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THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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WHOLE No. 3,203.

AFTERWARD. "Have the gates of death been opened unto thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death?" —Job 38: 17.

Just to lie down and rest; To fold the hands? To toil no more; nor quest Through alien lands? To strive no more; nor gaze At Hope's far gleam? To know no clashing days, Nor even dream?

Can it be so? That we Shall drone and drift Down some eternal sea, Shall never lift Horizons new and strange? Shall find no dawn Whose constant sense of change Shall lure us on?

No profit of the years In toiling spent; Nor foolish faiths, nor fears— But dull content? No place with them that build? No task to do? Our hearts forever stilled; No plannings new?

Or, haply, does the night That blurs and bars Hide all the paths of light That thread the stars, Conceal from our poor eyes The worlds that wait Till we come pilgrimwise With souls elate?

Just to lie down and rest— And that is all? Or better still, and best, To hear a call Which none but souls set free May understand: "The greatest tasks that be Await thy hand!" —W. D. N. in the Chicago Tribune.

What of Your Ancestry? No man can understand himself who is not familiar with the influences which have produced him. Not less than four generations of your ancestors combine to make you what you are, or may be. By the same law, you will project your life through three or four generations of your descendants. You can not live alone. You can not escape the influence of the past, nor evade your responsibility for the character and work of those who follow you. This fact is quite as important as your immediate work is. What you now are, what you are doing or neglecting to do, can not be separated from the tide of influences and events which determine your personal destiny and the destiny of those whom your life affects and influences. The first

two verses of Isaiah fifty-one are an appeal to the children of Israel to consider their ancestors and hence their duty and mission. Read it: "Hearken unto me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the Lord; look unto the rock whence ye were hewn and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged. Look unto Abraham your father, and unto Sarah who bore you; for I called him alone, and blessed him, and increased him." The simile is from a stone quarry. It tells of a block quarried and fashioned for use, lifted from the quarry and placed in some foundation, a temple or a home. God demanded much of the Israelites because of their ancestors and of their posterity also. Seventh-day Baptists ought to heed the words of Isaiah. They must consider whence, why and what they are, in order to have a just conception of their duty and destiny. Each individual Seventh-day Baptist ought to do this. Each pastor ought to do it; to do it often and with care. As a minority commissioned to obey, defend and propagate a great and fundamental truth, they stand in direct line with Abraham, Isaiah, John the Baptist, Jesus and Paul; in line with all who believe in the one God, Jehovah, in His Word and His Only Son. The existence of Seventh-day Baptists is not an accident nor a passing incident in history. Aimlessness is no part of their existence. Indifference concerning their origin, mission and destiny is more than unworthiness. Absorption in other things, other reforms, general work, to the exclusion or neglect of their specific work is scarcely less than criminal before God. God said to Cyrus, "I girded thee though thou hast not known me." (Isa. 45: 5.) These words have too much application to Seventh-day Baptists. They are not sufficiently conscious of the guiding and girding of Jehovah for a great work. Lacking that consciousness brings weakness. Flabby fingers never do good work. Great work, and God-given, calls for fingers with steel-like grasp, not rude, but strong and unyielding, a grasp which can not be broken. Such grasp, faith-born and persistent, will be increased in proportion to the knowledge Seventh-day Baptists gain concerning their ancestry and themselves. Re-discovery and self-discovery are imperative duties.

THE RECORDER desires to give its readers a good view of what is said and done at the coming Convocation, which meets at West Edmeston during the week preceding Conference. As the program is not yet announced THE RECORDER hereby requests that all persons who are to have addresses or papers on that occasion prepare, before hand, and bring with them for use in THE RECORDER a synopsis of their productions. The "twenty-minute" papers ought to be brought within five hundred words. The evening papers may take more space, if the authors desire. Please do not wait until your paper is read. Do the work while you are at home and have better opportunity to do it well. Do not expect that THE RECORDER will attempt to make the summary for you, off hand. Do not wrong yourself nor our readers by failing to comply with this request. We want the central thoughts in our paper. Our readers are entitled to them. Even an expert stenographer can not make as good a summary of your paper as you can. The time and thought needful, on your part, will make your paper better than it can be if you do not make such a summary. Please consider this

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DANIEL C. MAIN, M. D. Physician and Surgeon.

a personal invitation from THE RECORDER, all ye who accept a place on the Convocation program. We send the invitation early that you may be the better able to comply with it.

.....  
**Salt** JESUS was greatest of teachers through illustrations drawn from natural laws with which people were familiar. His illustrations have universal application and adaptation. Those to whom he spoke were familiar with the qualities of salt. All people are familiar with those qualities. "Ye are the salt of the earth" combines warning, instruction and encouragement to every one who seeks to be a follower of the Christ. Less familiar, perhaps, but not less important and forceful are the words in Mark 9: 50, "Have salt in yourselves and be at peace one with another." Too many persons forget self-salting. Such ones are sometimes anxious to salt their neighbors, and they are quite inclined to "rub it in" vigorously. Spiritual salt is a silent and vital influence, rather than a "counter irritant" to be applied by an unsalted critic or an unskilled manipulator. Spiritual salt first saves men from themselves. This is a matter of supreme importance. It makes men sweet of soul, clean of life and careful of tongue. It keeps them from spoiling at heart, from internal moral decay. "Keep thy heart with all diligence" means keep yourself well salted. Unsalted food is insipid. Unsalted men are poor companions, undesirable and offensive associates. The text quoted from Mark has that in mind. It teaches that unsalted men are quarrelsome, unpeaceful. The more closely men are related to each other the greater the demand is for co-operation, the great need there is for being well salted. It does not take many unsalted men to foment wide-spread discord. A well salted church will be peaceful and full of saving power. Salt permeates silently by its saving qualities. It is not noisy but it is effective. Life is never noisy, but it is always active and redemptive. Salt promotes harmony, a peace, because salted souls know how to "agree to disagree" in peace. They are not self-seeking. They are truth-seeking. They see the larger good and labor for it, putting personal opinion aside. Salted men are not peaceful because they are opinionless and weak. They do not make for that quiet which comes through indolence and indifference. If need be salted men are best fighters as defenders of great truths. There is a wide difference between wrangling over a small notion and standing firmly for an important truth. Wranglers are boisterous and self-assertive. Truth-defenders may be less vociferous; but they are like rock-ribbed shores, unmoved and silent, as they break mad surges into harmless foam and helpless undertow that goes back moaning over its defeat. Jesus was divinely salted. You must be like him. Spiritual saltiness is a heaven-born quality. Manufactured imitations do not count with God. "Pure food" is a first requisite with Him. "Have salt in yourselves and be at peace one with another."

.....  
**Helpful Words**

A CORRESPONDENT from Andover, N. Y., says: "I feel I must speak a good word for THE SABBATH RECORDER. I do enjoy reading it. Every number is filled with good to make the heart rejoice, so instructive and helpful, a blessing. I would not be without it and do not see how any one can afford to be without it. They know not what they lose." We do not print this

for THE RECORDER's sake, but to help those who read it, and to aid them in calling attention of others to it. A newspaper finds enlarged circulation through its readers. Its strength or weakness depend on what its readers say about it. The correspondent quoted did not write for publication, but rather to assure THE RECORDER of her appreciation. She has helped THE RECORDER by her words. THE RECORDER now hopes to help others through her words. THE RECORDER does not care to say much concerning itself, but it is anxious for the privilege of coming before the eyes of others, most of all, before those who are not now acquainted with it. Some people who take it are not well acquainted with it. Habit or other hindrances keep them from reading it with care. Some weeks it is scarcely more than opened. Such people do not know THE RECORDER. Those who read it with most care are its best friends. This gives us no little comfort. There is not much higher praise given to the dead than when it is said: "Those who knew him best loved him most." The same is true of newspapers and of those who are still living. To know a person of high character and helpful influence is an unmeasured blessing. To know a newspaper like THE RECORDER in which many persons and pens unite to bring instruction, entertainment and comfort, is a privilege and blessing which ought to be highly prized.

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**Personality in Things**

HE whose sense is acute finds marked personality in inanimate objects, i. e., in things we call inanimate. Nothing is without life and it is only comparatively that we can call anything inanimate. The more intelligent of domestic animals have strong personality. In many cases this is manifested in as many forms as personality is among men. We know a watch dog who can scarcely abide the coming of a laundryman. Other comers who bring things are welcomed. But the man who carries away the clothing of his master and of the children, his playmates, is an enemy. But it is among trees and flowers that some of the most subtle and distinct characteristics of personality appear. The forests of Wisconsin furnished many lessons for the writer's boyhood, as to the personality of trees. White oaks, one or two centuries old, tall, majestic, strong, storm-defying and steel-hearted, impress themselves on the boy who gives faint assistance in bringing them to the ground and converting them into "sills" for a barn. That process always seemed like murder. It hurts to stand by, noting the shudder which convulses such trees when the last blows of the heart-cutting axe compel them to fall. They shriek and groan as they rush downward, rendering their companions who stand in the path unable to give aid or to escape a share of the ruin. When they have fallen and their shrieks have ceased, the stillness of death,—a stillness like that which smothers a deserted battlefield, spreads over the forest and the tree murderer is prone to sit on the body of the dead monarch in shame and sorrow over his ruinous work. If it were not that the better interests of the world must have barn-sills, it would be wicked to murder white oaks. The same is true of cloud-kissing pine forests. I went over Pine Hill,—the well remembered "Pine Hill of Alfred University,"—a few days ago, sorrow-stricken because the last of the ancient cohort of pines had been slain for the lumberman's saw. Each stump was like the half-covered grave of an old friend. But it

must be that trees and men fill out their days and fall.  
 "Leaves have their time to fall  
 And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,  
 But thou hast all times for thine own, O Death."

.....  
**Flowers**

THE most distinct personality in the village of Rockville, R. I., aside from men, is a forest of lilac bushes, which tradition says is a century old. I saw it once in blossom time,—a wilderness of blossoms and perfume. The lilac is the most loved flower of New England. The elements in its personality are almost numberless. Its aroma is as unmistakable as it is indescribable. It is ambrosial. What more can be said? As to color; some one attempted to describe it thus:  
 "The lilac, various in array, now white,  
 Now sanguine, and her beauteous head here set  
 With purple spikes pyramidal, as if studious of  
 ornament;  
 Yet unresolved which hues she most approved,  
 She chose them all."

I recall an experience in Italy. We were riding along the eastern shore of the Mediterranean Sea, between Genoa and Pisa. Olive orchards were on either hand. The leaves were at their richest and the fruit was half grown. The wind toyed with the branches and turned the leaves now up, now down, now quivering like lips slow-breathing, now flashing like eye-lids of lightning filled with clouds in August. President Allen broke the silence,—"Lewis, can you tell what color 'olive-green' is?" Babcock and Potter joined in the discussion. There was no definition. To this day those olive orchards remain in memory an indescribable complexity of color and motion. All three of those who sought a definition that day have gone forward to the land immortal. They know now. Come back to Rockville. Sit down on the grass,—the place is an old house a little way this side of the home of Hon. A. S. Babcock,—and read a bit of history.

"The lilac is a wanderer from the land of Esther, as its original name-word 'lilac,' Persian for a "flower," certifies. But it has a known history in America for more than two hundred and fifty years, having been one of the few precious roots brought over by some Pilgrim or Puritan housewife in the hold of some rocking ship. It was even at that time well established in the mother country, as references to it in the literature of Elizabethan days attest. It had come to England from Spain, where the Moors had brought it from the Barbary States, and they in turn had received it from Constantinople. The Turk had learned to love it in his original home in Central Asia, the cradle of the race."

Such a history could not have been attained without personality. It is said that Van Spuendecker, a Dutch artist, threw away his brushes in despair after vainly trying to paint a lilac blossom. "Lilac" is the name of a color which certain fabrics bear. Can you tell just what it is? Can the writer? No. The dyes of which it is made are celestial. Angels may know how to make them, but I think that God keeps the secret. Do you wonder that sanctified imagination fills heaven with "trees of life," and covers the banks of the River of Life with flowers immortal, among which the Redeemed wander, and sing and laugh and worship?

THE highest and most enduring poetry, all immortal verse, is born of religion. Religion and true poetry are too closely allied to be separated. It is not amiss to say that poetry is the natural language of religion. The highest poetic imagery is the language of faith. Herein is the source of hymns, psalms and tunes, and of all religious musical productions. These form the main part of sacred literature in all times, Jewish, or Christian, Asiatic or Teutonic. This general fact is recognized in Biblical study more readily than it is in modern poetry, but the best of contemporary poetry is equally religious. Our own loved Whittier in "Our Master" will bear comparison with the most devout faith of any century. Let this bring evidence.

"But warm, sweet, tender even yet,  
 A present help is he,  
 And faith hath still its Olivet,  
 And love its Galilee.

"Oh! Lord and Master of us all;  
 Whate'er our name, or sign,  
 We own thy sway, we hear thy call,  
 We test our lives by thine.

"Deep strike thy roots, oh heavenly vine,  
 Within our earthly sod,  
 Most human, and yet most divine  
 The flower of man and God."  
 Faith in Eternal Love and everlasting day, and in man's immortal victories and in the same heart.  
 "I know not what the future hath  
 Of marvel or surprise,  
 Assured alone, that life and death  
 His mercy underlies.

"And so beside the silent sea,  
 I wait the muffled oar,  
 No harm from him can come to me,  
 On ocean or on shore.

"I know not where his islands lift  
 Their fronded palms in air;  
 I only know I cannot drift  
 Beyond his love and care."

Tennyson, laureate of our mother England, strikes the same notes, only in other imagery.

"Sunset and evening star,  
 And one clear call for me,  
 May there be no moaning of the bar,  
 When I put out to sea.

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
 Too deep for sound and foam,  
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep,  
 Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,  
 And after that the dark,  
 May there be no sadness of farewell,  
 When I embark.

The twenty-third Psalm puts the same faith in other imagery in these immortal words:

"The Lord is my shepherd,  
 I shall not want.  
 He maketh me lie down  
 He leadeth me beside still waters,  
 He restoreth my soul."

David, Tennyson and Whittier, Hebrew and Anglo-Saxon, separated by many centuries, strike the same key, voice the same harmony, the divine poetry of loving and obedient faith. Blessed are all those who rise thus, through faith in Immortal Love.

ONE LEG THERE is an article about trousers with one leg, on another page. Find it. Read it.

.....  
**When the Devil was Sick**

IN one of George McDonald's stories, which discusses theological problems,—we quote from memory,—Sandy said: "If the Devil were to repent, do you think the Laird would forgive him?" Not exactly in the same line, but suggestive of it, is the following from the Interior of June 28, 1906:

"The devil's disposition to turn monk when he isn't feeling right well, was noted in a proverb away back in the days when proverbs and monks were more numerous and popular than they are nowadays. But the truth is still true, inasmuch that anybody who hopes for the devil to die has reason to be specially interested when he shows signs of acute righteousness. We therefore are immensely interested in a passionate appeal just issued by the Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association from their annual convention at Louisville. "Two of the greatest evils connected with our civilization," says this virtuous proclamation, are drunkenness and those saloons that are conducted in such a way as to demoralize rather than elevate those that patronize them." Its authors 'desire to express our entire sympathy with all the efforts put forth to exterminate these evils, and our willingness to lend co-operation and assistance,' and even mention 'the Prohibition movement and the Anti-Saloon League movement' as forces to which this co-operation might possibly be extended. The paper declares: "We believe it should be made a crime for men to become intoxicated. We hold that no man has a right deliberately to overthrow his reason and render himself a dangerous factor in society." Thence it proceeds: "We believe that the saloon should be so conducted that its atmosphere will be beneficial to both mind and body, and we are convinced that this can only be accomplished by extending the helping hand of encouragement to the man who conducts his saloon in accordance with the demands of public sentiment and by a swift cancellation of the licenses of all who violate law and public sentiment." Well! Did you ever see anything that beats that in the way of sprinting to get in out of the storm? We don't know, though, why any prohibitionist ought to want to rout them out of the corner where they have taken refuge. If they will agree to a swift cancellation of all licenses for saloons that are conducted in a way to demoralize rather than elevate those that patronize them, what more could a prohibitionist want?"

