We seldom realize the honor which God bestows in calling us to be co-workers with him. It is natural to measure the development of Christ's Kingdom by the standard of human ability, forgetting that the important member of the firm (to use a comparison from the business world) is God. It is a comforting truth that God takes every obedient soul into partnership with himself. In his Word and by his Provisions he gives the necessary plans by which the work is to go forward. Our first duty is to learn what the plans and methods of God are, and to adapt our work to them. A builder follows the plans and specifications of the architect. When this is done, the architect, and not the builder, is responsible if there be failures. If we follow the plans and specifications of Christ, the Master Builder, there can be no failure, even though we see not how all the parts will finally come together. The divine plan and the divine wisdom cover all things from foundation stone to turret top. Every obedient child of God does something toward erecting the building. Duty and wisdom require of us obedient service, patient waiting, if need be, and unwavering faith. Thus we are successful builders together with God.

They who tread the path of labor follow where My feet have trod; They who work without complaining do the holy will of God.

**History emphasizes Christ's words, "By their fruits ye shall know them." This test applies to theories quite as much as to men, for men's lives are theories put into action. It is easy for thoughtless or interested persons to say: "The Old Sabbath was Jewish, and since Christ there is no Sabbath; all days are alike." Such statements are now fashionable; they are thought to excite breadth of view and great wisdom. In fact, they evince great carelessness and ignorance. Due care is evinced by the verdict of history as showing the truthtude of the wide-spread theory of no-Sabbatism. The present state of the Sabbath question in Europe, and the absence of any really sabbatic observance of Sunday throughout the Continent, are evils beyond measure. Such evils have pernicious allies as sources of laws and police regulations; instead of driving the saloon out, and lessening the evils and inconsistencies of no-sabbatism. Their worst effects do not appear in face of the earth. By a similar law there can be no satisfactory spiritual growth on the lower levels of life. On such levels there is intellectual stagnation and enfeeblement for the mind, and spiritual poisoning and decline for the soul. There is strength for the body, invigorating for the mind, and spiritual uplifting for the soul only on the higher levels. There is a double demand that the soul shall be in the purer atmosphere where God is. Spiritual strength which comes from living on the top floor gives communion with God, a clear view, and firmness to all religious convictions. Spiritual victories are easily attained from the heights, when certain defeat rules the low lands. If you would think noblest thoughts, do the worthiest deeds, speak the most helpful words, and live a true life in Christ, take permanent rooms on the top floor of your dwelling.

**Sewing-Machines are now too common to provoke remark, but their history is one of the most interesting of all the inventions of modern times, and the results of their introduction upon family life and society in general are extended by few, if any, of the changes of the last century. Needle-work is as old as humanity; but the first attempt toward making a machine for needle-work was by C. F. Weisenthal, a German tailor, in 1755. The beginning of the "lock-stitch idea" was by John Duncan, a machinist of Glasgow, fifty years later.**
the sabbath recorder

the future of the negro is a tangle. the negro has no part outside of barbarism and slavery. a vast continent belongs to him as a natural home, but thus far the civilisation which has come to the continent is the paymaster of such races, whether identical or antagonistic, among themselves have often brought evil rather than good to the african. he is an infant in arms. imitation is his chief characteristic. he has nothing in character, can only be taught by experience which can for any length of time resist the domination of a stronger race, be it arab, boer, portuguese or british. he is a man in the flux, and the shaping of the mold into which he is to be cast is the work of to-day. america owes to the negro an unremitted debt, and the problem as to how that debt can be paid is not yet solved. the final solution seems likely to come in africa rather than in america.

the messenger.

rabbi ben simeon ben solomon, pressed by the crowd before, behind, passed through the market-place one day, seeking a way. the city’s traffic loud confused him. what is his name? the voice of them that bought and sold, with clink of silver piece and gold.

jehovah,” cried he, justled more, fearing to fall and rise no more, “thine angel send to guide my feet, and part the ways where dangers meet.” just then a beggar as he passed, a glance before his cast, and, seeing so his bitter need, stretched out his hand to lead.

