked by many great surprises. Both the expected and the unlooked-for have happened, the latter items being the most numerous. President Roosevelt has received the largest vote, electoral and popular, ever given to any candidate. Striking differences have appeared between the vote on state and on national issues. The indorsement of the present government is strong, and the probability that one of the great national parties will be reorganized within the next four years approaches certainty. The general results indicate a definite growth of the power of the people, as against the power of official, and nominal political leaders.

At Port Arthur, the sickening horrors of the siege have been continued through the week. There have been definite steps toward success for the Japanese and part of the city is virtually held by them. Reports, not officially confirmed, are abroad that General Stoessel, the Russian commander, has asked for an armistice. It is to be hoped that such is the case, and that some way will be found soon to stop the carnage and destruction which are becoming more painful and abhorrent every day. Meanwhile the talk of mediation and arbitration is growing with considerable rapidity, but it is now understood that neither of the combatants will listen to any proposals from without. It is also reported that Japan opened the way for negotiations, informally, last September, after the investment of Port Arthur was complete, and hence its final overthrow was made practically certain, but that Russia refused to consider anything looking toward peace. While there is doubtless a considerable element in both nations favorable to peace, probably that result will not come until both nations have gone still farther along the bloody path of war. Surely all the nations should increase their call to the warring ones, and emphasize that call into direct demand for peace, if it can be gained in no other way.

In and about the scene of war between Mukden and Lia Yang, the two great armies have been strengthening fortifications and forcing each other in watchful silence during the week. Each is evidently waiting for the other to be-

come vigorously offensive, while the Japanese naturally wait the final outcome at Port Arthur. All told, the week has added another sad page to the history of the terrible conflict.

The North Sea incident between England and Russia seems to have passed well on toward a peaceful inquiry and settlement. Steps toward establishing the commission are nearly completed, and there is ground to hope that its actual work of inquiry and adjustment will begin soon.

Much wonder is expressed that in Massachusetts President Roosevelt gained an unprecedented vote while the Republican candidate for governor, Bates, was defeated overwhelmingly by Douglas, on the Democratic ticket. Tariff involved in the question of "Reciprocity with Canada" was one of the factors in that unlooked-for outcome; but those who have watched the Sunday law struggles in Massachusetts for the last few years, and are familiar with the phases of that question with which Governor Bates was connected last year, cannot doubt that a "more liberal" Sunday law for Massachusetts played a large part in the defeat of Governor Bates.

A novel form of punishment for deceitful begging has just been accorded to a woman in New Jersey. Mrs. Beula McCarton, an inveterate beggar, has persecuted the Rev. Dr. Shreve Osborne, rector of Trinity Episcopal church, Newark, for two years, until it became unbearable, he says. Mr. Osborne lodged a complaint against the woman and she was sentenced by Police Justice Sweeney to pay a fine of ten cents a day for the next two years. In that time the woman will be under the supervision of the probation officer.

The last monthly crop report issued by the Department of Agriculture, as fixed by Statistician Brown, of the Produce Exchange, indicates a yield of corn of 2,454,531,000 bushels. This is an average of 26.7 bushels an acre; the average for the last ten years is 24.2 bushels. In quality the average is 86.2 per cent. The average production of buckwheat is announced as 18.9 bushels an acre. The average of flaxseed is 10.2 bushels an acre, and the average of potatoes is 110.4 bushels as against an average of 81 bushels for the last ten years. The average yield of hay is 1.52 tons an acre, against a ten year average of 1.35 tons. Surely the earth has brought forth her increase in abundance.

#### THE PRESENT SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST INDUSTRIAL SITUATION.

Written by W. M. Davis, and presented at Quarterly Meeting, Albion, Wis.

I suppose it is from the fact that I have been somewhat identified with the Employment Bureau for the past two years that I have been asked to write something touching the industrial situation of the Seventh-day Baptist denomination. To begin with, I do not know what can be done to relieve the present situation, but I have some ideas and suggestions and am trying to get the same from others. If you have not already heard, you no doubt will soon hear the letter I am sending out to our churches. I trust I shall have the hearty co-operation of our people in the industrial plans expressed in this letter.

When we turn aside and see what the Seventh-day Adventists, as well as other denominations and religious societies, have done and are doing, we must admit that we are lacking in

this all important part of our denominational work. I am aware of the fact that enterprises have been tried to some extent. When I say tried I mean tried, and nothing more. Some of our dearly beloved fathers said: we will try and see if we cannot do something that will give employment to Seventh-day Baptists. They failed before they began, as they only expected to try. I do not like that word; many seem to like it. You will hear them say, when some one tells them, "I will try," "That is all you can do." It is not all one can do. Simply to try, means failure. Let them say "I will do it," and you can depend upon it that it will be done, and done well too.

When Mr. Ingham asked Dr. Harper of Chicago University how to get money for educational purposes, Dr. Harper said, "Go after it; then get it." I have had considerable experience in starting new men on the road. When one tells me, "I will go out and try," I know he is a failure; but when one says, "I will go out, and I will do the business," I know he is sure to be successful. We should forget that there is such a word in the English language as "try." To do a thing, and do it well, and let the other fellow "try." He will still be trying after you have achieved success. I think you will bear me out when I say we have money and brains enough in the denomination to do something. Why can't we wake up to the situation and establish business enterprises in Milton, Chicago or any other locality, if better suited to the business? What paying articles could be manufactured? What patent could be secured and marketed? What class of work done? These are questions I would like answered by you. Send your ideas to the Secretary of the Employment Bureau.

I am aware of the fact that we have some who think they should be given work because they are Seventh-day Baptists. Being a Seventh-day Baptist should not be a recommendation for work unless it means "Surely Done Better" than any one else can do it. When it means slow and bad, there is no room for such workers. If I were running an industrial business, I would discharge a Seventh-day Baptist as quick as I would any other man, if he was not willing to work and earn his salary, but expected to draw it just because he was a Seventh-day Baptist. We have a large number of willing-to-work-and-work-hard young people who do not find employment readily without going outside the denomination, simply because nothing is done towards giving them employment. Many of them are not able to go out in the world alone, and dig a place to stand, and stand on Seventh-day Baptist principles at the same time. If these talented young people could be put in a place for development, great good would come to us, and the industrial problem would soon be solved by them. In this age of great inventions, the labor problem is getting to be a serious question, consequently there is more need that Seventh-day Baptists should rally for the support of this movement. It must be solved and solved correctly, if we hold our own as a people, let alone any progress.

Are we standing still in our denominational growth, or going backwards? We surely are not going forward. We have had some noble examples in Chicago of what our young people can do and keep the Sabbath. The respect and confidence that the world has for them, is wonderful. Why will irreligious men, try so hard

to make it as easy for such to keep the Sabbath. Because they see a conscience back of it all. The field for honest, industrious, non-dissipating young men, is broad. Business, to-day, demands men with all their faculties and a clear brain. I am glad to say you will find a larger per cent. of these requirements among the Seventh-day Baptists than any other denomination.

The *Chicago Tribune* had a cartoon some days ago of a young man wondering why he did not get a good job. He was sitting on a seat in the park, smoking a cigarette; and again in a beer hall, drinking, wondering all the time why he did not get a good job. Another cartoon was that of a man on the office force of a large business, lamenting his lot as compared with the manager's. His desk was nice and up-to-date, like others around him. The manager's desk was somewhat better, and within a railing. The manager's hours were shorter, much to the chagrin of the fellow who would never rise. The cartoon below showed how the manager carved out a place for himself. He was working in a very dingy, poorly-lighted office. Furniture and surroundings were very poor, yet there was where he solved the problem and did the work well, which prepared him to be the head of the enterprise.

But I am getting off my subject. To return to the industrial situation. The broadest field for Seventh-day Baptists, aside from agriculture, is engineering. We have many young men who have prepared and are preparing themselves so that they will hold their own, with experts in that line. I know one young man who has found it very discouraging as to employment in the engineering line where he can keep the Sabbath. He will not leave, and his heart is set on seeing something done by our people that will make a place for such work so that our boys can develop and the denomination be built up by this new enterprise. I wish sober, thoughtful men of means, who are interested in the progress of Seventh-day Baptists, would think seriously along this line. Something can be done; it must be done or disaster will come to us. Enough has come already in losing some grand good men who have left us for wider fields. We can hold many of them if we wake up to our condition and do something, and do it now.

### Home News.

NEW AUBURN, Minn.—We are having lovely weather. When we arrived here Oct. 20, we were very much surprised to find sweet peas and many other out-door flowers still blooming, because for weeks before we left Central New York every such thing had been frozen down. The farmers are making good use of this fine weather, but our people here are not so much absorbed in their own business as not to think of others; this was forcibly illustrated Tuesday evening, when in response to a rap, we opened the door to find the piazza and yard of our new home full of people bearing packages and parcels. It is said that in the West people never do things by the halves, and the New Auburn people are no exception to this rule for the size and number of packages of vegetables, fruit and groceries could not properly be called "a pound party." If the friends carried home with them as much spiritual cheer and sunshine as they left in our home they certainly had a double portion of the blessing for generous giv-

ing. May the Lord's blessing ever rest upon them.

PERIE R. BURDICK.

Nov. 3, 1904.

ROANOKE, W. Va.—While we of this place are faithfully trying to keep our light burning by maintaining our Sabbath-school each week, we greatly miss the preaching service, and feel that its want detracts from our growth, and makes much more difficult the training of our children in the ways of true denominational life.

After an absence of nine months, Pastor Witter of Salem visited us recently, and held our quarterly meeting on Nov. 6. Bro. Witter preached for us three times, and would have preached twice more but for a funeral and a political meeting. It was thought best not to have a meeting the night of the political speaking, as there were many who wanted to be at the latter. We greatly enjoy these visitations, and only wish they might be monthly. Perhaps we had better say, we wish it were possible for some one to come to us with the word of life as often as once a month and visit among the families, as Bro. Witter has done when here for the last two years. We are hoping that the Lord's work will be prospered, and want to have a hand in making it go.

COM.

NORTH LOUP, Neb.—From *The Loyalist* we clip the following items of home news:

A sociable of more than ordinary interest, arranged by the social committee, was enjoyed by the Endeavorers of the Seventh-day Baptist church. It was sort of a progressive affair, but was strictly informal. All were requested to meet at E. S. Crandall's at 7:30 and those failing to be present at that time were fined five cents each. At 8 o'clock, led by Rev. Goodrich, the party was taken to the home of O. G. Burdick. As the party passed the hall each gentleman was requested to take with him a chair. After spending a half hour in singing the party was then taken to Raymond Bee's where an impromptu literary program was rendered. The next place of entertainment was at S. L. Clement's where a half hour was spent in playing games, and the last period was spent at Dr. Hemphill's, where refreshments were served. As no one but the committee knew where they were going or what was to be done next the interest kept deepening till the last. All things considered the evening was a most decided success.

Prayer meeting Friday night, 7:30; subject, "God's Blessings; My Appreciation." Preaching service (Sabbath) at 10.30 a. m., theme, "God's Revelation to Man." Sabbath-school at 12.00. Junior Endeavor at 3.00. Senior Endeavor at 4.00, topic, "Some of God's Promises That Cheer Me." Every one is invited to attend these services and to worship with us.

HAMMOND, La.—It is painful to have to chronicle the death of little Mildred Mills, the two-year-old and youngest child of the late Eld. N. M. Mills, whose life was so suddenly taken from him in the railroad wreck on the Wabash Railroad, July 3, at Litchfield, Ill. After the sad death of her husband, Mrs. Mills came to Hammond with her little family, where she now lives with Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Mills. The latter is a brother of Eld. N. M. Mills, and the former a sister of Mrs. N. M. Mills. Their youngest child, Mildred, was ill nine days with inflammation of the bowels, and died Oct. 26. The pastor of the Hammond Seventh-day Baptist

church, who conducted the funeral services, found it hard to talk from 2 Cor. 4: 17-18, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen," etc., with this wife so lately and so tragically bereft of her husband and now weeping over the bier of her baby girl. But God be praised; he could speak of this affliction as being light and momentary in comparison with similar afflictions which come to the ungodly who have no hope of an early reunion in our Father's house which is being prepared; and light in comparison with the sufferings of our Lord, whose life was given as a ransom for many. The Christian bravery and fortitude of this wife and mother is a beautiful and beneficent testimony to the world of the comforting and sustaining power of the Holy Spirit. Such testimony as this ennobles character, and strengthens faith in the unseen. May we learn the beneficial lessons of discipline while we pass as pilgrims through this world of sin and sorrow.

HAMMOND, La.

A. F. A.

#### A JAP DESCRIBES DOG AND CAT FIGHT.

"It happen one day you gone off for whole week. I work in kitchen at window. I see one white silk puss-cat come creepy, creepy in the yard. I no see his collar, his neck so fluff, but I hear one little bell go tinkle, tinkle, tinkle. Pret-soon a missy come round the corner all creepy, creepy too, with chopbone in her hand, and she call so soft, 'Come, puss-cat, puss-cat, puss-cat.' But puss-cat he no care for dead chop when he can catch grasshoppers.

"Then quick before I think, whoop! scat! the dogs go scooty 'cross the grass, and puss-cat he all stick out and spit, and then he shin up tree quick. And Brindle-boy, he rush at missy all mad, and grab her skirts and stockings, and pull-tug, pull-tug, and growl and bite like he eat her all up."

"The beast!" exclaimed Barry. "What did you do?"

The little Japanese man drew himself up with pride till he almost reached her master's shoulder. "I grab big broom and rush out to save."

"What did she do?" Barry persisted, kicking angrily at the chair. "Did she scream bloody murder?"

The little man's pompous bravery seemed to suddenly wither away. "What she do? She just put back her head and laugh all teeth and cry out, 'Isn't he just too sweet for anything? all silly like that, and as I lift up broom to club that dog's head she throw him lamb chop quick, and he stop bitey her feet, and she sit right down on grass and cry, cry, all whitey. And Brindle-Boy, when he finish that chop he come lick her hands so nice, and missy she kind of tuck up her cry and run home. But white silk puss-cat he no come down out of that tree for two days, and bull-dogs they go round so sad and cough up white fluff fur all time."

"Did they eat her cat?" Barry inquired as a matter of natural politeness. He hated cats.

The Japanese man resumed his fatuous smile. "They try hard," he acknowledged. "They bitey deep and often, but they no hurt while silk puss-cat, he live so far inside."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

What is prayer—when it is prayer indeed? The mighty utterance of a mighty need.

## Missions.

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

SEVENTH-DAY Baptists have always been a missionary people. In their earliest history in our country they sent out the missionary into the regions beyond the gospel and the law. From the old Newport church and the old Hopkinton church ministers were sent into New Jersey, Eastern and Central New York, to preach Jesus Christ, the Saviour of men, and the law of God as binding upon all men. This missionary spirit and work were sources of life and growth. In those times the increase some years in membership was nearly fifty per cent. We are larger now than then, and have more means, and our mission work has enlarged. Our fathers possessing the broad love and spirit of the Saviour, and of his commission, agitated then the foreign mission work which resulted in sending Brethren Carpenter and Wardner and their wives to China. Our mission in Shanghai, against many obstacles and trials, has grown, and is now in a prosperous condition. The reflex influence of our foreign mission work has broadened and deepened our missionary spirit, so that more and better work has been done on the home fields. If our love becomes as broad as the saving love of Jesus, we shall do wider and greater work than ever at home and abroad in bringing men to the saving knowledge of Christ.

This mission and evangelistic work will bring to the front not only salvation but the Sabbath truth. It must precede it in order to make converts to the Sabbath. No man of the world will care for Sabbath truth until he is brought to love and accept Jesus Christ as his Saviour and Lord. Conversion to Christ must precede conversion to the Sabbath. It takes a spiritual-minded and conscientious Christian to come to the Sabbath truth and faithfully observe it. It is useless to preach Sabbath truth to a worldly-minded Christian. He must be warmed up in his heart and life by the Holy Spirit and become willing to do just what the Lord wants him to do, to accept the Sabbath and keep it. It is in times of revival, when sinners are coming to Christ and backsliders are reclaimed, and cold-hearted church members are revived and warmed up, that Sabbath truth can be proclaimed and will be accepted. What we need in all our churches today is a deep and wide revival of religion, heart searching and lasting in effect, in order to have a better and more spiritual observance of the Sabbath among us, and to have more power in propagating Sabbath truth. We are living too far from God; we are too time-serving and pleasure seeking. I repeat, that the missionary and evangelistic spirit and work are fundamental and vital to our life and growth as a people and to all lines of denominational effort. Men must come to Christ, the Lord of the Sabbath, before they will come to the Sabbath and keep it. Whatever may be the truth we want men to accept and observe, evangelism must precede proselytism to have any permanent effect.

We are doing as a people good mission work. But the past year there has been a decline in missionary and evangelistic effort. We must arouse ourselves, awake from our lethargy and go earnestly to work. This means all: The Missionary society must engage in more aggressive

mission and evangelistic work. It has called a good man to labor as an evangelist and it is hoped he will accept and will soon be out on the field. The pastors of the churches must preach on missions more, show the people what is being done, needs to be done, arouse in them a greater evangelistic spirit, and then they will pray and give for the work. For a good thing to go and be done, it must be talked up and prayed up. In this good work we must go forward, not backward. We are glad to see that Bro. A. C. Davis, the new president of the Young People's Board, is visiting the Christian Endeavor societies and stirring them up to renewed energy and greater work. Something will be done by them for all our lines of labor. We trust out of it will come strong and consecrated mission and evangelistic workers, preachers and quartettes. We trust the Board of Systematic Benevolence will get their system of raising funds for the various lines of our work—the pledge cards and envelopes—before all the churches, and that the pastors and church officers will see that it is put into operation. It ought to be done at once, so we can begin the New Year with it throughout all our churches. The missionary secretary will be out on the field, the Lord willing. Let our watchword now be upward and onward.

### THE MARTYR SPIRIT IN MISSIONS.

There is preeminent need in the mission field of the martyr spirit—not the dying martyrdom, but the living martyrdom. As Paul said: "I die daily." "Neither count I my life dear unto myself."

There are two or three recent books which are especially of use in emphasizing this aspect of missions: Miss Carmichael Wilson's "Things As They Are," Mrs. Howard Taylor's "Pastor Hsi," and James Chalmers' Biography. The first gives us a glimpse of the real destitution and degradation of women and girls in India—it is a glimpse into hell as it now exists; the second exhibits the niggardly spirit that is found even among Christians everywhere both in working and giving; and the third shows us a man who is so absorbed in his work for souls that he cares for no furlough, and dares any danger, and welcomes even death, if he may but save souls from sin.

One peril in Christ's work is learning to do it easily, cheaply, and without cost of effort and sacrifice. The romance of missions must be dispelled before the real work of missions is even truly begun. It is easy to aspire to heroism, but it is not so easy to be a hero.—*The Missionary Review.*

### RICH.

The present days are pleasant days and the editor is spending them in Wisconsin and Illinois meeting with and addressing Christian Endeavor societies in the interest of young people's work. It is an inspiration to see these noble bands of young people enlisted in the service of the Lord. But there are some grave problems to face. So many fields are calling for laborers. They are anxious for evangelists and male quartets to come and help them. On the other hand there are plenty of young men who want to go out in this work the coming year. The great problem is, "Who will send them?" "How shall they go unless they are sent?" Never in my life have I so longed to be rich as I do now. We would send every one of these workers out upon the field. No one person can do this, but

the Christian people, uniting, can do this. I believe that somehow, in some way, the money can be raised. Perhaps you who read these words would like to help in this glorious cause. These young men who stand ready to go are clean, manly young men who preach and sing "Christ and Him Crucified."—*The Messenger of Love.*

### CONVERSION.

We are asked to believe a great many things in this world, some of which are unbelievable—asked to believe a great many people, some of whom are not at all trustworthy. But to be asked to believe the Gospel is a rational request, and to be asked to believe the Lord Jesus Christ is a request just as rational. He who intrusts his soul in the hands of the Lord will never forget the day when the Lord came in saving power into his life. You cannot deny your conversion. There are a great many things which you may deny and which you may try to disprove, but your conversion stands forth as a definite experience in your life which you cannot forget and cannot deny. Conversion staggers the most infidelic of minds. Even Ingersoll himself, with all his logic and philosophy, was compelled to stand aside by the testimony of one who could say, "I know I have been born again. I know I have been forgiven. I know I have eternal life." How true is the statement which is made in I John 1:10: "He that believeth in the Son of God hath the witness in himself."—*The Messenger of Love.*

### NEW JERSEY YEARLY MEETING.

The yearly meeting of the New Jersey and New York City Seventh-day Baptist churches will meet with the Piscataway church at New Market, N. J., Sixth-day, Nov. 18, and continuing through First-day, Nov. 20. The following program has been arranged:

- SIXTH-DAY—EVENING.
- 7.30. Praise Service, Pastor.  
8.00. Sermon, Rev. E. F. Loofboro.  
8.30. Prayer and Conference Meeting, Rev. E. B. Saunders.
- SABBATH—MORNING.
- 10.30. Sermon, Rev. George B. Shaw. Communion.
- SABBATH—AFTERNOON.
- 3.00. Sabbath school, G. R. Crandall, Superintendent New Market Sabbath School.  
4.15. Y. P. S. C. E. Prayer-meeting, Mrs. A. H. Burdick.
- EVENING AFTER THE SABBATH.
- 7.30. Welcome Service, Conducted by Rev. L. E. Livermore.
- FIRST-DAY—MORNING.
- 10.30. Praise Service.  
11.00. Sermon, Rev. E. B. Saunders.  
11.45. Business.
- FIRST-DAY—AFTERNOON.
- 2.30. Woman's Hour.  
3.30. Layman's Hour, Corliss F. Randolph.
- FIRST-DAY—EVENING.
- 7.30. Praise Service, H. W. Prentice.  
8.00. Sermon, Rev. E. F. Loofboro.  
8.30. Closing Service, Rev. E. F. Loofboro.

In such ceaseless abiding you will know the inexpressible experience of being "in Christ." "All my springs are in Thee."

We should use God's gifts and life reverently and thankfully, and within the limits imposed by His divine will.

Infinite love, joined to infinite skill, shall pilot the way through every strait and temptation.

In His love abiding,

In His shelter hiding,

Be thou strong,  
Nearness to God, the possession of Him alone,  
is what satisfies the heart of man.

## Woman's Work.

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

### EVER TRUSTING.

ANNIE L. HOLBERTON.

In all the burdens that we bear,  
Mid round of toil and daily care,  
'Tis sweet to lift the heart in prayer  
To that dear friend above,  
Who bore for us the painful cross,  
Who notes our victories or loss,  
And tries the gold from out the dross  
With test of purest love.

What though we do not understand  
The purpose of His guiding hand  
Yet faithful to His cause we'll stand,  
For truth sustain our light.  
Trusting, believing, through his grace,  
Making the heart his dwelling place,  
Strengthened to still pursue the race,  
For right against the might.

For He who knows our secret thought,  
The constant faith with which we wrought  
The hope deferred we fondly sought,  
Bids us to trust Him still.  
And, though we cannot see the way,  
The blessing for which now we pray  
Will shine upon our path some day  
According to His will.

Miss Eva Booth, daughter of General Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, is to be the new commander of the Army in America with headquarters in New York. For the past eight years she has been located in Canada, in charge of the work there. Miss Booth is to take the place of Commander Booth-Tucker, who has been in charge of the work here for more than eight years. It is a part of the policy of General Booth to change the workers in the Army from place to place, and in accordance with this idea, Commander Booth-Tucker will hereafter have charge of the international headquarters of the Army in London. Among the farewell meetings that will be held, there will be one in Kensico Cemetery, when a monument erected to the memory of Mrs. Emma Booth-Tucker by the officers of the Salvation Army in America will be dedicated. Mrs. Tucker, a faithful, consecrated leader of the Army in this country, met her death in a railroad accident just a year ago.

### ON THE UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.

Children divide the stories they love into two classes. The stories in books about giants and trolls and fairies and beautiful princesses may not be true, however desirable it might be to have them so. The stories not in books about things which have really befallen either the person to whom one is listening, or some one whom that person knew, may be true, but are as vague and far away as the printed tales. Side by side they live in the memories of the little hearers, each playing its part in the formation of character, and each throwing its light on that strange, new thing called Life. Here is one of the true stories. I can almost hear the voice of the Doctor of the old school who told it to us.

I do not remember exactly where he lived, since his life touched ours only on the one night in which he was our father's guest. We were allowed to sit up as late as any one else sat up on that one night of all our childhood—a thing that would have fixed the visit in our memories

had nothing else done so. There was much else, however, and this is a part of it.

Long years before the telling of the story there had been another night, when it had been winter also—the cold, snowy winter of northern Ohio. In that State, which lay between the slave-holding State of Kentucky and the free soil of Canada, there were not only the pleasant miles of public highway and the shining networks of steel rails, but also another set of paths—known, unknown; seen, unseen—called the Underground Railway. Over these paths the runaway negroes made their way, fleeing, crouching, hiding, starving, terrified, yet pressing ever nearer to the goal they longed for. The bare knowledge of this mysterious road was often a perilous thing, for the Fugitive Slave Law was in force and it was no light thing to face the consequences of helping or harboring the runaways.

The Doctor was a poor man. That goes without saying when one speaks of a country doctor of the years before the art of healing went hand in hand with the art of money-making, and when men felt "called" to be doctors as other men were "called" to be parsons. His wife—as were many ladies of her time and place—was compelled to perform all the services of the household, and in the winter in question she had added to her usual cares by taking in two students who were reading with her husband. The young men shared the attic chamber, and lent a hand when certain duties were to be performed.

On the lower floor were the Doctor's surgery; a large living-room overflowing with books and natural curiosities; a kitchen, which was also the dining-room; and Mrs. Rush's bedroom. Opening out of the bedroom was a large closet in which hung the scanty wardrobe of the married pair, some chests of bedding, and some boxes of bird's nests, and other such collections as had been crowded out of the living-room.

One night there was a tap, not at the door, but at the bedroom window. The Doctor was instantly awake, and the sash was softly opened.

"Who's there?"

"Us, Massa."

He closed the sash, and stepped back to his wife's bedside.

"Two women," he whispered. "Black."

Mrs. Rush reached out for a warm wrapper, and she struck a light. "Bring them in here," she said.

The door opened noiselessly. Two women stood where the light from the candle shone on them. They had the look that comes only to the face of the hunted.

"How far have you come?" The question was whispered, so was the reply.

"From Crook's Ford. A man there told us to come here, and he said, 'Thee will find safety until trouble is past.'"

"Ah, yes—Friend Carruthers."

Mrs. Rush had opened the door of the dark closet. From one of the bins she lifted a feather bed, which she spread on the floor. From another she took a pile of quilts and blankets. Then she stepped softly into the kitchen, and returned with bread and meat and a pitcher of milk. No one could tell at what hour the Doctor would be called to drive off through the bitter night on the errands of mercy which filled his life, and for this reason some bricks were always kept in the oven, ready to be transferred to the sleigh. Mrs. Rush brought in some of these hot bricks, after the women had eaten, and then each one, with the warm comforter clasped to her breast,

sought rest on the pallet laid on the closet floor. Mrs. Rush closed the door and blew out the candle.

At breakfast one of the students asked:

"Did you go out last night, Doctor?"

"No; why?"

"I thought I heard the door open, and some one talking downstairs. I listened to hear if you wanted me to hitch up, but I guess I soon fell asleep."

Things went on much as usual. The young men cleared away the snow from the paths about the house and outbuildings, and cut and carried the wood for the stoves. Mrs. Rush allowed herself the extra luxury of a bedroom fire, so there was a little more wood than usual to cut. They dug out the vegetables from the banked-in cellar, but they never gave a thought to the way in which cabbages and smoked meat disappeared. The Doctor's face was a shade graver than it commonly was, but they never guessed the reason for it, or wondered why Mrs. Rush's step had a new purpose and her eyes a steadier light.

One afternoon a man named Caleb Ruff stopped in the office to get something for his cough. He hung about the stove long after the bottle of syrup was safe in his pocket, telling bits of neighborhood news with his slow, drawing voice.

"They say they's a couple of men hereabouts huntin' for two runaway nigger women," he said. "They 'low they've traced 'em to Crook's Ford. They seem to s'pect them Quakers, C'rutherses 'n' Darwineses, 'n' John Taber says they're goin' s'arch their houses 't night. How John knows I don't. Seems like some folkses' noses is always poked into other folkses' business."

Not long afterward Caleb Ruff shuffled out, mounted his horse and rode away.

"That man's a fool," announced one of the students, succinctly.

There was a dance in the village that night, and the students were dressed and away betimes. The Doctor and his wife had a long talk together by the office fire.

"If they come and find you alone, will you be frightened?"

"No."

"Can you clear away all traces of the women?"

"There are no traces. There have never been any."

"My brave wife!"

The Doctor peered out into the night. Snow had begun to fall. "It couldn't be a better night," he said.

"Can you tell me which way you will go?"

"Down to Crook's Ford."

"Won't the men be coming from that direction?"

"That is why I choose it."

"You know best."

They sat and waited. Ten o'clock came, then eleven, then the tall clock struck twelve. The Doctor got up and put on his weather-beaten great-coat and his coonskin cap. He kissed his wife, and then, after his hand had touched the latch, he turned back and kissed her again.

"I don't think there is any danger," he said; "but if there is, good-by," and then he went out.

Mrs. Rush called the women. They were warmly dressed. In the three weeks of their hiding they had sewed the flannel stuffs she had given them into warm garments.

"Don't speak, she said, "and do just what the Doctor tells you." The old sleigh, the old horse, the old buffalo robes, the old Doctor, all as familiar and as dear to the whole countryside

as the rugged oak-trees on the hill crest, stopped before the house door. The women felt the cold air on their faces for a moment before they crouched at the Doctor's feet under the piled-up robes. The snow was falling fast, and almost before the sleigh had reached the high road the footprints of the women were effaced.

The Doctor held the reins close. Captain might be old, but he understood his master's hand, and he responded to his lightest touch.

The bells jingled merrily through the drifted lanes, and at length there was another sound; the sound of horses' feet approaching rapidly. The Doctor was to find what he had come to seek.

"Hullo, there!"

"Good-evening," called the Doctor.

"Is this the road to Berryville?"

"Yes. Keep straight on until you reach a house with a fine windbreak to the north of it. That is my house. I am Dr. Rush. Then turn south, and in twenty minutes you will be in the village. A snowy night."

One of the men flashed a lantern-light straight into the Doctor's face. By its light a pistol shone. It was held by a steady hand. A strong finger pressed the trigger. The Doctor's gray eyes never flinched.

"We're from Kentucky," said the man, "and you know what it is Kentucky men mostly comes to look for these infernal times. Are there any runaway niggers up your way? Two women?"

The Doctor lifted his right hand.

"On my honor as a gentleman, I do not believe there are."

"Have you heard of any during the past month?"

"Again, gentlemen, my word of honor, I have heard no talk of any."

Captain knew that little trick of the Doctor's left hand. He started and gave a jerk, and then sheered off into the drift at the right of the road.

"My horse is restless, as you see, gentlemen," said the Doctor. "And time presses. An errand of mercy—you understand?"

"We understand, and good-night, sir."

Captain gave a second start, and this time he passed the strangers. As he did so the Doctor saw the pistol lowered, and he heard a broken sentence—"All the same, old fellow, we'll take a look at your house."

After he had passed the next field he lifted a corner of the robe. "You're safe now, friends," he said, and the sleigh-bells kept time to the fleeting footsteps of the trusty horse, and the snow sifted, sifted, in the track of those who fared forth on a bootless errand.

Where did he take the fugitives? Straight down to James Carruthers', whose premises had been searched within the hour. The good man received them without a word.

The Doctor's fees were mostly the thanks of those who would have had no helper but for him. Out of his slender purse he slipped a little coin into each of the dark palms as he bade the women good-by.

The next day the Kentuckians returned to the house behind the pine windbreak.

"We don't want to be rude or give trouble, but we'd like another look around," they said.

The Doctor waved his hand.

"My house is at your command, but I assure you you will not find what you seek."

"And you do not know where the women are?"

The Doctor's hand went up again—a worn old hand; a hand beautiful in God's sight; a

helpful, healing, comforting, strengthening hand, that had never been withheld from the tasks set by his Master, the Good Physician.

"Again—my honor—I do not know."

It was many a year before he knew that the women never saw Kentucky again.

"If Captain had not shied at the right moment, who can tell what might have happened?" said the Doctor.—*The Outlook.*

#### REV. CHARLES WAGNER.

Many of our people, doubtless, have read with pleasure and profit the books, "The Simple Life" and "The Better Way," which President Roosevelt so heartily recommends. The visit to this country of their author, the Rev. Charles Wagner, as the guest of John Wanamaker, is an event of interest.

One and a half years ago, Mr. Wanamaker visited the author, who expressed much pleasure at the reception accorded his books in America, and his great admiration for the American people. At the invitation of Mr. Wanamaker, Mr. Wagner decided to come to this country, and preparatory to the visit began the study of the English language, of which he could speak only a few words at that time.

His first addresses in this country, to the number of ten, were made at the Bethany Presbyterian church, (Wanamaker's church,) Philadelphia, Sunday, Sept. 25. The second of these it was my privilege to hear, also another address on Wednesday of the same week at the Friend's meeting.

Mr. Wagner is probably about sixty years of age, vigorous, well proportioned, medium height, and with a strong face and keen dark eyes. His dress is exceedingly plain, his manner and words simple, his gestures forceful. One can but recall these lines from "The Better Way," "Common sense in reasoning, integrity of life, true eloquence, the highest faculty, even the secret of genius itself—all these are in simplicity."

Thoughts gleaned from his addresses: God seeks man. Man seeks God. In ancient times God was sought in nature but the heart was unsatisfied and still cried out, "Come to us, O God." God came in Christ. The Spirit of God speaks to us and bids us "Be perfect." We can be messengers of death or messengers of light. Before the morning sun comes, earth is in shadows, when it arises, the earth is bathed in light. If your heart stands in the light of God's love, you will show that light, and others seeing you, shall see the Father. E. F. D.

RIVERTON, N. J.

#### MEETING OF MINNESOTA CHURCHES.

The semi-annual meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Minnesota was held with the New Auburn church, commencing on sixth-day evening, Oct. 21, at 7:30 o'clock. The introductory sermon was preached by Rev. G. W. Lewis, and the preaching was followed by a short testimony meeting. The Recording Secretary, Miss Maggie Campbell, being absent, J. W. Crosby was elected Secretary *pro tem*.

Sabbath morning at 11 o'clock Rev. G. W. Lewis preached from Mark 12: 30-31 and Luke 6: 31, 32. The Bible-School followed the preaching service. At 3:30 o'clock the Christian Endeavor Society met with Mrs. Leon Burdick as leader. At the beginning of the meeting an essay was read by Miss Gertrude Campbell. The essay was very good, and an interesting meeting followed.

Evening after the Sabbath, at 7:30 o'clock, Rev. L. D. Burdick preached from John 10: 2, and Rev. 3: 8.

First-day morning, at 10:30 o'clock, a business meeting was held. On motion, Andrew North, Jr., was elected moderator, and Miss Cora Ellis, Recording Secretary for the meeting to be held at Dodge Center next June. The report of Rev. G. W. Lewis, our delegate to the Iowa Yearly meeting, was read by him. Voted, to request Miss Gertrude Campbell to furnish a copy of her essay for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER. Voted, to adjourn after the evening meeting, to the call of the Executive Committee.

At 7:30 o'clock, Mrs. L. D. Burdick preached the closing sermon, from Gen. 19: 16; after this a collection was taken, for missions, amounting to \$5.13. Thus closed a very successful session of the Semi-Annual Meeting.

J. W. CROSBY,

Recording Secretary, *pro tem*.

D. T. ROUNSEVILLE, *Cor. Sec.*

#### THE STORY OF A TRAMP.

A tramp asked for a drink in a saloon. The request was granted, and when in the act of drinking the proffered beverage one of the young men exclaimed, "Stop! make a speech. It is poor liquor that doesn't loosen a man's tongue."

The tramp hastily swallowed the drink. As the rich liquor coursed in his blood, he straightened up and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I look to-night at you and myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my blighted manhood. This bloated face was as handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours, for I was once a man in the world of men. I too, once had a home and friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, but I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect into a cup of wine, and like Cleopatra, saw it dissolve, then quaffed it down in the brimring draught. I had children as sweet and pure as the flowers of spring, and saw them fade and die under the blighted curse of a drunkard father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, but I put out the holy fire and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, but I broke and bruised their beautiful forms and strangled them that I might hear their cries no more. To-day I am husband without wife, a father without a child, a tramp without a home and a man in whom every good impulse is dead. All have been swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

The tramp ceased speaking; the glass fell from his nerveless fingers and was shattered into a thousand fragments on the floor; the swinging doors were pushed open and shut again; and when the little group looked up the tramp was gone.

Have a purpose. Don't drift. Love is the inspiration of all celestial song. There is nothing lasting but truth, goodness, love—the abstract virtues.

The Bible, in its wonderful and varied imagery, is the reflector of all human experiences.

God has the best place for the best man, although men cannot always see this until the work is finished.

## Young People's Work.

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

#### PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Home again, after a three months' absence. After visiting all of our Endeavor societies in Illinois and Wisconsin, the writer stopped at Jackson Centre, Ohio. This is one of our isolated churches, and they always appreciate a visit. Then we passed on to the Western Association. The young people there are moving steadily forward. I hope to visit some of the societies in the Central Association, and the field secretaries and members of the Young People's Board will keep things in motion. Let us redouble our efforts in each Endeavor society. A great work there is for us to do.

Yours in Christian Endeavor Work,

A. C. DAVIS, JR.

#### IN SPITE OF STONES AND SIDE HILL.

There is a Seventh-day Baptist farmer in Allegany County who is reported to have said that he "started out with nothing but a hoe, and forty dollars in debt for that." He now owns a farm of his own, partly paid for by his own labor and the loyal co-operation of his wife, his family have had plenty to eat and have always appeared happy, his children, have been receiving the best education in the world, viz., the American common school education, taking rank among the first. He has gone cheerily along his way in the meanwhile working hard, but thinking great thoughts and living in loving enjoyment of God's beautiful world. I count him a successful man. He is honest and incorruptible. He looks the world fearlessly in the eye, and carries an untrifled conscience. He is a king of the realm.

Now I always thought it would be hard to farm among these hills. I figured that one would have to go over twice as much ground as you would need to cultivate on the prairies of the west to gain the same returns; also that, on account of the stones and the unevenness of the soil, the work would be harder and more trying to machinery. I can still see no escape from this logic, and yet there are many prosperous farmers in this country, homes that are as contented and happy as any in the world, homes where life is grandly worth living, where God is loved and obeyed and where children are nurtured to noble manhood and womanhood. It would take a long time to recite the debt of the world to these homes among the hills.

I have been wondering about all these things. Are difficulties and obstacles necessarily a curse? There is a great law of compensation at work in this great world. G. H. F. Randolph hinted at it years ago in a chapel speech at Milton, when I was a student. The pluck and grit of that speech have stuck to me ever since. He paid a tribute to our rich and fruitful soil. Then he told us about the stony hills of Allegany. He did not speak as though he was humiliated by the comparison. He said proudly, "We raise corn there, too, fifty, sixty bushels to the acre sometimes." He gave us to understand that they had to work harder for what they won, but they were not dismayed, and somehow, out of that school of toil and persistence, they graduated splendid men and women. Not a complaint or a whimper. He was proud of his native section, and he made an invigorating application for those students of us who felt that their natural abilities and opportunities were less than those of others. There could not have

been one that morning that did not feel a renewed determination to push forward and greet the future with a cheer.

That same plucky Randolph, by the way, is down upon our South-western field clearing off the stones, digging up roots, fertilizing the soil, sowing the seed, gathering the first fruits of the harvest of a nobler civilization. I warrant that his life knows more sacrifice and privation than is in the experience of most preachers; but we can hear him singing his optimistic song clear across the continent.

Now that is the kind of people we all admire to the bottom of our hearts. That is the kind of people we ought to be. There are none of us but think, or are tempted to think sometimes, that we have difficulties and discouragements that others do not know in the same measure. Perhaps it is so, perhaps not. What of it?

I learned a great lesson on farming on the island of Madeira. The whole island is on a slant. There are heavy rains to gully the soil and carry off its best elements. There used to be many rocks and stones. What did they do? They dug out the stones and built of them retaining walls for their terraces, leveled the ground above each wall, divided the hillside into little farms of half an acre or less. That little plot of ground supports a family. They farm there. The little island is famous the world over for its vineyards. They were won from the rough and stony land by the hand of toil.

Quit complaining. You have not time. It wastes strength. Besides, you have no reason to. Carefully look your farm all over. Decide what you can produce best, and how you can best produce it. Dig up the rocks, fortify against temptation, enrich your mind, strengthen your will. Do the duty that lies nearest you so well that you will be prepared for a greater one. That is your farm. Don't complain or compare. Stand up like a man and receive the trust—your stewardship. Whether the talents be one, two or five, it is yours to hear at the end of life—yes, every day of your life. "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

#### WHAT HAPPENED TO GIPSY.

"Meow! meow!" Where could Gipsy be? Gipsy was Josie's big black and white cat. She had a beautiful basket where she slept every night. But now she had been gone a day and a night, and it was almost night again and no Gipsy.

Josie was almost ready to cry for her lost kitty, when she heard a soft little "meow." She thought the sound came from on top of the bay window, so she ran upstairs as fast as she could go, and looked out on the roof, but Gipsy was not there.

Another "meow!" such a sad little noise.

"Oh, she must be shut up in the attic!" cried Josie, and away she flew upstairs, looking everywhere.

First she opened two or three cupboard doors, but kitty was not there. At last she made up her mind to be very brave and went into all the dark corners, for she could still hear the little "meow," but she could not find Gipsy. She called mother to help her.

"Mother, I can hear Gipsy crying, but I can't find her, and I know she is afraid she will have to stay another night without me. I'm afraid she's almost starved. Do hurry, please, mother!" Mother came very quickly. Now, dearie, take

hold of my hand, and stand very still a moment. We will listen once more."

"Meow! meow!" That sounded as if kitty must be in the "company room," as Josie called it.

Away mother and Josie went to the front room.

Mother and Josie listened again. "Meow! me-o-o-w!" Where could that kitty be? The "meow" sounded out of doors. They looked out of the window. "Meow!" That little cry seemed to come from right beside their feet now. Then mother thought of something.

"Josie, did you come up here when the men took off the window casing to fix the place where the rain came in?"

"Yes, mother, I watched them all the morning."

"Did Gipsy come with you?"

"Yes, Gipsy and I came up together, but she only stayed a little while."

Where did she go when she left you alone?"

"I don't know, mother. I thought she went downstairs."

"Well, dearie, run for the carpenter as fast as you can, for I think Gipsy must have gone into the hole beside the window when the men had the board off and they didn't see her, but nailed the place up again and shut her inside."

Oh, how Josie ran to the carpenter's house. But he was on another street, building a house.

Away Josie flew. She ran so fast that her shoestrings came untied, and it seemed almost a year before she could get it tied again. At last she found the new house, and asked the carpenter to hurry as fast as he could to her home.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, you built my kitty into the house, and we didn't know it till now. Do hurry, please, and unbuild her!"

The carpenter laughed, and followed Josie. He had to go fast to keep up with those little flying feet. At last they reached the "company room." The carpenter put his ear down close to the window and listened.

"I guess you're right, little miss," he said.

Then he worked fast to get the nails out, and, as soon as he pulled one of the boards back ever so little, Gipsy's head peeped through. She was in such a hurry to get out. A minute more and she scrambled into the room and ran to Josie.

Josie nearly choked her hugging her so tightly. Then Gipsy gave one more little "meow," just to tell Josie how hungry she was.

"Poor Gip, I was so glad to see you, I almost forgot that you were nearly starved," said Josie.

Then mother and Josie and Gip went downstairs and found some warm milk and a nice soft basket; and the carpenter said he didn't often have a chance to build kitties into his houses.—*The Baptist Commonwealth.*

God is the source of good. His nature is to give. Outpouring, bestowing, making better and more blessed.

A man only becomes what he makes himself, and we rarely reach the goal without exerting every energy.

Life is springtime, and the gathering years are lengthening days, calling to constant endeavor.

Emotion is power when it is caught in the cylinder and does not escape in the whistle.

Thoughts are the things which give complexion to your life, just as certain insects are colored by the leaf on which they feed.

M. HARRY.

Much has been said and written among us about readjustment of our denominational societies to simplify and harmonize their operations to the production of better results. Something desirable perhaps has been attained in this direction. But we have long been of the impression that General Conferences annually are unnecessarily and unprofitable. Once in four years is quite often enough. The following reasons are offered:

1. The New Testament certainly does not suggest them, either by precept or example. It is also certain that the custom of great conventions or conferences is the product of those centuries when the church of Christ was well on the highway toward medieval apostasy and corruption. I would not be understood as claiming that such conventions are wholly unprofitable or unnecessary. But it must not be forgotten that the most fruitful and successful days for the Kingdom of Christ was when such annual, or even quadrennial, conferences were unknown. This shows, to say the least, that they are not an absolute necessity.

2. Quite a number of the most active and successful evangelical communions have only quadrennial conferences, such as the Methodist Episcopal, United Brethren, Evangelical Association. Others, as the Episcopalians, have triennial meetings. These denominations invest their general conferences with both legislative and judicial powers. Now if these efficient denominations, with the vastly more important business, can succeed so well with meeting only once in four years, how much more can our churches do likewise with so much less power and business vested in our Conference. All the business that is really necessary at our Conferences is the election of officers of the boards, and presenting a summary of reports of the societies. The former could just as well be elected for four years, as with little exception they are reelected from year to year; or the associations could annually elect about the number selected from each; and as to the reports, the boards could publish these from year to year the same as the boards of the denominations named. Why not?

3. Our General Conferences are utterly unprofitable for all contingencies. Suppose our denomination was as numerous as some of the larger ones, with one to three million communicants and five to ten per cent. of the number to attend Conference, as we now do, we should have from 50,000 to 150,000 in attendance. What church or hall or tent would be large enough to entertain. If General Conferences are such a necessity, why not that ratio attend whatever the number? Again, with our custom of keeping the statistics of all our churches, and various reports, how large would our annual General Conference Minutes have to be to contain statistics, etc., for 100 to 300 times as many churches? These illustrations show clearly that our annual General Conferences are absolutely impossible under all conditions.

4. The item of expense is a most formidable one. By examination of several annual Conference expense bills, in the hands of the Conference treasurer, together with a fair estimate of the probable expense of delegates and visitors for these several years, a conservative estimate of our Conference expenses would be not less than from \$3,500 to \$5,000. Suppose

now, we numbered from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000, at the same rate of attendance and expenses, our Conference expenditures would be from \$350,000 to \$500,000 per year. Does any one for a moment suppose that the larger denominations incur that rate of expense? It thus appears that we are the most extravagant of all the denominations, yet the least able to endure it. Is it not beyond dispute that our Conferences are largely a matter of religious dissipation? Really nothing done at Conference that could not just as well be done once in four years and by the annual Associations. Yet we feel so rich that we think we can afford to spend \$5,000, or a little less, in going to Conference instead of putting that amount into our depleted treasury to give the gospel to those who need it. Think of it, Conference attendants spend from \$5 to \$50, and probably give from \$2 to \$15 to the denominational boards. "Publish it not in Askelon; tell it not in Gath, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice." But are not these about the facts, and do you think it is God's way? Who dares to say it is? Now, brethren, we talk of the crying need of our missionary and tract work. True. Would we not be much more consistent and God be vastly more glorified if we put this large yearly sum into our treasuries for the Lord? Don't He need it? Who doubts that that would be much the better way? But suppose we allow that our Conference attendants would not give all to these causes that they would go to Conference. They would if they love the cause. If they do not, of what value to us or His cause are they? But suppose they give about two-thirds as much as for Conference, we should have from \$2,500 to \$4,000 more than we are getting. Who will rise up and say that, that amount spent in getting ready, on the railroads, etc., does more good than if put into the treasuries of the Lord?

5. The General Conferences interfere with the associational gatherings. One instance illustrates. In 1900 the pastor of West Edmeston tried to get members to attend the Association at Scott, N. Y. His recollection is that not one went. Why? Said several, "I want to go to Conference at Adams Centre, can't go to both." Could not blame them much. Nine went to Conference. But the Association at Scott was very small. It always works that way, though not so much possibly as in this case. Now where is the benefit of this drawing from the attendance of Associations. The associational meetings are the ones, if any, in reach of our people. The well to do, and a favored few, go to Conference. If it is desirable for our people to be present at our annual meetings, let the rally be for the Associations. But as long as so much time, effort and expense is given to Conference, it will be at the expense of the Associations. Is it right?

6. But, says one, does not the uplift and inspiration of attendants at Conference on their return make up for expense, labor and time? Let us see. If it takes from \$10 to \$50 to get an uplift, how many can afford such uplifts? Most people would never have any at that rate. Moreover, while the favored pastor perhaps and few, go, there is by common consent a sort of relapse and rest at home, and it is very doubtful if the returning delegates, after paying so dearly for their uplift, will bring things up to the usual level. Another thing neutralizes any uplift. A few pastors of well-to-do churches and well-to-do members, and a few officials whose way is

paid, go. The great mass remain at home because too poor to go. Now if going to Conference is a privilege, why have not the poor as good right to go as the favored few? The poor in this world's goods, are usually the "rich in the grace of God." But they cannot go. Now as long as human nature, even un-sanctified human nature is as it is, can it be otherwise than that there would be in their breasts a disappointment, and even a little envy, at their more fortunate brethren, whose uplift can hardly allay? Of course they would not mention this. But many unmentioned things are quite real. True the same feature attaches to the Associations, but in a much lesser degree. But I am of the opinion that those who stay at home from principle or poverty, and do what their hands find to do, and give the little balance to the Lord, are pleasing God more than by giving it to the railroads and hotels. Don't you? Don't understand me as opposed to all annual gatherings. But let them be as few as possible and near at home as possible. Less of our time, pages and money for "on-to-Conference" and more of "to Associations," or better still, more into God's treasury, more evangelistic and revival effort is what God and the angels want, and what we need more than all things else. We are losing the art or skill of saving men. We have readjustment and machinery enough, but oh, so little of might by His spirit. Why not now for an adjustment that don't cost money or legal advice to get in operation. Let us put our money, time and strength where they will do the most good. Adopting this principle, I am sure we shall see the necessity of fewer Conferences, larger Associations, more evangelism and revival work.

## MANY STRENUOUS PRESIDENTS.

Jefferson was that one nearest to genius who has lived in the White House. He was a philosopher, a statesman, a scholar, a linguist, an artist, and a scientist; he drew plans as an architect, invented the first furrow-turning plow, and last, though not best, played on the fiddle. He sent rice from Italy, sneaking it out of Milan in his coat pockets, contra formam statuti, and made the savannahs of Carolina and Georgia a source of food-supply. He did many notable things; among others, he lifted one thousand pounds with his bare hands and gained the title of "The strong man of Albemarle," in a region where men were strong.

It might be here mentioned that Washington, like Jefferson, was an athlete of celebration, and made what is known in the nomenclature of games as a running broad-jump of twenty-one feet. Lincoln, likewise, was a wrestler against whom none might stand. Jackson was the only President who had taken a man's life in single combat, albeit Lincoln once went forth to fight a broadsword duel with Shields, while Madison in his younger spirit was carried to the point of moulding bullets and oiling triggers for a shot at ten paces with Hamilton over a certain Madame Reynolds. Burr acted for Madison, and did his best to promote the war; but negotiations struck somehow a peaceful note and blood was saved.—*The Metropolitan Magazine.*

The right remains; the wrong goes. Tribulation passes away; glory will always be with us.

Bind together your spare hours by the cord of some definite purpose, and know how much may be accomplished.

## Children's Page.

## MEMBER.

"Member, awful long ago—  
Most a million weeks or so—  
How we tried to run away,  
An' was gone for most a day?  
Your Pa found us bofe—an' nen  
Asked if we'd be bad again—  
An' we promised, by-um-by.  
Do you 'member? So d' I.

"Member when I tried to crawl  
Frough vat hole beneaf your wall,  
'An I stuck, becuz my head  
Was too big? Your Murver said,  
When she came to pull me frough  
S'prised you didn't try it too.  
An' you did it, by-um-by.  
'Member? Do yuh? So d' I.

"Member when your Murver said  
'At she wight I'd run an' do  
All ve mischief in my head  
All at once, an' get it frough?  
S'pose we did, why, maybe ven  
We could do it all again!  
Guess we could if we should try—  
Will y', sometime? So'll I.

—Harper's.

## THE BROKEN CHINA CUP.

"Georgia came home from California last night. She brought me the dearest little china cup you ever saw. It is blue sprinkled all over with gold. Come over and see it." Thus called Ollie Barnes to her friend Della Gray.

Della straightway climbed over the dividing fence, linked her arm in Ollie's and went with her to the house. "The things are all in the parlor," Ollie remarked as they went in. "She brought ever and ever so many beautiful things, but I think the dearest of all the little china cups." She brought John one, too. They are exactly alike.

"Aren't they beautiful," said Della, cautiously holding ones of the dainty cups in her hand. "But suppose one of them should get broken, who would claim the other one?"

"I don't suppose anybody's going to break them unless its Ollie or me," interposed ten-year-old John, "and I guess the one that does the breaking will have to do the losing."

"Well I am quite sure that I shall never, never break mine," said Ollie, giving the cup a last caress as they turned away.

A few weeks later Mrs. Barnes received a letter that an old friend was coming to spend a week with her. She at once hastened to put the house in the best possible order. Some task was assigned to each member of the household. It fell to Ollie's lot to put fresh papers throughout the china closet.

"Remember that china is very easily broken, and be careful in handling it," was Mrs. Barnes' last caution as she turned away, having given Ollie her directions.

Ollie loved beautiful dishes and took great pride in dusting and arranging her mother's beautiful collection. All went well this morning and she was almost through, when in removing a paper from a lower shelf, several puzzle cards dropped to the floor. Ollie picked them up and spent so much time in looking at them that the clock struck twelve before she had finished her work. "Fifteen minutes and dinner

will be served!" Ollie dropped the cards and hastily began to put the remaining shelves in order. In a few minutes, everything was in place, all but the blue china cups which had been set to one side in a safe place.

Intent on getting through before the dinner bell sounded Ollie exercised more haste than caution in replacing them. The handle of one struck the knob of the closet door with such force as to break it from the cup. For a moment Ollie stood, too pained and startled either to move or speak. Slowly she stooped and picked up the handle and fitted on to the cup.

"If it would only stay," she murmured and at that moment her eye fell on the word "glue," pasted on a bottle. Ollie hesitated a moment then glancing cautiously around, to see that no one was near she took the bottle of glue, applied some to the broken parts of the cup, fitted the handle in its place and carefully wiped away all trace of the glue. She set the cup in its place on the shelf and ran away to make ready for dinner.

"Nobody will ever know," she said to herself, trying to quiet her fast-beating heart and excited nerves.

A few days later Mrs. Barnes gave a dinner in honor of her visiting friend and the little blue cups were called into service. Everthing passed off nicely and dinner was about half over with, when crash went the little blue cup into the saucer, breaking both into countless bits and spreading the coffee over the beautiful damask table cloth and Battenburg doilies, and over the rich satin skirt of Mrs. Gray, who sat with the tiny handle between her thumb and finger, her lips parted as if to sip the coffee.

Mrs. Barnes rallied herself to clear away the broken bits of china, and someone said something about a slip between cup and lip, and soon everyone was apparently as happy and as much at ease as before the little episode happened. All save Ollie who sat on the back porch with white lips that murmured, "my beautiful cup, my beautiful cup!" That evening the family were discussing the breaking of the cup. It was decided that the cup must have got cracked in bringing it from California so Ollie and John were allowed to draw lots to see who should have the remaining cup. Ollie was the fortunate one and the little blue cup was handed over to her. Georgia was to get John another one as nearly like it as possible.

Just after Mrs. Barnes had gotten into bed that night, she heard a footstep in her room and a little face was nestled down to hers. "Why, Ollie, dear, are you sick? You should have been asleep hours ago."

"It's the tea cup, mama. I can't sleep."

"The tea cup, dear! Would you rather John would have it?"

"Yes, mama I want John to have it. I—I broke the other one."

Mrs. Barnes did not speak, she stroked the dark hair of her little girl and waited, until the sobs grew quieter. "Tell me about it," she said.

As Ollie finished, her mother's arms tightened around her. "Did not my little daughter know that by this little act of deception she was causing a break in her own heart, one through which all the love of Jesus would leak out? And which in the end would bring destruction to my little Ollie's soul? Have you told Jesus about it, darling?"

"Yes, mama, I couldn't tell anybody at first, but after awhile I told Jesus, and then it wasn't so hard to come and tell you."

Mrs. Barnes and Ollie talked a little while longer, then Ollie was tucked into bed and fell asleep with the pressure of her mother's kiss still warm upon her cheek.—*The Advance.*

## DANDY AND THE AXE.

Dandy was a little dog, who lived with his mistress in a New York apartment flat, on two flights of stairs. They indulged in the luxury of an open-wood fire in cold weather, and Dandy was the errand boy, who brought wood from the cellar when necessary.

One day Mrs. Scott, his mistress, discovered she had no wood, so she said, "Dandy, go down cellar and bring me a stick of wood." He usually brought one stick at a time, and traveled up and down stairs until the wood box was replenished.

Away went Dandy, as gay as a lark, but only to appear in a few minutes with a very doleful air, and without any wood.

"Why, Dandy," said Mrs. Scott, "did you hear me, I said bring up some wood."

Downstairs went the dog a second time, and soon Mrs. Scott heard a noise as of something being pulled or dragged across the cellar floor. Going herself to investigate, she found the little dog at the foot of the cellar stairs with the axe, the handle of which was in his mouth, and he was trying his best to carry it upstairs to show there was no wood cut. This is a true story, and is vouched for.—*Christian Endeavor World.*

## THINGS TO SMILE AT.

## HIS PECULIARITY.

The Washington *Mirror* tells of a surprise that came to a man that remarked to a stammerer.

"You must find that impedient in your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. Bigg."

"O, n-no; everybody has his little peculiarity. Stammering is m-m-mine; what is y-yours?"

"Well, really, I am not aware that I have any."

"D-do you stir y-your tea with your right hand?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"W-well, that is y-your p-peculiarity; most p-people u-use a t-teaspoon."

## HIS FEARS REALIZED.

A Georgia statesman, as *The Youth's Companion* says, was in the shop of an optician in Atlanta, and heard a conversation between the proprietor of the establishment and an aged colored man, who was just leaving the place with a pair of new spectacles.

As the old chap neared the door his eye lighted upon a most extraordinary-looking instrument conspicuously placed upon a counter. The venerable negro paused for several moments to gaze in open-mouthed wonder at this thing, the like of which he had never seen before. After a long struggle with his curiosity, he was vanquished. Turning to the optician, he asked:

"What is it, boss?"

"That is an opthalmometer," replied the optician, in his gravest manner.

"Sho!" muttered the old man to himself as he backed out of the door, his eyes still fastened upon the curious-looking thing on the counter. "Sho, dat's what I was afear'd it was!"

## CAP'N LEVI'S LAST CRUISE.

"Cap'n Levi," began the pastor in a voice that faltered a little, in spite of him; "there's—there's something that I think you ought to know. I met Dr. Wiley just now, and—~~and—he~~—"

The gray head on the pillow turned quickly. "What is it Elder? Does Doc think I'm a-goin' t' die?"

"Yes, Cap'n; he's afraid that this is your last sickness; and—"

But the upraised hand checked him.

"How long afore—afore—"

"Not long, he thinks; a few days, perhaps; not more than a week at most. I can't tell you how sorry I am, Cap'n, and how I long to say something to help and comfort you."

"I know it, Elder, I know it; 'n' I thank ye kin'ly. But I hope ye'll not take offense at an ol' man, 'n' dyin',—'n' dyin',—ef I ask ye not t' say nuthin' f'r a spell. Ye see, it's a new idee. Haddn't thought 'f it afore, 'n' I must kinder git uster it a leetle. It's like startin' on a new course; I've jes' got t' hol' her es she is ontill I git my bearin's. Ye unnerstan', don't ye, Elder?" And there was a piteous appeal in both voice and eyes.

"Perfectly, old friend; it's just what I should want myself. I'll go away now, and come back after a while, if you'd like me to."

"That's it; that's what I want. Leave me alone an hour or so, 'n' then come back, f'r I'll want t' talk weth ye 'bout a good many things afore I—I—go. 'N' I wish ye'd pass th' word forrude es ye go out, not t' hev nobody come in here f'r a spell."

Left alone, the old man faced the Mystery which had suddenly drawn near. How strange it all seemed! He could not realize it! He had faced death a hundred times, but there had always been a fighting chance until now; but now there was no chance. He knew that Dr. Wiley never gave a man up so long as there was the least possibility of pulling him through. No, he must just lie here and wait for death. He wondered how it felt to die. He remembered the faces of dead men that he had seen; one in particular came persistently before him, full of frozen horror. Would he look like that when he was dead?

Then his thoughts took another turn. He was a child again, in the old home, just up the road; and mother was there, and the boys, and the one wee sister; and father was off at sea, as he usually was. Odd pranks forgotten for half a century came trooping into his mind. He heard his mother's half-laughing reproof of some of them—bless her heart! she never could really scold.

And there came to him, too, the recollection of the day when they carried mother away, and laid her under the pines in the village cemetery—"buryn'-ground," they called it then. How dark the day seemed, although the sun was shining! And when the funeral was over, and everybody had gone home, he remembered how he went back and stretched himself out beside the new-made grave, and threw his arm over it, and sobbed himself to sleep there. Ah, well,—and a smile lighted up the wrinkled face,—it would not be long before he would do that again; only they would not waken him this time. Mother was there, and father, and Joe, and Jim, and Matt, and Mary,—all but Sam, who was lost at sea, and himself, the last of all. It

wouldn't be so bad to die, after all; it was only getting the family together again.

But would they all be together again? The Knapps had been pious, God-fearing people—all but the Cap'n. He had never been a "per-fessor"; how often he had said that, and with what pride, comparing his straightforward life with that of some weak and inconsistent church-members! How hard he had always been upon those whose living seemed to give the lie to their professions! But where was he now? What had he to depend upon? The inconsistencies of Christians were of no consequence to him now; he saw that clearly enough.

Then Cap'n Levi drew forth a little bit of experience that he had kept carefully hidden from the sight of everybody, the existence of which he had hardly dared confess even to himself; just the merest glimmer of a hope and a faith that seemed to say, "I believe; help Thou my unbelief!" But as he turned these over in his mind, and pondered them, lo! that hope grew strong enough to draw the other world of life and glory near, so that all fear of death was lost; and that faith groping in the darkness grasped and clung fast to a strong Hand; and the old man's heart was comforted, and he turned his head on the pillow, and dropped off to sleep like a tired child.

When he awoke, Elder Doane sat by his bedside.

"Waal, I d'clare f'r 't! This ain't very hospiterbul, me asleepin' here when I've got comp'ny! Why didn't ye wake me up?" he asked.

"That's all right," protested the minister. "I am glad you can sleep; it will do you good. Besides, it shows that you're not greatly troubled about what we were speaking of before I left. How is it, Cap'n; are you afraid to die?"

"N—o—e," replied the veteran slowly; "I don't thing that I am afeared t' die. I can't say thet I've got it all straightened out in my min' yet; seems kinder cur'us, 'n' I don't seem t' take it in. Never died afore, ye know," with a humorous twinkle in his eye; "but es f'r bein' afeared—no, Elder, I ain't skeered. It's all right."

"But how do you know? What makes you so sure?" persisted the minister.

"Why, ye hee, it's jes' like this, I've put into many a bad harbor in my time, full 'f rocks 'n' shoals, 'n' I couldn't 've foun' my way in no more'n nuthin' t' all. But when th' pilot come aboard I jes' give everything right up t' him, 'n' didn't bother my head no more 'bout it. It was his bizness t' bring me in, 'n' he allus done it. Thet's 'bout th' way I feel now."

"But has the Pilot come aboard?"

"Yessir; He's aboard; 'n', Elder, He's bin aboard a long spell, although ye didn't know nuthin' 'bout it, 'n' I wasn't allus plumb sure 'f it myself. But, lyin' here, 'n' thinkin' it over, I'm dead sartin' 'f it. Yessir; th' Pilot's aboard; 'n' I ain't afeared weth Him at th' wheel."

"Tell me about it, Cap'n."

"Waal, there ain't much t' tell. On'ly, one mornin' a spell ago you was prayin' in church f'r sailors, that they might all ship weth th' Great Cap'n; 'n' it come over me all 'f a sudden that that was what I wanted more'n anythin' else in th' world; 'n' right then 'n' there I signed articles weth Him."

The pastor's head was bowed upon his clasped hands, and the tears were streaming down

his cheeks. "Thank God! Thank God!" he murmured. "It was all that he could say."

"They's jes' one thing thet's troublin' me," continued the Cap'n; "'n' thet is thet I hain't come out 'n' let folks know 'bout it. Seems t' me 'taint quite square not t' put on th' uniform, 'n' line up weth His crew. I'd like t' git well 'nough to go t' church once more, 'n' h'ist His flag up t' th' peak, so thet ev'rybody'd know I was sailin' under Him. But it's too late f'r thet now."

"Let me do it for you, Cap'n," said Mr. Doane eagerly. "Let me tell the people to-morrow from the pulpit what you have just told me!"

"Will ye do it, Elder?" queried the old man as eagerly; "will ye do it? Waal, that takes th' last load off 'f my min'. I couldn't bear th' idee 'f slippin' away without throwin' up my hat f'r th' Cap'n at least onct. Yes, I know I orter done it afore, but I kep a puttin' it off. Wisht I hadn't, now. But I'm gittin' a leetle tired, I guess. Spose ye jes' give me a bit 'f th' Bible t' think over, 'n' I'll go off t' sleep ag'in."

The pastor began that wonderful psalm of trust and triumph:

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me—"

But the wasted hand was lifted.

"I hope ye won't think I mean anything wrong," said the Cap'n hesitatingly. "Them's fine words, but—somehow—they don't seem t' hit me jes' right. Ye see I wa'n't never much 'f a farmer, 'n' I don't know nuthin' 'bout sheep 'n' their ways; never hed much t' do weth 'em ontill they was cooked. Ain't there suthin' f'r sailors? Suthin' 'bout an anchor? Seems t' me I ric'lect suthin' 'f thet sort thet my mother uster say."

"Is this it: 'Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil?'"

"That's it!" he cried in delight. "Thet hits my case t' a T! An anchor; thet's what I need, sure 'nough. Enterin' into thet within th' veil; goin' out 'f sight, 'n' ketchin' hol' on suthin', 'n' holdin' on. Yes, thet'll do; couldn't be nuthin' better. Which hope—an anchor—sure—" he murmured drowsily. And so he drifted out upon the sea of sleep, carrying his anchor with him.

It was well advertised through the medium of the store that the Elder would have a message from Cap'n Levi at the service on Sunday mornin', and all the village was there to hear it. Everything went on as usual through "the preliminaries" and the sermon until the last hymn had been sung. Then, bidding the congregation be seated again, Mr. Doane told of the life that was ebbing away, of its calm confidence in the face of death, and of its reason therefore. Then he spoke of the Cap'n's one deep regret,—that he had seemed ashamed of his faith,—that he "haddn't h'isted th' flag 'f Jesus,"—and of his desire to do so now, and in this way. The speaker's voice broke here with a great longing, not for the dying man, but for the living men before him.

"O men!" he cried; "this message from your comrade comes straight to you. You must soon launch out on your last cruise, as Cap'n Levi is doing! You need the Pilot who is sailing with him! Why not take Him aboard now? You must have the anchor that will hold; why not ship it to-day? Perhaps some of you are

secretly trusting in the Lord, but are not willing to make it known. Come out openly for Him! Who will run up Christ's flag to the peak here and now?"

It sounded like a direct challenge; and in the breathless silence that followed, men could almost hear the beating of their own hearts. Then Bill Dunnett slowly rose to his feet, with the tears running down his bronzed face.

"Elder," he said, brokenly, "I dunno ef it's th' proper thing t' speak out in meetin' this a'way, but 'pears t' me I can't help it. Me 'n' Cap'n Levi's bin shipmates 'n' frien's f'r many a year, 'n' we ain't a-goin' t' be se'p'rated now, not ef I c'n help it. 'Nn I want ye sh'd tell him, nex' time ye see him, thet Bill Dunnett's shipped weth Jesus, same's him, 'n' thet he'll meet him in th'e harbor 'f heav'n bimeby."

"Me too!" cried Sam Gallup. "An' me!" "An' me!" came from two or three others. Then silence again, broken finally by the pastor's voice:

"Men, this is a solemn moment! It seems as though Cap'n Levi were right here among us, shipping a crew for the Lord. How glad he'll be to hear of these who have taken service! But there are others of you who ought to be weth him. Come along, and sign the articles! If you will take Jesus as your Captain, stand up!"

And one after another, slowly, soberly, without excitement, but with the flush of a high purpose on their weatherbeaten faces, they stood on their feet—a dozen of them, Cap'n Levi's old-time mates and cronies.

With a few words of fervent prayer the service closed.

Cap'n Levi's face lighted up with a great joy, when the Elder, hurrying to his room, told him the news. It seemed too good to be true, and it had to be repeated again and again before he could really take it in.

"Waal! waal!" he said finally; "ef thet don't jes' beat all creation! Bill Dunnet! 'n' Hy Stacey! 'n' Jim Webster! 'n' th' hull caboodle 'f 'em! Jes' t' think 'f it! Why, Elder, I'm fair skeered! It seems too wunnerful! Here I've bin mournin' 'b'cause I'd got t' go alone, without any one thet I'd helped t' fin' th' Lord, 'n' He's give me a hull crew! An'—'n'—Elder, I'm 'shmed, too! T' think thet all this time I ain't bin willin' t' fly His flag or show His lights!"

And the old man broke into tears of mingled joy and grief.

It wasn't long waiting after that. Swiftly the end drew near. By the doctor's orders no one was allowed to see the sick man—no one, that is, but Elder Doane. To him Cap'n Levi clung with such pathetic earnestness that finally the minister took up his residence in the house, and left it no more until it was over. To the pastor the Cap'n clung, and to his "anchor verse," as he called it. Much talk the two men had those days concernin' things beyond, and much reading of the Word. But always at the end of the talking or reading, when the Cap'n was tired, and would rest or sleep, he would say,

"Now let's hev my anchor verse, Elder."

And, although he knew it by heart, its repetition always seemed to comfort and delight him. One day Mr. Doane read him Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar":

"Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar

When I put out to sea!"

He listened with interest, but made no comment. To the question, "How do you like that, Cap'n?" he answered.

"It's very purty, but it don't seem t' tetch me much. Fust place, it don't make no diff'rance whether they's any moanin' at th' bar or not. T'aint th' moanin' thet hurts; it's th' bar itself; 'n' ef th' Pilot's on board, 'n' knows his bizness, they ain't no call t' be afeard 'f thet. Then, ag'n, them last few lines 'bout seein' th' Pilot face t' face when he hes crossed th' bar—them ain't right. What ye want is t' know thet th' Pilot's there, whether ye see him or not; 'n' ye want t' know thet while ye're crossin' th' bar, not wait till afterwards. But mebbe I'm all wrong. I dunno much 'bout this poetin' bizness; I'm lookin' at it from a sailor man's p'int 'f view. Anyways, it ain't so good t' me as thet verse 'bout th' anchor. How does it go, Elder?"

And the Elder repeated the well-loved words, and tried him with no more poetry.

Then came one of those bleak, dreary nights not uncommon in late November. All day the wind had been blowing a half-gale from the southeast, and the sea was running heavy. The booming of the breakers on Heron Ledges sounded like distant thunder, while the Martin's Reef whistling buoy sobbed and moaned like a spirit in despair. There was a hint of snow in the air, and a cold, clammy mist held the village in uncanny embrace. Altogether, it was a night in which to be thankful for a snug home and a roaring fire, and for no necessity for leaving either.

Nevertheless, the store was full. It had been whispered about that the Cap'n was not likely to live through the night, and sorrow for his going had drawn his old companions together in a kind of death-vigil. He was, of course, the one object of thought and conversation. Many a half-forgotten story was told in which he played a part. "Member th' time—" some one would say; and then would follow the recital of some incident well known to most of them, but taking on a new significance now that its chief actor was passing on.

As the evening wore on, silence fell upon the group. Nobody felt much like talking; each was occupied with his thoughts. Finally Jim Webster said,

"Doc thinks he won't pull through th' night, eh?" Somebody nodded.

"Waal, he'll go out weth th' tide, then. Lessee; low water's at 1:30. This wind'll hol' it back some, but not much. Yessir, Cap'n Levi won't be weth us at two o'clock."

Nobody questioned the assertion, for it is a tradition of the coast that the souls of those who have loved the sea, and have lived on it or by it, pass from life with the ebbing of the tide.

Up in the little cottage on the hill Dr. Wiley and Mr. Doane were watching by the bedside of the sick man. He had lapsed into semi-unconsciousness in the afternoon, and now lay without sign of life, except a troubled and uneven breathing. But, as midnight drew near, he grew restless and uneasy, turning from side to side picking the quilt, and muttering broken words under his breath. Many things seemed to be passing through his mind. Now he was a child, at home again with his brothers. Once he was kneeling at his mother's knee, for the listeners heard him whisper, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Then he was at Eph Stiles

store, playing checkers with his old crony, Cap'n Bob. But oftenest he was at sea, in stress and storm; and louder and louder rang his voice in question and command.

Presently he was drawing near some harbor, some harbor strange and unknown to him; and the pilot had not come. Anxiety showed in his pinched face, and his hands were tightly clinched. "Where is he?" he muttered; "why don't he come? He must 've seen th' signal." Then loudly, "Forrude, there!" he shouted. "Keep yer eye peeled f'r th' pilot! Sing out 's soon 's ye see him! What's thet on th' sta'b'rd bow?" And he raised his gaunt form up in bed, and peered eagerly forward, shading his eyes with his hand. "Ah, thet's him," he said, sinking back with a sigh of relief. "Glad t' see ye, sir; was a leetle afeared we'd missed ye. Now we're all right. Lucky ye've come, f'r I don't know th' course 't all."

Then he was silent for a little; but they knew that he was following the windings of the narrow passage, noting its rocks and shoals, but resting with serene confidence on the pilot's knowledge and skill.

Outside, the gale rose higher and shrieked louder. The tide fought fiercely for its life, and flung its billows with thunderous roar on the rocks and ledges. The wailing of the buoy was like the fiendish laughter of demons from the pit. It was half-past one, and the tide was out.

Suddenly the Cap'n sprang up in bed again; it almost seemed as though he would spring from it. A glad light shone in his sunken eyes, and a satisfied smile played over his wasted features. "Forrude, there!" he called; "Forrude, there! stan' by t' let go th' anchor!" Silence for a moment. Then, looking up into the face of Some One, he said quietly, "Anchor's gone, sir!" and sank back upon his pillow.

Cap'n Levi's last cruise was ended; his anchor was down in heaven's peaceful harbor. "So he bringeth them unto their desired haven."—*The Christian Endeavor World.*

## REVIVAL AT ROCKVILLE.

Brother Madison Harry began a short series of meetings with our church Oct. 29. The meetings continued one week. During that time he preached ten sermons. As the result of his faithful and efficient labors it was the privilege of the pastor to baptize thirteen happy converts. Four of those baptized were young men; and the ages of the converts ranged from eight to twenty-two. In the evening they were received into the church, with a lady of middle age, making fourteen in all. This exchange of pastoral labor grew out of a suggestion at our last Missionary Board meeting. The results have been exceedingly happy, far exceeding our most sanguine expectations. Notice was given that the meetings would be of short duration, and as the outcome of a week's labor we have never seen it excelled. Brother Harry is a man of more than ordinary power in the pulpit. It is seldom that we have listened with greater interest and profit to a series of sermons. I have no hesitancy in recommending him to any church in our denomination as a masterful worker in the vineyard of his Lord. It is the conviction of the writer that if neighboring pastors would work together in this way, we should have little need of paid evangelists. Our exclusiveness as pastors has greatly hindered our work, and narrowed the sphere of the pastor's usefulness.

## 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 Shunamite    | 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.  | Joash the Boy King          | 2 Kings 11: 1-16   |
| Nov. 12. | Joash Repairs the Temple    | 2 Kings 12: 4-15   |
| Nov. 19. | Isaiah's Message to Judah   | Isa. 1: 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 IX.—WORLD'S TEMPERANCE LESSON.

For Sabbath-day, Nov. 26, 1904.

LESSON TEXT.—Isaiah 28: 1-13.

Golden Text.—"They also have erred through wine and through strong drink are out of the way."—Isa. 28: 7.

#### INTRODUCTION.

For many years the fourth Sunday in November has been observed throughout Great Britain by an annual temperance lesson, and recently this custom has been adopted by the International Lesson committee on this side of the Atlantic. We unite this week with millions of people in all parts of the world in giving attention to this most practical subject.

The prophecy of Isaiah selected for our study was probably written a few years before the downfall of Samaria. Isaiah would say to the men of Judah, You see plainly that misfortune is coming upon the Northern kingdom; beware, for you also are guilty of the same sin.

These words of exhortation and instruction were particularly adapted to the men that first heard them, but they are also under the guidance of the Holy Spirit directed to the men of this age who are negligent of their responsibility in God's sight.

Of all people that are negligent of their duties and responsibilities, the one who indulges in the use of strong drink is the typical example. He deliberately deadens his sensibilities, and even renders himself completely unconscious of his obligations to himself, to his fellow men, and to God.

Some people have the impression that our temperance lessons come too often; but when we realize the insidious attractions of intemperance, and the terrible consequences of indulgence we can scarcely be too thoroughly warned.

TIME.—Perhaps about the year 725 B. C.

PLACE.—Land of Judah.

PERSONS.—The prophet Isaiah speaking for Jehovah to the people.

#### OUTLINE:

1. A Warning from the Sad Condition of Northern Israel. v. 1-8.
2. The Warning Despised. v. 9, 10.
3. The Warning Renewed. v. 11-13.

#### NOTES.

1. *Woe to the crown of pride of the drunkards of Ephraim.* Or, crown of majesty. Since the tribe of Ephraim was the strongest of the Ten Tribes, the name Ephraim is often used representatively for the whole Northern Kingdom. By this poetical expression the prophet is evidently referring to the city of Samaria situated upon a hill and reigning in majesty over the surrounding country. Some have thought that the people are spoken of as drunkards figuratively, because they were in general vicious; that the references in other prophecies show that that was a prevailing sin. It is doubtless mentioned because of its prevalence and because it leads to so many other sins. *The fading flower of his glorious beauty.* The prophet changes his figure, and compares Samaria to a fading flower. Per-

haps he has in mind wreaths of flowers worn by the revelers. *Overcome with wine.* Or, smitten down by wine. The condition of the drunkard is like that of one struck down by a hammer.

2. *Behold, the Lord hath a mighty and strong one.* The reference is perhaps to the king of Assyria with his hosts. The destruction wrought by the invaders is to be like that of a terrible storm followed by a flood from swollen streams.

3. *The crown of pride of the drunkards of Ephraim shall be trodden under foot.* The city of Samaria shall be destroyed as the chaplet is torn from the head of the drunkard and trampled underfoot by some one who breaks up a banquet by force.

4. *Shall be as the first ripe fig before the summer.* The first ripe figs coming long before the regular season are naturally esteemed a great delicacy. The foreign invader will gobble up Samaria as soon as he gets it into his hand. There might be some doubt about the fate of a rosy apple in the hand of a small boy when apples were plentiful, but the first ripe apple of the summer goes to sure and speedy destruction.

5. *In that day will Jehovah of hosts become a crown of glory.* The prophet turns for a moment from his prediction of overthrow, and using the same language in a different construction promises blessing to the righteous remnant of the nation. Jehovah himself will be a crown of glory, but not like the beautiful, but voluptuous city of Samaria. Even the day of political overthrow will not be a day of utter defeat for those who trust in Jehovah.

6. *A spirit of justice to him that sitteth in judgment.* Jehovah is also to bless those that trust in him by giving them needed help. To the judge he will give a spirit of justice that he may be able to render decisions according to the just deserts of those interested in the case. To the soldier he will give strength and courage in order that he may snatch victory from defeat. *At the gate.* Or, to the gate. Perhaps the reference is to the turning back of a storming party which has reached the gate of the city, or perhaps the allusion is to carrying the war into the enemy's country and to the very gate of the enemy's city.

7. *And even these reel with wine.* That is, those mentioned a little farther on in the verse, *the priest and the prophet*, those most prominent in the religious life of the nation, and to whom others might reasonably look for a better example. Some have thought that the *residue* mentioned in v. 5 means the nation of Judah as contrasted with the nation of Israel, and that the prophet now says that even the people of Judah reel with wine; but this is not as probable as the explanation given above. The verbs translated *reel* and *stagger* refer to the physical effects of intoxicating liquors, but they might be translated, *err* and *go astray*, and be taken as referring to the moral effects. The word translated *reel* in the first line of the verse is translated *err* in the latter part of the verse. *They are swallowed up of wine.* They have swallowed wine and are now swallowed by wine, that is, devoured, consumed, brought to destruction. *They stumble in judgment.* That is, in the giving of a decision.

8. *For all tables are full of vomit, etc.* The natural result of their excesses. The tables are those about which they sat at their revels.

9. *Whom will he teach knowledge?* This verse and the next are best understood as the ironical reply of those who heard Isaiah's message. His words of sound instruction were to them foolishness. They say, 'To whom is such a message as this appropriate? And then answer their own question by saying that it is fit only for babes.'

10. *For it is precept upon precept.* They would say that Isaiah's teaching is like the minute and trivial commands given to children, of no use or importance in relation to grown people. It is not improbable that the words which we translate *precept* and *line* are, as some commentators suggest, meaningless syllables, like *ba* and similar short nonsensical symbols with which children used to be taught to read in Eng-

lish fifty years ago. At any rate they were attempting to ridicule Isaiah's warnings. *Line upon line.* The word *line* is to be understood as meaning rule. Like the word translated "precept" this is in Hebrew only a two-letter word.

11. *Nay, but by men of strange lips.* Literally, by stammerings of lip. This is the prophet's reply to their derision. Do my teachings sound like the oft repeated monosyllables of baby talk? well, God will speak to you by the unintelligible language of barbarians. It may sound to you like stammering, but it shall mean destruction and punishment.

12. *To whom he said.* Or, he who said to them. *Yet they would not hear.* They are deaf to Jehovah's guidance, and unwilling to be led in his way into peace and prosperity.

13. *Therefore shall the word of Jehovah be unto them precept upon precept, etc.* This is an explanation of v. 11. Jehovah shall speak to them by the barbarous utterances of the ruthless foreigners, and their mockery shall be turned upon themselves. *Fall backward, etc.* Their overthrow is made vivid by the number of metaphors.

### GETTING READY TO FOOK BETTER.

OLD Aunt Betsy was warming herself by the kitchen fire, and sipping the tea which had been given her by the kind-hearted young lady who had found her shivering outside in the wintry wind.

"Is dat yer mudder?" she asked, with a smile of admiration at the sweet-faced, white-haired lady who entered the room.

"Yes, Aunty," replied the girl.

"Looks mos' better'n you do," observed Aunt Betsy, turning from one to the other reflectively. Then with a childish laugh she muttered: "De ole folks has de 'vantage nowadays, sho' nuff."

"So I shall look better by and by," answered the girl, with an amused smile.

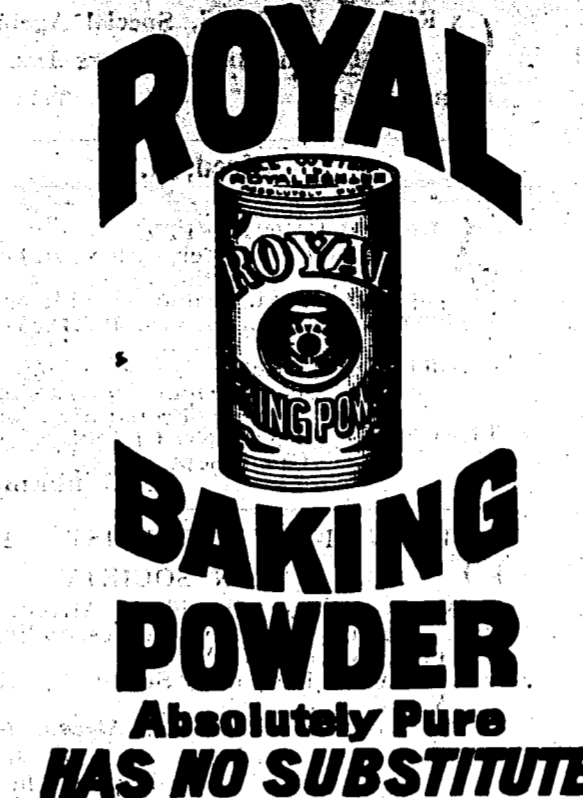
Aunt Betsy's wrinkled old black face assumed a serious expression as she replied: "Pends 'pon whether yer gittin' ready to look better, chile."

Aunt Betsy was not generally considered a philosopher. Indeed, some people thought she was not quite right in her mind, but in this case, at least, she uttered a truth worth pondering.

The desire to be beautiful is a natural and laudable one. It need not be discouraged in any girl. But it is a mistake to suppose that personal attractions depend wholly or chiefly upon symmetry of feature or delicacy of complexion, pleasing as these may be. Not long ago I made the acquaintance of a lady whom I described to my friends as very beautiful. Soon after when I had opportunity, unobserved, to study her fate in repose, I was much surprised to see that she had not a single perfect feature. What in a brief interview I had taken for beauty was simply vivacity of expression and charm of manner—that which any one can cultivate and so get ready to look better.

There may be exceptional cases, like that described by Victor Hugo, where a noble heart is "masked and calumniated by the face," but in general the countenance is an index of the character. A lack of intelligence makes the most perfect features and complexion disappointing and unsatisfactory.—Selected.

### A MATTER OF HEALTH



#### WHY THERE WAS NO PRESENTATION.

"Our minister did not take any holiday this summer," said Mr. Brown, with a smile.

"Why not?" asked the other man:

"Circumstances over which he had no control forced him to stay at home," replied Brown.

"He intended to go away, and had made his arrangements, when several enthusiastic members of his congregation—my wife was among them, and the others were all ladies, too—took the matter out of his hands, and told his wife confidentially not to pinch and save for his outfit, because the members of the church had hit upon the happy idea of raising a sum especially for his holiday.

"As the minister has a large family, and his wife finds it hard to make both ends meet, she was only too glad to spend the holiday money in other ways.

"Well, the ladies held several 'affairs,' and managed to get something over \$50 together. Then they decided to make the presentation a gala event, and give all the members of the church a chance to speed the pastor on his way with good wishes.

"It occurred to them that a little music would add to the occasion, and so they engaged some musicians. One member of the committee thought that if there was music, light refreshments would be in order, and she took it upon herself to see that they were provided. A third hit on the plan of having the church decorated for the occasion, and hired a man to do the work.

"Early in the evening when they met to compare notes they discovered that their expenses had not only eaten up the amount that they had raised for the minister, but left them a matter of about ten shillings in debt.

"Oh, yes; the evening was a pleasant one to some, but there wasn't any presentation. On the way home I asked my wife who was going to pay the debt.

"Why, Joseph," she said, 'what a question! The minister, of course. It was all done in his interest!'"

#### TOGETHER.

A large part of the blessed hope of heaven is its reunions. The Bible gives us many glimpses of the glory and beauty of the home that awaits us. We are told of streets of gold, of gates of pearl, of a river of the water of life, of a crystal sea—all that earth can find of splendor is brought into the picture to heighten our concep-

tion of the glories of heaven. But that which makes heaven dear to those who have loved ones there is not so much the promise of all this splendor of beauty as the hope of again getting with the dear friends who are in the midst of all this incomparable beauty. As Rev. W. C. Gannett puts it, "the dear togetherness" is the sweetest thing in the hope of heaven.

I dreamed of Paradise—and still,  
Though sun lay soft on vale and hill,  
And trees were green and rivers bright,  
By sun or stars or Eden weather,  
Was just that we two were together.

I dreamed of heaven—with God so near!  
The angels trod the shining sphere,  
And each, was beautiful; the days  
Were choral work, were choral praise:  
The one dear thing that made delight

And yet, in heaven's far shining weather,  
The best was still—we were together.

#### ONE OF THE SURPRISES OF WAR.

There was a fellow to the right of me somewhat up the stream, who was also pushing ahead. Suddenly he turned a somersault in the stream; the stream brought him down rather close to where I was wading, and he gained his feet almost in front of me. He seemed to be dazed for a fraction of a second. He raised his hand to his forehead, from which blood was dripping. It was very evident that a spent bullet hit him upon the forehead and knocked him down into the water. He dug his fingers into the bullet hole. The bullet did not strike him square against the forehead, it glanced around his head, piercing the skin only and stopped just above his temple. He stuck his finger into the hole and took out the bullet. He looked at it curiously for about a tenth of a second and put it into his pocket, and rushed straight ahead.

From an Account of the Battle of the Yalu by a Japanese Officer.—Leslie's Monthly.

#### HOW TO LIVE A LONG LIFE.

Diligence makes days short and life long; dalliance makes days long and life short. How slowly, how heavily pass days of laziness, yet how short and worthless a life made of these always seems! Short and quick-footed are the days which go by full of worthy pursuits. Long seems the life like Gladstone's or David Livingstone's, made up of these busy, short days. Remember that it is not with long days, but with length of days, that scripture says there is satisfaction. Long days are the days that are wasted or lost in pettiness; length of days is the possession of those whose days still live in the fruitfulness of their accomplishments. If any man would have a long life, let him fill his days until they seem short; if any man has a short and worthless life, it is he whose days are so vapid and empty that they seem tedious and long. May you have short days and a long life!—Sunday-school Times.

#### WALKING WITH GOD.

Try so to live in the light of God's love that it becomes a second nature to you; tolerate nothing adverse to it; be continually striving to please Him in all things; take all that He sends patiently; resolve firmly never to commit the smallest deliberate fault; and if unhappily you are overtaken by any sin, humble yourself, and rise up speedily. You will not be always thinking of God consciously, but all your thoughts will be ruled by Him. His presence will check

useless or evil thoughts, and your heart will be perpetually fixed on Him, ready to do His holy will.

GREAT truths are very simple truths, when finally they are comprehended, but it takes a long while to prepare any mind to comprehend a great truth. For years one may grope in darkness concerning some phase of spiritual life, or some perplexities of sacred friendship, or some seeming contradictions in his innermost personal character, when suddenly a light will break upon his mind, or upon his heart, which instantly makes clear that which before seemed hopelessly dark. A great truth is then perceived in its bearing upon, and so in its explanations of all that was bewildering and disheartening to one who was in ignorance of that truth. What a new sense of life and of hope comes with such a new recognition of a comforting or an enlightening great truth! In the joy of an experience like this one can wait and trust in other perplexities which may yet be similarly dissolved and dissipated.—Sunday-school Times.

### Special Notices.

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 FORSYTHE LOOFBORO, Pastor. 260 W. 54th Street.

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Proposed Centennial Fund . . . \$100,000 00
Amount needed, June 1, 1904 . . . \$95,833 50
Mrs. Etha E. Stillman, Boston, Mass.
Amount needed to complete fund \$95,683 00

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Salem College.

Twentieth Anniversary Building Fund.

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

During the greater part of this period its work has been done in one building. For nearly a fifth of a century this commodious structure has served its purpose well, but the work has far outgrown the plans of its founders. Every available space is crowded with apparatus, specimens, and curios of great value. Every recitation room is filled beyond its capacity each term. More room is needed for the library. The requirements of to-day call for another building on the college campus. The demand is urgent.

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

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

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

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OVER AND OVER. A THANKSGIVING SONG.

OLIVE E. DANA.

Over and over and over again God's harvest falls in the hands of men, And never weary our Father is Of feeding these clamorous children of his; Of ripening the grain, and painting the fruit, And giving the oak its sturdier root; Of wrapping the corn in its husk away; Of hiding the seed for the wand of May, Over and over and over he pours Into our bins the bounteous stores.

Over and over and over again God's care broods over the lives of men; Unfailing, unwearied, tender and near, So constant and close we forget 'tis here! Forbidding mischance, and defending from ill, And in its refusals enriching us still. Over and over the heart is made glad, So clear the sight of God's goodness is had, So abiding the deep, still sense Of his gracious sheltering providence.

Over and over and over again God sets his hope in the souls of men; The joy, in the joy, the gift in the gift, The light that enters through sorrow's rift; The swifter days and the starrer eyes, The strange, deep peace in the heart that grieves; The thrill that says, "He is very near." The trust that owns, "He is now and here," Over and over, in all our living, His mercies come; we will keep Thanksgiving.

THE extent and variety of editorial matter in this issue of THE RECORDER is not very great. This is intentional. We desire to call such special attention and make such emphasis in the question of Aggressive Sabbath Reform work, that we give that theme first place. Give it double attention. Call the attention of your friends to it. Ask every man whom you meet to consider it. The times are auspicious. The demands are unusually great. The fields we propose to enter are ripening. It is a time for quick decision and prompt action. Under such circumstances, neglect and failure must not be thought of. We can "go up and possess the land." We must go.

NO ARGUMENT is needed to show that Aggressive Sabbath Reform work is a necessary element in our denominational life. The history of more than two centuries shows, in proportion as we have given thought and attention to the spread of Sabbath truth, the vigor and efficiency of all our denominational work have been increased. This is quite as clearly shown in the matter of money as in other

directions. For the last few years distinctively Aggressive Sabbath Reform work has been pushed into the background, by various causes. The Board of the Tract Society, struggling with the situation, willing to do and yet fearing to venture, has now determined to go forward, trusting in God and the people for support in a new Aggressive Movement. The Board realizes that its relation to the denomination and to the larger cause of Sabbath Reform, places upon it the burden of leading in that work. It has been confronted by the double responsibility of conducting the Publishing House successfully, and of doing Aggressive Work at the same time, when there has been no way of doing both without being constantly in debt. Those who have not given more than ordinary thought to the demands upon the Tract Board cannot appreciate what its position means, nor what difficulties have pressed upon it, for the last few years, because of the inadequate financial support given to our publications, and of the unexpressed interest in Sabbath Reform work. Unexpressed interest is sometimes equivalent to opposition. Apathy is the worst form of opposition. To conduct the Publishing House successfully, and without any debt, has been more than the Board could do, without attempting aggressive work. But, as we have just said, after renewed consideration of the whole situation, the Board has determined that aggressive work on an enlarged scale must be entered upon at once, even if such work results in creating a debt, for the time being. Neglected duties and unimproved opportunities are worse, indebtedness than unbalanced books at the end of the year.

THE Board is moved to these conclusions, in addition to other considerations, because there are new and growing opportunities and demands for our literature in Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Maine, at this time. The question of Sunday laws; their enforcement, and their modification, is more acute in those states than it has been at any time since the American Sabbath Tract Society began its work. Supporters and opponents of these laws are active in definite and organized movements which promise to continue with varying degrees of intensity, until something like final results are secured. In this way the public mind is being prepared for a larger consideration of the whole Sabbath question than it usually receives. A new tract entitled "The Evolution and Future of Sunday Legislation" has been prepared with special reference to the Sunday law issue. This is to be

sent to clergymen, lawyers and newspapers, in large numbers, and at repeated intervals, as circumstances indicate. Other tracts already in use will be sent with the new one, and after it. To refuse or neglect such opportunities for placing truth before those who have prepared the opportunities for us would be so grave a delinquency in the sight of God that the Board does not dare to take the risk of being thus negligent and delinquent. Hence the decision at the last Board meeting to enter on the work here announced.

THE reader, if he is in any good degree thoughtful and observant, will see that the reflex influence of Aggressive Sabbath Reform work on ourselves, is greatly needed.

It is useless to close our eyes to the fact that numerous influences combined, threaten the decay of denominational vigor, and the weakening of interest and zeal in our special work. Loose thinking and actual Sabbath breaking are fostered by these influences and tendencies. So far as Sunday is concerned, Sabbathlessness and holidayism increase steadily. This is the testimony of the most devout friends of Sunday. We are breathing that poison, and the symptoms of its presence in our denominational blood cannot be covered. We cannot cure this by recounting the symptoms, and waiting supinely inactive while the poison continues to propagate itself. Aroused sentiment will do little for us, unless we go into aggressive and vigorous work. It is worse than useless to stand on the shore of the Red Sea of inactivity and moan in the ears of the Lord. Because we are busy about other things, the danger is not made less, but rather more. Pastors and church leaders who see disregard of the Sabbath creeping into the lives of those for whom they are responsible, parents whose children are tempted to turn away from the faith, and men who have times of fearing that they themselves are growing hollow-hearted, ought to be stimulated to aggressive work, and through wholesome fear if need be. The dry-rot of inaction is as sure death as the blotches of leprosy.

At least six thousand dollars should be expended in the production and circulation of Sabbath literature between the first of December, 1904, and the session of the next General Conference. Even that sum will not do all that ought to be done, and the next Conference should recommend the expenditure of twice that amount for the year 1905-06. The method of sending truth which