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**EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES.**

The next Congressional campaign was opened, informally, but in fact, by Secretary of War William H. Taft, in an elaborate speech at Greensboro, N. C., July 9, 1906. It dealt with national issues, especially those which more directly affect the "solid South." The negro question has always been a troublesome one in the South, and that problem is as great as ever, in several respects. Southern people deserve sympathy and aid in the solution of those difficulties which surround them, resulting from the "race question," which slavery handed down to them. It is a part of the question of general suffrage—"manhood suffrage" that confronts the nation in the problem of ignorant immigrants. The whole problem is grave and great. Speaking of the colored race, Secretary Taft is reported as saying:

"When a class of persons is so ignorant and so subject to oppression and misleading that they are merely political children, not having the mental stature of manhood, then their voice in the government secures no benefit to them. A policy, therefore, in the South which excludes from the ballot impartially both the black and white, when ignorant and irresponsible, cannot be criticised. Conceding that the laws now in force in this State and other parts of the South were intended, either by their terms or by their mode of execution, to exclude the ignorant colored voter from the franchises with rigor, and to allow the ignorant white voter, though equally unfitted for the franchise, to exercise it, I do not think that this makes a hopeless situation for the colored man or the political power that he may in the future exercise. If he continues to increase in intelligence, as under the public educational institutions he is likely to do, and if industrially he becomes a power, as his progress thus far justifies us in believing that he will, the men of the race who are eligible to vote in accordance with law will increase, and their common sense and judgment and position in the community will add weight to the vote they cast, and will secure more real influence for the benefit of their race than when the right of suffrage of the negroes was wholly unrestricted."

It is cause for thankfulness as well as commendation that benevolence is active in bringing temporary relief and enjoyment to the poor children of the great cities, through "Fresh Air" work. "Fresh Airs" have built a place for themselves in the public mind and is a name which is candidate for a place in the coming dictionary. A new phase of this most Christ-like work has been announced during the week: The "Rockefeller Charity for Sick Babies." The Tribune opens the story thus:

"Tucked up in her little white crib in what used to be the carriage house of the old Schermerhorn mansion, at Sixty-fifth street and the East river, her scanty brown locks neatly combed, her tiny form incased in the freshest of clean nighties, her pink shells of fists automatically folding and unfolding—for even at four months life is strenuous for a New York baby—lies Carolina Gaudio, of No. 1 Centre Market Place, the first baby to be received at John D. Rockefeller's new fresh air camp for sick babies.

"This isn't a hospital," said Miss Alice C. Ellison, the superintendent. "And it isn't an institution, either. It is just what its name implies—a fresh air camp for sick babies. Everything is to be done in the simplest way and is to be entirely free—that is what chiefly appeals to me. There will be no red tape. Any sick baby coming within the age limit of eighteen months and not suffering from a contagious disease will be accepted, day or night."

Affairs in Russia have not improved during the week. Sedition and unrest abound, while perplexity, doubt and uncertainty entangle the wisest and best men. Such results must be. The old paths cannot be followed and new ones are not yet made. Russian life is strong, strenuous, ignorant and brutal. Ancient wrongs and unjust systems are disturbed, but not removed, nor readjusted to changed situations. Time, patience and wisdom are demanded. While much of needed reforms will not be secured except upon the ruins that upheaval and reaction will heap along the path of the perplexed and stricken nation, comparative calm will come at last; but storm and stress are not at an end.

The spirit of unrest and revolution has spread

to Vladivostok and Harbin, outskirts of the empire, and reports say there have been six hundred executions in the latter place. The recipe is an old one and has sometimes been successful, but whether it will work on the imperial scale of Russia is a question. It is said "you cannot arrest a whole nation and thus cure an epidemic of crime," much less can a great nation be saved by cutting the throats of thousands of men who need education and their rights. Russia needs new prescriptions and wiser physicians.

The relations between France and Russia give double interest to the opinions of a noted Frenchman, Lepoy-Beaulieu, who expressed the following opinion on July 10, 1906:

"It should be understood that the Russian situation is one of actual revolution. It is no crisis which can be measured by days, weeks or months, but is a vast and complete transition, resembling that of the French Revolution. When I say revolution I do not mean that the monarchy is certain to be overthrown, although it is possible that this may follow. The greater part of the leaders of the Constitutional Democracy desire to save the throne from wreck, but they recognize that they are not masters of the future. If the government does not satisfy the nation's demands, catastrophes of the gravest nature are ahead for Russia. Personally, I think that the overthrow of the throne would be a great disaster, for that would mean anarchy, and probably civil war."

The political weather vane just now shows waverings favorable for the candidacy of William J. Bryan as an aspirant in the next Presidential campaign. Mr. Bryan has had considerable experience in such matters. He is now in Europe. Secretary William Taft is also "in sight" as a candidate.

A monster dry dock belonging to the United States reached Olongapo, a naval station in the Philippines, July 10, after a voyage of ninety-three days from Chesapeake Bay. She was moved by powerful ocean-going tugs and convoyed by colliers. It was a great undertaking carried out with marked success.

Railroad companies are making haste to comply with the demand of new laws requiring their officers to cease all financial connection with the coal mines from which coal is freighted. An order just promulgated by President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania railroad, is a representative one:

"Under the conditions of to-day, as they have been stated, it is essential that all officers and employes should be absolutely free to discharge their duties impartially. Applying this principle to the coal trade as an illustration, the keen competition of to-day requires every officer and employe of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company to part with any investments which he has in the shares of any coal-producing company, and also to part with any interest which he has in or with any firm or individual mining coal, on any of the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad system; and every officer and employe should be required to refrain from any investments whatsoever which may possibly prejudice or affect the interests of the company or interfere with the company's full discharge of its duty to the public."

The Beef Trust and the railroads that have granted them unlawful rebates are being brought to bay by Court decisions. July 6 the Chicago and Alton road was found guilty on several "counts," the suit growing out of their dealings

with the Schwarzschild & Sulzberger Packing Company.

Jules Adolphe Breton, a noted French artist, died July 5, 1906. He was born at Courrieres, France, May 1, 1827. His work related mainly to rural life. He lived among the common people and painted their lives in representative scenes and combinations.

The celebrations on July 4 were much broken up by unfavorable weather on the Atlantic coast and elsewhere. The follies and fatalities from noise and fireworks were lessened somewhat, as compared with last year—but "a sane and safe" Fourth of July is yet far away.

#### TRACT SOCIETY EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, July 8th, 1906, at 2.15 p. m., President Stephen Babcock in the chair.

Members present: Stephen Babcock, J. A. Hubbard, D. E. Titsworth, C. C. Chipman, A. H. Lewis, W. M. Stillman, F. J. Hubbard, H. N. Jordan, G. B. Shaw, W. H. Crandall, O. S. Rogers, W. C. Hubbard, Asa F. Randolph, A. L. Titsworth and Business Manager N. O. Moore, Jr.

Visitor: Rev. Theo. L. Gardiner, D. D. Prayer was offered by Dr. A. H. Lewis. Minutes of last meeting were read.

Voted, That an edition of 5,000 of the tract entitled "Sure Word of Prophecy" be printed after revision, if necessary, by G. B. Shaw.

The Advisory Committee reported that they had ordered an edition of 600 copies of the tract by H. H. Baker, entitled "The Creation Described." The Supervisory Committee reported that there was an opportunity to dispose of the Publishing House by sale, and if disposed of to the parties desiring to purchase, the decision would have to be made at this meeting.

Voted that the matter be made a special order of business after the close of routine business.

Business Manager N. O. Moore, Jr., presented his annual report on the Publishing House for the year ending June 30th, 1906, duly adopted by the Supervisory Committee.

The committee appointed to see if our investments are made in accordance with the new legal requirements of the State of New York, presented the following report: Your committee reports that in accordance with the wish of the Board at the last meeting they have examined the securities of the American Sabbath Tract Society and while they find all of them first class and gilt-edged in every respect, they do not fully comply with the new laws of the State of New York, governing the investment of trust funds and we do, therefore, recommend the adoption of the following by-laws respecting investments:

The funds of the corporation shall be invested only as follows:

1. In the stocks or bonds or interest bearing notes or obligations of the United States: of the States of New York or New Jersey, or of any other state of the United States which has not, within ten years previous to making such investment, defaulted in the payment of any part of either principal or interest of any debt authorized by the legislature of such state.
2. In the bonds of any city or county of any state of the United States which has been issued pursuant to the authority of any law of any such state, provided, that no such city or county has, within ten years previous to making such investment, defaulted in the payment of any part of either principal or interest of any debt authorized by law of such state, and provided further, that the total indebtedness of any such city

or county is limited by law to ten per centum of its assessed valuation.

3. In bonds and mortgages on unincumbered, productive real property in New York or New Jersey.

No investment in any bond and mortgage shall be made until after the report in writing of a committee of directors charged with the duty of investigating the same, who shall certify the fee value of the real property (stating the value of land and buildings separately) and the annual rental value thereof, according to their best judgment. Such report shall be filed and preserved among the records of the corporation.

The amount loaned shall in no case exceed 65 per cent of the fee value certified by the committee; but, if the annual rental value so certified shall be less than 10 per cent of such fee value, then and in every such case, the amount loaned shall not exceed 65 per cent of a sum equal to ten times the certified annual rental value.

4. In the first mortgage bonds of any railroad corporation in the United States which has paid dividends of not less than four per centum per annum regularly on its entire capital stock for a period of not less than five years next previous to the purchase of such bonds.

5. In negotiable promissory notes secured by pledge of securities as collateral of the same nature and character as those in which the funds of the corporation may be invested; or by pledge of the capital stock of national banks, state banks, or trust companies which have paid dividends of not less than five per centum per annum regularly for a period of not less than five years next previous to the time of making such loan but only to the extent of 65 per cent of the market value of such collateral.

6. While awaiting investment, the funds of the corporation shall be deposited in such bank or trust company of the City of Plainfield or elsewhere as will pay at least 3 per cent per annum on savings bank deposits.

No funds of the corporation shall be loaned, directly or indirectly, to any director or officer of the corporation, for himself or as an agent or partner of others. No director or officer of the corporation shall in any manner use any of the funds of the corporation, except to make such current and necessary payments as are authorized by the Board of Directors. No director or officer of the corporation shall be accepted as indorser or surety, or in any manner as obligor, for moneys loaned by the corporation.

W. M. STILLMAN,  
F. J. HUBBARD,  
H. M. MAXSON,

Committee.

Report adopted.

Voted, That we amend Article II of the by-laws, by adding Section 6, which shall read: "A committee on investment of funds."

Voted, That the Committee on Investments consist of three members of the Board, of which the Treasurer shall be chairman. F. J. Hubbard, W. M. Stillman and H. M. Maxson were elected such committee.

The Treasurer presented his report for the fourth quarter and his annual report for the year ending June 30th, 1906.

On motion both reports were adopted, after being duly audited by the Auditing Committee.

Correspondence was received from Mrs. Martha H. Wardner, and in replying thereto the Corresponding Secretary was requested to assure Mrs. Wardner of the good will of the Board, but also to state that being an incorporated body, we must be governed by the legal bearings on the case.

Voted that figures and data to be incorporated in the report of the Corresponding Secretary be referred to the Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, Business Manager and Supervisory Committee with power.

On motion the report of the Corresponding Secretary was adopted.

Voted that the question of the sale of the Publishing House be referred to the August meeting, it having been learned at this meeting that the matter might be held in abeyance till that time.

A communication was received from the Pub-

lishing House embodying a proposition to assume its own financial responsibility, which on motion was referred to the Supervisory Committee.

On motion the matter of work at Campbellford, Canada, this summer, was referred to the Advisory Committee with power.

Minutes read and approved.  
Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH,  
Recording Secretary.

#### OUR SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSONS.

This is the age of investigation. Nothing stands before the scientific spirit of our time except it has proven itself worthy of the place it occupies. The International Sabbath-school Lessons form no exception. Just now our people are being asked to give their opinion of the International Lesson system. The matter has been brought before us by a resolution emanating from a school which says that the International Lessons are a "detriment" to the school.

The Nile Sabbath-school does not share in this opinion.

The questions asked by our Sabbath-school Board were read before our school June 30, and were quite freely discussed the following Sabbath. No one advocated the selection and preparation of our own lessons, all who spoke of the matter agreeing that for the present that would be impracticable. There was some difference of opinion, however, as to whether the International Lessons or some topical system would be the better, with the prevailing opinion in favor of the former. Of course, there were some who favored the continued use of the International Lessons, because we have used them so long and with such good success and without a flagging interest on the part of the school. This forms no mean argument when made before a school with 102 members present out of an enrollment of 123, and all seemingly busy and interested.

Another argument in favor of the present system was that, whereas now the whole family is studying the same lesson, if a topical system should be used, different members of the family would be studying different lessons. Busy mothers would not be able to help their children as much as at present in the preparation of their lessons, and families who study the lesson together would be deprived of that privilege. [Then, would the reviews and the general exercises of the school be as interesting and as helpful as at present if a change were made?

It must be granted by those who have objected to the "hop, skip and jump" method of the International Committee that the ground of this objection is not so strong at present as an outline of the lessons for the next five years will reveal. The committee have yielded somewhat to the influence of modern thought and method and have improved the lessons thereby.

On the other hand, if in so far as the International Committee has yielded to this pressure from without the result has been an improvement, would it not be better to adopt a system which embodies more of these principles?

The child is not a man in miniature. Would a graded system with lessons selected for the different ages of children and young people, with the characteristics and needs of those ages in view, result in a better and at the same time a more practical knowledge of the Bible?

Would a system for adults which provides for a study of the Bible topically covering all of the Book, or taking it book by book, be better than one which selects lessons following certain rules

which exclude large portions of the sacred Scriptures from its curriculum?

I am moved to write this because of the excellent discussion of the question in our own school. Some said, "We don't know enough about the topical system to be able to judge whether it would be better than the present system or not."

Some one who has observed the topical system as used in other schools please give us their opinion. What are the principles underlying the choosing of lessons? Will Professor Clark tell us how well he succeeded in his study of the Life and Times of Jeremiah? Is some such study of a definite period advisable in classes of young men or young women?

Don't let any one step up and settle this question for us now, once for all! Give us your opinion as to which is the better system if you wish, but give it that you may give your reasons. This is an important question. We want information. I admire the school which, being unfamiliar with other systems, sees the good points in the International system and stands up for it. It shows an intelligent interest in, and a wise use of the system which they find in hand.

If we continue the present system, I believe it will be with a better appreciation for it. If we adopt a new system it will be because we believe it will serve the ends of the Sabbath-school better. The school that is getting the most out of the present system will get the most out of a better system. If there is a better we want it. Give us information, and if there is a change let the reasons be evident to those who are willing to weigh evidence and decide upon merit.

A. J. C. BOND.

NILE, N. Y., JULY 10, 1906.

#### THE FIELD SECRETARY IN WEST VIRGINIA.

Your Field Secretary came to West Virginia the week following the North-Western Association. One week was spent with the Lost Creek school and one Sabbath with the school at Roanoke. In both of these places we found evidences of earnest work and interest on the part of pastor and people in Sabbath-school work. Pastor Van Horn, as Associational Vice-President of the Sabbath-school Board, has done much valuable work, not only in these churches, but in others of our churches in West Virginia, during the past year.

Three sessions of institute work were held with the Lost Creek school, with encouraging results. A policy for the local school was worked out, looking toward the introduction of teacher training work, a cradle roll and supplemental lessons. An additional class has been formed and some changes in the seating of classes and in the order of services have been adopted.

At Roanoke two sessions of Sabbath-school work were held. A weekly teachers' meeting was organized and the school is planning to take special offerings for different denominational interests. It is hoped that the observance of special days by the school will become a permanent feature of the work. A monthly meeting, at the time of the visit of the pastor, for teacher training, is to be inaugurated.

WALTER L. GREENE.

MILETUS, W. VA., JULY 10, 1906.

Antagonisms can only be rooted out when a man has been made over in the image of God.—  
Bishop Andrews.

#### LIKE TROUSERS WITH ONE LEG.

We know this title is undignified. But we know it will be read; and sometimes when a title is read that which is under it also will be read.

A Chicago tailor displays a sign which announces that he makes trousers at "\$1.75 per leg." Inquiry reveals the fact that although he uses a goose he is not foolish enough to furnish trousers with only one leg. One cannot get trousers at his shop except their two legs be properly sewed together and one pays \$3.50 for them. But the tailor compels editors to read his sign. This fable teaches that two things even apparently complete when separate ought to be brought together if they are to be made practical.

As illogical and impractical as one-legged trousers is a denominational policy which fails to recognize both the interdependence and the independence of our churches and our missionary organizations. We have largely overcome the folly of over-emphasis of church independence by the organization of associations, state conventions and societies for the maintenance of missions in city and state and nation and in foreign lands. Just as freemen have learned that political independence needs to be complemented by federation, so independent churches need to be convinced that if the belief which Baptists stand for is to be propagated it must be by means of co-operation as well as independence. That church which is so insistent upon its independency that it ignores the legitimate desires of sister churches is sure, in the end, to reap the fruit of independency gone to seed. Some independency which is set forth as adherence to Baptist principles is nothing other than plain, contemptible selfishness. No church can prosper and live to and for itself alone.

When it comes to our missionary societies a one-leg-trousers policy exposes the nakedness of our system. We cannot win the greatest missionary triumphs without co-operation of all our missionary forces. If there be a cleavage between women's societies and men's societies; if there be division into home mission and foreign mission cliques; if there be failure to link education with missions; if there be want of unity between pastors and laymen; if there be jealousy, or opposition, or pettiness, or unfair criticism, missions—the great object of all societies—and the cause of Christ himself cannot but suffer.

It is because our great anniversaries as a whole, to many thinking men, give the impression of management on the one-leg-trousers plan that dissatisfaction with the meetings is so frequently and so emphatically expressed. Instead of making a profound impression upon the denomination they appear, in too large degree, to be frittering away a great opportunity. There needs to be the application of the "get-together" principle applied to these annual meetings. There may be "charta difficulties," as Dr. B. A. Greene suggests in a letter in this week's issue, but Baptists who are convinced, consecrated and concerned for the conquest of the world of Christ cannot fail to find some method to overcome them, and thereby each and all our missionary agencies can be made more effective separately, and infinitely more effective when federated.—  
The Standard.

Christianity brings the pure joy of worthy occupation. Worthy work gives one of life's greatest incomes of happiness.

The three great fundamental laws of the kingdom of heaven are service, sacrifice and love.

## Missions.

REV. EDWARD B. SAUNDERS, Corresponding Secretary  
Ashaway, R. I.

### "SEEK YE FIRST THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

If the United States and Great Britain, two of the leading Christian nations of the earth do not do this, of what nations can we expect it? Churches and Missionary Boards are kept begging for means to carry forward this work. Christian people ever find fault that so much of this is done.

The United States Congress on May 17th passed a naval appropriation bill of nearly one hundred million of dollars; Germany six years ago voted ten times that enormous sum, for the expansion of her navy, and has since increased it by two hundred and fifty million more. Do we realize that thus the expenditures of three leading nations, Britain, Germany and the United States, for war ships alone, and within a decade of years, exceeds more than threefold all the money given to foreign missions, by the whole Protestant church, since Carey went to India, one hundred years ago? What an unpleasant contrast to think of, the use of funds to carry on the work of the Prince of this World and that of the Prince of Peace.

#### THE WELSH REVIVAL.

One of the signs of the times is the manifest blessing accompanying the mere narration of what has been going on in Wales. For example, Rev. Joseph Smale, of Los Angeles, returning from a recent visit, simply rehearsed to his own people, in the First Baptist church, what he had seen and heard. The church was crowded, and as he told the simple story some two hundred people, amid the sound of sobs and inarticulate prayers, pressed forward, to the front, confessing sin, seeking to right wrongs, and heal dissensions, and get right both with God and man. This morning meeting was prolonged into the afternoon and almost joined hands with the night meeting. For sixteen weeks the work went on, every afternoon and evening; no two meetings being alike, and scenes, unrivaled in that church, came to be common and attracted attention all over the city and State. One marked effect was the prostration of caste barriers. High and low, fashionable and outcast, white and black forgot their differences in the unity of the Spirit. And as such freedom of the Spirit was not relished by some, an independent New Testament church is the outcome, meeting in Burbank Hall. Meetings, five hours long, are spent in continuous prayer. No such visitation of God accompanied the work of Dr. Chapman and a score of evangelists and singers as this simple recital by Pastor Smale of what he saw in Wales. Street meetings are held, followed by services in the hall, homes are visited and places of employment. The new church already sends out two missionaries to China, and a mission band is organized, to follow as the Lord leads.

All this reminds us how the great upheaval in Uganda began, in 1893, with Pilkington's perusal of the appeal of David, the Tamil evangelist, and the reading of the report of the addresses at the Keswick convention in England, leading the missionaries to seek a new victory over sin, and a fresh anointing for themselves in their work.—*Missionary Review of the World.*

#### THE YEAR IS HALF GONE.

One of the first reports received, this second quarter, was from one of the smaller missionary churches, that at Shingle House, Pa. It has been

so reduced in numbers that some have advised giving up the struggle for a Seventh-day Baptist church in this little city of more than a thousand people, even though we have a church building, and the only church bell to call men to prayer, and to think of God on Sabbath morning. The report says they have now introduced the monthly collection for the Missionary Society. It occurs the last Sabbath in the month. They feel indebted to the Missionary and Memorial Boards for the help given them in repairing the church and keeping a pastor. With the quarterly report Pastor Kenyon sends his check for one dollar, the amount of the first collection; I mention this because it is in the reach of every church in the denomination to do this or more. It is not a bad collection for this little handful of people. It exhibits a remarkable spirit; will other small churches do the same? Those of you who are too proud to send so small an amount please send more. It will make the Board feel that you are interested in their struggles; that you have some system, and are trying to help carry the load. Any system is better than none. What I say is not to interfere with the work of the "Board of Systematic Benevolence." I hope you have not only adopted it, but that money returns are actually being realized. Do you know what a monthly remittance from every church in the denomination would amount to? It would result in paying our debt, in sustaining preaching appointments in every church on the field, in reinforcing the China mission and in sending missionaries to the Gold Coast, Africa. I wish that all of the churches who dare to go before the people in black and white on this question would kindly write me. It would help create an interest, and concert of action along this greatly needed line. One other good thing came to this same little church; two new members; life in one respect means life in another. I do not know which was the forerunner of the other, the missionary collection or the addition to membership. It does not matter, try them both and report. I know this church and pastor will excuse me for what I have said of them, if only they can help others to the same blessing. God bless the churches numerically small.

I find I have overlooked in last quarter's reports an item of interest. I am sorry not to have given it to you in its season, for it has in it just the things which interest the people. I will try and give such items immediate attention hereafter. Please send me full reports of all the work. The one to which I refer is from Sister Perie R. Burdick, from New Auburn, Minn., and is as follows:

During the quarter which has just passed we have tried as best we could to serve the Cartwright church. It was very cold weather when I went in January and so only remained over one Sabbath; preaching twice, and made five calls. On Thursday before the first Sabbath in February I was accompanied to Cartwright by Miss Anna Ayars, of Dodge Center, Minn., who is a consecrated Christian singer. We remained ten days, held eleven services and made twenty pastoral visits.

All denominations in the village attended and assisted in prayer, testimony and song. We had solo, trio, quartet and singing by the congregation. In all of this Miss Ayars rendered valuable help. Our church was much revived and we are hoping for additions. Some five or six among the First-day people decided to live for Christ and several again took up Christian duties. It was indeed a union meeting; Methodists, Uni-

ted Brethren, Presbyterians, First-day Baptists, First-day Adventists and followers of Dowie all took an active part. It has created an excellent Christian spirit in the community and toward our people. Pray for this work, that greater good may yet come.

#### SHANGHAI AND LIEU-OO.

The following is from a letter dated May 25th, written by Brother D. H. Davis to the Missionary Board:

Thank you very much for your letter referring again to my coming home this summer. It does not seem at all best for me to do so. The work on the buildings at Lieu-oo is going on well, but everything will not be complete before the first of July. Even with all of my experience in this line of work it is difficult to get everything done as it should be. Since I am held responsible to the contractor and for the work I feel I must stay by until it is done.

Another reason for not thinking it best for me to come is that Mr. Crofoot is to leave on his vacation home the last of June, if possible; this would, if I should go also, leave no one but the ladies in our mission. It would be putting too much burden and responsibility on them to be left all alone. I should be delighted to make the trip and be present at the Conference and add my mite to the interest on that occasion. I should plead for a man of some experience and good judgment and full of zeal for work of the Lord to be sent to Lieu-oo.

A young man too young would not do at all as it seems to me. I believe if the work there was properly arranged for we might hope for more visible results than even in Shanghai from the fact that there are no other missions to divert and draw those who become interested away from us. Since my going to look after the building several have come into touch with us, about which we knew nothing before, and are now inquiring into the truth. Six or seven have given their names, saying by this that they desire to become Christians. Three have come frequently to our evening prayer. I pray that they may all come into the full light. There is a very friendly feeling on the part of all the people in that section. Dr. Palmborg has done much to open up the work and I wish we could now put a good, strong man and his wife there. There is quite a large section of the country all about unoccupied and it seems that we ought to be the mission to take possession of this opportunity.

I am in Shanghai to get some lumber and other things for the house at Lieu-oo, will go back on Sunday or Monday. Mr. Crofoot is going to Lieu-oo this afternoon. He wishes to go out once before going home so he would have a better idea of how things are. I think he should do this.

#### OVER THE RIVER.

"Over the River"—the old, sweet song!  
The road to the rest there is not so long;  
A song and a sigh, and a brief Good-bye  
And we meet with the dreams 'neath a stormless sky.

"Over the River"—the song that thrills  
In music down from the heavenly hills;  
The pain and peril of Life's time past,  
And the rest that is given of God at last!

"Over the River"—so sweet it seems  
To drift away to the starlit dreams!  
To fear no more the fall of the Night  
"Over the River" where "Love is Light!"

—Frank L. Stanton in *Atlanta Constitution.*

## Woman's Work.

ETHEL A. HAVEN, Leonardville, N. Y.

#### THE LADIES' AID.

We've put a fine addition on the good old church at home,  
It's just the latest kilter, with a gallery and dome.  
It seats a thousand people—finest church in all the town,  
And when 'twas dedicated, why, we planked ten thousand down.  
That is, we paid five thousand—every deacon did his best—  
And the Ladies' Aid Society, it promised all the rest.

We've got an organ in the church, the finest in the land;  
It's got a thousand pipes or more; its melody is grand.  
And when we sit on cushioned pews and hear the master play,  
It carries us to realms of bliss unnumbered miles away.  
It cost a cool three thousand, and it stood the hardest test;  
We'll pay, a thousand on it—the Ladies' Aid the rest.

They'll give a hundred sociables, cantatas, too, and teas;  
They'll bake a thousand angel cakes, and tons of cream they'll freeze,  
They'll beg and scrape and toil and sweat for seven years or more,  
And then they'll start all o'er again, for a carpet for the floor.  
No, it isn't just like digging out the money from your vest,  
When the Ladies' Aid gets busy and says, "We'll pay the rest."

Of course we're proud of our big church from pulpit to the spire;  
It is the darling of our eyes, the crown of our desire;  
But when I see the sisters work to raise the cash that lacks,  
I sometimes feel the church is built on women's tired backs.  
And sometimes I can't help thinking, when we reach the regions blest,  
The men will get the toil and sweat, and the Ladies' Aid the rest.

—J. N. N., in *Reformed Church Herald.*

#### REPORT OF WOMAN'S BOARD.

The Woman's Board met in regular session at the home of Mrs. J. H. Babcock, Milton, Wis., Tuesday, July 3, 1906, at 2.30 p. m.

Members present: Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Crandall, Mrs. Platts, Mrs. Van Horn, Mrs. Maxson, Mrs. Babcock.

Mrs. Clarke being absent, Mrs. Morton read Psalm 100, which was followed by prayer.

Minutes of last meeting were read and approved and the Treasurer's report was read and adopted.

Letters containing remittances and reports of work were read by Mrs. Platts. Many small sums come to the Board unappropriated, and while it is well for all of our women to be informed concerning the great financial needs of the work in hand, such expressions as "To be used as you think best," "Put it where most needed," "Do the most good with it you can" are appreciated by the Board, and the confidence expressed makes the responsibility somewhat easier to bear.

Miss Ethelyn Davis wrote from Riverside, Cal., reporting letters written to Sabbath-keeping women and visits made. As she is about to leave California, she offered her resignation as Pacific Coast Secretary.

Mrs. Van Horn read an interesting letter from Dr. Rosa Palmborg, who wrote of her every-day work and busy home life. She greatly rejoices that the building of her house is progressing.

An account was read of an Orphans' Home at Chattanooga, Tenn., that was founded and is maintained by Mrs. A. S. Steele, who is a strict

Sabbath-keeper. She allows no work done, not even cooking of meals, on the Sabbath, which she observes from sunset to sunset, and her charges are strictly taught the Sabbath truth.

Motion carried that Mrs. Van Horn write to Missionary Mrs. D. H. Davis, asking for suggestions concerning the making up and sending out of a Christmas box for the Shanghai mission, a full notice of which will appear on Woman's Page when arrangements have been completed.

By vote Mrs. Morton appointed Mrs. S. J. Clarke, Mrs. A. R. Crandall and Mrs. T. J. Van Horn to prepare a prayer calendar to be sent out by the Board, and report progress at the next meeting.

Board adjourned.

MRS. S. J. CLARKE, *Pres.*  
MRS. J. H. BABCOCK, *Rec. Sec.*

The readers of Woman's Work are indebted to Mrs. M. I. Stout for the following report and for the extracts from two of the papers. The third paper is promised us for publication soon.

#### REPORT OF WOMAN'S HOUR AT THE NORTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

Conducted by MRS. D. L. M. BABCOCK.

The ladies of the Jackson Center church were somewhat disappointed in that none of the Woman's Board could be present at this Association. Sufficient interest was shown in the services of the Woman's Hour so that a large congregation was present.

A letter from the Corresponding Secretary was read by the leader, Mrs. Babcock.

Paper—"Christian Work and Workers," by Mrs. W. D. Burdick. Read by Rev. W. D. Burdick.

Paper—"Sketches From Our China Missions," by Mrs. J. W. Crofoot. Read by Mrs. M. I. Stout.

Paper—"Improving Our Talents, or Gifts," by Dr. Gertrude Crumb. Read by Miss Nina Polan.

The papers were interesting and instructive. I trust that as a result of the meeting our society may be inspired to do better work for the Master.

The music for the hour was furnished by a quartet of ladies, composed of Mrs. A. J. Lawhead, Mrs. M. I. Stout, Miss Nina Polan and Miss Estella Lippincott.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PAPER WRITTEN BY  
DR. GERTRUDE CRUMB.

Her paper spoke of life as being a great gift and of what should be the main object in life. The question is not how many talents we have received, but what are we doing with those which we have. All gifts and endowments acquired, natural or spiritual, are to be employed in Christ's service. The full development of all of our powers is our first duty to God and to our fellow-men. Those who would be workers with God must strive for the perfection of every organ of body and quality of mind. Character is not inherited, but is earned by individual effort. We can never reach a higher standard than we set for ourselves. The gifts or talents spoken of in Dr. Crumb's paper were cheerfulness, health, time and influence. Much emphasis was placed upon the first gift—being cheerful brings happiness to ourselves and is an effectual help to the happiness of others. As a nation, we are prone to be melancholy, reaching after imaginary grievance and trouble—the result is a breaking down of the nervous system. The laws of heredity are fairly well understood. Dr. Holmes said to re-

form a man you should begin with his grandmother. Anything that lessens physical strength enfeebles the mind and makes it less capable of discriminating between right and wrong. We become less capable of choosing the good and have less strength to resist evil.

A plea for out-of-door life was entered. Being in the sunshine and coming in touch with nature is one of the greatest sources of health. One can not keep fresh and strong in "cold storage." Our time belongs to God. In the time given us here we have to form characters for immortal life. Christ is our pattern. Be fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. Influence: Every soul is surrounded by an atmosphere of its own. And all with whom we come in contact are affected by this atmosphere. Life carries almost an invisible influence and it is only through God's grace and the prompting of His spirit that we can make right use of this endowment.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PAPER WRITTEN

BY MRS. J. W. CROFOOT.

The purpose of this paper is not an address on mission work in general, but simply notes giving some idea of a week's routine of some of the missionaries, and to speak briefly of the Chinese church members.

Mr. Crofoot spends the forenoon teaching English. Sunday, Monday and Tuesday afternoons he reviews the Chinese studies, covering previous week's work, which is taught either in colloquial or mandarin by the native teacher, who has general oversight. The study hour is from 7 to 8.30 a. m. The boys are of three classes: "Walkers," or those who come in forenoons for English only; full-pay "Warders," those who pay half and agree to come a certain number of years. All are required to attend morning devotion.

The "indenture" plan is preferred. Most converts are secured from this class. The vacation comes about the 12th of July, lasting until early in September, and the Chinese "New Year vacation"—usually in February and March—after which school year begins. Sabbath services are held on Sabbath afternoon in the chapel of girls' school, followed by Sabbath-school, which in turn is followed by the girls Y. P. S. C. E. The weekly prayer-meeting is Wednesday afternoon. On Sunday occurs teachers' meeting. Friday evening at 7 is the prayer-meeting in each school; also a meeting in each school for the study of Sabbath-school lessons.

Mrs. Crofoot speaks hopefully concerning advancement along some lines. She said that some of those who have been taught in the schools and have become Christians, break away from the Chinese custom of betrothal and marriage, and adopt Western ideas of acquaintance and courtship as prerequisites to marriage. This results in giving women a much higher place, and in much happier homes.

The hope for the future of Christianity in China is in establishing educated and Christian homes.

Mrs. Crofoot also spoke briefly of some of the native teachers as being persons of ability, naturally quick, kind-hearted, never sparing themselves if a kindness they can do. Such ones are highly respected. She closed by asking the prayers of God's people, that in their associations with the Chinese in different ways they may be given wisdom to do and say that which shall help them to a full knowledge of God.

WOMAN'S BOARD.

Receipts in June, 1906.

August 1905-May 1906, previously reported...\$1,675 64  
 Associational Collections:  
 Eastern Association, A. J. Spicer,  
 Treas., Plainfield, N. J. .... \$ 8 79—  
 Western Association, Agnes L.  
 Rogers, Alfred, N. Y. .... 13 00  
 North-Western Association, L. A.  
 Platts, Treas., Milton, Wis. .... 4 95— 26 74  
 Societies and Individuals:  
 Brookfield, N. Y., Woman's Mis-  
 sionary Aid Society: Palmborg  
 House, \$3; Mary Janz, \$2; Board  
 Expense, \$5 ..... \$10 00  
 Chicago, Ill., Ladies' Society: un-  
 appropriated ..... 20 00  
 New Market, N. J., Ladies' Aid So-  
 ciety: Miss Burdick's salary ..... 10 00  
 Nortonville, Kan., Ladies' Mission-  
 ary Society: unappropriated ..... 50 00  
 Nortonville, Kan., Mrs. S. E. Brink-  
 erhoff, Java Mission ..... 5 00  
 Nortonville, Kan., Lena Maxson,  
 Java Mission ..... 1 00  
 Riverside, Cal., Dorcas Society: un-  
 appropriated ..... 10 00  
 Salem, W. Va., Ladies' Society:  
 unappropriated ..... 10 00  
 Wausau, Wis., Mrs. Emma Coon  
 Witter: Tract Society ..... 2 00  
 Westerly, R. I., Woman's Aid So-  
 ciety: Miss Burdick's salary,  
 \$36.50; School at Fouke, Ark.,  
 \$10.00 ..... 46 50  
 West Hallock, Ill., Ladies' Socie-  
 ty: Miss Burdick's salary, \$10.00;  
 China Mission, \$2.00; Board Ex-  
 pense, \$1.50 ..... 13 50— 178 00

Total for eleven months ———\$1,880 38  
 MRS. L. A. PLATTS, Treas.

MILTON, Wis., June 30, 1906.

PLEASANT MEMORIES.

MRS. C. M. LEWIS.

Dear Dr. Lewis:

Your editorial in last week's RECORDER, "Up to the Hills," is inspiring in many ways. Its calls to mind many rich religious experiences, when from the lower level of daily communion my soul has been lifted to the joyous heights of spiritual exaltation and closer communion with the Infinite Father, which gave new strength and courage to take up again and bear patiently heavy burdens, in the bearing of which I often found, after many days, pearls of great value to enrich the soul. Surely our Heavenly Father knows what is best for us, and He makes no mistakes. The words of our Lord, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you," and "Lo, I am with you always" are very precious to me. "Up to the Hills" also brought to mind some delightful experiences amid mountain scenery. One such experience I recall so vividly that I have portrayed it in verse:

The birds had ceased their musical thrills  
 As the sun peeped over the Berkshire hills;  
 From the winding river a mist up rolled,  
 Enwrapping the town in a silvery fold  
 So dense that no building or tree could be seen,  
 As we stood looking forth from an archway of green  
 Which climbed o'er the porch by the door.

The mountain summits stood alone, serene,  
 Like sentinels guarding the shadowy scene.  
 But soon the church spires mistily fair—  
 Like ethereal temples hung in mid-air—  
 Reminders of the golden city eternal  
 Which St. John saw descending from heights  
 supernal—  
 Were seen tipped with rays from the sun.

Old Graylock, the monarch of Berkshire hills,  
 Wore his silver crown, and from river and dells  
 Silver mists were rising like incense to heaven,  
 The blue sky peeped through, where the masses  
 were riven,  
 The nearby hills came again into view  
 As the rays of the sun the mist upward drew,  
 And the perfect day was begun.  
 How well I remember that rare June day

Though years, long years, have since passed  
 away.

How we packed our baskets and took our way  
 To the wooded heights to spend the day;  
 How the breeze that swept over the Berkshire  
 hills,  
 As we upward climbed through the leafy dells.  
 Was spicy and fragrant as incense rare  
 Distilled from many a tree and flower;  
 How the wood was vocal with song.

How the children frolicked as gay as the birds  
 As we wandered on through the sweet scented  
 woods,

Stopping off, some rare nook of beauty to greet,  
 Where low-arching boughs made a sylvan retreat  
 Over green mossy mounds, and tangles of ferns,  
 And gray rocks enwreathed with trailing vines,  
 Where fairies might revel all day.

At times our feet rested on some open height  
 Where rich valleys, bathed in golden sunlight,  
 Were spread out before us, and shadowy hills  
 Lent all the enchantment a distant view yields,  
 While fleecy clouds hovered like white-winged  
 doves,

Sending light rippling shadows o'er fields and  
 groves,  
 Making lovelier far, the scene.

At times we climbed to some high mound  
 And spied Old Graylock—the far renowned—  
 Majestic, kingly, high enthroned  
 O'er mountain peaks—a monarch crowned—  
 A monarch who, from year to year,  
 Homage received from sage and seer:  
 In dignified repose.

O'er hills and through valleys we wandered on,  
 With many a pause and many a turn,  
 Till at length we came where a mountain stream  
 played

Over high beetling rocks in a silver cascade,  
 And the wimpling waters edified and flashed  
 As over the rocks they swirled and dashed:  
 Then laughingly hurried away.

The cloth for our midday lunch was spread  
 'Neath a tree at the foot of the singing cascade  
 Whose soft liquid notes sweetest harmony made  
 As we rested, and chatted, and lunched in the  
 shade,

So that even the children, with voices subdued,  
 Seemed touched with a reverent sensitive mood  
 Befitting some heavenly shrine.

As memory turns backward across the years  
 How freshly vivid the whole scene appears;  
 These fair pictures once hung in memory's hall  
 Abide with us ever—subject to call.  
 They are living pictures inwrought in the soul,  
 And we turn them to view whenever we will,—  
 They're a joy to us forever.

ALFRED, N. Y., June 26.

CORRECTION.

EDELSTEIN, ILL., JULY 5, 1906.

EDITOR SABBATH RECORDER: The report by  
 N. O. Moore, Jr., of the proceedings of the last  
 day of the North-Western Association, in last  
 week's RECORDER, is a fair example of the results  
 of "Absent treatment;" and should prove a ter-  
 rible warning to all that may be tempted to pur-  
 sue that method in the future. Permit the fol-  
 lowing corrections:

The Pastors and Workers' Conference was  
 conducted by Dean Main, in the absence of  
 George W. Burdick. He was assisted by L. A.  
 Platts, Edwin Shaw and W. D. Burdick. At 10  
 o'clock a resolution, presented by Rev. T. J. Van  
 Horn, relative to bi-ennial sessions of the Asso-  
 ciations and of the General Conference, was  
 taken from the table and generally discussed.  
 It was referred to the Executive Committee for  
 future consideration. Dean Main preached at  
 11 o'clock (as reported), W. H. Ingham was not  
 present. Missionary interests were presented at  
 2:30 by Secretary Saunders. Following, Way-  
 land Wilcox preached (as reported). The lat-  
 ter part of Mr. Moore's report doubtless is a  
 part of the proceedings of the Iowa Yearly Meet-

ing, which has become misplaced. Rev. W. D.  
 Burdick was made Moderator for the ensuing  
 year. The next place for the meeting of the  
 Association is Albion, Wis. Very truly,

F. E. PETERSON,

Moderator of the Association.

The report as published was merely a compi-  
 lation of a printed program and several memo-  
 randa, furnished for the purpose.

N. O. M., JR.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

BY ELIZABETH C. CARDOZO.

Watchman, what of the night?  
 The sun drops red on the hill,  
 And the dark draws near apace,  
 And the night wind wrecks its will.  
 And I—I have gun my race,  
 I have fought my latest fight.  
 Watchman, what of the night?

Watchman, what of the night?  
 Is it fraught with many a fear?  
 Is it silent and dark and cold?  
 Is there never a comrade near,  
 And never a hand to hold,  
 Nor promise at last of light?

Watchman, what of the night?  
 I have fought and fallen and lost,  
 I have fought and striven and gained,  
 And which at the heavier cost?  
 But a whisper still remained  
 Of an unrevealed delight—  
 Watchman, what of the night?

Watchman, what of the night?  
 Nay, is their aught to tell?  
 Can it prove more strange than this?  
 If I wake, why, it is well,  
 If I sleep, why, well it is.  
 So there come no dreams to fright—  
 Watchman, what of the night?

MOMENTUM.

Opie Read in the *Arkansas Traveller* tells as  
 actual truth the following remarkable story:

"During the recent dredging of Fox river, in  
 Tennessee, the sunken remains of the once nerv-  
 ous little gunboat, the Yellow Jacket, were dis-  
 covered. The sinking of the Yellow Jacket was  
 the most remarkable accident that ever occurred  
 in this country. The complete details of the af-  
 fair could not be obtained at the time—in fact,  
 we are in possession of the only authentic ac-  
 count. Here it is, told by John P. McLuskin,  
 now a well-known physician of Coffee County,  
 Tenn.:

"It occurred," said the doctor, "when I was  
 a lad. There had been a heavy snow, and sev-  
 eral boys, including myself, were prowling about  
 hunting rabbits, and we began to amuse ourselves  
 by rolling a snowball. We were, at this time, on  
 the long hill known as Benson's Slope. We roll-  
 ed the ball until it got to be as big as a hoghead;  
 and then, as it was easy to roll down the hill,  
 continued to turn it over. To our great delight,  
 it became easier to roll, and suddenly, to our  
 great surprise, it broke away from us and went  
 bounding down the slope. Then we beheld a  
 startling sight. The ball grew so rapidly that  
 it soon looked like a rolling mountain. It picked  
 up a wagon and team, took up a negro cabin,  
 and then, with a tremendous bound, fell into the  
 river, just in time to strike and completely bury  
 the gunboat Yellow Jacket. Not a soul on board  
 escaped."

The story, true or false, points a moral. Be-  
 fore a man sets out upon or initiates a course of  
 action, commits a sin, or undertakes any enter-  
 prise, he is bound to consider to what it will be  
 liable to grow. Children playing with matches  
 may burn a city. The time to consider is before  
 the snowball gets started down the slope.

Young People's Work.

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

GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

It's easier to believe in God, anyway, amid  
 forest and stream and hillside where nature  
 speaks in her tranquil tones on bright summer  
 days and where the fierce sudden storms awe  
 the tiny atom of humanity into reverence—or  
 terror. The groves were God's first temples. It  
 is no wonder that the ancients sought high places  
 and forests in which to worship. The Lord of  
 heaven never objected to them—in themselves.  
 If, for a time, such places were under the ban,  
 it was because they were polluted with licentious  
 heathen worship, from which every man who  
 wished to keep pure should remain aloof. It is  
 the devil's cunning, we know, to draw out some  
 elemental longing of man, and then poison it.  
 Avarice, pride, superstition, lust, murder and  
 the whole list are only perversions of God given  
 impulses. It was natural for men to seek God,  
 and to go near to nature's heart to commune  
 with Him. The subtle priests of false cults  
 seized upon these impulses, turning them into  
 base channels; but the glory of hill and wood-  
 land remains untainted.

The mountains of Palestine are crowded with  
 sacred associations. Even before the chosen  
 people ever set foot on the land of promise, two  
 lofty eminences became saturated with noble  
 memories: Sinai, where the two tables of immor-  
 tal stone were engraved by the finger of God;  
 Pisgah, from whose top the weary eyes of the  
 great emancipator beheld the country he was not  
 permitted to tread. Think of Abraham and  
 Mount Moriah, Joshua between Ebal and Geri-  
 zim, David at Mount Zion, Samaria, its symmet-  
 rical slope of hill, Elijah looking toward the sea  
 from the top of Carmel.

THE GOSPEL'S OUTDOOR FRAGRANCE.

The life of the Saviour breathes an outdoor  
 fragrance. How passionately fond he was of  
 getting away from the artificial, mechanical  
 round of existence between walls of clay and  
 stone. He would talk to men about the great,  
 eternal themes wherever he found them gathered  
 together, but when he himself chose the place of  
 meeting, "seeing the multitude, he went up into a  
 mountain," "and Jesus with his disciples with-  
 drew to the sea; and a great multitude from Gal-  
 ilee followed." As a boy he often climbed the  
 hill back of his village, on the Horns of Hattin  
 he preached his great sermon concerning the  
 kingdom, somewhere, probably, along the slope  
 of majestic Hermon he was transfigured, in some  
 secluded grove of Olivet he prayed, on Calvary  
 he was crucified. The illustrations that sprang  
 to his lips were of sparrows circling in the air,  
 sheep in the meadows, lilies blooming on the hill-  
 sides, grain waving above the level fields, grapes  
 bursting into rich fruitage in the autumn vine-  
 yards. It was a good world, and he loved it all  
 —this vigorous, pulsating, blooming life. Life  
 more abundant was what he came to bring and  
 its illustrations were on every hand.

Other things aside, the closer man keeps to  
 nature, the closer he keeps to God. The farther  
 away from farm and stone and mortar, steel trusses  
 and plate glass, the worse man he is.

HEALING BALM TO THE SPIRIT.

This busy pastor has had a blessing in sitting  
 to-day where he can watch the waters rippling  
 about among the "Thousand Isles." The insist-  
 ent voice of nature's woes entices him to stay

longer; but even these three days are like balm  
 to his spirit. Perhaps the sandpipers scampering  
 round on the rocks below have only a vague  
 realization of the riches of all this beauty. Pos-  
 sibly there be men who can see it with unlit eyes;  
 but surely God speaks to us through these ex-  
 pressions of nature, and He meant man's soul to  
 respond to the marvelous language. I suppose  
 that was Bryant's idea when he said something  
 like this: "To him who in the love of nature  
 holds communion with the visible forms, she  
 speaks a various language." Simpler and  
 grander yet are the words of the Psalmist:

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and  
 the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day un-  
 to day uttereth speech, and night unto night  
 showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor  
 language where their voice is not heard."

A TONIC FOR THE SOUL.

Nature tones us up from our feverish impulses  
 and morbid ideas. Emerson says that we go  
 into the woods from strife and debate and strug-  
 gle and nature calms us.

Sitting in the other end of the boat this morn-  
 ing, partly reading, partly dreaming, listening  
 to the enchanting voice of the St. Lawrence,  
 feeling the gentle rock on her ample bosom,  
 looking through half-shut eyes at fairyland,  
 thinking, I suddenly asked the doctor what he  
 thought about hell. The question was such a  
 surprise to him and so far from his thoughts  
 that he made no answer for a moment, then he  
 said:

"Don't know much about it. Don't plan to go  
 there."

Just then a big fish siezed the hook and bent  
 the rod into a rainbow. As the doctor proudly  
 swung the shining beauty into the boat, and his  
 eyes shone with the sportsman's delight, he said:  
 "Don't talk to me about hell!"

And I didn't! It was out of place.

Reverently speaking, God does not talk to us  
 on this theme through such scenes as these. Hell  
 is a morbid thing. As it seems to me, God does  
 not like the subject. There would have been no  
 Gehenna had not man made it necessary. In a  
 universe of obedient, loving, happy creatures,  
 there would have been no place for a dark abyss.  
 It came in because of transgression. A guilty  
 conscience covers before the lightning stroke, a  
 sour heart paints blue sky and velvet turf with  
 gloom, a selfish spirit bears no hallelujahs in the  
 songs of singing birds; but the soul that is in  
 tune with God rejoices in the ever changing  
 panorama, in sunshine and gathering clouds and  
 in stormy wind fulfilling his word.

THE READING AND STUDY COURSE IN  
 BIBLE HISTORY.

You may begin this course any time and any  
 where. Send your name and address to Mrs.  
 Walter L. Greene, Dunellen, N. J., and so iden-  
 tify yourself fully with the movement and give  
 inspiration to those who are following the course.  
 Total enrollment, 187.

SIXTY-SIXTH WEEK'S READING.

(Note these questions and answer them as you  
 follow each day's reading. We suggest that you  
 keep a permanent note book and answer them  
 in writing at the close of the week's work.)

1. For what act did Asa deserve condemna-  
 tion?
2. How did Jehoshaphat benefit the people of  
 Judah?
3. How was the wicked Athaliah defeated?  
 II Chronicles.  
 First-day. Asa in league with Benhadad,

king of Syria, against Baasha, king of Israel;  
 he imprisons Hanani, the seer, for telling him  
 of his folly; his unhappy end, but royal burial.  
 2 Chron. 16: 1-14.

Second-day. Jehoshaphat; his prosperity; the  
 people taught the law of Jehovah; he waxes  
 great among the kingdoms. 17: 1-19.

Third-day. Jehoshaphat joins Ahab of Israel  
 in attacking Ramoth-Gilead; encouraged by false  
 prophets, disapproved by Micaiah; death of  
 Ahab. 18: 1-34.

Fourth-day. Jehoshaphat, though a reform-  
 er, reproved by Jehu, the seer, for helping Ahab;  
 an extended judicial system established. 19:  
 1-11.

Fifth-day. Judah threatened by Moab and  
 Ammon; Jehoshaphat seeks Jehovah's help; a  
 great victory for Jehovah and Judah. 20: 1-30.

Sixth-day. Jehoshaphat a good, but not per-  
 fect, king; an unholy commercial alliance with  
 Ahaziah of Israel. 20: 31-37. Death of Jehos-  
 haphat. 21: 1a. Inheritances of Jehoshaphat's  
 sons. 21: 1b-3. Jehoram's cruel and wicked  
 reign, and trouble with revolting Edom and Lib-  
 nah; a writing from Elijah announcing judg-  
 ments; invasion by Philistines and Arabians; the  
 king dies "without being desired." 21: 4-20.

Sabbath-day. Ahaziah; his wickedness; his  
 destruction "of God." 22: 1-9. Athaliah; her  
 cruelty. 22: 1-10. Joash, the infant son of Aha-  
 ziah, hid in the house of God six years. 22: 11.  
 Jehoiada the priest plans and leads a polit-  
 ical and religious revolution; Athaliah is slain;  
 and Joash is put upon the throne. 23: 1-21.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

ALBION, Wis., July 10, 1906.—If the pastors  
 mentioned in Secretary E. B. Saunders' para-  
 graph, THE SABBATH RECORDER, July 2, 1906,  
 entitled "Query," are not supplied with copies of  
 "Her Wedding Ring," they can obtain them at  
 75 cents per hundred, postpaid, by applying at  
 once to

GOOD LITERATURE COMMITTEE,  
 BOX 45. ALBION, Wis.

SENATORIAL PIETY.

A dispatch to the *Philadelphia Press* from  
 Washington last week said: "In the midst of  
 its other trials and tribulations the United States  
 Senate showed to an amazed world that it collec-  
 tively does not know the Tenth Commandment  
 from the Fourth." Senator McLaurin, of Missis-  
 sippi, moved an amendment prohibiting the run-  
 ning of all railroad trains engaged in interstate  
 commerce between the hours of sunrise and sun-  
 set on the Sabbath day. The Senator, of course,  
 takes it for granted that Sunday is that day. In  
 supporting the amendment he said: "I want  
 every Senator to realize that in casting a nega-  
 tive vote he is voting against the Tenth Com-  
 mandment, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep  
 it holy.'" The queer part of it is that none of  
 the other Senators seemed to know any more  
 about it than McLaurin. The satisfactory part  
 is that the amendment was overwhelmingly de-  
 feated. Piety of the political kind and knowledge  
 of the Bible do not always go together.—*Jewish  
 Exponent*.

If our hearts are full of worldliness there will  
 be no room for him who bought us.

If true to the highest, you are among the  
 crown jewels of the king, not to be hidden in  
 some cloistered cavern, but to be kept in full  
 view of all the world.

## Children's Page.

## THE SEAMSTRESS.

Miss Dorothy Dot, in her little red chair,  
Put her thimble on with a matronly air,  
And said, "From this piece of cloth, I guess,  
I'll make baby brother a lovely dress."

She pulled her needle in and out,  
And over and under and round about,  
And through and through, till the snowy lawn  
Was bunched and crumpled and gathered and  
drawn.

She sewed and sewed to the end of her thread;  
Then holding her work to view she said,  
"This isn't a baby dress, after all;  
It's a bonnet for my littlest doll!"

—St. Nicholas.

## THE LITTLE BLACKBERRY GIRL.

"Blackberries! Blackberries! Blackberries!"  
We had been sitting in the patent swing under  
the big maple trees in our yard a long time,  
trying to get cool that hot summer day, Mary  
Fisher and I, when we heard the shrill cry.

"Who's that?" said Mary, looking toward  
the dusty highway, down which was trudging a  
little girl in faded calico dress, pink sunbonnet,  
and with bare feet.

"That's the little blackberry girl," I said.

"Where does she live?" asked Mary.

"I don't know." I made answer carelessly,  
for I was not a bit interested and did not want  
Mary to be. "I never asked her. I don't even  
know her name. She just comes and goes, and  
everybody calls her the little blackberry girl.  
Don't look at her, or she'll want you to buy."

"Well, why not?" asked Mary. "I have some  
money. I'd just as lief get some as not. I  
love blackberries. Call her in, Sadie. I want to  
talk to her. And she looks so tired and hot.  
If we're uncomfortable, what must she be?"

I didn't like it, not one little bit, but there  
was nothing else to do, for Mary Fisher was my  
visitor, and a visitor that I prized very highly,  
so I did as she requested. I called to the little  
blackberry girl and told her to come in.

"Did you want some berries?" she asked, smil-  
ing all over her face.

"These must have been picked this morning,"  
said Mary. "They look so nice and fresh."

"They were, miss. I was up before four to  
get at the berries."

"Before four? I don't see how you can do  
it. Where do you live?"

"Down by the old stone mill. It's quite a  
little step up the mountain, but I like the walk  
in the early morning. Everything seems so  
happy and bright, and the air is full of the sing-  
ing of the birds. I love to go after berries."

"I shouldn't think you would," I said. "Just  
see how the briars scratch up your hands and  
feet."

"Oh, that's nothing at all," she said, cheer-  
fully. "I never feel the scratches, and they're  
gone in a day or two. I just think how many  
nickels and dimes I am going to get for them.  
That pays for all the scratches."

"Don't you wish, sometimes," Mary said,  
"that you were rich and could live in a fine  
house like this and wear nice clothes and do just  
as you please?"

"No, I don't think so," was the laughing re-  
ply. "You see, I was made to work hard, and  
I shouldn't know what to do with myself if I  
couldn't, and mother says labor is one of the  
greatest blessings in the world."

"Wait a minute," I said, as she rose to go.  
"I know mamma would buy your berries if

she were here, so I'll take them." And, feeling  
very generous, I made her empty her basket, and  
while I went to put them away I had Mary bring  
her out some cake and iced lemonade.

"I'll tell mother I've been to a party," she  
said. "Now I can go straight home and help  
her iron."

Mary and I looked at each other shamefaced-  
ly. We had done nothing but grumble all day  
about the heat and the dullness of everything,  
and there was this little girl actually jolly over  
having to work.

"Sadie," she said at last, "let's get to work  
at something. I am just ashamed of myself.  
What ails us is perfect idleness. I've learned a  
lesson from the little blackberry girl. The idea  
of her being contented with her life and our  
grumbling at ours!"—*Baptist Boys and Girls.*

## DIGGING FOR APPLES.

A man was laboriously digging in the earth.  
He had already made a hole in which half the  
length of his leg disappeared, and was making  
it still deeper. Children were playing near by.  
Born curious, they approached the man at work,  
and asked, "What are you digging for?"

"Apples," answered he.  
Unanimously the youthful flock burst into  
Homeric laughter. "He is digging for apples!  
What a joke. . . Apples in the ground!  
He must be thinking of potatoes! . . . But  
apples—it is too funny! . . . Ha, ha, ha!"

"Can't you see that he is laughing at us?"  
said one of the more shrewd among the com-  
pany. "Let us go along and leave him to his  
apples."

"Laughing at you?" answered the man. "In-  
deed not, children. What I tell you is positive  
fact. There is neither joke in it nor nonsense.  
I am digging this hole in order to have apples  
and, if you will wait a moment, you will under-  
stand."

"Let us wait, then, and we shall see whether  
they are crabs or leather coats he will dig up."

After taking out a few more spadefuls of  
earth, the man thought the hole sufficiently deep,  
dumped into it a basketful of rich soil, went off,  
and returned, bringing a little sapling which he  
carefully planted beneath the attentive eyes of  
the children.

The operation complete, he said to them:  
"You see, I told you the truth. In two or three  
years from now this young apple tree will blos-  
som. The following autumn it will bear fruit.  
You shall come and taste the apples with me."

If you would one day see golden, juicy fruit  
swinging above your head you must begin by  
digging a hole in the ground.—*Exchange.*

"Tommy, I'm going to punish you severely."

"What fer, Pa?"

"Now, don't try that innocence game. I  
know all the bad things you've done to-day."

"No, you don't Pa. You don't know where  
I hid the strap you lick me with."—*Cleveland  
Leader.*

## IN THE THIRD WATCH OF THE NIGHT.

BY HOMER M. PRICE.

The old station baggage man put a scuttle of  
coal in the big Cannonball stove, went into the  
telegraph office and then returned to the baggage  
room.

"No. 4's losing time," he said; "won't get here  
under three hours late. Did you have any bag-  
gage to check?"

"Well, that's why I've been waiting here for

the last thirty minutes," I said, with some little  
impatience.

"Excuse me," said he; "I knowed the train  
wuz late, and most people set 'round here in the  
baggage room on cold nights, and I s'posed you  
wuz doin' the same. Where to, please?"

"Knoxville," I said, cooling off some.

He adjusted his glasses and looked clear over  
them for the pigeon hole of the Knoxville checks,  
and, finally getting one, he placed it on my trunk,  
remarking:

"Been over to the mines, eh? Purty cold  
drivin', wa'nt it? Coldest night we've had this  
winter, 'cept one; that wuz the night Ben Spill-  
man's mother come. Know about that, I  
s'pose?"

"No," said I, "I never heard of that; I'm a  
stranger here."

"Well, sit 'down thar by the stove an' I'll tell  
you 'bout it, if you care to hear. Shows you're  
a stranger in these parts not to know 'bout it.  
Jest think of it, a lookin' for his mother for thirty-  
five year 'fore she come!"

"Wait till I light my pipe and put a trunk agin  
that door; that wind from the mountain is mighty  
searchin'." I tell you, stranger, it's mighty lone-  
some 'round here to-night. Not another pas-  
senger to go, and none of the neighbors out visit-  
in', and that train 'way late. But you want to  
hear 'bout Ben and his mother.

"Well, Ben wuz here when I took charge of  
the station in '67—one of them awkward, shy  
boys, always gettin' in the way, but not meanin'  
to. Nobody knowed whar he come from, just  
found him here one day on the platform after  
the east-bound train come in, a peerin' into every  
woman's face that got off. He looked at all of  
'em, and then turned away, sayin' jest these four  
words: 'She said she'd come.' He wuz 'bout  
five or six then, they said, and all kinds of ques-  
tioning only brought out those four words, and  
his name—Ben Spillman. It was believed that  
his mother had brought him down from the  
mountains and had got on a west-bound train,  
a tellin' him she'd be back on the next east-  
bound one. It wuz just at the breakin' up of  
the war and nobody thought anything of stran-  
gers bein' about, and not one of them ever remem-  
bered of seein' the mother. The child wuz kinder  
weak in his head, sorter daffy like. Whether he  
wuz always that way, or the shock of losin' his  
mother wuz the cause of it, nobody never knowed.  
But thar he wuz when I come, the saddest-  
faced little chap I ever saw, with his expecta-  
tions 'way up every time the train come in, and  
'way down to bass when the train had gone and  
his mother hadn't come."

"Some of the old residents here said there  
had been a big wreck up 'bout Lebanon at the  
time the young one showed up, and that thar  
wuz two or three dead ones, one bein' a woman,  
that nobody ever knowed who they wuz. They  
'lowed maybe 'twuz his mother. Others said  
that some woman wanted to get rid of a crazy  
child, and give him the slip, but I never believed  
that 'cause the kind o' mother that would want  
to give her child the slip could never have im-  
pressed him with such confidence in her. True,  
he wuzn't just right in his head, but my ex-  
perience is that that's the kind that knows the  
most 'bout some things. They've got somethin'  
in 'em that tells who's who. Some say it's in-  
stinct, but whatever it is, the Lord Almighty put  
it thar; so I says, thar boy's mother wuz in-  
tendin' to come back."

"Well, 'Squire Heartsill takes the boy to his  
house, and he makes himself usef' 'bout the

place, runnin' errands and sweepin' out the fur-  
niture store, but no matter what he wuz doin',  
when the evenin' train from the West gave the  
signal for the station here, he came as fast as  
he could; and then if the train wuz late, he would  
come down and wait for it; didn't matter whether  
he'd had any supper or not, he'd stay here till the  
train come. Many a time, when he wuz a kid,  
I'd tuck him in here behind the stove on a cold  
night, with my overcoat, while he waited for the  
train. I used to try to get him to tell me what  
he wuz lookin' for, but he would look so wild  
and scared like that I stopped. He'd mumble a  
whole lot that I couldn't understand, but always  
ended with, 'She said she'd come.' If he had  
dropped off to sleep when the train would whistle  
he'd be sure to wake up, and his eyes would  
sparkle and he would go runnin' out on the plat-  
form, a clappin' his hands—then purty soon, as  
the train pulled out, I'd see him goin' slowly  
down the path to the 'Squire's."

"You'd think he'd 'a gotten tired, wouldn't  
you? But he never did. As he grew up the  
'Squire wanted to send him to school, but he  
wouldn't go. I always thought it wuz 'cause  
the schoolhouse wuz too far from the depot, so  
he stayed on thar in the shop, and come to be a  
pretty fair workman. He never had had much  
talk for anybody, and after he got to be a man  
he had less. He would go for weeks without  
sayin' a word to a soul, and I believe he would  
have forgotten how to talk if he hadn't had them  
four words to say to hisself every evenin' when  
the train left. He never said 'em to anybody;  
just sad like, as he turned away, he'd say, 'She  
said she'd come.'"

"He made purty good wages in the shop, and  
saved his money. When he wuz a kid we wuz  
real good friends, but as he got older he got more  
distant toward me. True, he'd nearly always  
come in the baggage room just 'fore the train  
come and roll the truck of trunks up to where  
the express car stopped, but he didn't talk none.  
"So matters went on this way year after year.

"One summer night the train wuz late, and  
there wuz no passengers to get on, and nobody  
at the depot lookin' for anybody to come, 'cept  
Ben. He wuz a grown up man then, I'd say  
about thirty, and he come out and set down on a  
truck with me. It had been an awful hot day  
and some thunder heads had gathered up in the  
west. Ben set there and watched the lightnin'  
without sayin' a word. The train wuz 'way late,  
and by and by the clouds got to comin' closer,  
and I said, 'Ben, it's goin' to storm. Are you  
scared of storms?' He waited some time 'fore  
he answered, then he said: 'No, I ain't scared  
of anything, except that she won't come.' You  
couldn't get his mind off of it at all. I asked  
him why he didn't go and hunt her, for he'd sav-  
ed his money and could travel everywhere and  
find her. He said he'd thought of that, but then  
she might come while he wuz gone, and then  
she'd feel just like he did, when she didn't find  
him here a lookin' for her. He thought he'd  
best stay here and wait for her, for she'd said  
she'd come. I didn't say no more and we sat  
thar watchin' the comin' storm. Most an hour  
passed without a word, and then Ben said sud-  
denly, 'Don't the Scripture say 'bout 'em comin'  
in the third watch of the night?' It kind o'  
startled me, and I said, 'Yes, b'leve it does.'  
'Well,' said he, 'I b'leve she'll come some time  
away in the night; might be to-night.'"

"When the train come, 'way long in the morn-  
in', the storm had burst, and the lightnin' and  
thunder wuz makin' things lively. I didn't have  
anything to put on the train and the only thing  
that wuz put off wuz a little bull calf, and when  
the train left I found myself thar a holdin' to a  
rope with the calf at the other end. Ben had been  
back to the coaches, but he see in the lightnin'  
flashes my perdicement, and he come to help me.  
The calf wuz a rearin' and bawlin' terrible, but  
Ben says, 'I'll take him, he's fer the 'Squire. I  
heard him a sayin' as somebody wuz goin' to  
send him a calf by express,' so he goes up to the  
bawlin' critter and says somethin' to it and it gets  
quiet. He takes the rope from my hand and  
goes down toward the 'Squire's barn. I see 'em  
'way down thar when the lightnin' played 'round  
the calf a follerin' 'long like a dog; and, as he'd  
sprung the Scriptures on me, I says to myself,  
'And a little child shall lead them.' 'Course I  
knew that bull calf wa'nt no lion, but I wa'nt sure  
that Ben wa'nt a child. Years don't make you  
a man; it's knowin' and doin' things that are  
wrong that makes you quit bein' a child.

"That same summer a young feller from Ken-  
tucky came a courtin' 'Squire Heartsill's daughter  
Bessie. Bessie wuz only a slip of a girl, born  
and growed up since Ben went to live with him.  
He'd carried her 'bout on his shoulders all over  
the hills when she wuz a kid, a gatherin' sweet  
Williams and wild pansies. She always did the  
talkin' and the orderin', but she wuz mighty fond  
o' Ben. After she grew up she went away to  
school, and when she come back she wuz the love-  
liest, liveliest girl in these parts. While she wuz  
away Ben had done nothin' but work and come  
to meet trains; so when one day she got off the  
cars and comin' straight into Ben's arms, kissed  
him, the poor fellow wuz awfully taken back.  
He looked at his great rough hands and homely  
figure and grew awkward. Somehow he avoid-  
ed her after that, and when she did come close  
to him he'd turn red and amble off. My wife,  
she goes up to the 'Squire's a whole lot, and she  
see how things were goin', and she says to me,  
'Tom, he's in love with Bessie,' but I didn't take  
no stock in that, and neither did Bessie. She  
treated him just like she always had when he give  
her a chance, and I don't believe she ever thought  
about it, until one night six years after, when  
Ben's mother came, and she found it out.

"But that summer, when the fine young feller  
come out from Kentucky, and got off the train  
and asked where 'Squire Heartsill lived, Ben  
wuz thar, of course, and said he could show him,  
and the two went down to the house together. I  
saw 'em a goin' and saw Bessie when she met  
'em at the gate. I don't know what wuz said, but  
Ben come back up to the depot and stayed aroun'  
till I closed up for the night. He never said a  
word, but it seemed as if somethin' wuz troublin'  
him that he couldn't quite make out, sorter  
like your dog looks when you hurt him accident-  
ally. He knows you didn't mean to do it, but  
it hurts him just the same.

"Well, Ben spent lots o' time with me for the  
next two weeks, until the young feller went home  
again. The young feller at first was inclined to  
make fun of Ben, but he found out mighty quick  
from Bessie that that wouldn't do at all; so he  
tried to be friendly with Ben, and other times  
when he come down they got right chummy—  
that is, as chummy as two folks can get when  
one of 'em won't talk. They went huntin' and  
fishin' together, and one day Bessie went with  
'em over to the lake, and Ben wuz quite happy a  
settin' silent in the end of the boat a pullin' of  
the oars while the young folks fished and talked.  
But they were mighty kind to Ben and never  
talked anything but what he could hear. The

young feller tried his best to get Ben to let him  
row, but it wa'nt no use. Ben just clung to the  
oars and watched 'em, or, rather, watched her.  
That day he just got back in time to meet the  
train.

"Long next spring the weddin' come off, and  
I've always thought it was Providential that they  
married just in time to take the evenin' train;  
and, of course, Ben wuz at the train and didn't  
see the weddin'. He wuz dressed in his best,  
tho, and just as he wuz lookin' at every woman  
that got off the train, still expectin' his mother,  
Bessie comes up to him and puts her little hand  
on his shoulder and says, 'Ben, I'm goin' away,  
and I hate mighty bad to leave you. I'm awful  
sorry for you, and I wish so much that your  
mother would come. Ben, kiss me now, and God  
bless you.' The poor fellow kissed her, but when  
they wuz gone Ben watched the train puffin'  
'round the curve yonder and says—he'd forgot  
to say it sooner—"She said she'd come," and then  
burst out cryin' for the first and only time I ever  
heard of.

"He never seemed the same after that, tho he  
wuz, if anything, happier than ever before. But  
it was kind of resigned happiness. He grew thin-  
ner and got tired easier. He didn't work regu-  
lar, but would wander off to the hills where the  
sweet Williams grew, and would bring back great  
bouquets of them to the train, thinkin', maybe,  
that one of the two women he'd seen leave might  
come back. The 'Squire's folks just let him do  
as he pleased, so year followed year, and Ben  
grew thinner and more holler eyed, but somehow  
his eyes got brighter and more intelligent like.  
'Bout a year ago he quit work altogether, 'count  
of gettin' out of breath when he tried it. The  
doctor said it wuz his heart, and that he couldn't  
do anything for him, but that it wuz best for him  
to quit work.

"Well, Ben had a purty lonesome time, till  
long last fall, Bessie come back from Kentucky  
to spend a couple of months with her folks. It  
wuz worth a good deal to see Ben when she come,  
and he saw for the first time that other Bessie,  
her little three-year-old girl. Seemed as if Ben  
didn't know 'bout her, and he wuz trumped, I tell  
you, when he saw thar toddlin' on the platform  
a little chap, the very spirit of his old playmate  
of twenty years before. She went right straight  
to him, and he set her up on his shoulder without  
a word, like he used to do her mother. Thar's  
somethin' strange 'bout children and animals;  
they knows their friends quicker than us that  
reasons and suspicions. He carried her on down  
to the 'Squire's, and me and her mother follered  
on behind. This wuz the first time he ever failed  
to say 'bout his mother a promisin' to come.  
When he put the child down she puckered up her  
lips to be kissed, and she kind o' hugged him, but  
Ben never said a word.

"Them wuz happy days for Ben for the next  
two months. That child and him were together  
all the time; over the hills, through the brownin'  
woods and across the stubble fields they went.  
He made her all kinds of things, from punkin  
whistles to cornstalk fiddles; and he got so he  
talked to her. I expect he said more to her in  
them eight weeks than he ever said in his life be-  
fore. We could see and hear him talkin' to her  
in a low, tender like way, but somehow we never  
asked the child what it wuz about. When win-  
ter come on she stayed most of the time in his  
room, and he never left her 'cept to come to the  
train.

"Well, the night the mother and child wuz to  
go back home wuz just such a night as this. A

norther from the Cumberlands had been blowin' all day long, and as dark come on it turned a sleetin' just like 'tis to-night, and the train wuz late, same as 'tis now. Ben had come up to the depot on time, but when I told him the train wuz late he went back to the house. This wuz the only time in more'n thirty-five years he hadn't stayed here and waited for it, no matter how late it wuz. He knew they wuz goin' to leave and I guess he wanted to be with the child. Well, 'bout a quarter of an hour before the train come they all comes up from the 'Squire's, Ben a carryin' the child high on his shoulders. They stopped here in the baggage room, as thar wa'n't a good fire in the waiting room. Ben set right over thar in the corner, where he had curled up many a night, waitin' for his mother, a playin' with the child. His eyes were bright like stars and his face terribly flushed, like he had fever. I talked with the 'Squire and the child's mother and we had a sort o' silent understandin' not to notice the two over in the corner.

"Directly old No. 4 whistled, and we all made for the platform, Ben a leadin' with the child's hand in his'n. The engineer wuz a comin' to the station like somebody—no matter who—a beatin' tanbark. Ben's hat had blown off and he looked ghastly thar under the headlight, with his long white hair a flyin' in the wind. It had been white for twenty years or more."

The old baggage man stopped here and went into the telegraph office to see the last report about the belated train. When he came back he said, "She'll be here in ten minutes," and then went on with the story as if there had been no interruption.

"We never knowed just how it happened, whether the light blinded and scared the child or somethin' else took her fancy, but she slipped right away from Ben and run right out on the track. The engine yuz not a rod from her, and we all saw her a standin', a clappin' her hands. We wuz plum' paralyzed with fear; the engineer screamed for brakes and reversed, but it wuz too late, he couldn't stop. In the terrible confusion I saw Ben make a leap and fall sprawlin' on the track, but knockin' the child clear over on the other side. When the train stopped we ran 'round, and thar wuz the child safe and sound, but scared nearly to death. The pilot had thrown Ben clear of the wheels, but his side, the heart side, wuz just one big wound. We carried him here in the baggage room and sent for the doctor. He lay like one asleep, without pain, seemingly, with his eyes closed. The doctor examined him and shook his head, said the heart wuz givin' out. For two hours he lay that way, with his head in my lap and the mother, Bessie, a bendin' over him. Finally his eyes opened, and the old, crazy look wuz all gone. He saw her thar a hoverin' over him, and cryin', and we heard him say, very low, 'Kiss me, Bessie,' and Bessie just kissed him again and again, and told him how sorry she wuz. He looked very contented, and said, between his gasps for breath, 'Don't be sorry. I would have died any time in the last twenty years for you, or for—one—you—loved.' Then his eyes closed again, and we watched and waited a way long into the night.

"'Bout the third watch he stirred and tried to get up, sayin' excited like, 'The train's comin' with my mother. She's comin' back. Thar it comes; don't you see it? It's stoppin' now; they are comin' out of the coaches. Look! She said she'd come,' and with his arms uplifted, 'She's come!' Then the poor old heart beat out and he sank back limp and lifeless.

"So that's how Ben's mother come back. My wife says I'm gettin' daffy, like Ben, when I say this, but nobody but me and Bessie saw the look in his face when he held his hands up, and neither of us have ever doubted but that Ben's mother come back as she said she would. But, thar's your train, stranger. Hope I haven't tired you out with my talking, but a night like this always makes me think o' the time when Ben's mother come. Be careful 'bout the platform; it's mighty slick and slippery."—*The Independent*.

#### HAMMURABI AND HIS CODE.

Of all the great Kings of the Babylonian empire none surpasses—we may say none equals Hammurabi, who has only been discovered recently and the discovery of whose diorite black slab, upon which was inscribed the code according to which the King declared his people should be governed, shows him to have been one of the wisest and greatest of the absolute monarchs of the East. This monument was found just three years ago by M. de Morgan, and it is to-day one of the glories of the Museum of the Louvre. The slab, which really forms "the oldest law book in the world," is surmounted by a carving in relief, depicting the monarch in the act of receiving the tables of the law from the sun-god. Some of the details are worn, but there has happily been preserved another sculptured portrait of the king on a limestone block which hangs upon a wall close by, and a comparison of the two enables the observer to reincarnate the features of the warrior law-giver. The flowing beard of the patriarchal age, the belted robe of regal simplicity, out of which the bared arm is lifted with humble grace, and the turbaned cap of primitive Chaldea, give an irresistible sense of power. There is a suggestion of a necklet, and the long neck is crowned by locks trimmed with the care of the Oriental potentate. The proud nostril, the serene eye, the resolute lips, all bespeak the high-born ruler of men. Truly this Hammurabi was worthy to become the founder of an empire. For it was he who first joined the scattered elements of the North and South, and made Babylon one realm.

For a generation the resemblance of his name to that of Amraphel, King of Shinar, has arrested the thoughtful mind. The difficulties in the way of this identification do not tend to grow less, and men are nowadays disposed to refer to the theory with more and more hesitation. The presence of a final "l" in the Genesis name is not insurmountable, and it is significant that in the most recent attempt to disturb the common view, Mr. Boscawen has not been deterred by any question of date, as he has shown with some ingenuity that Amraphel may have been Hammurabi's father. But the date of 2,200 B. C. usually attributed to the Babylonian king is earlier by some centuries than that commonly given for the days of Abraham, and new records will probably have to be awaited before the question can be finally, if ever, set at rest.

Be this as it may, it cannot be doubted that we have in this inscription a contemporary document earlier by a thousand years than the day when the law of Israel was first codified. Within the compass of nearly three hundred laws a wonderful picture is presented of the daily life of the earliest civilization of the East. It is a Blackstone—in a double sense—rather than a Code Napoleon. That is, the Code Hammurabi is not a piece of legislation fresh minted from a master mind, but a digest of the common law of the age, full of

those relics of primitive society which endure through the changes-brought about by royal statute. Hence, three-fourths of these enactments find no parallel in the law of Moses, many of them for the reason that within the next millennium a humaner view of the ethics of punishment had spread over Western Asia, apart from the changes which were wrought in the case of the Hebrew people by the sanctions of religion.

Closer study, indeed, tends to relax the impetuous view, which was first propounded in some quarters, that in this collection of laws is to be traced the origin of the jurisprudence of the Jews. There is no evidence that a copy of the code was contained among the archives of the priestly schools wherein Moses acquired the learning of the Egyptians. The sources of the Mosaic inspiration are to be sought elsewhere, and the parallelism may be readily explained by the fact that the coincident enactments represent the spirit of the immemorial East.

The history of the slab itself is not fully traced. It was set up in the E-Sergil Temple in Babylon, within reach of any man who desired to know what the State required of him as a good and loyal citizen. There are records of contemporary judgments which prove that the law was a living fact, and not a dead letter. In later years the Assyrian notaries wrote commentaries upon it in their labored fashion. Some Elamite conqueror carried it away to Susa, and smoothed the base of it with the obvious intention of inscribing thereon a record of his greatness. All trace of this vandal's name is lost, and the slab remained buried in the ruins of Persepolis for 3,000 years, until it was brought once more into the light of day, to stir the imagination of the modern world.—*The Christian Work and Evangelist*.

#### CURIOUS FOODS.

Among civilized nations the variety of tastes attracts but little attention. The vegetarians and the meat eaters each have their followers, and a recent school advocates less food and fewer meals, while there are countless fads for the delectation of the hungry.

That civilized man has missed some of the most toothsome dainties goes without saying, and it is evident that prejudice enters very largely in this. Thus, in California, the best fish, it is said, is the sculpin, but in the East this fish goes begging on account of its disagreeable appearance. In Arizona Indian children may be seen catching ants and eating them; and in Mexico the honey ant is eagerly sought after by the natives, who eat the well rounded currant-like abdomen. In South America the large lizard, the iguana, is a delicacy, not to speak of the larger snakes, which in taste are like chicken. The ordinary rattlesnake, it is said, is very good eating if one can overcome the inborn prejudice.

Americans are inclined to regard the Chinese as a race of rat eaters and denounce the animal as unclean, at the same time consuming tons yearly of the most loathsome of animals, the hog. The rat is careful in his toilet, cleaning itself constantly; but the hog is the only animal of so-called intelligence that revels in filth and prefers it to cleanliness. The common skunk, owing to its peculiar and offensive glands, will never be popular as food, yet its flesh is not only good, but delicious, according to various connoisseurs who have eaten it. That insects do not enter more into the food supplies of nations is due to prejudice. Grasshoppers are eaten by some Western tribes. Ground up, they make

a meal that is said to be both nourishing and agreeable. Many a white man has passed through a country, believing himself nearly starving, as large game was not to be had, when worms and various insects were at hand. During the flight of locusts, Indians sometimes collect them in bags, wash them and cook them for a meal.

The most singular food, in all probability, is the larvae of a fly, common in certain portions of California, and known as ephydra. This insect is found in such vast quantities in Lake Mono, California, that it is washed up on the shores in vast windrows, and can be collected by bushels. The water of Mono is very singular, seemingly very heavy and smooth, like oil, so much so that it resists ordinary wind and refuses to become ruffled. When the larvae begin to appear, the Indians gather from far and near and scrape them up, place the wormlike creature on cloth and racks in the sun and dry them, when they are beaten up and husked, looking then like rice. The Indians call the food koo-chah-bee, and many bushels are collected at this time; that the larvae are nutritious is shown by the condition of the Indians, who soon grow fat on the rich diet. Many birds are attracted by the larvae and gorge themselves with the singular food.

On Lake Texcoco, in Mexico, a curious fly is found, which also is eaten by the natives and known as ahuatl; the eggs of the insect, which are deposited on sedges, are also collected and eaten for food. On Lake Chalco a certain sedge is cultivated on which the eggs of a species of fly are deposited. Bundles are made of these and placed in Lake Texcoco for the purpose, and, when covered, the sedge is broken over pieces of cloth and the eggs secured. These are collected and ground into a meal, also called ahuatl, and are in great demand on fast days, when fish is required, the insects of eggs not being considered flesh, as they come from the water. The food is made into small cakes and tastes not unlike caviare. Not only the eggs, but the larvae, themselves a disagreeable looking worm, are used as food under the name of puxi.

The civilized man, perhaps, turns from such food with disgust, but it is well to remember that epicures in many countries, and especially in England and America, are particularly fond of cheese when inhabited by the larvae of a very common fly. In the United States the large octopus, or squid, common on the Pacific coast, offends the American palate, but the Italian, Frenchman or Portuguese eats it with avidity and considers it a delicacy. The meat is clear and white, like a chicken, and has the flavor of crab.

The question of national tastes is an interesting one, and the contrast between those of China and America is remarkable. The objects displayed in the Chinese quarter as dainties are often repugnant to Americans. We find the Chinaman selling eggs of unknown age, especially duck eggs containing ducklings ready to be hatched. Shark fins—a tough, disagreeable food—are in demand, while deer horns in the velvet and lizards of various kinds are eaten. The nest of the swallow, with its embedded secretion of the mouth glands of the bird, is nearly worth its weight in gold. Trepan, the tough, impossible holothurian, is eaten, and its collection is an important industry along the Malay coast, valued at least at \$100,000 per annum.

In France the sea anemone is used as food; stuffed like peppers and boiled, it calls to mind crab or crayfish. The echinus of various species is also used, cooked in the shell, like an egg,

and then eaten with a spoon. In nearly all the old countries of Europe of the type of Spain and Italy, the poor are so poor that everything in the nature of food is utilized. Absolutely nothing is wasted and meat is rare. The writer recalls the surprise of an Italian fisherman, who landed in California after a trip around the Horn, and was amazed, not at the country, but with the abundance of food. He found his countrymen eating meat twice, perhaps three times a day, when he rarely had it once a month. He saw hundreds of pounds of fish wasted and discarded, merely because the people did not care for it, when in Italy even the heads would be boiled and eaten. He saw big tunnies towed out to sea and thrown away because they were tough, when in his own land every scrap of this fish was saved. America is indeed the land of plenty to the poor of other nations.

Certain Indians consider earthworms a dainty. They are dried and rolled together into a peculiar flour. In Bahama and some of the Florida keys the conch is eaten—by far the toughest food known; more like India rubber than anything else, having to be beaten and pounded before it can be masticated or even cooked.—*Scientific American*.

#### BREAKING UP PRAYER-MEETING MONOTONY.

To break up the even monotony of our mid-week meeting, and to interest the many church members who rarely attended, we instituted the following plan, which worked very satisfactorily during the last three months of 1905.

I sent a pastoral note to five members of the church in Monday's mail, saying: "We are beginning a new plan in our mid-week meeting. Five of our members come specially prepared on the topic, to read or speak not to exceed five minutes each. You are on the list for this week. Our topic is . . . . . Scripture . . . . . I will not speak on the topic until the end of the meeting. Our meeting needs your help. If you cannot come this week, please send a substitute."

Sometimes I added a more urgent word. Sometimes we divided the subject, as, when using the theme "The Promises of God," one was assigned "the promises in the Psalms;" another, "the promises in the Gospels," etc. Further, the five for the week usually included one elder, one young man, one faithful elderly woman, one school girl, and one member who lived at a distance, thus getting a representative from each class in the church. We used such subjects as "The Power of Example" (Abimelech), "Enduring Hardness for Jesus' Sake" (Heb. 12:1-12), "Talents" (Matt. 25), "How to be a Good Neighbor," "How Christ Uses Common Lives" (the man with the pitcher). After singing, prayer, and the Scripture, those specially prepared were given the floor. Usually a general participation of those present followed.

It is my firm conviction that we pastors talk our mid-week meetings to death, but the quantity is how not to do it when we have so many silent (and absent) members. The mid-week meeting is the people's meeting: for prayer, for definite things, and for the presentation of their thought and religious experiences.—*The Rev. Fred H. Watkins; in Sunday-school Times*.

"Let nothing disturb thee,  
Nothing affright thee:  
All things are passing;  
God never changeth."

—*Longfellow*.

#### DEATHS.

BABCOCK.—Joseph C. Babcock, in West Edmeston, N. Y., July 3, 1906.

He was born in West Winfield, N. Y., March 22, 1829. In 1857 he married Caroline DeLano Long, who died in 1869. Five children were born to them. Nov. 15, 1875 he married Cornelia Maxson, daughter of David and Laura Coon Maxson, who survives him. Mr. Babcock was a capable and conscientious business man and a loving husband and father. His sick-room became a Bethel to him—patient and prayerful in all his sufferings, thinking of things eternal.

"So fold the tired hands tenderly  
For their work is done;  
Smooth the wrinkles from his brow,  
Rest at last has come.

For to him it is not death,  
'Tis a glad new morn;  
'Tis like laying burdens down,  
When we're sad and worn.

Rest for weary hands and feet  
Rest for tired brain,  
Rest that ne'er we'll know  
Weariness again.

Though we feel but loss and pain,  
For our hearts are sad;  
Though we'll mourn for many a day,  
Yet for him we're glad."

There was a prayer at the Willard Home, West Edmeston, July 6, after which the body was taken to Utica, N. Y., where the funeral service was held, conducted by the writer, Mrs. A. C. Davis, Jr., furnishing the music. Interment at Forest Hill Cemetery, Utica, N. Y. A. C. D., JR.

BROWN.—Dr. C. L. Brown, in Hammond, La., July 5th, 1906.

Dr. Brown was a member of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hammond. He had been sick for several weeks, with bowel trouble, but was not supposed to be dangerously ill. So that when death came it was a surprise both to his family and friends. Dr. Brown lacked only 20 days of reaching his 80th birthday, having been born July 25th, 1826. The place of his birth was in the state of New York. He leaves a wife and two married daughters, Mrs. Emma Landphere, of Hammond, La., and Mrs. Lettie Harvey, wife of Prof. Harvey, of Menominee, Wis. Dr. Brown was married to Miss Sarah H. Guthrie, April 7th, 1847, who survives him. The interment will be at the family burial ground at Edgerton, Wis. The funeral service was conducted by Eld. A. P. Ashurst, his pastor, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Landphere. The remains were then placed upon the train to be carried to his last resting place, accompanied by his wife and Mrs. Landphere, at Edgerton, Wis. A. P. A.

THACKARY.—Ella, daughter of Isaac and Susan Thackary, was born in Marlboro, N. J., May 20, 1855, and died in Bridgeton, N. J., July 4, 1906.

On May 23, 1885, she was baptized and united with the Shiloh, (N. J.) Seventh-day Baptist Church. For more than thirty years she has been an invalid. She bore her sufferings with Christian patience and fortitude. Her funeral services and burial took place in Bridgeton, N. J., July 6, 1906, conducted by her pastor D. B. C.

## Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD,  
Edited by  
REV. WILLIAM C. WHITFORD, Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature in Alfred University.

### INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1906.

June 30. Jesus and the Children.....Matt. 18: 1-14.  
July 7. The Duty of Forgiveness.....Matt. 18: 21-35.  
July 14. The Good Samaritan.....Luke 10: 25-37.  
July 21. Jesus Teaching How to Pray.....Luke 11: 1-13.  
July 28. Jesus Dines with a Pharisee.....Luke 14: 1-14.  
Aug. 4. False Excuses.....Luke 14: 15-24.  
Aug. 11. The Parable of the Two Sons.....Luke 15: 11-32.  
Aug. 18. The Judge, the Pharisee, and the Publican.....Luke 18: 1-14.  
Aug. 25. The Rich Young Ruler.....Mark 10: 17-31.  
Sept. 1. Bartimaeus and Zacchaeus.....Luke 18: 35-19: 10.  
Sept. 8. Jesus Enters Jerusalem in Triumph.....Matt. 21: 1-17.  
Sept. 15. Jesus Silences the Pharisees and Sadducees.....Mark 12: 13-27.  
Sept. 22. Review.....  
Sept. 29. Temperance Lesson.....Gal. 5: 15-26; 6: 7, 8.

### LESSON V.—JESUS DINES WITH A PHARISEE.

For Sabbath-day, July 28, 1906.

LESSON TEXT.—Luke 14: 1-14.

Golden Text.—“He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.” Luke 14: 11.

#### INTRODUCTION.

Jesus cared for the Pharisees as well as for the publicans and sinners. Our lesson for this week shows our Saviour again as the guest of a Pharisee. Twice before as recorded in this Gospel, Jesus had been entertained by a member of this very religious party. Compare Chapters 11: 37 and 7: 36 and following verses. We may well imagine that he was accustomed to associate on friendly terms with the Pharisees. This fact did not, however, prevent his speaking the truth to them, and giving them timely admonition for their shortcomings and sins, as we have already noted.

Some people think that the Bible has to do only with matters of religion, but this fourteenth chapter of Luke's Gospel is a good illustration of the fact that Jesus gives instruction concerning matters of every-day life not distinctly religious. His teachings here as well as elsewhere is in some sense parallel to that of the Book of Proverbs. Our Saviour's teachings are practical. He would not have us fix our gaze upon the eternal life to the exclusion of matters immediately at hand. After all, questions of ethics and morality are not to be disassociated from questions of religion.

This lesson is probably to be included in our Lord's Perea ministry, although it is to be noted that there is no definite suggestion of time and place, and it is possible that Luke has recorded this section out of its natural order, simply as a something that he remembered as occurring some time and somewhere in Jesus' ministry.

TIME.—Probably near the end of the year 29 or beginning of the year 30.

PLACE.—Probably in Perea.

PERSONS.—Jesus, and the man who had the dropsy; the Pharisees and others.

#### OUTLINE:

1. Jesus Heals Upon the Sabbath. v. 1-6.
2. Jesus Teaches Humility. v. 7-11.
3. Jesus Teaches True Hospitality. v. 12-14.

#### NOTES.

1. Into the house of one of the rulers of the Pharisees. Jesus went as an invited guest, a fact which we might easily infer even if we did not have the statement of v. 12. We need not suppose that the Pharisee had sinister motives in inviting him. The Jews were accustomed to have special dinners on the Sabbath and to invite guests. As the Pharisees as a party had no rulers, we are probably to understand that this Pharisee was the ruler of some synagogue or possibly a member of the Sanhedrin. They were watching him. That is, the Pharisees. They were keeping a very careful watch of him to find something in his conduct concerning which they might make complaint.

2. And behold, there was before him a certain man that had the dropsy. Some think that the Pharisees had brought in this man on purpose to see if Jesus would heal him upon the Sabbath. It is possible that he came in by chance without realizing that Jesus was there. But the most likely explanation is that he came because he was eager to be healed, and that he hesitated to ask Jesus on account of the Sabbath. According to Oriental custom there was great freedom for the uninvited to come in and look on when a host entertained. Compare Luke 7: 36-50.

3. And Jesus answering spake unto the lawyers and Pharisees. He answered their thoughts rather than their words. They noticed as he did that there was here an opportunity for him to exercise his power to heal. The expression, “lawyers and Pharisees,” names one class; many of the Pharisees were skilled in the Old Testament law, and are therefore called lawyers. Compare the use of this term in the introduction to the parable of the Good Samaritan. Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath, or not? Thus Jesus by one question entirely thwarts their purpose in watching him. If they had answered sincerely they would have said, It is unlawful to heal. Compare Chapter 13: 14. But they were reluctant to say this; and making no protest when they had the opportunity beforehand, they could make no complaint when Jesus healed the man.

4. But they held their peace. That is, they remained quiet, saying nothing. They did not have the courage to stand for their own position, thus convicting themselves of practical hypocrisy in regard to the matter of Sabbath observance. And he took him and healed him. Jesus is not waiting for their approval. He has seen the faith of the man just as he has perceived the thoughts of the Pharisees. He grants immediate healing to the man before going on with his argument.

5. Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a well, etc. Jesus proceeds to show by illustration the inconsistency of the position of the Pharisees. It is to be noted that his argument is very direct. He does not say, What man shall have; but, Which of you. In this line the reading of the margin should be substituted for the text—“a son or an ox.” In a case where their own interests were affected whether for a rational being or for an irrational ox, the Pharisees would be sure to find a way to help even upon the Sabbath. Straightway draw him up. The emphasis is upon “straightway.” They would not wait for the Sabbath to be past before giving help; neither would they make the son or ox comfortable in the pit and let him stay there.

6. And they could not answer. This is stronger than the statement at the beginning of v. 4. Their inconsistency was clearly shown, and there was nothing that they could say in defense of their position.

7. And he spake a parable unto those that were bidden. The word “parable” is used here in the more restricted sense of a comparison. Jesus teaches a precept of worldly wisdom: namely, that it is not wise to be too anxious for the best seat. With this as a basis of comparison he teaches the doctrine of true humility. The chief seats. That is, the most honorable places, those near the host. It is said also that in case one couch was large enough for three people that there was a considerable choice as to which of the three places one should occupy.

8. A marriage feast. Such an occasion would be a time of special formality, and it might be expected that particular attention would be given to the proper order of precedence among the guests. Sit not down in the chief seat. We may imagine that as the guests came in they were seating themselves. A more honorable man than thou. One really worthy of a higher place, and therefore properly esteemed by the host.

9. And then thou shalt begin with shame to take the lowest place. Of course, the disgrace would be acutely felt in the presence of all the company. We may imagine that the intermediate places between the highest and the lowest had been taken in relative order, so that the man who is put out of the high place must go to the very lowest.

10. Go and sit down in the lowest place. Jesus does not mean that a man should with mock humility take the lowest place for the express purpose of getting promoted. Friend, go up higher. Or better, Come up higher. The promotion was evidently toward the position that the host occupied. Then shalt thou have glory. The translation of King James' Version, “worship,” is rather misleading. That sit at meat with thee. Literally, recline with thee. The word “meat” is used in the sense of food and is not represented in the original. We are to remember that the men of this age did not sit in chairs as we do, but reclined upon couches when they ate their meals.

11. For every one that exalteth himself shall be humbled. This is the application of the parable. Expressions parallel to this occur a number of times in the Gospels and elsewhere in the New Testament. Compare also Isa. 14: 13-15.

12. And he said to him also that had bidden him. Jesus takes this opportunity to admonish his host, who was like the others, proudly selfish, although he exhibited that fault in a different way. Call not thy friends, etc. This is not a command never to invite one's friends and neighbors, but rather an admonition not to pay exclusive attention to them. The host ought not to be selfish in his entertainment, issuing invitations to those from whom he might reasonably expect favors in return.

13. Bid the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind. Those who would not have the means or the strength to prepare a feast to which the host might be invited in return. There could be no motive in asking these, except loving kindness.

14. For thou shalt be recompensed in the resurrection of the just. For this true kindness there is sure to be great reward. There will be the present sense of having done right, and in the resurrection of the dead the explicit approval of God. It is hardly probable that Jesus is here incidentally teaching that there are two resurrections—of the just, and of the unjust. He evidently adds the words “of the just” to emphasize the fact that those who thus take a loving interest in the poor belong to the class of righteous people.

#### WHY WE ARE FORGIVEN.

God's forgiveness does not carry with it permission to sin again. If that were its purpose, our sins had better go unforgiven. To be forgiven is to be freed from the death-penalty of sin. No man can be fairly expected to do good work in any line who is staggering along under the load of the sentence of death. In order to release men from that crushing burden, God in Christ forgives their sins. And we are forgiven in order that we may live, and seek the way of life; not in order that we may return again to the way of death. When a father wipes clean the sheet of his son's debts he does it not in order that the son may safely incur new debts, but that the son may have a fair chance once more to live within his income and keep out of debt. Yet how strong is the temptation to feel, after we have squarely faced and acknowledged yesterday's sin, and asked and received forgiveness for it, that now we have secured the right to a little carelessness or laxity! God does forgive seventy times seven, but the only confession of sin and prayer for forgiveness that is worth the making is uttered in the determination to fulfill the purpose of God's forgiveness: final and complete victory now through Christ.—*Sunday-school Times.*

The more the Bible is assailed the more clearly does it stand forth as the impregnable rock of holy Scripture, the infallible and only rule of faith and practice.

## Popular Science.

H. H. BAKER.

### The Great Scientific Magnetic Force Now Trends to the Northward Pretty Sharp At the Present Time.

Mr. Simon Gulliver's great discovery of the immense lode-stone located far in the North, seems to attract wonderful attraction all through the temperate zone, reaching south beyond the Panama belt, nearly to the strip of imagination, used as a bandage to cover the cancer.

This remarkable lode-stone power acts or attracts minds or metals on all sides at the sea level, the same as it does on the planet Mars.

Heretofore, there has been no way devised for reaching this northern wonder land, except by floating on the surface, which has proved to be a very hazardous and unwholesome undertaking, involving many discomforts.

Only once has an effort been put forth to reach that wonderful pole of the earth, except by dogs, and that by sailing in the air by a balloon in a perfectly haphazardous and heedless condition, which resulted, as was to be expected, in never hearing of learning the finale of the two people who were seated in the down-hanging basket when they left Spitzbergen.

Within the last twenty days experiments have been made in Paris by Mr. Walter Wellman, with his dirigible machine, which he has named “America,” and which demonstrates the feasibility of navigating the air successfully.

He is already on his way to Spitzbergen, that being the port from whence he is to launch his air ship on his voyage to the North Pole.

Mr. Wellman's invention called for a driving force of seventy-five horse power, but the machine develops a full one hundred horse power.

At the time of experimenting men from all parts of Europe gathered to witness the completed work of Mr. Godard, the contractor.

The completion of the machine had been much delayed by strikes ordered by labor unions.

While all present expressed great satisfaction with the working of the air ship, the appliances, and the provision made to meet all emergencies; yet Mr. Wellman, we understand, intends to make at least another trial test before leaving Spitzbergen, so as to feel quite sure of reaching the place where the 90 degrees will be found.

One of the princes present tendered his yacht to carry to Spitzbergen provisions and other scientific fixtures for the benefit of the expedition.

We are of the opinion that our government, in a quiet way, is taking a hand in this expedition, since directing one of its officers to leave Milwaukee for Washington some time ago, to prepare for an expedition.

We expect some further reports before the party takes their final leave from Spitzbergen, but with a hundred horse power to either shove, draw, push or pull, we have faith that they will not be diverted within fifty miles of the pole, unless Mr. Wellman, by the use of his field telescope, makes the discovery that the great perforation, cavity, orifice, or that awful big hole that was declared to exist up there only a few years ago by scientific savants, was actual and plainly to be seen and that, of course, would cause him to veer away at once, lest a draft from inside too strong for his power to stem, might catch his ship and suck it inside and—

Christianity is bright with joyful hope.

The world is ruled by faith and served by love.

### THE TRUE AND THE UNTRUE.

She was a cat,  
But she staid at home  
And guarded her little, mewling young.  
She was a cat  
That didn't roam;  
She lay with her babes, and purred, and sung.  
And the kittens grew as the days went by,  
And never the cat was heard to cry,  
For a mother's love 'neath a maltese fur  
Was guarded well in the heart of her.  
She was a cat.

She was a woman  
And didn't stay  
To watch o'er her babe and tend it well.  
She was a woman  
And every day  
Her heart grew cold, and the love-beats fell.  
She thought of herself the livelong day  
And she'd leave the babe and hurry away  
To the party, or club, or store, or show;  
But! she had a right to go, you know.  
She was a woman.

No. 2.

He was a dog,  
But he stayed at home  
And guarded the family night and day.  
He was a dog  
That didn't roam.  
He lay on the porch or chased the stray—  
The tramps, the burglar, the hen away;  
For a dog's true heart for that household beat  
At morning and evening, in cold and heat.  
He was a dog.

He was a man,  
And didn't stay  
To cherish his wife and his children fair.  
He was a man,  
And every day  
His heart grew callous, its love-beats rare.  
He thought of himself at the close of the day  
And, cigar in his fingers, hurried away  
To the club, the lodge, the store, the show.  
But! he had a right to go, you know.  
He was a man.—*The Advance.*

### MOUNT HERMON SCHOOL'S 25TH ANNIVERSARY. LOYAL OLD BOYS RETURN.

No greater testimony was ever paid to D. L. Moody than the recent rally of former Hermon students at the twenty-fifth anniversary of the school, which was celebrated the early part of the month at East Northfield, Mass. For nearly two years the event had been planned, but the result far exceeded the expectation of those in charge. “Old boys” from far and near, numbering nearly one-fourth of the entire enrollment of the quarter century, representing every State this side of the Mississippi and many beyond, came back to pay their tribute to the school and to the memory of its founder. Graduates and non-graduates were welcomed and all joined hands in making the reunion the most important thing in the history of the institution. The celebration was unique and illustrated not only the character of the school, but also the kind of men the place has helped. The commemoration address was delivered by a man who was taken from the mines of Pennsylvania and after working his way through Mount Hermon graduated from Princeton and is now a well known preacher. The address to the alumni was delivered by a prominent Canadian clergyman, who was once a young Irish waif, converted by Mr. Moody in Dublin. The history of the school, written especially for the occasion, was by a stunted Pennsylvania boy brought to the school as a child.

Every class was represented from the beginning, and mingling with the former generations were the stalwart young college fellows, who entering Mount Hermon with a few hard won

dollars in their pockets, had never rested until the college diploma was theirs. Young business men with responsible positions were back to give homage to their Alma Mater. On all sides a spirit of rejoicing and expansion was felt with a result that two brothers, who had once been students, combined in giving the money for a much-needed administration building, and plans were suggested for a million dollar alumni fund. In one evening enough was subscribed to pay the tuition for one hundred boys for one year. Most of this came from very young alumni, and it is the hope and plan of the corporation within a few years to have the school entirely supported by the alumni. That the Christian ideals long ago set for the school were still maintained was seen on all sides by the huge numbers of men who returned, now in active Christian work.

### “HOT-DAY” THOUGHTS.

“Thou hast been a shadow from the heat.” Isa. 25: 4.

What he has been He now is and will be; the same yesterday, to-day and forever. He not only protects from the heat of the sun, but from that heat which it is most necessary to be protected from,—evil; every evil; from persecution, from the temptations of Satan, from the wrath which disobedience provokes. He says: “Put your trust in my shadow.” Judges 9: 15. “Under His shadow we shall live.” Lam. 4: 20. “Hide me under the shadow of thy wing.” Ps. 17: 8. “A tabernacle for a shadow in the daytime from the heat.” Isa. 4: 6.

Let me make use of this shadow from the heat. He is not afar off. He is accessible. He is easy to approach. It is only by coming to Him that we can enjoy that which is to be desired of Him.

“Oh Lord, thou art my God. I will exalt thee. I will praise thy name for thou hast done wonderful things. Thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth.” A. B. B.

NEW LONDON, CONN., JUNE 30, 1906.

### FATE.

BY BRET HARTE.

“The sky is clouded, the rocks are bare.  
The spray of the tempest is white in the air;  
The winds are out with the waves at play,  
And I shall not tempt the sea today.”

“The trail is narrow, the wood is dim,  
The panther clings to the arching limb;  
And the lion's whelps are abroad at play,  
And I shall not join in the chase today.”

But the ship sailed safely over the seas,  
And the hunters came from the chase in glee;  
And the town that was builded upon a rock  
Was swallowed up in the earthquake shock.

### Special Notices.

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.

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,  
5666 Ellis Ave.

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist church, Washington Square South. 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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Milton College

First Semester begins September 12, 1906.

A college of liberal training for young men and women. Degrees in arts, science, and music. Entrance requirements and required college studies identical with those of the University of Wisconsin. Many elective courses. Special advantages for the study of Anglo-Saxon and early English. Thorough courses in Biology and Geology.

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WHOLE NO. 3,204.

ONLY HOW.

Did you tackle that trouble that came your way, With a resolute heart and cheerful? Or made your face from the light of day, With a craven soul and fearful?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that? Come up with a smiling face. It's nothing against you to fall down flat But to lie there—that's disgrace.

And though you be done to death, what then? If you did the best you could, If you played your part in the world of men, Why, the critic will call you good.

—Hand and Head.

ALL agree that Christian principles applied to business transactions is the much-needed cure for the evils of this commercial age.

That is true and in a deeper sense than we can realize easily. Christianity began its history in an intensely commercial age, and its first victories were gained in spite of a commercial spirit as extensive and intense as that which prevails now.

The work of this Board is to help pastorless churches in finding and obtaining pastors, and unemployed ministers among us to find employment. The Board will not obtrude information, help or advice upon any church or persons, but give it when asked.

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sorbed in military conquests had turned to indulgence and to business. The Roman world was restless, alert, incisive. All things fostered commercialism. Christianity brought higher ethical standards into that money-loving and money-getting age. It brought higher ideas of brotherhood than men had been accustomed to and intensified the duty of benevolence and charity.

EVERY commercial age is careless concerning God and higher obligations. It takes little care for eternal values. Commercialism lives for the moment.

THE revelation of dishonesty in the business affairs of the country which is still going on is both healthful and hopeful. Evil has limited lease of life, even though it renews its efforts in new forms. It is both self-corrective and self-destructive.

sults could not have come had even a minority of men really believed in the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." Social corruption, popular, wealthy and indulgent,—could not have leached its present low level had it not accepted the falsehood that the law of God, written in the twentieth chapter of Exodus is obsolete, and that "Thou shalt not commit adultery" was not a law for our modern "Christian" civilization.

"Free from the law, Oh happy condition."

THE revelation of dishonesty in the business affairs of the country which is still going on is both healthful and hopeful. Evil has limited lease of life, even though it renews its efforts in new forms. It is both self-corrective and self-destructive.