“not so,” ten josef cried; “i wait a guide sent from jehovah’s gate.” the beggar felt, thus confused, where gratitude he should have earned.

john’s in the day rose. louder and harsher to its close. the old man turned, his head down, an exit from the crowd to gain. justled at every turn, his feet stumbling on the cobble street. once once more he cried, “jehovah, where is the angel that should guide? no angel, swivel-winged from thy throne, has hither for the helping hand.”

“my messenger thou didst not know,” he answered. “in a beggar’s humble guise his outward robe of endless despe; nor cared beneath his rag to find the healing which he needed. see now that thou the lesson learn, lest thou when repentance come should prove a messenger from me.”

american israelite.

prayer-meeting column.

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stands near the bay; and when this spot is compared with the story of his shipwreck as told in Acts, 27th chapter, there seems to be no doubt about this being the real spot. Valetta, the capital of Malta, is a fine city, and makes a fine gateway as seen from the sea. The Governor's Palace, with its fine museum of ancient heraldry, and the famous Cathedral of St. John drew forth many expressions of delight from all who were so happy as to visit them. The people of Valetta are fine-looking and cultured, speaking the Maltese language, which is a mixture of Arabic and Italian.

Six hundred of our company were doomed to disappointment, and compelled to stay on shipboard, on account of the extreme roughness of the sea after the storm.

The two hundred who did land had some thrilling experiences before they were safely back on board at night. It is a perilous undertaking for so many to go on board ship when swells roll twelve feet high at the foot of the gangway stairs. But this was accomplished about 8 o'clock, and we set sail for Athens.

The Prex Party was fortunate enough to be among those who landed, and they always are among the heroes of this day. Two nights and a day of sailing over historic waters, past the island of Crete, and into the Apostle preached, while we read his story of twelve or fifteen boats in tow, loaded with Celtic's. We were on board. But this had suffered, and was by now, still muffled in his cloak, so that it was impossible to gain any idea of his features.

The years went by, the war was finished, the President had suffered and died, engaged in the same great battle in which he was the leader. Alone for hours that night, he could hear their voices, and it was not until shortly before Mr. Beecher's death, over twenty years later, that it was known that the mysterious stranger who had called on the stormy winter night was Abraham Lincoln. The stress and strain of those days and nights, struggle, with all the responsibilities and sorrow, forced the aged man fighting for its life thrust upon him, had broken down his strength, and for a time undermined even his courage. He had traveled alone in disguise and at night from Washington to Brooklyn to gain the sympathy and help in his work which he knew, engaged, in the same great battle in which he was the leader. Alone for hours that night the two had wrestled together in prayer with the God of battles and the Watcher over the right, until they had received the help which he had promised to those who seek his aid. Whatever were the convictions and religious belief of Abraham Lincoln, there is no doubt that he believed in prayer and made that the source of his strength.—**Sunday School Times.**

**THE EMANCIPATION OF WOMAN.**

The address of Commissioner Carrol D. Wright to the students of Smith College on Washington's Birthday deserves attentive consideration. On the basis of his statistical studies he has reached the conclusion that the employment of women in commercial labor has resulted in adding to their mental attainments. The establishment and opening of so many institutions for the education of women in this country bear the closest relation to "the industrial prosperity and the stimulation which comes from active remunerative employment." Col. Wright condemns as absolutely false the statement that the morals of wage-earning women are not up to the standard of the morals of women under the husband system. He believes that his studies of this question in the United States, in great Britain and on the continent of Europe show that the morals of working-women are upon a plane of purity and refinement, and that the women are more scrupulous in the conduct of their families than those in the community. But Col. Wright believes that the industrial freedom of women will tend temporarily to a decrease in the moral strength and resources of the nation seemed to have been fruitlessly wasted. Henry Ward Beecher was then in Brooklyn, and was perhaps more prominently associated with the cause of the North than at that time any other minister of the gospel. He had preached and lectured and fought its battles in pulpit and press all over the country, had ransomed slaves from his pulpit, and his convictions and feelings were everywhere known.

Late one evening a stranger called at his home and asked to see him. Mr. Beecher was engaged in writing, but he insisted on seeing Mr. Beecher. This stranger refused to send up his name, and came muffled in a military cloak which completely hid his face. Mrs. Beecher's suspicions were aroused, and she was very unwilling that he should have the interview which he requested, especially as Mr. Beecher's life had been frequently threatened by sympathizers with the South. The latter, however, insisted that his visitor be shown up. Accordingly the stranger entered, the doors were shut, and for hours the wife below could hear their voices and their footsteps as they paced back and forth. Finally, toward midnight, the mysterious visitor went out, still muffled in his cloak, so that it was impossible to gain any idea of his features.

The next day, the war was finished, the President had suffered and died, engaged in the great battle in which he was the leader. Alone for hours that night the two had wrestled together in prayer with the God of battles and the Watcher over the right, until they had received the help which he had promised to those who seek his aid. Whatever were the convictions and religious belief of Abraham Lincoln, there is no doubt that he believed in prayer and made that the source of his strength.—**Sunday School Times.**
THE SABBATH RECORDER.

Vol. LVIII. No. 13.

"THE CHIP ON ONE'S SHOULDER."

P. W. GUNNATUR.

Every now and then some true and affectionate friend engages his powers and puts to service his wisdom and grace in that most delicate and difficult task—the taking of a chip from off one's own shoulder. Love never considers this operation as a noble enterprise. Moreover, it often seems a necessary bit of surgery or medication in order that friendship shall survive. I say "surgery or medication," advisedly, for about the first thing that a minister learns is the doctrine of the "chip on the shoulder of the other man whom he would like to help is this,—that the chip itself is flesh and blood, or at least a part of the man himself. It is covered by the same skin which covers the nose on his face, or the ear at the side of his head. You never know how certainly this is the fact about the chip on your beloved's shoulder, until you try to move it to another point where it will not be bumped against so often in the movements of his associates, or where especially it does not offer itself like a grumbling volcano to be seen and heeded. A chip, in a way, is an invincible battle on the part of one's own peculiarities of temper which seem destined to move in that direction.

That this chip on our friend's shoulder is nearly always the most sensitive portion of his external being is not a strange fact when we reflect that it is the point under the law which makes us more conscious at the unhealthy points on the surface of ourselves than we are anywhere else. It is the mark of unsoundness; it is the testimony that the circulation is not right in quality or quantity; and only dull-eyed people in the neighborhood of a sick body fail to see that it has been developed out of the man who carries it, instead of being placed on his shoulder through deliberation or chance. It is very easy to tell the man who wears it, "Take the chip off your shoulder," but that is a very unintelligent, as uncharitable, as symptomatic advice. It is a convention, however, on the part of one's loving anxiety there may be in it; for the unwelcome condition of the man out of which it grew often makes him half proud of it. All his superior wisdom is fancied to have been gathered in it. He takes it to be the very point where he ranks highest, or his courage is only what his best friends know as the "chip on his shoulder."

How wonderfully inclusive and accurate what we call these chips are in autobiographical lore! The whole of a man's history and the sorrows to which he is subjected, or his coarse or extraordinary devotion to a particular plan manifests itself. It is a place where his nature says "No!" to the commonplace humanity likely to make incursions upon his self-conscious excellence. He feels that if his most sensitive point goes, he will lose himself. But that his best friends know as the "chip on his shoulder."

WISCONSIN LETTER.

Wisconsin sometimes boasts of her public school system, which, though not perfect, possesses some admirable features. Its first great promoter was one of the pioneer organizers of the state, the Hon. Henry Barnard, who came to Wisconsin from New England many years ago. He had been Commissioner of Rhode Island, and had organized high schools, teachers' institutes, and a normal academy, and had reorganized the school system of Connecticut, and on coming to Wisconsin took the first place in her education. Mr. Barnard started at six, and it was the work of many hands, but its not the state provide technical schools of education which he conducted to the close of his life.

From the impetus given it at the outset by Prof. Barnard, the Wisconsin system has kept well at the front, under the leadership of a series of able superintendents. Among these are four men furnished by Milton College, each of whom has been honored by a re-election for a second term. These are President Whitford, Prof. Edward Searing, Prof. J. B. Thayer and the Hon. L. B. Harvey, the present superintendent. In addition to the honors conferred, has been President of the National Association of State and Municipal Superintendents.

The Wisconsin system now embraces three distinct parts: the district and village school, a series of normal schools for the training of public school teachers and the State University. It is truly a system. The first of these of which I shall speak in this letter.

Like that of most other states, Wisconsin's public school system in its earlier stages consisted of little more than the establishment of districts, each having its school house, built without much regard to convenience or sanitary conditions, with its three months of school in winter and about the same in summer, taught, or rather "kept," according to the notions of the teachers in charge, little heed being paid either to what had been done or to what ought to be attempted in the future. The evolution of our present system from this crudest form has been the work of many hands, but its main points owe their origin to the labors of a few. It was Superintendent Whitford who really started the movement which resulted in a uniform syllabus of subjects for study in all the low grades or common schools of the state. This syllabus is arranged in three grades or forms, each form embracing work sufficient to occupy the time of the average child for three years. Thus the child who starts at six years of age has been Schooling in school with a fair degree of regularity and carries on the work with an average measure of diligence will, at the age of fifteen years, have acquired a pretty good common-school education. This education will embrace a good many things which are, perhaps, the best things in a man's life—observation studies from nature, writing exercises from conversations, etc. This prepares the way for the graded schools and high school of the villages and cities of the state. The full courses in the latter qualify students for entrance to the corresponding college courses at the University, and the best schools of colleges of the state. But quite one-half of the school children of the state, or about 225,000 children, live in rural communities, and careful statistics show that only a very small percent of these ever got to the grade, and high schools. Thus one-half of Wisconsin's children are deprived of the opportunities for the more advanced training which the state furnishes to the other half. Is this just to the children of the rural districts? Moreover, carefull statesmen are of the opinion that the rural districts are growing smaller and that fewer large children attend them than formerly, which means the cheapspending of wages paid to teachers, and this means poorer work and fewer months in the schools. These and some similar considera- tion have forced the question, "What can be done to improve the school facilities in the rural communities?" The most practical answer seems to lie in the plan of disorganizing the old county district schools and consolidating them with the village or city schools, or massing them in central counties, districts where schools of three or more departments can be established. The present Superintendent is working out, with great care, the details of this movement. It is being successfully accomplished in some sections of Wisconsin as well as in other states. The saving in the cost of building and maintaining one such school in place of ten or a dozen of the old districts is more than enough to pay the systematic transportation of all children to and from the school. The part of the plant besides placing within reach of the rural communities, as well as of the villages and cities, all the privileges of the graded school, and, in most cases, of the high school. It seems not too much to speak of this as an assured fact in the very near future.

Superintendent Harvey is also an enthusiastic advocate of a system of training schools throughout the rural communities of the state, and one in every county, where the courses shall consist largely of subjects of practical interest and value to farmers, stock-raisers, dairymen, and the like. The great industries of the state are still largely of the rural class. These, like all other industries, their progress, and highest success, require the best efforts of the skilled workman. Why, therefore, should not the state provide technical schools of this class and place them within the reach of the young people who are to constitute the great rural industries of the next few years? Already two schools of this character have been founded, and give promise of most gratifying results. The object of these schools is to place within reach of the average farmer's boy and girl the information and experience which the state experiment stations gives to those employed in them; in other words, to adapt to the capacity and needs of the masses that which the experiment station gives to the few; much as the country high school is intended to bring to the rural masses the culture which has hitherto been the heritage of a favored class. The experiment, if such it must still be called, is attracting attention of superintendents of other states; and, should Superintendent Harvey receive the office for the third term, as he has been for the first two, he may reasonably be expected that he will make the plan in quite a general operation throughout the state. The increased dignity and value which such a system will give to the agricultural interests of the state is beyond estimate.

L. A. PLATTS.

Milwaukee, March 25, 1892.
of the circulation when the heart is not warm with love. It is lovelessness sticking out. It is always ready to be hit, and it never gets quite know how to get to be hit, until at last all personal and genial intercourse are impossible. It is the traditional Irishman of us, not knowing what the government is, but being "agin the government, whether it is Liberal or Tory."

What an enormous weight it represents, if we notice how the figure goes down the mountain, part of the one shoulder and presses that balance of the scale down until the man is top-sided, and his other shoulder, like the twin balance with all it contains, kicks the beam. And what inherently weighty things that are the shoulders carry! It is the family associations, duties and affections; the demands and ministries of friendship; that calm and good sense which are needed in business, and the considerations of schol­

army, and the considera­tions of scholarship and religion. These and a thousand other things are as nothing, however, on the shoulder which is tilted into the air, while the other shoulder is burdened and prone with a single chip.

Whether the man be a Senator from South Carolina, or a fastidious, brilliant society leader, or even an impulsive, unorthodox, he makes the figure go down the mountain by being hit, until at last all

shoulder which is tilted until at last all single chip.

find that all teachableness has vanished and is better that the Christian should do his Government, whether it is Liberal or laden, it takes only about two such people to help her gladly; she remembered did the beam. And what inherently other portionate, pant after him. It seems rather to the circulation when he among so that all the enterprise whom you want to help in this direction to of any work which he get to try to get a reaction of love within him; only love itself, about to preach, creating "new light, will only God make, not try to avoid surgery. Only God himself, inspiring and quickening and enriching the divine life within the soul, can, by the meedium from you, make and mine the smallest of chips. Love—and only love—in "not easily provoked."

FIDELITY is seven-tenths of business success
—James Parton.

WHEN THE GRAY IS IN THE HAIR.

When we see the silver creeping o'er our old mother's brow,
And that form which once was upright, bent long years ago,
When we see the wrinkles deepening on that face once fresh and fair,
Then it is we love her dearest—when the gray is in the hair.

When the step is slow and trembling, and the voice is low and faint,
How thank God for our mother, for her every comfort seek!

For the eyes which age has paled to lead us as a child,
And those arms were ever round us, though we wayward were, and wild.

And those cheeks which time has furrowed used to smile
With love and care. O'er the crib where they hugged, and those lips full a many prayer.

In the silent hours of night-time, spoke to One who hears us all.

Pleading for her sleeping darlings, begging that he might not fall.

If, perchance, we woke in terror, in the solemn hours of night,
And the room seemed full of bogies, adding to our dream.

Who was it that came with kisses to our little fright?

Lulling us to rest with love-words, telling us one was nigh?

Do you not recall that feeling?—perfect peace and perfect rest.

As to slumberland you wander, with your head upon her breast.

Caring not for all the shadows, though they thickly throng you round.

In the arms of the one that is in the very soul are you sweetest refuge you have found.

As before the sweet day-dawning, strakes of silver thine.

Presaging the coming morning, when the shadows all shall fly.

So upon her dear old forehead God has placed his symbol there.

Telling of a life that's coming, when the soul is free from care.

Though her step is slow and trembling, and her hair is streaked with gray,
Help her gladly: she, remember, did the same for us one day.

For when her old chair is empty, house will not be just like the same.

Only memory is left us, and an unknown name.—Selected

INCAPABLE OF JUDGING.

There is not a Christian in the world that is capable of judging beforehand the efficacy of any work which he may do in Christ's name for the weal of others. The keenest human vision is far too weak to do this, and I think that it is quite well that this is the case. It is better that the Christian should do his work by trial and error, and only God may, however unwise for his tasks he may regard himself, with the prayer that God will use the efforts in his own way and for such results as he pleases. One of the editors of the Religious Herald of Richmond, Va., quotes the following letter from a correspondent, sent in the South: "You know how great a man Jesse Mercer, of Georgia, was, and what crowds flocked to hear him. Once such a crowd so met, and 'Father Mercer' was about to preach, when he was taken quite sick. He rose and said: 'I am unfit for the service, but,' pointing to Basil Manly, then quite a youth, but afterwards President of Alabama University, said, 'Here is a lad with five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?' Young Manly stepped forth and announced the same pas­

sage in the text, where a good revival sprung up and hundreds were converted from a corresponding replace."

When Dr. Manley was advanced in life an aged lady met him and said: "And is this the lad with five barley loaves and a few small fishes?" And the tears rolled down her cheeks as she said, 'Lord for that sermon, which had led her to Christ when she was but a little girl.'

The editor adds: "There is no telling when preaching is going to do great good. Once Dr. J. W. Williams said, after preaching a sermon in Charleston, 'If preaching as this can do no good, I had as well go back to Baltimore.' And he did go back that night. We could not help it, and yet that very sermon was instrumental in the conversion of a great Christian worker. God has often glorified himself, contrary to the common wisdom of his servants. The human heart is so much inclined to indulge in pride that it boasts of the good that its possessor has done, instead of giving God the credit for the results thereof. We must be willing to do our work as best we can, leaving God to judge of its efficiency."

C. H. WETHERHILL.

HOME DEPARTMENT SUPPLIES FOR OUR SABBATH SCHOOLS.

The Sabbath School Board has ordered printed a quantity of Home Department sup­plies, and confidently asks that our schools use them.

The Record Envelopes are forty cents per hundred, and the Visitor's Quarterly Report blanks are forty cents per hundred.

The Board wishes to take this opportunity to urge the claims of the Home Department upon schools where this very valuable method of Bible study has not been undertaken. Many schools are using the Department with great satisfaction. Write to Rev. I. L. Cottrell, of Hor­nellsville, N. Y., for suggestions, or send direct­ly to the Recorder office at Plainfield, N. J., for supplies.

We wish also to take this opportunity to urge those who have so promptly and gen­erously made it possible for us to make the first two payments on The Sabbath Visitor. Our thanks are also due in advance to those schools and individuals who are to send us the money to make the last payment.

Our regular Board expenses now includes the salary of the editor of The Sabbath Visi­tor. We have not a cent of stated income, but depend, as you are supposed to remember, on "one collection a year from each school." Less than two schools have sent us such collections this year. We do not worry at all yet for you have always done so well by us.

Then there was the special effort for the Visitor fund. You have seen by the published reports of our Board meetings of the work that we are trying to do, and we invite your co-operation in it. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Geo. B. Shaw,
President Sabbath School Board.
THE SABBATH RECORDER.

[Vol. LVIII. No. 13.

Missions.

By O. U. Whittford, Cor. Secretary, Westerty, R. I.

From a letter written by Ebenezer Ammoko received Sunday morning, March 23, has come to us the very sad intelligence of the death of Mr. Velthuyzen, at Salt Pond, Gold Coast, West Africa, Feb. 20, 1902.

The following is the letter received:

SALT POND, Feb. 21, 1902.
Rev. O. U. Whittford, Cor. Sec., Westerty, R. I., U. S. A.:—

Dear Sir and Father in Christ—We are very sorry to give you the information of Mr. Velthuyzen’s death, which happened on the 20th inst., at 6 o’clock P. M., and he was buried this morning at 9:30 o’clock. We cannot arrange the news ready to leave, but we must soon write to explain everything well with respect to his death. May the Lord bless and comfort you and all.

Yours faithfully and feelingly in Christ,

E. G. A. AMMOKO.
JOSEPH AMMOKO.

Traveler Geo. H. Utter received, Friday morning, March 21, a letter from Mr. Velthuyzen evidently dictated, and in Ebenezer Antioch’s hand writing. He said:—“I have almost finished the account of traveling expenses when I grew weak and spent much of the time in bed. I made several attempts to be brave and overcome this weakness by exercise, but after some efforts I fell back as if exhausted from heavy labor and still weakened or than before. For this reason I trust you will see my excuse for not having sent the account of the traveling expenses and the outfit for the mission work.” We received also the same day a letter from Ebenezer asking the Missionary Board to send a ham­mock to Mr. Velthuyzen for his traveling, and in case of serious sickness that he may be quickly taken from here (Ayan Maim) to Salt Pond. Evidently that is what they did that he might have a good physician and good care. The last letter we received from him was written at Salt Pond, Dec. 37, 1901. He had been there some two or three weeks recuperating from his exhausting voyage, and was feeling much better. He and Eld. Joseph Ammoko had been holding some open-air meetings. They expected to start the next week on their journey. They evidently met on the 20th, according to the letter of Ebenezer Ammoko, published in the SABBATH Recorder of March 17, they made an evangelistic trip into the Akumfi district, visiting certain villages. It is feared that this trip was too much for Mr. Velthuyzen, not being in full vigor and strength, and it brought on the deadly fever. As soon as we get the full information concerning his sickness and death, it will be published on this page. His unexpected death is a terrible blow to our Gold Coast friends, and brings great sadness and grief to all our hearts. We must devoutly pray for the comforting grace and strength of our Heavenly Father to come upon the dear stricken, sorrowing family in Holland, and upon all who are in grief and sorrow because of his death.

LIFE AMONG ESQUIMAUS.

ROBERT STEIN.

Of the United States Geological Survey.

Outside of our own Aryan race, and its immediate affiliations, there is perhaps not a tribe of men on the globe more interesting than this little community of hyperboreans. Living between the 76th and 79th degrees of north latitude, they are the most northerly of the earth’s inhabitants, since the north point of Siberia, Cape Chelyuskin, extends to only 77 degrees and 45 minutes, and is uninhabited. From their kindred in Danish Greenland and sparsely distributed to the southwest beyond 200 miles, mostly occupied by the icy wilderness of Melville bay. Across Baffin Bay their kindred in Baffin Land are 225 miles away.

Anything more extraordinary than the mode of life of these people it would be hard to imagine. First of all, they inhabit the most extraordinary country. The most elaborate “shoe-string district” produced by gerry­wandering in the United States cannot compare with the land these people call their home. A mere fringe along the seashore, rarely more than a mile wide, is free from ice. Even this fringe is interrupted a hundred times by the rivers of ice that flow through many valleys into the sea from the ice sheet covering all the interior to an unknown depth. Nor is the fringe a flowery border. In the west it is simply a perfectly black rock face peeping from under the enormous range of the universal ice mantle. For the most part, only islands and peninsulas show a larger extent of ice-free land. Imagine the Palisades of the Hudson extending a distance of some hundreds of miles, while a uniform ice sheet, with here and there a gentle swell, covers all New Jersey within reach of the eye, its frayed edge extending in most places to the very brow of the cliffs, sometimes like a white forehead band, running along their tops; with a stream of ice coming down through every gorge, and house bases reaching the sea, that is Esquimau land.

If, besides, you imagine that over about half the distance the foot of the rock face is hidden by the debris of a huge quarry, with blocks of all sizes tumbled together in every conceivable way, sometimes to a depth of 100 feet, perhaps 200 feet, you will have a fairly accurate picture of the features that are apt to leave the strongest impression on the mind. