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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. Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce, Or a trouble is what you make it, And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts, But only, how did you take it?

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. The harder you're thrown, why the higher you bounce; Be proud of your blackened eye— It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts— It's how did you fight—and why?

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. Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce, And whether he's slow or spry, It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts, But only, how did you die? —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. Political and economic changes were at high-water mark in the Roman empire when the earliest Christian communities began their work. The great Roman Republic, by obliterating national lines throughout its conquered provinces and making the world one as to laws, currency and customs, had given a new impetus to every form of business. Commercial intercourse was extended and intensified as it had never been before when "All roads led to Rome." By slower methods than we are familiar with, but equally effective for that age, Asia and Africa were constant contributors to each other, and to the world between Alexandria and Rome, Antioch and Marseilles, Tarsus, Corinth and Ephesus were great commercial centers. Money was plenty, and great banking houses were common. Conquests had brought great wealth to victorious Rome, and that wealth was in the hands of a few men. Middlemen abounded and grew rich through contracts and profits. Extravagance and dissipation reigned and ruled the hour. Importunate money-lenders held the hands of the few and presided over the hands of the many. Those times had their own virtues. It was our twentieth century that saw the dawn of our present day. The Ten Commandments are "gone away" and men are as busy to "go" with other. Present re-

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. But these were not the chief sources of its power. That source was the doctrine of eternal life, and an impending world-judgment. It said to men: "Eternal life is yours. It is entered upon through faith in Jesus, the Messiah of God. God is near. Eternity is near. Destiny is at hand. This world and its riches are both transitory and unsatisfying. Heed God's call to the higher life and to everlasting riches. Lay up treasures which do not corrupt nor take wings, when bankers fail and misfortunes assail. Stop. Realize that the only enduring good is in the next life, not in this. Earthly good is dross. Heavenly good is pure gold." Such was the first message of Christianity to a restless, self-seeking commercial age.

EVERY commercial age is careless concerning God and higher obligations. It takes little care for eternal values. Commercialism lives for the moment. "Buy to-day, sell to-morrow. Get gain. Get, go, get." Such are the demands of commercialism. Such times must be held up and brought face to face with God. He is scarcely more than an abstraction to the man who hears only "go," "get." The pulpit of to-day does not need to invent new forms of argument against commercialism, graft, and greed. God is needed, a genuine, present, observant, judgment-bringing God. New views of existence of Life Eternal are needed. New views of law are needed. Here we touch the core of the question and the sore of the age. Dishonesty keeps pace with the decay of regard for law, God's law, not human enactments. It is easy to trace the history of our present commercialism and its attendant dishonesty. For the last fifty years, notably the last thirty, Christian teachers have been loud and frequent in asserting that the Old Testament is a Jewish book, and that the Ten Commandments are obsolete. Some general principles pertaining to them are yet floating around loose in the world, but moral law with grip and grasp and God close behind it, is no longer proclaimed. When the church teaches thus, the world sinks to still lower standards. Greed and graft have taken theologians at their word and gone forward on the theory that the Ten Commandments are "gone away" and men are as busy to "go" with other. Present re-

tribution which is still going on is both helpful 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. In June, 1898, Congress moved toward a general inquiry by creating an Industrial Commission, which was empowered "to investigate questions pertaining to immigration, to labor, to agriculture, to manufacturing and to business, and to report to Congress and to suggest such legislation as it may deem best upon these subjects." This was mild, and to many persons it appeared perfunctory and meaningless. That commission found more to do and did far more than unaroused public opinion expected. The reports of that commission came before the public within the next three years after its appointment. These reports show that dishonesty, fraud, deception, evasion and general consciencelessness were more prevalent than men had dreamed. Since 1901 specific investigations and various forms of legal action have gone forward with marvellous rapidity. Newspapers and

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 reached 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. This age needs a new view of God and Law and Life Eternal. Dilute doses of the "ethics of trade" from pulpits accustomed to teach that "The Sabbath is Jewish and the law is abrogated" will not check nor cure the malaria of dishonesty, nor the poison of social dissipation. The pulpit needs more moral virility, virility that feeds on law with the authority in it and the Eternal God back of it. We have heard it said that the most powerful sermon preached by the late E. M. Dunn was from the text: "In the beginning, God." What the commercialism and corruption of these years needs is God and His law. It needs new views of existence, of immortality, of eternity and of eternal life. It does not need noise about "hell," but a clear view of destiny and of self-pronounced damnation. Roman commercialism, social degradation and national decay came because God was not in the thoughts of men, and no fear of him was before their eyes. Any age will be commercially and socially corrupt when it forgets God and sings: "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 helpful 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. In June, 1898, Congress moved toward a general inquiry by creating an Industrial Commission, which was empowered "to investigate questions pertaining to immigration, to labor, to agriculture, to manufacturing and to business, and to report to Congress and to suggest such legislation as it may deem best upon these subjects." This was mild, and to many persons it appeared perfunctory and meaningless. That commission found more to do and did far more than unaroused public opinion expected. The reports of that commission came before the public within the next three years after its appointment. These reports show that dishonesty, fraud, deception, evasion and general consciencelessness were more prevalent than men had dreamed. Since 1901 specific investigations and various forms of legal action have gone forward with marvellous rapidity. Newspapers and

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

magazines have exploited the general theme and specific cases, through all the grades from sober facts to "yellow" sensationalism, the latter sometimes being an excellent illustration of the dishonesty it claimed to reveal. In this way both the thoughtful and the thoughtless have been brought to consider the serious situation. Two facts stand out with surpassing energy:—one that business men have been swept into the current of dishonesty as drift wood, hay and stubble are swept away by spring-time floods. The higher moral sentiment of the people has been aroused as it has not been before since the days of the Civil War. The attitude and influence of President Roosevelt has done much to give strength to the practical measures which have hurried up investigations and the punishment of offenders. The *Independent* announces in italics an unusual feature of the situation in the following words: "There has not been one investigation of corporate conduct, of the relations between corporations and Legislatures, of the conduct of individual public men, that has vindicated the defendant; not one that has failed to reveal an amount and degree of wickedness far worse than the public had suspected." Whatever the final outcome may be, we are certainly witnessing a vivid illustration of the fact that God is the controlling factor in the world's history, and that though hand join with hand, wickedness can not go unpunished. Revelations of evil are wholesome. One may well regret that such things must be, but we should rejoice with exceeding joy that great evil is sure to bring corrective reaction on itself. That is God's method because men are compelled to heed such lessons as they would not heed milder ones. The extent of the field staggers credulity. One, who has said that a steam shovel, not a muck rake, is needed at this time, finds support in existing facts.

retaliate by seeking to enforce many requirements of the State Sunday law which have fallen into disuse, although not repealed. Such an enforcement would close up all places of business—druggists, confectioners, cigar dealers and fruiterers. It would also stop the street cars and all manual labor and revive the "Puritan Sunday" of olden time. Even the railroads which traverse the State would be shut up to one passenger train, in each direction, on Sunday. Judging by former experiments, some compromise will be entered into or some evasion be found by which liquor will be secured even if saloons are not actually open. Similar efforts to close saloons on Sunday in Kentucky and Missouri are being made. Such spasmodic attempts have been made from time to time, and in different localities, for the past quarter of a century. Meanwhile the saloon power, financial and political, is much greater than it was even ten years ago. It will serve its friends in some way. As long as the saloon is unchecked and protected on all other days, it cannot be forced into silence on Sunday. The *New York Herald*, July 10, sums up the situation in the following words: "It is a truism that no law can be enforced unless it has behind it the sentiment of the community. It is equally true that we have on our statute books a jumble of laws relating to Sunday observance that have been a dead letter for generations and a more modern excise law enacted by rural legislators unfamiliar with life in great cities, and which, not having the backing of the people in those cities, can never be efficiently and consistently enforced. Existing conditions are absurd, vicious, intolerable. The liquor traffic must be regulated. The first step is to secure a reasonable and practicable law which will have the approval of the community and can therefore be strictly and impartially enforced."

Sunday Closing
 THE new law concerning Sunday observance in the State of New Jersey went into effect July 1. Special interest was aroused by the events on Sunday, July 8. The two prominent points in the law are the removal of all screens or other hindrances to sight from the doors and windows; the extinction of "back rooms," and the full closing of saloons on Sunday—midnight to midnight. The new law was obeyed or disregarded, in various degrees in different localities and considerable local litigation is likely to result. It is probable that the constitutionality of the law will be challenged in the Courts. This may hold up its enforcement for some time to come. Evasions of the law have already appeared. In Jersey City, where the saloon element is strong, the police reports indicate a marked decrease of disorders and of arrests on Sunday, July 8. "Clubs" sprang into being rapidly, and saloon-keepers were encouraged by a decision from Judge Manning, in the Criminal Court, who discharged one who was arrested for keeping a "speak-easy." In connection with his decision the Judge is reported as saying: "There is no law on the statute books to abridge the rights of a citizen who wants a glass of beer and drinks it at home on Sunday, provided he does not violate the Sabbath law in obtaining it. There is no evidence in this case that there has been a violation of the law, and I dismiss the case. I want to say, further, that there is no law to prevent any man from inviting his friends in to drink with him or prohibits them from accepting his hospitality." If the law should be rigidly enforced it is probable that the saloon interests will

The Convocation
 THE Pre-Conference Convocation, which is to convene at West Edmeston August 14, 1906, will be of such value that all who can attend it ought to do so without fail. It will bring to pastors and theological students benefits and values greater than those of Conference week. The opportunity for considering themes pertaining to the minister and his work will be much greater at the Convocation than it can be at the Conference. The Convocation will bring pastors in closer touch with each other; this is greatly needed. There is much unavoidable isolation of pastors from each other during the year. There are elements of weakness in such isolation that work permanent harm unless they can be overcome through our annual meetings. The prime and primary purpose of the Convocation is to promote acquaintance and interchange of experiences and purposes among denominational leaders. Denominational life and interests can be made stronger through the Convocation than in any other way yet devised. Churches should be as eager and liberal in sending their pastors to the Convocation as to the Conference. If it is supported as it deserves, the Convocation will become as important a factor in the plans and work of the denomination as any other gathering, if not the most important of all. Self-injury will come to pastors and to churches who neglect the Convocation. It cannot be urged too strongly upon the people that the interests of each local church will be advanced by the attendance of pastors and church workers at West Edmeston. Young People's Societies can not

serve the cause of Christ better than by contributing to the well needed, to send pastors to Convocation and Conference. Ladies Aid Societies will do well to invest in such spiritual help for pastors as well as in carpets and other material appliances. Such investments will bring large, permanent and rich returns to the churches. Attend the Convocation. Don't fail to send your pastor to the Convocation and the Conference. Do not place a low estimate on the Convocation. Pastors should do all in their power to attend. It is a false modesty and a neglect of duty which leads pastors to remain silent and inactive concerning such matters. Attendance on their part is not a personal matter. It is a form of church work, an important form, to be sought, not neglected.

Compelled to Disobey
 THE *Southern Presbyterian*, July 5, reports a discussion which took place lately in the Atlantic District Conference of the Methodist church because a Methodist minister "was forced to labor at secular work on Sunday." The *Presbyterian* insists that a Christian is never forced to disobey God or to do that which is wrong. Its application of this truth to the doing of "secular labor" on Sunday is both illogical and non-Scriptural, but what it says about the general principle of disobedience under compulsion is eminently correct. "No man can be forced to break God's law," says the *Presbyterian*; to which THE RECORDER answers "Amen." By way of illustration the *Presbyterian* says: "Nebuchadnezzar tried to force Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego, but he failed. They preferred death rather than violation of God's law. Persecutors have tried by threatening loss of employment, or fines or imprisonment, to force God's children to break his law. They did not consent. Rather they 'took joyfully the spoiling of their goods.'" (See Hebrews 11.) Is the *Presbyterian* "forced to break" the law of God and to ignore the example and teachings of Jesus because custom and popular opinion assert that the Sabbath is "Jewish?" What law of God commands the *Presbyterian* to desecrate the Sabbath? But the aim of this editorial is to call attention to the truth that no man is "forced" to discard the Sabbath and the law of God concerning it. God's children are never left to the alternative of loss, or disobedience. Obedient and consistent Seventh-day Baptists are quite as successful in business and in public life as those are who weakly yield to their own undermining desires, under the false plea of being "forced" to do so. Failure to obey God in keeping the Sabbath, or in anything else, comes because men desire such failure, or so weakly wish to obey that they pass the line of obedience with little or no protest or struggle. Men disobey when they are unwilling to pay the price of obedience. It is yielding from within, not forcing from without.

Theological Humor
 It is often said that satire can do what sober criticism is powerless to accomplish. This is illustrated by a note in the *Watchman*, July 5. We do not know what the "form" etc., may be, but Mr. Burdette seems to have "touched the spot" successfully. Others have written of the same matter, for the *Watchman* announces that a "number of communications" concerning the "form" have reached the editor's table which are too extended for use. The following has both brevity and wit.
 "DEAR WATCHMAN: There is one thing about

the Term of Service for the Presentation of Children in your issue of June 12 that very strongly commends it to me. If it were made just a little longer the child would be old enough, at its close, to receive baptism. There may be some fathers who could stand and hold a baby through that length of service; and there may be some babies who would be sweet as cherubs from 'Dearly Beloved' to 'Amen,' but as a rule I think the 'service' should not be longer than the baby.

"Yours cordially,
 "ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

"Sunnycrest, Pasadena, California."
 THE RECORDER believes in the consecration of children at an early age; but forms are not needed for such genuine consecration and training as parents owe to their children and to Christ. Baptists will not gain any good by a weak imitiation of "infant baptism." The *Watchman* did well in not "declining" Burdette's sermon "with thanks."

Redeeming the Time
 It was the good fortune of the writer to enjoy the personal acquaintance of the late J. G. Holland, editor of the *Springfield Republican*, author and lecturer, with a well-deserved and high reputation. "Bitter Sweet" alone gave him a permanent place among writers who have blessed the world. When Mr. Holland was at the height of his success as a lecturer, I said to him: "Have you ever thought of attempting a humorous lecture?" His reply came promptly: "No. Life is too serious a matter for me to spend even one hour in trying to amuse people." That answer was golden speech. The baccalaureate sermons and commencement address of the present summer have recalled Mr. Holland's words. Occasions such as the close of collegiate life demand words worthy of great occasions, and the man who fails to "redeem the time" with wise and earnest speech falls down in a sorrowful and shameful way. Such addresses and sermons ought to deal with the larger, practical issues and problems of the hour, questions that young men just leaving school need to consider and understand. High ideals of life and its purposes are first in importance when young men are stepping into active life from the comparative seclusion of college and university years. The words to which the graduates of 1906 listened were winged with power and appropriateness, in an unusual degree. Graduates from our own colleges shared in this good fortune. College training is only a means to better results. It is an attainment "devoutly to be wished," but not for its own sake. Commencement time should throbb with the inspiration of a new point of beginning, in many respects the great point of beginning life. Educated mind is the main controlling factor in history. A college-bred man should realize that power to do and become creates the duty to do and to become according to highest and holiest standards. Men who are permitted to speak last words to those who are exchanging classic halls, and "cloisters for repose" for the rush and hurly-burly of life, have rare chance to give parting impulses which will determine future tendencies. The same principle applies to ordinary seasons. Whenever and wherever men speak or write on the higher themes and issues of life, time and opportunity should be redeemed by the best that men can bring. A pastor, for example, should bring whatever is best and most needed to the people he addresses. He will not redeem the

time as he ought who does not remember that each day is a judgment day, each hour an hour of doom. Destiny, immediate or remote, hangs not on one but on many threads. Determining influences do not come in a single flood, but in scores of streamlets. Remember this, parents, and teachers, and preachers. Redeem the time. Do your best. Eternity is the only true measure of values or results. Each occasion has full and final results in the unmeasured hereafter. Ordinary boundaries of life are too meager,—too narrow. The greater the occasion the greater is the obligation to consider it mainly, if not wholly in the light of its relations to coming things, to duty and destiny in the largest sense. Take heed. Measure your words. Redeem every occasion, and so aid in redeeming men.

EDITORIAL NEWS NOTES.

Another tempestuous time has come in Central America. The States of Salvador and Guatemala are at war. On July 15 it was announced that these contestants had accepted the "good offices" of the United States as "peacemaker." The wars and revolutions of Central America are both ludicrous and pathetic.

There are suggestions and rumors that England is likely to provoke trouble with Germany by taking part in some petty differences between Greece and Turkey. The larger interests involved forbid such folly on the part of either England or Germany.

It is said that the manufacturers of microscopes cannot keep up with the demand, so great is the eagerness of men to search after minuteness in things. Summer time, with its call to the botanists and naturalists, is the period of greatest demand. But science, chemical and medical, makes greater account of microscopic work each year. The greatest advancement in these departments is accomplished by microscopic work. One of the latest announcements is the discovery of the germ which produces rabies. The brain of the rabid animal reveals the germ, with little chance for mistake.

The coroner's jury in the case of the terrible railroad accident at Plymouth, England, in which so many from America were killed, declares that the accident was due to reckless running, at a rate greater than the rules of the railroad permit.

Chaos, political and social, grows more chaotic in Russian affairs each week. This sums up the news from that unhappy empire. A radical revolution seems to be certain.

It seems to be a fact that the negro laborers from the West Indies, employed on the Panama Canal, have been so accustomed to small and unventilated huts that they have not the lung capacity needful for a full supply of pure air and the general sanitary surroundings which our government requires. This is an unusual state of things. To exchange squalor for cleanliness is a natural step upward. For generations past the negroes of that class have suffered for want of nourishing food, until they are physically deteriorated or have not been well developed.

Last week we spoke of the growth of the "Fresh Air" charity work, through the *New York Tribune* and others. Some of the scenes are full of pathos; here is one from the *Tribune*: "Seated in one of the cars on the way to the country the other day with a *Tribune* Fresh Air party was a little girl, scarcely ten years old. A cheap black dress covered her frail little body, and this, together with the fact that from time to time she brushed away the tears which would gather in

her eyes, bespoke the fact that some one whom she loved had just died. An inquiry brought the information that she had attended the funeral of her mother the day before she started. Before the train was hardly out of the city it stopped at a little suburban station which was surrounded by a pretty little park. The girl glanced out of the window, saw the green grass and the trees and then, turning to the caretaker, asked: "Do they put the deads there?" The only green grass and trees that she had seen before had been in a cemetery. What more natural than for her to suppose that only in places where they put the dead would she find natural beauties?"

Captain Dreyfus, a Jew, in the French army, after a long trial, was dismissed in disgrace. He persisted in asserting his innocence, and finally secured a rehearing. That rehearing has established his innocence and he has been restored to the service and advanced to a much higher position than the one from which he was cashiered. Anti-Jewish prejudice was the main source of his persecution. The case has been in hand twelve years. It became a national disgrace and France has redeemed her honor in doing justice to an able but maligned soldier.

The American Bible Society is doing excellent work in the Philippine Islands. The Protestant churches maintaining missionary work in the islands have had the best year of their history. The members in these churches have increased, new territory has been opened, and training schools for native pastors and teachers have shown increased attendance. The Presbyterians and the Methodists have opened theological seminaries in Manila. The number of native evangelists working under the supervision of the different missions is greater than last year. The Bible Society concludes its report as follows: "The curse of Babel rests heavily on the Philippines, and has greatly increased the difficulties of the task of giving the Scriptures to the people. The larger language areas have now been supplied with preliminary translations, and the total circulation has been remarkable, but the work of reaching the common people has only begun. The Independent Catholic church is strong in Mindanao, and its growth is usually accompanied by a desire on the part of the people to read the Scriptures for themselves. The Independent Catholic church of Panay is very friendly to the open Bible, and is anxious to put the book into the hands of the common people."

The new State of Oklahoma contains 70,000 square miles and a population of more than a million. It will be entitled to five representatives in Congress and two Senators, and will have more votes in Congress and the electoral college than any one of sixteen of the smaller States. The capital is to be at Guthrie until 1915, and thereafter at such place as the people select. The act creating this new State gives all the public lands, both agricultural and mining, to the school fund and to protect that fund has prohibited the sale of these lands until 1915. Both the agricultural and mining lands, however, may be leased for the benefit of the schools and thus there will be created from the outset a large and constantly increasing income to be devoted to educational purposes, and the schools will get the benefit in the next nine years of the certain increase in value which will come to all the property in the new State. These provisions for public education are excellent.

Alfred Beit, an Englishman living in South Africa, died July 16, 1906. He was probably the richest man in the world. He was first a diamond

miner, then a diamond broker. His estate is estimated at one hundred and fifty millions of dollars. It is expected that the bulk of it will go to benevolent work in England and South Africa.

The Bureau of Labor is now bringing to a close the collection of statistics relating to strikes and lockouts in this country for the last quarter of a century, which has been under way for some time. Commissioner Neill is having prepared the last chapters in the record of strikes in the period from 1900 to 1905. There have been two previous issues of the statistics on strikes, covering the period from 1880 to 1900. The investigations of the bureau have about finished with the last five years, in which there were some notable labor upheavals. The statistics are expected to prove of great value. The complete issue will be published early next year. These facts will be of special value, touching economic questions in many directions.

THE BOARD ONLY ADVISORY?

REV. M. HARRY.

On the editorial page of THE RECORDER, July 2, 1906, with reference to the Northwestern Association held at Jackson Centre, Ohio, appears the following concerning the powers of the Advisory Board:

"In a very clear and logical manner Mr. Platts showed that the powers of the Board were only advisory." It is much to be regretted that the speaker, or some one has not furnished THE RECORDER with an article with the proof of this contention. But lest this may never appear, and lest this editorial commendation may impress some minds that the Board is only advisory, we wish to submit these considerations to the contrary:

1. The author of the resolutions admitted to the writer at Plainfield while they were under consideration, that those parts relating to ministers, "taking the initiative," and providing for appeals from its decisions to the General Conference, were not merely advisory. Moreover, that peculiar phrase of his, "power with authority," used in their defence, shows conclusively that their design was more than advisory.

2. The very language of the resolutions is judicial and not advisory. "No ordination to the ministry is to be considered as approved by the denomination until indorsed by this Board." Credentials of ministers coming to us from other denominations are to be presented to and passed upon by this Board." (Italics mine.) In case of offending ministers, "the action of an ordinary council of neighboring churches, in the matter, shall be presented to this Board for its approval or disapproval." Article 12 allows it "upon request, or itself taking the initiative," to seek to settle local church difficulties. While Article 13 openly avows its purpose to combine with our former beautiful and divinely given Congregational polity, Presbyterian and Episcopal polity also in these words: "to combine the principles of church interdependency; representative government; and official and systematic superintendence." (Italics mine.) The original draft of Article 13, read about as follows: "To combine the principles of Congregationalism, Presbyterianism and Episcopal oversight." Hence, the very avowed purpose of the Board was to change our polity by uniting with it the polity of Presbyterian and Episcopal bodies. Further, Article 14 provides for appeals from the decisions of this Board to General Conference. Who would think of appealing from a merely advisory pronouncement? Men appeal from judicial decisions, not from advice. They usual-

ly treat the latter with silence or with contempt. 3. That the powers of the Advisory Board are not merely advisory is the judgment of the most competent and disinterested men as appears in the article in THE RECORDER of April 2 last. About the mildest estimate was given by Professor W. C. Wilkinson, who says of it: "It squints towards Presbyterianism and Episcopacy." Others, such as the Deans of Crozer, Colgate, Rochester, Southern Baptist, Louisville, Yale, and others whom I did not quote, pronounced that such a Board with such powers is entirely antagonistic to congregational polity and dangerous. It certainly seems too late now, and hazardous to take the position that this Board has only advisory powers. Of all people Seventh-day Baptists, claiming the Bible as the only guide, have no use for such a specimen of "independency, representative government, and official superintendence." "Government," and advice are not the same.

JULY 12, 1906.

ALBERT LANGWORTHY CHESTER.

Albert L. Chester was born in the town of Hopkinton, October 10, 1841. He was the son of Benjamin Chester and Susan Langworthy, and a grandson of Rev. Christopher Chester, an elder in the Seventh-Day Baptist Church. He was educated in the common schools and the academies at Ashaway, R. I., and Berwick, Me. November 16, 1866, he married Elizabeth, a daughter of the late Benjamin York of Westerly. They settled in Westerly, and have resided there since. Though of a quiet, home-loving disposition, Mr. Chester was a man of public spirit and interested in the progress of the community in which he lived. This sketch will notice him under the phases of life in which he was most active.

As a citizen Mr. Chester proved his patriotism by volunteering in the service of his country early in the Civil War. He was a member of Co. A, 12th R. I. Infantry, and served the time of his enlistment. A run of typhoid fever rendered him unfit for re-enlistment. He served the people of the town of Westerly on different occasions as member of the town council, and Senator in the State Legislature. At the time of his death he was a member of the Board of Trustees of Wilcox Memorial Library and had served on that board from the time of its organization. He had served on a commission for the preservation of the town records, which were falling to decay. In these ways he performed the duties demanded of him by his fellow-citizens.

As a business man Mr. Chester had an active life. Soon after his discharge from the army he began dealing in cotton and woolen waste, and was successful in that line of business. He also dealt in real estate, hardware, and insurance. He was a director in the Washington National Bank from January 3, 1881, until it was merged in the Washington Trust Company. He was vice-president of the bank from 1891 until elected president in 1898. He was president of the Westerly Savings Bank from May, 1903, until its business was taken over by the Trust Company. Mr. Chester served as president of the Washington Trust Company from its organization in 1904 until failing health compelled him to resign, January 8, 1906. He was also a director in the Westerly Gas & Electric Light Company.

Mr. Chester was much sought after as an administrator and executor in the settlement of estates, and at the time of his death, in such capacity, he had charge of the extensive business of the Nichols & Langworthy Machine Com-

pany of Hope Valley, R. I. In all these positions mentioned above, we have never heard his honesty or ability questioned.

His church relations: Mr. Chester was a Seventh-day Baptist. He early professed faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, was baptized and united with the Second Hopkinton Church. He afterward took a letter and united with the Pawcatuck church at Westerly. As a member of that church he has been interested in her success and an earnest supporter of her pastors. He has served the church as a side member and president of its board of trustees. He has been for many years a member of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society of the Seventh-day Baptist denomination, and his business ability had been used as treasurer of that body for many years, until 1898, and also as a trustee of the Memorial fund of that society. In these positions he showed wisdom and consecration, taking much time and effort from private business to give to the Master's cause.

While in all of these ways he was known to the world, his own family and near friends knew him best of all. There are glimpses of life that only they might know, and it was from their tender care he was taken on the morning of June 29, 1906. A wife, with whom he had passed forty happy years, one brother, and other kindred more remote, with a very large circle of friends, feel a great bereavement. C. A. B.

TRACT SOCIETY.

Treasurer's Receipts for June, 1906.

Table with columns for Contributions, Collections, and Total. Includes entries for Woman's Board, Miss Ellen Peckham, H. W. Stillman, J. A. Bartell, Mrs. Mary Williams, Mrs. H. L. Spooner, Mrs. E. L. Davis, D. S. Allen, Farina, Ill., Hornellsville, N. Y., Hornellsville, N. Y., Sabbath School, First Hopkinton (Ashaway) R. I., Sabbath School, First Hopkinton (Ashaway) R. I., Y. P. S. C. E., Plainfield, N. J., Milton Junction, Wis., Utica, N. Y., Sabbath School, Salemville, Pa., Rockville, R. I., Chicago, Ill., Walworth, Wis., First Alfred (Alfred) N. Y., First Alfred (Alfred) N. Y., Sabbath School, Milton, Wis., Eastern Association, Berlin, N. Y., South-Eastern Association, Salem, W. Va., Central Association, Verona, N. Y., Western Association, Alfred Station, N. Y., North-Western Association, Jackson Centre, Ohio, Semi-Annual Meeting, Dodge Centre, Minn., Publishing House receipts, E. & O. E., F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer, PLAINFIELD, N. J., July 2, 1906.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The Quarterly Meeting of the churches of Southern Wisconsin and Chicago will meet with the Illinois Mission Church July 29-30, 1906. An interesting program is being prepared and we are looking for a large attendance. O. E. Miller, Secy.

Business Office.

We want to urge upon every RECORDER subscriber who is in arrears, the duty of sending in his remittance at once. The Tract Society has a debt of \$3,300. There is owing the RECORDER on subscriptions more than enough to pay this entire debt and enable the Tract Society to go to Conference with a clean sheet. Conference begins August 22. We want you to help us make a good showing at that time. Don't wait for a personal letter from the manager, but send your subscription in at once. If you do not know the date of your subscription, write us and we will tell you. Do it now.

CONVOCATION.

We desire to give a most cordial invitation to ministers, to ministers' wives and to all other Christian workers to attend the Convocation which is to be held with the church at West Edmeston, N. Y., beginning August 14th.

Will all who anticipate coming please forward their names, as soon as convenient, to any member of the undersigned, Reception Committee?

A. C. DAVIS, JR., E. A. FELTON, MRS. L. C. MAXSON.

CHILD-TRAINING BY APPROVAL.

P. F. RANDOLPH.

A mother recently remarked that she did not want her boy to be told that he was bad. It would discourage him and tend to make him worse. A recent article under the above heading in the Sunday-school Times, is so in accord with this mother's view, and so suggestive to the present writer that he hopes it may be helpful to parent-readers of THE RECORDER.

An editorial in the Times had said, "If a rebuke is needed, a hearty expression of confidence has a two-fold advantage of serving an unspoken reproof of an unworthy past." A subscriber then asks, "How can I apply this to the conduct of my son?" He goes on to enumerate the following things that the boy does, and asks how to express confidence in each case, so as to train the boy "to give his heart to Jesus." The editor's reply is worthy of careful study by every parent and instructor of wayward youth, and what youth is not wayward?

1. In taking the cow to the pasture, he ties her so that she can and does eat the tops of the newly sprouted trees,—heedless and careless, not wilfully planning to destroy the trees.

2. When he uses the saw or other tools, he lets them lie where he last used them, and if it is out of doors, and it rains on them so that they become rusty, he says, "I forgot."

3. When it rains for two or three days in succession, he shows his disapprobation by censorious language, taking no heed to the remarks made by any one that our Father knows best what weather we had best have.

4. During the Russian-Japanese war, every time he learned of the defeat of the Japanese, he gloated over their downfall, and expressed himself as rejoiced that so many were killed, and protested that they would yet be wiped off the face of the earth by the Russians, and hoped it would occur soon. He would not read the articles written by the friends of the Japanese, believing that he knew better than missionaries or editors of wide experience.

It is not hard to see what a rebuke or sting the above things would be to a boy, or any other child, who has been trained to give his heart to Jesus.

sing or whistle a song that is laudable, but when he goes to Sunday-school or church, he shuts up as tight as a clam, and will not sing a note.

Do none of these things merit a rebuke? If so, how can you give one by a "hearty expression of confidence?" If such things do not merit a rebuke, or something akin to it, then I need more help in training him, and will be pleased to hear from you. I am sure I will receive instruction or rebuke with the very best grace possible for me.

The five "failures" thus recorded against this boy so blessed with physical health and stature are these: carelessness, forgetfulness, openly expressed dislike of rainy weather, preferring the side that got whipped in a recent war, and a strong preference for rag-time and college music as over against hymns. As possible points to be commended in those five "failures" might be suggested the following: The fact that he takes the cow to pasture at all, and ties her; the fact that he uses a saw and other tools; the fact that he is a lover of sunshine; the fact that he was interested enough in a great world-movement to read about it and take sides positively (a boy who won't take sides may well be despaired of); and his love for music,—especially as it is a proper, natural love for boyish music, not an abnormal love for what may be his grandmother's favorites.

It would seem, from this troubled father's own description, that God has entrusted to his love and training a splendid, normal, full-blooded, active young fellow of admirable inclinations who has already given abundant cause for thankfulness, and who, from this account, is peculiarly free from many things common to young men which might well trouble the father were they present. And now, if that father would develop the best that is in his son, let him stop making lists, mental or on paper, of the boy's real or seeming shortcomings; let him shut his eyes to most of those shortcomings and determinedly refuse to see them, to think about them, and, most important of all, to speak about them; and let him hunt, resolutely and persistently, for anything in that young life that he can commend, and, when he finds something of the sort, speak of it heartily and sincerely. "Taffy" is not what is needed,—that is as bad as scolding; but honest, frank commendation which will show that the father believes in the son from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. Let him make a real companion of the boy, taking him into his intimate confidence as one man would another. Let him be the boy's best friend, and show that he expects the boy to be his best friend. Let him realize that a straight line is seldom the shortest way to accomplish anything in boy-training: that indirection is the shortest, best, and surest method, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, to help another to overcome a fault. It is a long, slow, patience-testing process, training another's soul; it cost the Son of God his best, as it must every parent. But it pays to follow Christ's method, and that method is based upon emphasizing always the best that is in others, never the worst.

Parents are anxious to have their children succeed in business, to hold a high place in social circles, and to rise to fame. But this may be defeat instead of victory, failure instead of success. A little manhood is worth more than much money. A single virtue is infinitely more valuable than millions of dollars. "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

GENERAL CONFERENCE.

All persons who expect to attend the General Conference at Leonardsville, N. Y., August 22-27, are requested to forward their names as early as possible to the Chairman of the Entertainment Committee, whose name and address appears below. Pastors of the various churches will materially aid the committee by seeing that names are forwarded promptly.

ALFRED T. STILLMAN.

LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y.

THE COMING OF THE LIGHT.

One of the happiest experiences of the Christian life is the suddenness with which the light breaks in upon the soul which has been passing through a time of trial and gloom. The glowing light of the dawn before the rising of the sun is due to the mists and particles of matter which are floating in the air. These, far above the earth, catch the rays of the sun when it is yet below the horizon and reflect them down upon the peoples to whom the sun is not yet visible. In those parts of the earth, like the polar regions, where the air is peculiarly clear, there is no herald of the coming day, but the sun breaks sharp and clear above the horizon, and night is changed in an instant into day.

Like this was the Resurrection of the Lord to the disciples shrouded in the shadow of the death on the cross, and like this is the answer to prayer and the coming of the Holy Spirit into the soul. It is as if the Christian were living in the clear atmosphere of heaven, and at just the right moment the light of God's presence comes, not by doubtful and slow approaches, but at once and in the fullness of the divine splendor and grace. Who has not knelt in prayer in doubt and darkness and anguish, and risen in fullness of confidence and joy in the Lord?

Those who are working out their own deliverance are waging their warfare amid the clouds and smoke of earthly conflicts. The sphere of their lives is surrounded by an atmosphere full of the dust and mists of the fightings of the world. Slowly, if at all, can the light come to them. They may have dim foregleams of the coming of day, but even after the sun is above the real horizon of their difficulties it is shrouded in the mists of the slow-coming morning. But those who are living in the clear light of heaven find nothing to come between them and the brightness of the divine favor. When the moment comes for their path to be made clear, they are never in doubt as to the way they should go. Out of the darkness they step into the full light of day.

What courage and cheer this way of the Heavenly Father supplies to the soul in times of sorrow and trial! When weary and worn, and when the way seems closed before us and no light appears, we say, "I have passed this way before." Not in this life can the Christian always walk in the light. The trials of earth come to those who trust in the Lord as to those who do not. But the promise of deliverance is only to those who are waiting on God. A man who has delivered himself from one difficulty, has no assurance that the next will not be too great for him; but the one who has been saved by divine favor is assured that the power of God is able to bring salvation from every evil. When tempted to falter in the darkness he recalls how God has delivered in the past and says with the Psalmist, "This is my infirmity. But I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High." And remembering, he waits with hope and trust the sure coming of the Light.

Missions.

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

Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

—William Cowper.

ON WHAT DO OUR SABBATH CONVICTIONS REST?

Surely not on an ill will to those who differ with us. We have seen people who seemed to so enjoy differing with others, that they appeared to keep it for the sake of doing so. Of course this is not a reason, and hence not Sabbath-keeping. A truth embraced because it disagrees with that of other people is no better than a religion of convenience accepted because it does agree with that of other people. One extreme drives to the opposite. Gentleness is the mark of the Gospel of Christ. The Sabbath is a vital part of it. Christ said He was lord of the Sabbath, that it was made for man. There is a Sabbath-keeping people, whose strength lies largely in the fact that they hold themselves aloof from others. They refuse to unite in religious services, to exchange pulpits, read literature except their own or in many cases send their children to public schools. The leaders call us, with other religious denominations, Babylon. This is not Christ like, and sooner or later this unchristian spirit will be turned against its own numbers and they divided with dissensions. A Northern and a Southern kingdom. The spirit of contention is destructive, no less under the cloak of religion. I do not wish to be misunderstood. Probably the greater sin of our people at the present time is the other extreme, worldliness. If we live in Rome, do as the Romans do, or in Sodom. Rev. O. D. Sherman, one of our strongest ministers along the line of interdenominationalism, says that one of two great problems before us is, "our relation to First-day-keeping Christians." We all have our opinions, this is one of our peculiarities. There are those who have thought this question through and could speak advisedly, I wish they would write on it. Actual experience, not a theory, will finally shape our conduct in this matter. If we unchristian another man in our attitude to him, we unchristian ourselves. We lose his respect, and any possibility of influencing him for better. If we have ever held our numbers by sowing seeds of unkindness to others, in the hearts of our children, we have gained nothing. The cause will rest on its own foundations, truth, not error. There are impregnable standing grounds, are we not wise enough to take position on them? If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God. People who judge us harshly, make no greater mistake than we who judge them harshly. Our hope is in the vast numbers of people who have not yet seriously thought of the greatness of this Sabbath question. There are thousands. They are not all uneducated. They have not yet been approached pointedly, kindly and tactfully. The time has come when a man can preach what he believes. People will give a respectful hearing. They do to this question. Dr. Lewis never had, so far as I have known, such interested hearers, week after week. He never struck at the root of the question, not at the people, with such power and kindness. People were left under conviction on this question, who never before cared. I remained after the Association, usually one or two days, at each place. I heard men discuss

it and think I know what I say. If people do not hear us on this question, it is our own fault more than theirs. I would suggest, that if we are going to condemn any one, it be ourselves. What Dr. Lewis can do, others of us can at least attempt.

People best succeed in avoiding the claims of this truth when it is put to them unwisely, or in a bad spirit. Hence they usually seek to lead us to judge others or take a weak position. Almost universally they will ask us if we think those who do not keep it will be lost? They are examining us and not the truth. "I know of no better answer. When I do what I know to be wrong, how can I expect to be saved, can you? As for me, I am not condemning others, I know what I ought to do. Who is it that condemneth? Christ died. A false position on this question is fatal to our cause. I say again the hope of our cause is in those who have not yet given it a serious thought. It has never occurred to them that the whole world can be entirely wrong on this matter. One of our ministers told me of the following experience:

The Sabbath was called to my attention repeatedly. I finally became interested, and began to study it. For more than two years I struggled faithfully with it. Finally my good wife encouraged me to obey my convictions. I embraced it, lost my church and most of my friends. My son came home to visit us, a business man of the world. I told him of our new-found truth and waited anxiously to see if he too would turn against us. He finally made this reply: "Father, I knew when I was a boy in Sunday-school that the Seventh and not the First day of the week was the Sabbath of the Bible." I never felt more rebuked in my life. I, a college and seminary graduate, and preacher of the Bible for forty years, and had never had a serious thought on this great question and my son to tell me he knew it when a little boy. Things have changed. We shall be judged by higher standards than our fathers.

The time was when God winked at, or suffered men to live in violation of His law. The man who told me this circumstance is one we all have come to love. Would you like to know his name? His name is Legion. They make the best Sabbath-keepers. They have such respect for it. They love it, such joy has come with it to their life. They are a great power to carry it to others, who sit in the shadow where they once sat. Brethren, let us make no mistake about this matter. It is not sufficient that we have His Word, our ministry must possess His spirit as well or we shall utterly fail. No people have been honored with a greater privilege and truth since Christ spoke the words, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

THE MAN WHO OUGHT TO GIVE TO MISSIONS. WHO IS HE?

The man who believes that when God said the heathen would be given to Christ, he meant it, and can and will accomplish it, and is now accomplishing it.

The man who believes in the power of the Cross to conquer the world.

The man who rejoices that the world is open as never before, and that the prospects are brighter than ever before.

The man who feels that he has only one life to live, and wishes to make it count.

The man who believes that giving is as much a Christian grace as loving or believing.

The man whose ambition it is to be like Christ, who gave Himself.

The man who wishes to be found a faithful steward when Jesus comes.

THE MAN WHO OUGHT NOT TO GIVE TO MISSIONS. WHO IS HE?

The man who believes that the world is not lost and does not need a Saviour.

The man who believes that Jesus Christ made a mistake when he said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The man who believes the Gospel is not the power of God, and cannot save the heathen.

The man who wishes that missionaries had never come to our ancestors and that we ourselves were still heathen.

The man who believes that it is "every man for himself" in this world, who, with Cain, asks: "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The man who wants no share in the final victory.

The man who believes he is not accountable to God for the money intrusted to him.

The man who is prepared to accept the final sentence, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Such a man is not asked to give to missions.

One more revival, my brethren, only one is needed. The revival of Christian benevolence. The consecration of the money power of the church of God. When that revival comes, the kingdom of God will come in a day. You can no more prevent it than you can resist the tides of the ocean.—*Horace Bushnell.*

LETTER FROM SISTER M. JANSZ AT PAGAENSEN.

Dear Brethren and Sisters in Jesus Our Saviour: Now that our annual feast is passed again, I will tell you something about it. The Lord has again helped us so kindly in this matter; and my heart is filled with praise and thanks. I feared I would have to delay the feast on account of my weakness; but the Lord gave me new strength and then it rained awfully for days and nights, but behold; at our prayer the Lord gave us on that very same first of March a splendid day.

That day, it was exactly four years ago, I bought the little home for the poor at Pati, after which I had only some guilders left; and lodged there the first poor family. Soon the little house was over full. Many of them that are living here now remember those times, but they do not know how I often was in great care, not knowing how to get food for them all. Yes the Lord has again and again strengthened my little faith and made me feel ashamed of my not fully trusting Him. We have not known one day of want during all those four years. Even now our prospects are all but brilliant, seen from our human point of view. Our harvest is destroyed for the greater part by the storms and heavy winds, and the poor come in ever larger numbers and seek a refuge here and more will come, as after the terrible inundations of January there is a great deal of want and suffering in the dessas southward of Vaedais, Pati and Jaewana. Moreover, the gifts we get from the people here in the Indies get rather less than more. They openly say in papers and pamphlets that those refugees on Christian lines have not their sympathy.

Nevertheless, we were to have a feast. A feast of thanksgiving to our God, who had taken care of us so faithfully during all these four years. I was so tired and weary, and my heart was so full of thanksgiving and praise, that I could not make many speeches. Some of

ter gave a gift from her own money, a friend sent us some delicacies, another friend sent us lots of little presents from her shop. At last we had something for all the friends here, and for about forty or fifty of the natives, from the neighboring dessas, who came to us for the feast, then got something too. They all looked very happy and contented. I was especially glad to see so many strange people, because I had a chance to preach the Gospel to them. For as yet I have no strength to go to the other dessas to preach there. When on such an anniversary I remember all that the Lord has done for us in the past, my faith gets strengthened with regard to the future. Would He who has so faithfully taken care of us forsake us in the future? Surely no. "For since the beginning of the world men have not heard nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen; O God, beside Thee, what He hath prepared for him that waiteth for Him." Isa. 64: 4.

We have now a hundred and forty-four persons here. Yesterday there came a man with a deep wound in his leg. Some days ago a government official sent us a poor woman with two weak children, the youngest of which was covered from head to foot with wounds. A month ago there came a boy crippled and deformed, likewise covered with wounds. Sister Slagter, who faithfully assists in treating the sufferers, could tell more about it. Oh, all the misery would make your heart bleed.

Fortunately, some begin to look much better, and are almost recovered, with others the wounds open again, the blood being so putrefied by all the past sufferings. Oh, dear brethren and sisters, I know that none of you are rich, and surely you give beyond your power to sustain us both here. But in prayer there is a wonderful force. Continue steadfastly in your prayers for us, and for these poor people. Prayer will increase the value of the money ten times. What are these among so many? Andrew spoke of the five barley loaves and the two fishes, and yet the Lord knew how to make them do for five thousand men. Also pray that the glorious Gospel of the Lord may penetrate into the hearts. Of late several have again come to us who wanted to confess their sins; last night there came a young man who had caused me much grief of late, and who wilfully hardened his heart. Yesterday he came to tell me that he repented, as the Lord continued to bless him, notwithstanding his bad behaviour.

Our dear brethren and sisters here send you their kind regards, they never forget to pray for you in our prayer-meetings. And now may the Lord bless you abundantly and fulfill every need of yours, according to His riches in glory in Christ Jesus. With kind regards to you all, yours in Jesus,
M. JANSZ.

A BEAUTIFUL PRAYER.

It is said that the fishermen of Britain are wont to offer this simple prayer when they are about to put to sea: "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small and the ocean so wide." How touchingly beautiful the thought! This might well be the prayer of each heart as it begins the day. "Keep me, my God; my boat is so small." My little faith and less strength, so frail I am and forgetful of thy promises! "Keep me—the ocean is so wide"—I am tossed to and fro at the mercy of earthly passions and desires, driven by the wind of adversity and sorrow.

Woman's Work.

ETHEL A. HAVEN, Leonardville, N. Y.

May every soul that touches mine,
Be it the slightest contact,
Get therefrom some good,
Some little grace, some kindly thought,
One bit of courage for the darkening sky,
One aspiration yet unmet,
One gleam of faith
To brave the thickening ills of life,
One glimpse of brighter skies
Beyond the gathering mists,
To make the life worth while,
And heaven a surer heritage."

"I was made by God to give of myself for others; not what I have, for I have little; but the tissue of my body and soul I can give to others, and somehow it seems to do them good."

The July *Everybody's* contains an article which I wish might be read by every woman who sees this page. Since that is probably not possible I am minded to see if I can convey to you something of the inspiration and something of the rebuke which the article brought to me.

In the midst of poverty, among the appalling conditions following the Civil War, Sophie Wright was born. The city of New Orleans and the year 1866 witnessed the advent of the child, destined to grow up to bear worthily the title which the city has affectionately given her,— "Our First Citizen."

At the age of three Sophie Wright had a fall which injured her so badly that the next six years were spent in fearful suffering—much of the time being strapped to a chair, helpless.

At the age of nine, however, she began to attend day school—going to and fro with crutches. At fourteen she had mastered all the course and indeed all that the public schools could offer her. So she herself established a school as a means of earning her own living. She borrowed some benches, put them in a room of her mother's house and hung out a sign, "Day School for Girls." The fee was fifty cents a month and on that basis she proposed to support herself and help the family. Pupils came until she found herself with an income of \$10 a month. When her pupils grew beyond the limits of her knowledge she betook herself to an afternoon normal school, where she arranged to do some teaching as pay for further instruction. At eighteen her "Day School" needed larger accommodations, so she rented a house for which she had to pay \$100 a month.

She borrowed the money at twelve per cent. and succeeded in paying all and laying up money before the year closed. And then came the event which changed her from a determined, resourceful woman to a public benefactor. There came to her door one day a youth who had been thrown out of a position by the failure of a circus company with which he had been. He needed some knowledge of books to enter a civil service examination, for which he was planning. The "Day School for Girls" attracted his attention and he applied for instruction. The little mistress pondered a moment and then:

"Of course I will," she cried enthusiastically, "only—only—well, would you mind coming in the evening? You see I have to teach in the Normal School and study there part of the day, and teach my own private school, and it gives me no time from breakfast to supper. But if you could come in the evening I could teach you."

"But I cannot pay anything."

"That does not matter at all. You need help and I can give it."

Her work grew, both "Day School" and night school, for men and boys came here for the instruction they could not find the means, the time or the opportunity for elsewhere. But singularly enough, the night school soon became the important part of her work, and the "Day School" simply the means by which she supported the other. And so the work grew—it became necessary to have assistants in both departments and all over the city the influence was felt. Suddenly, however, in 1897, yellow fever laid its crushing hand upon the city and there being no possibility of maintaining any sort of school, Miss Wright turned her schoolhouse into a depot of supplies and the frail little teacher went up and down the city carrying food and clothes and medicine to the needy. When finally the scourge had loosened its hold she reopened her school. In 1898 there were one thousand pupils in her night school—with 40 teachers; in 1900 the pupils numbered 1,500.

Space fails to tell of all the achievements of her life. In every charity she is a leading spirit. The city turns to her for aid and counsel. The men and boys whom she had helped have brought it about so that the \$10,000 mortgage which she had assumed for her work was lifted less than two years ago. And the work broadens and deepens. I can do no better than give you the words with which *Everybody's* introduces so rare and beautiful a character:

"This woman, whose importance to the city is so great that if by any sad chance her activity were to cease, one and one-half per cent. of its white male population would find itself deprived of hope, is not rich, but poor. She is so poor that before she can give an hour and a dollar for the helpless ones who need her, she must give another hour to pay her own expenses for the day. She is so poor that she has even earned her own education as she has given it out, studying sometimes but a day ahead of her pupils. She is frail, crippled, very weak; she goes about in a steel harness and on crutches. Though she is still under middle age, her hair is white as snow, from days and nights of unrelievable suffering. * * * This woman who is leading the most effective and the most beautiful life New Orleans has known in this generation is referred to in the city as 'Our First Citizen.' She is more than that; she is their best citizen."

LETTERS TO THE SMITHS.

To Charles S. Smith.

My Dear Nephew: I want to tell you a story. It assures me that the sweet spirit of the "charity chapter" in Paul's letter to the Corinthians is sometimes found in the hearts of men, and I think it will do you good.

In the cemetery near here there were buried, in the spring of 1862, 133 Confederate soldiers. "Confederate Rest," the little enclosure in which their bodies lie, has been kept in good condition, and it is indeed a beautiful spot. Every Memorial Day the members of our Grand Army Post, and the ladies of the Relief Corps, see to it that those graves are decorated with the sweet flowers of spring. I think it a most graceful thing to do. I know that the doing of it brings a blessing upon those who strew the flowers, and it may be that the invisible wings of angels flutter in benediction over those who thus manifest the sweet spirit of Christ-like love.

One June day not long ago a goodly number of the members of our post, of the Relief Corps

and the Sons of Veterans marched into the cemetery and there dedicated with most impressive exercises a monument lately erected by the Daughters of the Confederacy to the memory of those long years ago buried in "Confederate Rest." No hymns could be sung more reverently, no words more tender could be spoken, no prayers could be more earnest than those beside that beautiful granite monument on that June day in our cemetery over on the hill yonder. And it was all done by the men, with their wives and daughters and sons, who once marched to battle against the Confederate soldiers buried there.

The commander of the post, a minister of the Gospel, said in his address, "There is no doubt, comrades, that had we been born where these dead were born, and reared where they were reared, we would have fought with them instead of against them; and some of us might to-day be lying with them under these green mounds. They stood manfully for what they thought to be right, and we for what we believed. God gave us the victory,—our country was saved and human slavery abolished. We thank him for this, yet we do honor the manhood, the bravery, of these men who fell for what they had been taught was right."

The memory and the impressions of that day in the cemetery beside the monument to the Confederate dead will go with me and do me good all along that part of my path that is yet untrod.

I have here a letter from a camp of Confederate veterans in Richmond, Virginia. The men of that camp had heard of the dedication of the monument here. I will copy a part of the letter:

"Lee Camp will ever remember the honor your post has bestowed upon our Confederate dead who sleep so far away from the land of the South; and for this action of noble, sublime Christian culture and civilization we wish to make our grateful acknowledgment. What you have done will live in the grateful remembrance of all in whom virtue lives and who honor noble and generous deeds. We sincerely thank you."

I suspect that there are a few people who think themselves altogether too loyal to place a flower upon a Confederate grave, and who think it all nonsense that Union soldiers should dedicate a Confederate monument. I am myself sorry that they are too loyal to have in their hearts the sweet spirit of the "charity chapter." It seems to me that loyalty is best when tempered with love and good will. My dear Charles, suppose that you and I undertake in all our relations with those who honestly differ from us to exercise a spirit of sweet Christian charity. In this way we may gain their love and respect, and perhaps get them to accept what we hold to be true. This will be better for both them and us and the cause we love than sharp words and harsh criticism. At least, so thinks your

UNCLE OLIVER.

ON THE BORDERLAND.

BY CHARLES A. HARTLEY.

It was ten o'clock of a sultry summer night. Without the footfalls of passing pedestrians had diminished from a hurrying clatter to an occasional shuffle. The sound of the night insects had fallen from the first burst of awakening to the steady hum of prolonged endeavor.

Within, the borderland explorer lay stretched at full length under a white sheet. A raging fever was pulsating at his temples and scorching the very life in his blood. The death messenger was hovering about awaiting an opportune moment to make his appearance beside the white-

sheeted bed. In an adjoining room sat the physician shrouded in darkness, peering steadfastly at the subdued stream of life that came in from the open door, to the room of the consuming plague.

The very stillness was oppressive. No clock ticked off the seconds, and the ticking of the watch in the anxious physician's hand seemed loud and discordant. He was counting the minutes to twelve o'clock. Could the explorer be kept on the earthly side of the line between here and hereafter until the passage of that bewitching hour? That was the question in the minds of the physician and the silent figure at the bed.

The sheeted figure stirred faintly. The watcher moved forward with the silence of a specter. With a sigh the prone figure relaxed again, followed by five minutes of the deepest silence. Again there was a movement, this time of the feet, indicating the broken thread of a thought. By tortuous degrees that thought had struggled down from the brain to the extremities, and they were striving to obey the mandate. In a moment the parched hands were drawn toward the head, followed by the faint words: "I must go."

"To what place?" asked the spectral personage at the bedside, pushing back the ruffled hair. "I must have a softer bed—this is killing me!" "Very well," soothingly. "Where shall I take you?"

"Take me home to mother. Let me sleep in my little bed in mother's room,—it is so cool and soft!"

The physician and the attendant knew that the crisis had arrived and that there was just one step yet left before leaving the borderland for the other side.

"You shall go," said the attendant, "but it is a long walk. Can you walk a long way?"

"Yes," faintly, "if I can go home."

"Do you know the way?"

"Yes; it's a long, long way off. There is an orchard behind the house, and a little stream down at the edge of the meadow, with birds and flowers and such good, cool water at the spring— and the word trailed off in a sigh. "We can't miss it," came as a fragment of that haunting thought.

"When shall we start?" asked the personage at the bedside, pulling down the sheet.

"Now!"

The poor, thin, tired limbs were tenderly moved to the side of the bed. A stout arm was slipped under that of the man on the borderland, and he was lifted to a standing position on the floor. "Now we are going home," said the attendant, while the physician trembled for results. It was fifteen minutes to twelve.

"I am so glad," said the fever-racked man, dropping his weary head to the strong shoulder at his side. "I know I shall be better when I get home."

The two made their way slowly to the wall and started to move around the room. "I shall tell you of all the pretty things I see along the way," said the attendant.

"Thank you," came from the parched lips.

"Now here is a hedge, with blue flowers growing along the edge of it," went on the attendant, "and over there is a hay field. A meadow lark is just going up, and I see some cows down at the gate of a pasture. There is a cool shade down along this lane. We will go that way. Why, the dew is not off the grass yet. Now you must tell me when we come to the old home place, so that we do not miss it."

The two were half way around the room. "There, I see an old well pump." "That is at our old neighbor's," exclaimed the homesick traveler. "The next place is ours." "Now I see a pretty country house with apple trees. In front of the house there is a nice, green pasture running down to a little, shaded creek with wild flowers all along its banks."

"That's the place. Oh, let's hurry!"

They had turned the last angle in the room.

"There is a big, old shaggy dog lying on the front porch with his nose on his paws."

"That Rover—poor old Rover; I haven't seen him for so long. Whistle for him. See if he knows me."

"I see an old man plowing in a field back of the house."

"That's father. Does he see us?"

"No, I think not; he has just gone behind a clump of bushes."

"Well, never mind. When we get to the house mother will take down the old dinner horn from its place, just over where Rover is lying, and blow it. That will bring father in a hurry."

"An old lady is standing in the door looking this way."

"That is dear old mother, bless her heart. Does she see us yet?"

"No, but Rover is wagging his tail."

"Good old Rover,—he knows me."

"Now your mother is shading her hands and looking at us."

"How near are we to the house?"

"Just at the front gate. Your mother is coming down the steps to help us up. Now there she is at your other side. She is taking hold of your other arm"—reaching around and taking hold of the free arm of the home-comer. "Now we are on the porch. See Rover is looking up at you and wagging his tail harder than ever. He knows you sure enough. Now we are entering the cool room of your mother at the old home. There is the bed you have been wanting to enjoy. See how nice and clean and cool it is"—leading him to the opposite side of the bed he had left fifteen minutes before. "Wait a moment until mother smooths down the sheets and shakes up the pillow. That's it. Now climb in and take a good, long snooze."

After being helped into bed he turned on his side, sighed like a weary boy and went to sleep.

The physician advanced quietly, looked at his watch and then at the sleeper, snapped his watch shut and said: "Let him sleep as long as he desires to do so. Do not waken him to give him medicine. He is safe. He has turned his face earthward again."—*Leslie's Monthly.*

THE CHRISTIAN'S BINNACLE LIGHT.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D., in *The Christian Work and Evangelist.*

A sea voyage is a symbol of the voyage of life. When I have crossed the Atlantic I have loved to go out on the deck at night and, standing by the binnacle, to watch the steersman at the wheel. The present gigantic steamers do not afford a passenger the opportunity to do this, as we once could do on a sailing packet. I have stood by the steersman when beyond the bow there arose a wall of darkness. Huge waves were smiting the vessel in the face. Great chasms opened in the dark for her prow to plunge in, and then, leaping upward, she would see the spray of her, as a lion shakes the dewdrops from his mane. I looked down upon the sea, and the steersman said: "The wind is from the east."

But all the time the pilot was at the helm. He looked steadily at the binnacle light, which shone on the face of the compass. That binnacle compass was the eye of the ship. By that faithful guide she sees her way through the pitchy darkness.

"We hear the bell struck in the night,
We hear the noise about the keel,
We see the compass glimmer bright,
We know the pilot's at the wheel."

And so the shipmaster "cracks on" the canvas, and pushes trustfully through the dark and over the billows.

In the same manner every child of God is to sail his way toward eternity. The future is all a mystery. No one knows what the next hour may bring forth. There are unseen trials and unlooked-for assaults of temptation. There are perils in the deep and threatening lee shores. Headwinds of adversity often swell into gales that send ruinous waves which make a clean breach from stem to stern. We know not what is in the darkness. But we do know that our compass is all right. It is of divine workmanship; it is God's own, infallible, inspired, and unchangeable word. The binnacle light shines full on its face, and in the darkness we can read such precious truths as these, which flash out like diamonds: "The Lord knoweth them that are his." "No good thing will he withhold from them who walk uprightly." "To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." The binnacle light flames down beautifully on this precious truth: "All things work together for good to them who love God, who are the called according to his purpose." "Hope thou in God: for we shall yet praise him, who is the health of our countenance, and our God."

Come up close to the light, all ye who are burdened with anxieties, and read these assuring words: "Be anxious for nothing; cast your cares upon him, for he careth for you." Are you sorely tried with sharp providences that seem to your eye harsh and cruel? Then read these sweet words by the binnacle lamp: "Whom I love I chasten. No chastening is for the present joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness."

Wait and see, my brother! Sorrow-stricken sister, wait and see! Look, too, at this glowing verse that flashes out in the darkness: "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." The end of the voyage is not far off to some of us. What saith the legend of the compass? Here it is: "Let not your heart be troubled; believe also in me; in my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." No matter, so long as we know that "when he shall appear we shall like him, for we shall see him as he is." Let the winds roar, then, if they will. Our Pilot's at the helm!

"Slacken no sail, brother,
At inlet or island,
Straight by the compass steer
Straight for the highland."

"Set thy sail carefully,
Darkness is round thee,
Steer thy course steadily,
Quickenands may ground thee."

"Trust not the darkness,
Doubt not the night,
For the light of the day,
The light of the day is the light of the day."

"Crowd all thy canvas on
Out through the foam!
It soon will be morning,
And heaven be thy home."

HOSPITABLE HAWAII.

KATHERINE POPE, in *The Four-Track News.*

Hawaii is an attractive place to live in, an attractive place to travel in; but stay long enough to get the right impression. Do not expect all the landscape, all the foreignness, all the primitive life to be spread out along the steamer's wharf in Honolulu. And when you have seen Honolulu well, remember it is by no means the whole of Hawaii. If you want to see the native grass hut, the native life in simplicity, get away from town and village.

Hawaii is a land of flowers, a land of mountains, a land of kindly people. The kindness impresses you the moment you step on shore. "Aloha! aloha!" is heard on all sides; you feel in the cordial welcome and friendly interchange the very spirit of aloha—love, friendliness.

How big and splendid these brown people are! For days you will want to do nothing but loiter in the streets and study them. You will turn many a curious gaze on the erect, strong, bright-eyed native women in their Mother Hubbards—many of gaudiest cotton, many of silk and satin. You will, with keenest interest, watch the half-white girls, so charming under their wreaths of flowers; look admiringly on the brown dandies in white duck and ever a posy in the buttonhole; listen to the language, all rippling with vowels and yet gutturally uttered, and pick out the folk from foreign shores who have sought home and fortune in Hawaii—Japs, Chinese, South Sea Islanders, Portuguese, and "plenty, plenty" haoles (whites).

Horseback riders add considerably to the picture, men and women, boys and girls, often bedecked with wreaths of flowers, or adorned with long garlands of green maile, a mountain vine as dear to the Hawaiian as myrtle to the German. All ride astride, and it is needless to say they ride as to the saddle born. With merry jest and laugh, with bright-hued garments and gay flowers, they flash through the streets, a survival that the automobile has not quite crowded out.

Other sights not common to one from "the states" are those of curled-up figures sleeping peacefully on mats spread on the pavement of the public street; women squatting in the shade wearing small kimonos and queues or Mother Hubbards, smoking cigarettes or disporting in the gutter.

From the city's center you drive along a hard white coral road, past palm avenues, glorious hibiscus, great bougainvillea arbors—to Waikiki, the water playground of Honolulu; and here find a palm-fringed shore, the trees and grass growing to the very edge of the ocean. Far, far away stretches the Pacific, sapphire or green, as its mood may be. Sometimes, at late sunset, if you are so minded, you may have the beach all to yourself. Again, it is populous with bathers and fisherfolk and searchers after the delicate Hawaiian seaweed.

Out in the country you come upon the old-style fisherman, the sort that reduces clothes to the simplest terms, whose costume fits in well with the business in hand.

You must ascend Punch Bowl, that queer crater that rises up from Honolulu's back streets; you should visit it at sunset, and by moonlight, and from its top look down upon the semi-circle of the city, the harbor of man in the harbor, the

glitter of the waters of the ocean; see the hedge of night-blooming cereus at the foot of Punch Bowl, and drink in the beauty of the thousand flowers thereon, the "great white goblets" holding incense of intoxicating sweetness.

When you visit the Pali I wonder if you will agree with me that no earthly beauty can be greater than this which bursts upon you as you reach the cut in the mountain. You have been traveling from Honolulu slowly up, up for miles, delighting in the green mountain walls on either side, fairy waterfalls shining here and there; you have looked back with vivid pleasure on the embowered town below and the gleaming ocean. At the top of a last steep rise the mountains close in, then you turn a sharp curve and suddenly are looking on the other side of the island, down a sheer precipice of great depth—the Pali. But you care not for any hundreds of feet, you are so enraptured with the glorious coloring. Way below gleam emerald rice-fields; all about are mist-filled valleys, purplish mountains; beyond the emerald fields sapphire waters reach out and blend with the distant sky. The Pali you will visit and revisit!

Then the many trips of unusual interest beyond Oahu, the little-known island on which is situated the well-known city of Honolulu. A short voyage to the island of Maui, will result in a pilgrimage to the wonderfully beautiful mountain of Haleakala, a peak rising 10,000 feet from the sea. The voyage to the island of Hawaii is well worth while, with the journey to Kilauea, the largest active volcano in the world; and such an eccentric one, for it is not a cone-shaped, bare elevation, but a crater within a crater, low on a mountainside, where the vegetation is of tropical luxuriance. You will be much interested in the great lava beds of the old crater, in the mysterious vapor columns rising here and there, in the smoldering smaller crater; but more thoroughly will you enjoy the majestic beauty of the peaks of Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea, revel in the jungle of tree-ferns, the big parasites, the crimson-hued blossoms of the lehua trees, and all the color and vividness that gladden the eye of the traveler along the Volcano Road.

TEN HEALTH COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt not complain of the weather. God controls the winds and waves.
2. Thou shalt have no fear concerning thy food and thy drink. "Fear hath torment and kills."
3. Thou shalt not dwell in the body and its sensations. Live in the spirit. "The soul knows not deformity or pain."
4. Thou shalt not criticise thy neighbor. He is God's child and entitled to thy love.
5. Thou shalt not worry over thyself or thy friends. "Trust in him and he will give thee thy heart's desire."
6. Thou shalt not despise any living thing. "All is from God and God is in all."
7. Thou shalt not "pollute the morning" with a doleful face. "In his presence is fulness and joy."
8. Thou shalt not be in bondage to weakness or doubt. "He is the health of thy countenance. His trust shall be thy shield and thy buckler."
9. Thou shalt not be afraid to go wherever duty calls. "He giveth his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."
10. Thou shalt lie down and rest in peace. "Underneath are everlasting arms."—*Healthy Home.*

Children's Page.

SUNRISE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

BY A. P. FAYSON.

The sun flared up from the Highland hills
And rent night's clouds in twain;
The mists that shrouded the Hudson's breast
He flung away o'er the Storm King's crest,
And he shone on the world again.

He waked the birds with his leaf-flecked rays
And the stream blazed blue in his light;
He drank the dew from the glist'ning trees
While the long grass bowed in the morning breeze,
And he banished the gloom of night.

He rose in the skies like a globe of fire.
In the clear, sweet summer morn,
And the dying moon was lost to sight
In the flood of that great, transcendent light,
And another day was born.

—Four Track News—

NATURE NOTES.

M. A. S.

"Have you ever heard of the sugar-plum tree?" inquires Eugene Field. The marvel of great renown to which he refers grew on the border of Shut-eye Town; but grandfather's sugar-plum tree, as he called the wild pear or shade bush transplanted from the swamp, stands on the border of the garden close by the orchard wall and furnishes tid-bits for many a feathered friend. This morning I took my bird glasses and started for the orchard, where the rose-breasted grosbeak was filling the air with his robin-like melody, but I went no further than the sugar-plum tree, for there I found entertainment enough.

At first glance I thought a scarlet tanager was helping himself to our dainties, but after adjusting my glasses I found this bird was not scarlet; neither was he purple, but a beautiful raspberry red all over with the exception of some wing and tail feathers, which were darker, and of the underparts, which were light colored. I soon recognized the purple finch, but the man who named this bird must have been as insensible to color variations as was Gray, the botanist, who called all tints of violet, pink and even red flowers "purple." I like to call this bird linnet, as my grandmother did.

At first the little fellow paid no attention to me, but continued to stand on his head like a chickadee while reaching for the fruit on the ends of the branches and crushing it in his thick bill. When he did discover me he flew out to the telephone wire, from which point of vantage he could get an unobstructed view of me. He turned his head this way and that, looking at me out of first one bright eye and then the other; but his conclusions were evidently not favorable, for he made a quick remark in bird language, which summoned to the wire beside him a little brown bird that until now had escaped my notice. She was quite sparrow-like in appearance except that her breast was whiter and the dark spots on it more distinct. She responded so quickly when Mr. Linnet spoke that I knew she must be his wife, even if she did not look much like him. The pair made so many uncomplimentary remarks about me from the wire that I decided to go back to the piazza and let them eat their "sugar-plums" in peace.

They soon rewarded me with their songs, for Mrs. Linnet sings nearly as well as her husband. The song is a delightful warble, with a suggestion of blue-bird notes, and may often be heard near houses, especially in the vicinity of hemlock or fir trees, which are favorites of this pair for nesting. If you ever saw a bird that looked as if he had been dipped headfirst in

into raspberry juice, that was probably a purple finch. Some of them appear to have had more of a dipping than others, and sometimes the color seems to have simply spattered down upon the feathers of the head, breast and back. The fact that these finches pick into the buds of fruit trees and eat the stamens need not count against them, as this seems to cause no damage to the trees and very little decrease in the amount of fruit.

One night as we were driving through a woody road just at dusk, when the fireflies were lighting their lanterns and the veeries were singing their evening hymn, a brown shadow dashed across the road just in front of us, dropping something in the ditch as it passed. It proved to be a fox, and the load she dropped when surprised by meeting us was a woodchuck and two mice for her babies' supper. She dashed to a safe distance, then sat up and watched us out of sight, when I have no doubt she returned for her well-earned prey.

Up in the birch grove where we had our Fourth of July picnic, I found a cecropia moth which had just emerged from his cocoon. His wings, of a soft, velvety brown with red and white markings, were fully spread, about six inches in extent, but were still limp so that he could not fly well. His antennae were soft and feathery. I carefully placed the beauty in an empty dinner pail and brought him down to the house. In the evening he was lively enough, so I let him fly away. He is a night flier by nature and he never eats anything, as his tongue is quite undeveloped. It seemed too bad to confine him in the house for the two or three days of his short life.

Speaking of the picnic reminds me of the beans baked in the ground. The men had dug a hole about two feet deep and three feet across, and carefully lined it with cobblestones. On the morning of July 3rd they built in it a fire of hard wood, which they kept burning all day until the stones and the ground around were thoroughly heated. At night a covered kettle of soaked and seasoned beans was placed in the midst of the embers and the coals and hot earth heaped over it. Here it remained until noon of the next day, when the beans were found to be most delicious. This method of slow baking in the ground is often practiced by the loggers and lumbermen of Maine. It is almost as good as a Rhode Island clam bake. Try it sometime when you want a novelty.

FARMINGTON, MAINE.

PATIENCE.

Patience is one of the most difficult of the virtues to cultivate. There are so many things to worry about. But God is able to defend us against the little worries as well as to sustain us under the stress of the great sorrows of life. The trouble is that we think them too unimportant to take him in prayer; and soon we become burdened with the little worries and good nature and Christian conduct suffer. It is always difficult to be courageous in little things. We may be able to rally to heroic conduct under extreme cases. But what we need is the heroism of the moment, the courage to retain composure and a perfect equilibrium when tortured by the little annoyances and disappointments. God is able to help in little things as well as in great ones. Remember that the storehouse of strength and courage is always full. All that is necessary is that we should seek a new supply at the proper place, the fountain of our King.

Young People's Work.

LESLIE C. RANSOM, Editor, Alfred, N. Y.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

A word to the Corresponding Secretaries. In sending your society reports to Rev. A. L. Davis, did you answer all the questions? Remember it is important that we know these things:

1. Increase in membership in the past year.
2. Amount of money raised in the Conference year of 1904-5, compared with the Conference year 1905-6, for evangelistic and missionary work.
3. Does your society have a Sabbath Reform Committee and does it work?
4. Has your society raised a birthday fund for the Dr. Palmberg house?

If you did not answer these questions will you kindly send a postal card to Rev. A. L. Davis, Verona, N. Y., R. F. D. No. 1, stating the answers? The banner and certificates given at Conference will be based on these four things.

A WORD TO THE SOCIETIES.

In sending funds please remember that we pay \$300.00 of the Dr. Palmberg salary. Do not forget this worthy object.

The Treasurer, Miss Eda Coon, Leonardsville, N. Y., would like all funds by August 1, so that they can appear in her Conference report.

Send all money for every object to the Treasurer, except subscriptions to the Seventh-day Baptist Endeavorer. Send them to the Seventh-day Baptist Endeavorer, West Edmeston, N. Y.

Yours in the work,

A. C. DAVIS, JR.

TWO KINDS OF DOUBT.

I have the utmost sympathy with those who are troubled with doubts and perplexities concerning spiritual truth. There is the natural spirit of questioning, the desire to have solid ground to stand on. If the questioning is honest and earnest, and if it is only a process through which one is to find realities beyond—not an end in itself—certainly no harsh words should be uttered by you or me. Young people who are passing through such a period need sympathetic treatment; and, above all, the expressed conviction of those with whom they have confidence that, if they will do His will, they shall know of the doctrine. Do not worry a minute, my young friend. If you will enter every open door of duty, you will also be led into a growing sense of spiritual realities. The foundations of truth stand sure, and the wise man has no terror at the assaults of error.

I have a very different feeling, however, toward that materialism which arrogantly denies the existence of spirit, because it can not be put upon a slide for microscopic examination, or boiled in a test tube. Such a spirit as that is utterly unscientific, and deserves to be ridiculed out of Court. It is hardly deserving of serious treatment. Think of it. Your agnostic declares that certain things are not knowable because he has not experienced them. Some noted speaker once made a statement in debate, to which his opponent replied that he never heard of such a thing. The first speaker calmly rejoined: "I can not allow my opponent's ignorance, however vast, to nullify my knowledge, however small."

THE SPIRITUAL WORLD IS REAL.

The realities of the spiritual world are just as real as the realities of the physical world. Why not? Who shall ever be able to deny the reality of the spiritual world? It is the only world in which we can find peace and happiness.

five senses. That is an assumption—one which contradicts reliable evidence.

Let me get my testimony from those who know the most about the thing concerned. Here stands Marconi upon a promontory of the ocean. He adjusts his apparatus and tells us that he is about to send a message by wireless telegraph to a vessel at sea two hundred miles distant. Away flies that invisible thought, so mysteriously transmitted, and presently the answer comes back. You ask, "Marconi, did you send a message then?" "Yes." "Where?" "Two hundred miles at sea." "Did you get an answer?" "Yes." As we turn and walk away you wink at me and say, "I don't believe it." "Why not?" "It doesn't look reasonable." "I have had experience as a mail clerk and I never knew a message to go by letter at a rate of less than a mile a minute." Now, my friend, will you pardon me for saying that I will take Marconi's testimony in preference to yours. I insist that he is immeasurably more likely to be right than you are. He devised the instrument. He sent the message. He received the answer. And all the other men who are using similar apparatus and getting results, say the same thing. The message went in an instant of time, and it went by the power of electricity. It is a marvel to us. How it can be we do not know. But we know what we have experienced.

LINCOLN'S PRAYER.

There is one voice regarding this by the man who sent the messages. Until you get the power to do the same thing, your testimony as to what you do not believe about it is not worth the breath you take in uttering the words.

Here stands Lincoln out on the promontory above the nation's strife. As he did again and again, he prays to God. He reviews the Providential history by which the nation has been led up this hour, speaks of the purpose which the Almighty had in founding this great nation. "O, God of nations, prosper the righteous cause." The nation was saved. Abraham Lincoln praised the brave soldiers for their valiant service at the peril of their lives. He appreciated the co-operation of the hosts of loyal men and women without which the result could not have been secured. He sees it all. But, back of all these human instrumentalities he recognized the Divine power and he believed that power had been exercised in answer to prayer.

Now comes up some little whipper-snapper and says: "Huh! That's all superstition. Prayer can never reach God. There's nothing in it." My dear fellow, until you have accomplished something in some faint degree measuring toward the mighty life-work of Lincoln, pardon us for believing that he knew more about it than you do. Lincoln was there. Upon his shoulders more than on those of any other man rested the terrible burden. He had a great intellect, a grand heart, he had had wide experience, he knew men, he knew life,—he knew God. Who are you, to set aside his testimony?

CALL THE ROLL.

How is it that our mighty men of valor who have forged our civilization have believed in God and prayed to him? Call the roll of such men as Cromwell and Gladstone and Washington. You can scarcely think of them without entering into an atmosphere of devoutness. Their relation to God was the mainspring of their lives. Science says there must be an adequate cause for every effect. Science learns from the observation of the universe and generalizes from them. I believe in God and I believe in prayer. I believe in the power of prayer to do the things that science can not do.

world, moving upon the hearts of men. I am not saying that it is irreverent or that it is dangerous. I am simply saying that it is unscientific, unreasonable, inconsistent. It is a superstitious claim which sensible men should fling back with a cheer of confidence. We are not on the defensive, secretly dreading the attacks of the enemy. The Christian faith is on the aggressive, with reason, experience and common sense on its side, as well as revelation. All that is necessary is to gather the facts derived from the consciousness of the race, its experience, its deeds,—and draw from these the legitimate conclusions.

Green, in his history of England, relates that in the twelfth century began the first of those great religious movements, such as were afterward experienced under the preaching of the Friars, the Lollardism of Wyclif, the Reformation, the Puritan enthusiasm, and the mission work of the Wesleys. "Everywhere, in town and country, men banded themselves together in prayer. A new spirit of devotion woke the slumbers of the religious houses, and penetrated alike to the homes of the noble and the trader. The power of this revival eventually became strong enough to wrest England from the chaos of feudal misrule after a long period of feudal anarchy, and laid the foundations of the great charter."

THE DYNAMOS OF CIVILIZATION.

Such a writer as Benjamin Kidd, in his "Social Evolution," joins the historians in the statement that the great religious movements have been the dynamos of civilization. He points out the religious foundations upon which progress has rested. The intellect, he says, has always mistaken the nature of these religious forces, regarding them as beneath his notice; but he remarks decisively: "The motive force behind the long list of progressive measures has not, to any appreciable extent, come from the educated classes—it has come almost exclusively from the middle and lower classes, who have in turn acted, not under the stimulus of intellectual motives, but under the influence of their religious feelings."

"The man in the street," just as he did in the days of Pentecost and just as he does now, declared that the participants in the great Methodist revival were "filled with new wine,"—in other words, that there was something abnormal and irrational about the movement. The revival did present some phenomena that gave color to the charge in the eyes of a superficial observer. "Women fell down in convulsions; strong men were smitten suddenly to the earth; the preacher was interrupted by bursts of hysterical laughter or hysterical sobbing,—but—"a new philanthropy reformed our prisons, infused clemency and wisdom into our penal laws, abolished the slave trade, and gave the first impulse to popular education." There were "superior persons" who looked down from the gallery and sniggered at all this; but, "if Mr. Lecky and other observers may be believed, it was the foolishness of the Methodist revival that saved the children of these superior persons from having their heads sheared off by an outburst of revolutionary frenzy similar to that of the Reign of Terror."

The struggle for liberty in France was in an atmosphere of atheism, and its path was marked by bloodshed and savage injustice. The struggle for liberty in England was the outgrowth of successive religious movements which brought in the new reforms in a reasonable and wholesome manner—by evolution, not revolution.

Now the leaders in these great movements

were men who believed profoundly in prayer. There were plenty of people in those times who did not believe in prayer, or declared that they did not; but these people had no power to produce the results, and it is difficult to see of what value their opinion is.

Look at John R. Mott, called "the student leader of the world." He is a statesman in his grasp of international work of the Young Men's Christian Association. Practical and far-seeing, as well as scholarly, he is a splendid type of a chieftain among men. When he made his tour in Japan, there were hundreds of conversions among the students. He attributes the results to prayer. He depends on prayer, the united prayer of Christian people as the moving force, humanly speaking, in all this work.

The world over the men and women who are accomplishing the regeneration of human life, pray, and their confession of faith is known to the world. They who ridicule religion and find their chief activity in criticising the efforts of others, bring forth little good fruit. Prayer and achievement go together. Lack of prayer and barrenness go together. Take your choice.

THE READING AND STUDY COURSE IN BIBLE HISTORY.

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

SIXTY-SEVENTH 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. How long did Joash reign well?
2. What fault could be found with the reign of Amaziah?
3. Who was the best ruler of this period? The worst?

II Chronicles (continued).

First-day. Reign of Joash. The house of God broken by Athaliah; restored by means of the gathered temple tax. II Chron. 24: 1-14. After Jehoida's death, king and princes serve idols. Murder of Zechariah, the righteous son of Jehoida. A small Syrian army defeats the hosts of Joash. Joash slain in a conspiracy. 24: 15-27.

Second-day. Amaziah. The murderers of his father put to death; his large army; he sends home the hired contingent from Israel; victory over Edom; invasion of the dismissed mercenaries. Amaziah's idolatry condemned by the prophet. His foolish war with Israel. Murdered by conspirators. 25: 1-28.

Third-day. Uzziah's reign; prosperous as long as he sought Jehovah; successful foreign wars; improvements at home; his large army. In his pride he presumed to offer incense, a priestly function, and dies a leper. 26: 1-23.

Fourth-day. Reign of Jotham; imitated his father; extended fortifications; tribute from Ammon; a mighty king. 27: 1-9.

Fifth-day. Ahaz. Idolatrous king. Invasions by Syria and Israel; through a prophet's influence Israel returns to Judah captives and spoils. Judah brought low because of Ahaz' transgressions. His death. 28: 1-27.

Sixth-day. Hezekiah's good reign; the house of Jehovah cleansed; sin burnt; and thank-offerings; songs of praise; king and people full of joy. 29: 1-36.

Sabbath. Israel and Judah invaded to join in

celebrating the passover unto Jehovah; many in Israel mocked the messengers from the pious king. 30: 1-27. Israel and Judah unite in destroying idolatry; courses of priests appointed; bountiful provisions made for sacrifices and for the support of priests and Levites; the king obedient and prosperous. 31: 1-21.

Popular Science.

H. H. BAKER.

A Rather Strange Configuration on the Earth.

In Southern California there is a basin of about one hundred miles in length and from twenty to thirty miles in width in its broadest place. For the most part of the area of this great depression of surface, it is but a few feet, comparatively, below the Colorado river, which flows on the west side down to the gulf of California.

The United States Geological Survey shows that the deepest depression of this great basin is 253 feet below the level of the gulf of California, and that in high water the river in overflowing its banks, had here and there cut channels, by which the deeper portions are now covered with water estimated to be about a tenth part of the whole area.

As only a small portion of the volume of water thus far is diverted from the river, and as evaporation is very rapid, of course the filling of this inland lake proceeds quite slowly; nevertheless, it is quite steadily rising, and spreading, threatening the covering of the whole territory incorporated in the depression.

This depression extends from the southeast to the northwest along the boundary of Arizona, and the Southern Pacific railroad skirts the northeastern edge of the great basin. The *Engineering News* recently stated that a considerable portion of the Southern Pacific track was at least two hundred feet below the level of the Pacific ocean.

The railroad company now begins to realize what a fifty-foot rise of water in this one hundred miles or more of depression would mean to their company.

It appears that embanking the Colorado river so as to confine it strictly to its course is of a remote consideration, considering the topography of the country. Simply raising the grade a few feet, to keep above the water, might prove almost an endless job, as it might extend forty or fifty miles in length, and the levee need more elevation every year or two. To shift the track laterally to reach higher ground might entail the building of an entire new road.

Our view of the situation inclines us to think that the most feasible plan to keep the water out of this great depression, and away from the railroad, as the soil all about there is alluvial, would be to select the first place on the river above, where it could overflow and where a reservoir could be formed so as to hold back an unequal flow of water and have a solid foundation for a lock, and thus provide for an extra flow of water only to be held long enough to be equalized on its further course to the ocean, without doing damage, either to the railroad or to the land for agricultural purposes.

It would, we think, be quite easy for a competent hydraulic engineer to calculate a series of small reservoirs in the course of the river, having waste-weirs, that would very near, if not fully, equalize any extra flow of water in going the distance of the Colorado river before coming in contact with this strange portion of the earth's surface.

Home News.

MILTON JUNCTION, Wis. Since our last writing for this department we have met with a great loss in the death of Mrs. William B. West, who has been feeble for nearly a year. But our hearts have been recently cheered by the addition of six of our young people through the ordinance of baptism, including the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Ticknor, of Blanchardville, Wis. Others are seriously considering this privilege and duty. Five are soon to join us by letter or verbal statement. These conditions are a source of inspiration to both pastor and people.—The weather of late has been extremely warm, but the services of the church are usually well attended.—Our sister, Mrs. Hannah Burdick, who spent the winter with her daughter in Clarkston, Wash., is with us again, as also her other daughter and children, family of Rev. George B. Shaw, of Plainfield, N. J.—Our quarterly meeting of the churches of Southern Wisconsin and Chicago is soon to convene with us. We trust that our interest in spiritual things may be carried still higher by the papers, addresses and sermons given in this service. Our representation at the General Conference will probably be small, owing to the distance and the fact that we are so largely an agricultural people or servants who have not the full control of our time. May the Lord bring a great blessing to us as a people by the coming of this great assembly.

GEORGE W. LEWIS.

JULY 17, 1906.

A WORD IN SEASON.

BY W. N. JENKINS.

Maud Dalton was passing a few weeks in the country with the Sargents, who were friends of her parents. One afternoon Mrs. Sargent came into the room where she was seated and said: "I am going out for an hour. A woman who was one of my intimate friends when I was a school girl is going away for a visit of several weeks, and I want to bid her good-bye. I think a sight of your face would do her good. Will you go with me?"

Maud readily assented. As they started, Mrs. Sargent remarked:

"I must tell you that we are going to a home that has been ruined by a drunken husband. Harvey Blake was a hard-working young man of fair education, and when he married Sadie Dwight, people thought they would do well. But he took to drink, and went from bad to worse, and now his case is hopeless. Sadie has a girl ten years old, a frail child, and they have suffered in silence, but kind friends have done all they could for them. They are fortunate to get away and I hope they will not come back again."

"What will the husband and father do?" asked Maud.

"He will have to take care of himself—if he can," replied Mrs. Sargent coldly. "A few weeks ago he applied to us for work and my husband, out of pity, hired him to work in the garden. The next day we found him lying drunk, an empty bottle at his side. And that is all the good it does to try to help him. I have heard that he is again attempting to reform, but I have no faith in him."

Maud was a Christian and her sympathies were at once enlisted for the unfortunate man. "Is anyone past hope?" she thought. "Is not the grace of God able to touch the heart of the most hardened drunkard?"

The Blake lived in a poor old house which

contained only a very few articles in the way of furniture. Mrs. Blake was a slight, delicate-looking woman, with a refined, sad face.

"Yes, we are going to-morrow," she said, in answer to Mrs. Sargent's inquiry. "My only regret is that I must leave Harvey. I don't deny," with a glance at Mrs. Sargent's unsympathizing face, "that he has failed in his duty to himself and to his family, but he is my husband. He is good and kind, too, when he is sober. He feels that you do not like him, and when he saw you coming he went out of the back door."

"It is not a question of liking," said Mrs. Sargent quickly. "I have lost all confidence in him."

"I am sorry," said Mrs. Blake, with a sigh. "He is trying again to reform, and has had no liquor for five days."

"He has tried a great many times. I advise you, Sadie, to remain with your relatives. They will help you, and if you come back here your life will grow worse instead of better."

"And yet, I must come back," said Mrs. Blake, firmly. "I cannot leave my husband. Several ladies have promised me sewing as soon as my health is restored, and I hope to earn enough for our needs, even if I have no help from Harvey."

Maud had noticed from a back window a man sitting upon a bench in a dejected attitude, and while Mrs. Sargent and Mrs. Blake were talking she passed out into the yard and approached him.

"You seem to be in trouble," she said gently, as he raised his eyes.

"I am in trouble. I wish I had died years ago."

"I know your weakness," continued Maud. "But do not despair. Many men have reformed, and so can you."

"Thank you, miss, for the first encouraging words I have heard in a long time, except from my dear wife, and what I have caused her to suffer God alone knows."

"Mr. Blake, your wife and daughter are going away, but they are coming back to you, and I hope they will find you steady and industrious."

"Mr. Norcross offered this morning to give me work, and I hesitated about accepting it, for I saw that he had no faith in me, and I felt discouraged. But your words have given me new hope, and I will begin work to-morrow morning. And I want to tell you that I mean to try to give up drink forever. If you trust the Lord, and I feel that you do, I wish that you would pray for me. It would be no use for me to ask for help, but it may be different with you."

"You are wrong, Mr. Blake. The Lord Jesus came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance. He loves and pities you, but if you want his help you must be willing to trust him. I think you have tried many times in your own strength to reform. Now, why not take your case to the Lord? A cry to him in your worst need would not be in vain. I will pray for you, and I earnestly hope you will pray for yourself."

"I will think of what you have said, and I will, yes, I will begin to pray," said Harvey Blake, wiping tears from his eyes. "I couldn't have asked every Christian to pray for me. Mrs. Sargent is a Christian and a good woman and there are many good people in town, but they think there is no hope for me."

"No case is hopeless, Mr. Blake."

If Maud was unusually silent for the remainder of the day, it was because Harvey Blake's words had aroused a new train of thought in her mind. How could people turn away from a man who was trying to reform, and in our very midst, with a living Saviour, and in our very presence, the crucified Christ stamped upon his heart, is yet living a veiled life—choking and stifling and withholding the word and deed which by good right he owes it to his fellows to allow to come to their hearing and observation.

Mrs. Sargent, Mrs. Harvey Blake ever at least once," she asked in a low voice, when they were on their way home.

"Why, Miss Dalton, what a question! A drunkard attend church! Of course not. I doubt if he has been inside of a church for ten years."

"Does anyone ever ask him to go?" "I don't know, I'm sure," replied Mrs. Sargent uneasily. "He hasn't any decent clothes and the church is no place for him."

A few days later Maud heard a most encouraging report from the man she had endeavored to point to the great Healer.

"Harvey Blake is keeping sober and working every day," said Mr. Sargent one morning to his wife.

"Indeed! I'm afraid it won't last long," rejoined the good woman, shaking her head.

Before she returned to her own home Maud saw Harvey Blake again for a few moments.

"I shall never forget what you have done for me, Miss Dalton," he said tremulously, "and I intend with God's help to be a man and make a comfortable home for my dear ones."

"I hope you will go to church, Mr. Blake. Christian people will encourage you, if they see that you are really in earnest."

"I know they will. I met the minister yesterday and he invited me to come to church, and I'm going, just as soon as I can get a suit of clothes. I must get some things first that we need in the house."

The next day Maud left the town, and not for several months did she hear anything from the Blakes. And then a letter from Mrs. Sargent contained this passage:

"I must tell you that Harvey Blake is a changed man. For months he has not touched liquor, and his wife and daughter have all they need to make them comfortable and happy. And he and his wife have united with the church. They often speak of you in terms of the deepest gratitude and respect, and no wonder, for I know now that you spoke the only encouraging words he had heard, save from his wife, for many days. I realize that I was hard and uncharitable, and that I failed in my duty, for not once did I ask Harvey Blake to be a Christian. It can well be said to me, 'O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?'"—*The Morning Star.*

THE VEILED LIFE.

A gentleman of my acquaintance related in my hearing recently, that during the summer, having occasion to be abroad and managing to secure time enough for a flying visit to Antwerp, he hurried up to the great cathedral there with the object of gazing once more upon that great masterpiece of Rubens which hangs within its walls, representing the crucifixion.

"No one who has ever looked upon this masterful representation of the world's great tragedy can come away without a more reassuring hope and firmer confidence for the future," said he, "and my soul hungered for just one more look at it. But when I reached the cathedral, I was met with the reply that the pictures were veiled that day, and could not be seen; and I came away with a heavy heart."

Sad indeed would be the day, if perchance by any misfortune it should ever come, when the vision of the crucified Lord should be veiled from the sight of men, and their approach to it barred by the forbidding hand. And yet, in a moment, when the sun is shining, and in our very presence, the crucified Christ stamped upon his heart, is yet living a veiled life—choking and stifling and withholding the word and deed which by good right he owes it to his fellows to allow to come to their hearing and observation.

man with the form of the crucified Christ stamped upon his heart, is yet living a veiled life—choking and stifling and withholding the word and deed which by good right he owes it to his fellows to allow to come to their hearing and observation.

What right have we, to whom perhaps many another is looking with hungry and longing heart, to veil from their sight and knowledge the inner light by which we are living, and which is, though we confess it not, our source of hope and strength? Why should we conceal from neighbor and associate—yes, even from the loved ones in our very homes—our means of solace, comfort and consolation, when they are perchance turning to us for guidance and direction in these very matters, and finding it not, are turning away disappointed?

Is Christ anything to you? Does he share any part in your life? Does he occupy any place in your thought? Then have a care that when another approaches the cathedral of your heart, his beautiful vision there is not veiled from their eyes. Be open and frank and honestly outspoken in matters of faith as you would be in anything else. Avoid the veiled life, if only for the sake of a brother's hungering soul.—*The Interior.*

THE CONVOCATION.

A list of delegates: Dr. A. H. Lewis, Dr. L. A. Platts, Pres. and Mrs. W. C. Daland, Rev. E. B. Saunders, Rev. D. B. Coon, Pres. and Mrs. B. C. Davis, Dr. T. L. Gardiner, Dean and Mrs. A. E. Main, Rev. Geo. W. Hills, Rev. W. D. Burdick, J. N. Norwood, Jay W. Crofoot, Rev. H. C. VanHorn, Prof. W. C. Whitford, Rev. and Mrs. W. D. Wilcox, Prof. C. B. Clark, H. Eugene Davis, Rev. E. D. Van Horn, Rev. L. C. Randolph, Rev. and Mrs. W. L. Greene, Rev. and Mrs. T. J. Van Horn, Rev. E. F. Looftboro, Rev. Geo. W. Lewis, Rev. S. H. Babcock, Rev. A. G. Crofoot.

The above is a complete list, so far as notification has come to the Secretary of those who expect to attend. A. J. C. BOND, Cor. Sec. NILE, N. Y.

MARRIAGES.

ROGERS-VINCENT.—At Eagle, Richland Co., Wisconsin, Miss Mamie E. Rogers and Mr. N. Ward Vincent, of Leonardsville, New York, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas V. Rogers, by Rev. John E. Beard, of Muscoda, Wis., on June 27, 1906.

DEATHS.

CRANDALL.—Elisha Crandall, May 12, 1906, in West Edmeston, N. Y.

Mr. Crandall was born in this vicinity Sept. 17, 1832. He was converted and baptized when a young man. He was a very kind hearted man, careful about what he said concerning others. During his mother's sickness and in her death, which occurred last Autumn, he was very much devoted to her, and this unselfish devotion won for him the respect of all. Mr. Crandall died trusting the Lord. A. C. D., JR.

GREEN.—John Chandler Green was born in Independence, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1827.

He was the only son of Isaiah and Betsy Bassett Green. Of his four sisters, only Mrs. David R. Stillman remains. The eight brothers and sisters of his father's family were pioneer settlers, occupying most of the land on which Alfred and Alfred Station now stand, and being prominent in founding Church and University. The family came from Berlin, N. Y., whither they had emigrated from Dutch Island, the line being traced back seven generations to John Green, of Quabbinet, N. Y. Green's uncles Alfred Academy several years.

then entered business life, first at Independence, afterward at Alfred. March 16, 1848, he was happily married to Emily Sherman. Two of their children have survived to give their father tender care in his declining years. He was baptized when twelve years of age by Elder Stillman Coon and joined the Independence Church, from which his membership was later transferred to Alfred. He was frail as a young man, but through careful and temperate living, grew stronger and outstripped his more rugged comrades by living to almost four score. He enjoyed the universal confidence of his fellow men and was trusted with positions of honor and responsibility in church and community. After a severe sickness, he died June 25, 1906. Services were conducted at the home of his daughter, Mrs. V. A. Baggs, June 28, his son David also having been with him in his sickness. The pastor's text was from John 1: 47: "Behold an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile." This well describes his character which was pure, unselfish, kind, earnest and loyal to truth. To us he seems to have come very near the perfect pattern, a living evidence of Christianity, a proof of eternal life. L. C. R.

SPICER.—Mrs. Sarah A. (Davis) Spicer was born in the town of Hopkinton, R. I., February 17, 1821. She was the daughter of Pardon and Olive Davis. Of a family of three, two daughters and a son, the latter, Oliver Davis, of Nortonville, Kan., alone survives. The sister, who was the wife of George H. Spicer, of Hopkinton, died a few years ago.

She was married at Hopkinton October 30, 1841, to Charles Spicer. To them were born four children, Mrs. Henry Chester, of Ashaway; Mrs. Henry G. Pierce, of Rehoboth, Mass., and Mrs. George F. Clark, of Westerly, and Henry Spicer, who died in 1876.

Mrs. Spicer confessed her faith in the Lord Jesus Christ early in life and united with the First Hopkinton Seventh-day Baptist Church. In 1864 she joined the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist Church, in Westerly, and retained her membership in that body until death. She was a regular attendant on the services of the church as long as she was able, and had been a member of the Ladies' Benevolent Society. She was a lover of the Word of God and always had the book handy, to read. She took great comfort in the sacred promises of the Lord. Since the death of her husband in 1893, Mrs. Spicer had spent her time, at will, with her daughters, Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Pierce. She had spent several months with Mrs. Pierce at Rehoboth, coming back last spring to Westerly. But the life of three score and ten with fifteen years added had continued until the body was not able to bear the burden of the years longer. It was simply a natural dissolution of the physical, without a weakening of the mental or any abating of the spiritual power, that brought death. She had been a resident of Westerly nearly fifty years, and had many friends and acquaintances, especially among the older people. God give us all as peaceful an end as came to her. C. A. B.

WEST.—Isaphena (Burdick) West was born in Alfred, N. Y., June 28, 1828, and died at Milton Junction, Wis., June 5, 1906.

She was the daughter of Ethan, and Amy (Allen) Burdick. In 1841, her parents moved to Milton, Wis., and the following year, located on a farm in the town of Lima, Wis. In 1851, she was baptized by Elder Stillman Coon, into the fellowship of the Milton Seventh-day Baptist Church. While a student in Milton Academy, she became acquainted with William B. West, to whom she was married Sept. 23, 1852. After a two years' residence in Milton, Bro. and Sister West moved to Utica, Wis., where in 1855 they joined the Christiana (afterwards Utica) Church, of which they remained members until the dissolution of the church in 1901, when they joined the Milton Junction Church. In her Christian life, Sister West was constant, though undemonstrative. She was a wise and safe counsellor, deeply interested in the welfare of the church. She had a faculty of encouraging the young men whom the Utica Church called into the ministry, in their earlier pulpit efforts, and always stood loyally by them, in their pastorates of that church, as she did also by other pastors. To Brother and Sister West were born four children, William Leman, who died in March, 1891; Prof. Allen B., a deacon in the Milton Junction Church; Amy S., now Mrs. William E. Allen, and Nettie, wife of Rev. W. D. Burdick, of Farina, Ill. According to the expressed wish of Sister West, funeral services were conducted by the writer of this notice, who had been twice her pastor. He was assisted in the service by Pastor Geo. W. Lewis, of Milton Junction, and Pres. Daland, of Milton College. C. W. S.

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: 17-22.
- Sept. 1. Bartimaeus and Zaccheus..... 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 VI.—FALSE EXCUSES.

For Sabbath-day, Aug. 4, 1906.

LESSON TEXT.—LUKE 14: 15-24.

Golden Text.—“And they all with one consent began to make excuse.” Luke 14: 18.

INTRODUCTION.

The parable of our present lesson is in several respects similar to that of the first paragraph of Matt. 22. There as here the guests that were invited refused to attend the feast, and other guests to take their places were obtained from the streets. But these two passages are not exactly parallel, and each is rather closely connected with its context. That in Matthew's Gospel has its place in Jerusalem and belongs to the last week of our Lord's ministry, while the passage before us evidently belongs to the same situation as our lesson of last week.

By the parallel between the heavenly feast in the kingdom of God and an earthly feast to which guests are invited our Saviour very aptly shows the absurdity of refusing the gracious invitation. This lesson like that of last week presents the Gospel message from a comparison with the sound sense with which we consider matters of our every day life. No man is ordinarily so foolish as to decline an invitation to a dinner, and when once he has accepted he certainly is not so impolite as to stay away no matter how plausible an excuse may arise.

TIME, PLACE and PERSONS.—Same as in last week's lesson,—except that the man with the dropsy had gone home healed.

OUTLINE:

1. The Invitation to the Great Supper. v. 15-17.
2. The Invitation Rejected. v. 18-20.
3. The Substitute Guests. v. 21-24.

NOTES.

15. *One of them that sat at meat with him.* One of the guests, presumably a Pharisee. For the peculiar expression, “sat at meat,” see note on v. 10 in last week's lesson. The attention of this man was attracted by the phrase, “resurrection of the just,” and he is moved to give voice to a pious ejaculation in regard to the happiness of those in the future Messianic kingdom with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Compare Matt. 8: 11. *Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God.* This expression is of course figurative and is true enough, but the man who spoke these words made a great mistake in supposing that he was already without question sure of a place in the kingdom.

16. *A certain man made a great supper.* The word translated “supper” might be equally well translated “dinner.” It refers to the principal meal of the day, served either in the afternoon or the evening.

17. *And he sent forth his servants at supper time.* It was customary to give an invitation a few days beforehand and then upon the day of the feast. It is said that this practice is still common in the East. This second invitation is a reminder. For the host to omit it would be considered discourteous; for the guests to ignore it would be a positive insult.

18. *And they all with one consent began to make excuse.* The word “consent” is not in the original. We had better insert “accord” instead.

They had made no agreement to refuse the invitation, but they all seemed to be of one mind in esteeming it of no account, and so in trying to get excused from attendance. They ought in common courtesy to decline the first invitation; it is now too late to withdraw decently. But they all esteem their own affairs of vastly greater importance, and so try to beg off. *I have bought a field, and I must needs go out and see it.* Certainly a fair excuse if excuses were in order. But not only were all excuses now inappropriate, but also his field could certainly wait one day for his personal inspection without coming to any particular harm. *I pray thee have me excused.* A seemingly very courteous apology. This man is polite so far as the outward appearance is concerned.

19. *I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them.* As much as to say, I am already started on the way to attend to this matter of importance, and it is too late for me to turn back. He had made a large purchase of oxen and it was natural for him to see how well they would work together. He is not as polite as the one mentioned before, for he says nothing about necessity.

20. *I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.* This man had perhaps a rather more plausible excuse than the others, but he expresses it with less courtesy. He does not even ask to be excused. Compare Deut. 24: 5. Even this excuse should not have kept him from this social engagement which he was in honor bound to keep. It is evident from the word “all” in v. 18 that there were many other guests who at this time refused the invitation for various reasons which seemed good to themselves. But they were all alike inadequate excuses.

21. *Then the master of the house being angry.* This is a part of the setting of the parable. We are not to think of God as moved with anger like men. *Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city.* The time for the supper was almost at hand. It was not to be put off because the invited guests had refused to come, neither was it to lack guests. The servants were to go immediately into the broad streets and narrow lanes, anywhere that they could find people. *And bring in hither the poor and maimed and blind and lame.* Doubtless before the master of the house had invited his social equals, but now no restrictions are put upon the servant who is to give the invitations. The outcasts are even to be preferred as they would evidently appreciate the value of the invitation in contrast with the class that showed by their actions that they did not care at all for this supper.

22. *And the servant said, Lord, what thou didst command is done, and yet there is room.* Some have imagined that the servant anticipated his master's desire, and had called the poor and maimed and blind and lame before he was told to do so; but it is very easy to suppose that there is a brief interval between the command of v. 21 and this report in v. 22.

23. *Go out into the highways and hedges.* The generous invitation is extended far beyond the limits of the city. Anywhere that wayfarers may be found they are to be sought, and brought in to attend the feast. By the hedges there would be footpaths through the fields. *And constrain them to come in.* This is much better than “compel” of King James' Version. One servant could do very little anyway toward dragging in by force unwilling guests. It was only a moral compulsion. This verse has been sadly misapplied in justifying persecution in order to compel men to do what their persecutors thought was right. *That my house may be filled.* The rejection of the invitation on the part of those who were first bidden is not to prevent the master of the house from having a great supper as he proposed, nor to prevent him from having it well furnished with guests.

24. *That none of those men that were bidden shall taste of my supper.* They might soon repent of their foolish excuses, and think to get in before the supper was over; but other guests were to fill their places and there would be no room for them. From the surroundings of this parable it is plain to see that the guest who spoke in v. 15 and the Pharisees represent the guests who were first bidden to the great supper.

GETTING HIS PASS'S WORTH

We were traveling through Texas and stopped at a little settlement in the woods. The only passenger that boarded the train at the stopping place was an old man, and when we say old we mean very old. He seemed a relic of antediluvian times, as much out of place on a railway as a mastodon would be in a modern menagerie. He did not seem to be travelling for pleasure. The passing landscape had no interest for him. When the conductor came through he seemed inclined to ignore the old man and pass him without collecting the fare. The old man, however, declined to be ignored. From an inside pocket he produced a worn and greasy account book, and from that extracted a pass that was nearly worn to rags. The conductor, with an air of impatience, looked at it carelessly and passed on. The old man, apparently satisfied that he had forced the conductor to note the fact that he had a pass, sank back into his senile reverie and rumination. At a station about thirty miles up the road he got off, moving slowly and with difficulty.

The possession of a pass by one so little likely to have it excited our curiosity, and we dug the history of it out of one of the brakemen. When the road was building through that country the old man owned a piece of land through which it was desired to obtain a right of way. The old man fought the company vigorously, and refused to give or sell them a right of way through his land, except on condition that he have a pass—not an annual, but a life pass. The company tried to bluff him, but the old man didn't bluff worth a cent, and when the company started to build across his land the old man came out with the old rifle he had carried at San Jacinto and cheerfully informed the foreman that he would shoot the first man that trespassed on his land. The old man was then seventy, and, as his tenure of life promised to be short, the company finally agreed to his terms. The road was completed, and the old man, by virtue of his pass, rode on the first train through, which was, by the way, the first railroad train he had ever seen.

That was fifteen years ago and every day, rain or shine, since then the old man has ridden on that road, sometimes in one direction, sometimes in the other, but never further than would enable him to get home the same day on the next train coming back. His life pass has been worn almost to shreds. Every conductor on the road knows him and would fain dispense with the trouble of taking his number, but the old man is bound that the company shall treat him just as it would any other passenger, and always insists on presenting his pass and having it entered in the conductor's book. The brakeman said that the old man had received from \$3 to \$5 worth of transportation every day for fifteen years, and, while he looked feeble, he would probably live to get the worth of that pass. The station where he gets on is a flag station, which makes it all the more aggravating, as nine times out of ten he is the only passenger the train has to stop for, and every time a train stops it means a loss of dollars in stopping and starting.—*Kinsley (Tex.) Mercury.*

God stands at the beginning of life, the first, simplest, sweetest of all knowable things—love.

Life is largely made up of common things. And the truest life is obtained by doing the common things in an uncommon fashion.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

Man is an interrogation point. He is the only animal that asks the question, Why? And he is continually asking it. What is the meaning of this and the explanation of that? And there are times when he stops and asks this question about life. Why is it that we are here? What is the meaning, the inner explanation of our existence? Why are we doomed to toil and suffer, to laugh and weep, these few years, and then to pass away into the silence? We ask these questions and try to answer them, but the mystery still continues. How little we can learn. Our lives are like ships, which when night has spread her dark mantle over the deep, emerge from the darkness for an instant as they cross the silver pathway of the moon, and then are lost again in utter darkness. What is the object of this mysterious fragment of life, this little breathing space between two great eternities? We look around and see on all sides disease, decay, death. We look at our own activities and they are passing away. What have we really accomplished? What that is enduring will remain to show that we have lived?

We ask these questions and we are invariably borne forward toward the hereafter. The meaning of life is not satisfied by any analysis of earthly activities; there must be, there is a life beyond the grave.

When once this great fact of a future life is assured, all the mystery of the meaning of life is cleared away. We are here to prepare for that future. Earth is the robing room for eternity. This world is the school in which we must all pass away a portion of time before the bell rings and we are called upward to that higher and better school where we are to learn of Him who is our Saviour.

There is a life beyond, we feel that there must be, there is. But what sort of life will it be? We turn to our Bibles and read that for those who love God it will be a life of joy and peace, a life undimmed by sorrow's presence, a life unmarred by physical limitation. Just a few little glimpses does the Bible give us of the character of the life beyond. But from these few glimpses we can learn at least two definite facts.

The first fact is that heaven is a place of fellowship in knowledge. We shall there understand the mysteries of life. We shall know the meaning of those things that are now inscrutable problems. And as we understand the meaning of all that has happened, we shall be satisfied. There will be no discordant note in our joy, for we shall be in fellowship with God in our understanding of His Providence.

Another fact that is revealed about heaven is that it is a place of fellowship in service. “His servants shall serve Him.” Heaven will not be a place of rest in the sense of inactivity. Our service for God is not finished here; it merely begins here and continues in a larger and nobler way on the other side. There we shall serve God as He deserves to be served. The idea that heaven is a place where one sits down with folded hands in perfect idleness is entirely false. Far grander is the idea expressed by Kipling in his poem “L'Envoi.”

“When earth's last picture is painted
 And the tubes are all twisted and dried,
 When the oldest artist has perished
 And the youngest critic has died,
 We shall meet in faith, we shall need it,
 Lay down for an hour or two,
 The pen, the pencil, all shall call us
 To the work that is to be done.”

“And those who were good shall be happy,
 They shall sit in a golden chair,
 And splash at a tea-table convalescent
 With brushes of comet's hair.
 They shall have real saints to draw from
 Magdalen, Peter, and Paul,—
 They shall work for an age at a sitting
 And never be tired at all.
 “And only the Master shall praise them
 And only the Master shall blame,
 And no one shall work for money,
 And no one shall work for fame.
 But each for the joy that is in it,
 And each in his separate star
 Shall draw the thing as he sees it
 For the God of things as they are.”

—*The Baptist Commonwealth.*

CLEAR SHINING AFTER RAIN.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

One of the numberless touches of exquisite poetry in the Old Testament is that which describes the “tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain.” The verdant grass plot which gladdens the eye is the result of a double process—shower and sunshine. Both are indispensable. We find in this beautiful expression a type of our deepest and richest spiritual experiences. It is a type of the most thorough work of conversion by the Holy Spirit.

Over every impenitent soul hangs the dark cloud of God's righteous pleasure; his holy word thunders against sin and his threatenings beat like a storm of hail. Repentance and faith in Christ sweep away this cloud; the thunders cease; the face of the atoning, pardoning Saviour looks forth like a clear, blue sky after a storm; for there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus. No two cases of conversion are exactly similar; yet in every thorough work of grace the darkness and dread which belong to a state of guilt give place to the smile and peace of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

What is true in the beginnings of the most thorough Christian life is often realized in the subsequent experiences of the believer. Rain and sunshine both play their part in developing godly character. It ought to be a comfort to such of my readers as are under the heavy downpour of trials to open their Bibles and read how it fared with some of God's most faithful children.

Abraham toiled on his sorrowful way to Mount Moriah under a dark cloud of apprehension, but the clear shining came when God approved his faith and spared the beloved son Isaac to the father's heart. The successive strokes of trial that burst on the head of Joseph only made his exaltation the more signal when he became prime minister of Egypt. There are forty-one chapters of the book of Job through which beats the tempest which smote the four corners of his house, but in the forty-second chapter comes the clear shining after the rain, and the blaze of restored prosperity. The biographies of Elijah and of Daniel prove that light is sown for the righteous; and the eleventh chapter of the Hebrews is a meteorological record to show how faith paints rainbows on thunder clouds.

In our day God often employs stormy providences for the discipline and perfecting of his own people. He knows when we need the drenchings. Every rain drop has its mission to perform. It goes right down to the roots of the heart, and creeps into every crevice. Not one drop of sorrow, not one tear, but may have some beneficent purpose. The process is not joyous,

but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness and purity and strength. Christ's countenance never beams with such brightness and beauty as when it breaks forth after a deluge of sorrow; and many a Christian has become a braver, stronger, and holier man or woman for terrible afflictions; there has been a clear shining after rain.

This principle has manifold applications. Sometimes a cloud of unjust calumny gathers over a good man's name; lies darken the air, and it pours falsehoods forty days and forty nights. But when the shower of slander has spent itself the truth creeps out slowly but surely from behind the clouds of defamation, and the slandered character shines with more luster than ever. The same storm that wrecks a rotten tree only roots the more firmly the sound tree, whose leaves glisten in the subsequent sunshine.

All ye children of God who are under the peltings of poverty, or the downpour of disappointments, or the blizzards of adversity, “think it not strange as though some strange thing had happened unto you.” Millions have had the same experiences before you. No storm ever drowned a true believer, or washed out the foundations of hope. The trial of your faith will be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Two things ought to give you courage. One is that our Lord loves to honor and reward unwavering faith. He permits the storm to test you, and then sends the smile of his sunshine to reward you. Another thought is that the skies are never so brilliantly blue as when they have been washed by a storm. The countenance of Jesus is never so welcome and lovable as when he breaks forth upon us—a sun of consolation and joy after trials.

Long years ago, on a day of thick fog and pouring rain, I ascended a mountain by an old bridle path over the slippery rocks. A weary, disappointed company we were when we reached the cabin on the summit. But toward evening a mighty wind swept away the banks of mist, the body of the blue heavens stood out in the clearness, and before us was revealed the magnificent landscape stretching away to the sea. That scene was at the time, and has often been since, a sermon to my soul. It taught me that faith's stairways are over steep and slippery rocks; often through blinding storms; but God never loses his hold on us, and if we endure to the end he will yet bring us out into the clear shining after rain.

“So it's better to hope though the clouds run low,
 And to keep the eye still lifted;
 For the clear, blue sky will soon peer through,
 When the thunder cloud is rifted.”

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. Wincox, Pastor, 566 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. Ed. Pennington, Lecturer, Pastor, 216 W. 40th Street.

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THE COMING OF LOVE.

Love has descended to earth and lived in the life that we live, Tasted the wine of our woe, and eaten our bitter bread: Naught, in the Hour of His need; had the great of the earth to give Save the cross for His hands and His feet and a crown of thorns for His head.

Yet His was the joy of the earth and the peace of the bending sky, Waters that gleam afar and the snow of the mountain height; Flowers of the valley and field, and winds that, lingering by, Stoop to the bending grain and the glad birds' song and flight.

Out of His want He gave rich gifts that put to shame The pride of the pompous priest and the rich man's grudging dole— Eyes that the blind might see, and nimble feet to the lame, New peace for the troubled heart, new strength for the tempted soul.

Love has descended to earth, and among us ever remains: Holds our life in His hands, watches and strengthens and guides: Innermost joy of our joys, loftiest gain of our gains, Heart of the true heart's peace whose blessing forever abides.

Lord, the door of my heart is open to let Thee in. Come and forever abide, my Saviour, my Guest, and my Friend; Cleanse me of folly and pride, and let my heaven begin As I walk in the way with Thee through life to Thy chosen end.

PERHAPS you will do well not to read this. Did you ever try to do nothing? No, that is not good English. Doing nothing is a contradiction. I was at my writing table at six o'clock this morning. First I looked over a dozen newspapers which were waiting to be examined. My brain was dull, sluggish, "felt like lead." Did yours ever feel like that?—bad English again? Perhaps it is. I suppose a brain does not feel at all; nevertheless you know what I mean; at heart I think you do.

Is it really a disease, or is it a bunch of causes 'unknown, with lassitude for a leading symptom? Do its complications remind you of some confused problems in mathematics and sociology?—Can a brain be too much like lead to ask sensible questions? Shall we walk out and take the morning air? This is "Sunset Hill," the highest glacial mound in Watch Hill. It is the finest outlook in all the section, and a rare place to be seen after sunrise. That is the Borough of Stonington across the bay, three miles away, in Connecticut. It was a famous place for "Whalers," long ago, before the Standard Oil was born. The British attempted to capture it during the War of 1812-14, but the militia from Rhode Island and Connecticut prevented them from landing. My father, a boy of six years, remembered how his uncles left their home near Hopkinton City, before daylight that day, to help in the fight. One of them, Alpheus Greene, was a Major, and the boy had a vivid recollection of his "Regimentals" and sword.—I said that this hill is a glacial mound. The east end of Rhode Island, lying between the Atlantic ocean, the Pawcatuck and Little Narragansett Bay is a moraine, all the way from Westerly to Watch Hill. The Ice Age man ran riot here. It ground away the solid granite five hundred feet for six or seven miles. The original granite is now two hundred and fifty feet under the surface, at Fort Mansfield, a mile away, on the elbow of Sandy Point. That was a very cool affair, and it continued longer even than an undesired guest does. How long was it? I do not know. Write to Smithsonian Institute, Washington, and learn whether the wise men there know. One thing is sure, that Ice Age was not so badly hurried as the Present Age is, and it was provokingly cool. Twenty-five miles southeast is the outer end of Long Island, Montauk Point. Block Island is yonder at the east, ten miles off shore. Six miles down the coast is the modern Weekapaug. Its ancient name was Noyse's Neck. During the last century it was "Beach" instead of Neck. The twentieth century has buried both the neck and the beach, and "Weekapaug" has risen on their graves. The aristocratic thing in Rhode Island just now, in the matter of names, is a pure-blood Indian ancestry. All this section called Westerly was "Misquamicutt" in the olden times, and that Miss belongs to the "Four Hundred" of names. It is said that our neighbor, Ashaway, shows symptoms of returning to Ashwog; while Mastuxet, in Rhode Island, and Weketiquock, not far away in Connecticut, are names to conjure with. I do not guarantee the spelling. That is as evasive as some men's ideas and almost as uncertain as a candidate's promises before election. That tower-like land mark is the

stand-pipe of the Westerly Water Works, on Quarry Hill. That water supply is akin to this moraine. The Ice Age provided it. The glacier cut a deep ravine in the solid granite, down which a glacial river flowed. The purest of water still flows at the bottom of that rock-ribbed ravine. Sixty or seventy feet above it is the Pawcatuck river of to-day, which is dammed and harnessed and harassed by mills and factories. The Water Company sent some drills down to the original glacial stream. It pumps the water from it into the stand-pipe. The pressure here is sixty pounds or more to the square inch.—Why are the shores so irregular? The Ice Age did it. How many boulders are there in this mound? Ten thousand times ten thousand; more or less. Originally the farmers covered much of the surface with stone fences. There is an old cemetery in the bushes at the foot of this hill, on the left hand. Those stone fences of other years lasted longer, much longer, than fences made of white birch do. This is for the benefit of Western readers who are not acquainted with granite fences. New England readers do not need this statement. This will be a warm day. Many people will come on the excursion boats. What will they do? Bathe, buy pop corn and eat chowder. Is that a good way to do? Yes, if you like it. What does this editorial amount to? "Not much." As I think the matter over, I conclude it is not an editorial. It seems more like the vagaries of a lead-colored brain. After all, it is suggestive. Analyze it. You are not able? Try. There are germs in it that might grow into essays, perhaps books. For example: "Psychological Symptoms of Metallic Brains," "The Ice Age in New England," "Similarity Between Sermons and a Moraine," "A Sanitary Water Supply," "Picturesque Fences of the Stone Age." Seven or eight lighthouses are in sight from this hill-top. These suggest Gospel hymns, and vigorous prayer-meetings, when "Throw Out the Life Line" and "Let the Lower Lights be Burning" are sung with the spirit and the understanding also. The hymn question is made more interesting because that attractive cottage with finely-kept grounds, on the left hand, belongs to Doane, of Cincinnati, the musical composer, whose name is linked with that of Lowry, Robert Lowry who has gone to heaven to take lessons in composition from the Heavenly Masters. Notice the coloring about the cottage and the grounds. It is a symphony for the eye. Yes, Doane is living there.—You are weary of this? I do not blame you. Go, lie down and rest. You will find a hammock on the veranda. But say: this is "not much" of an editorial, and the writer will agree if you say it is not one at all. Nevertheless you read it. Is that true of all editorials?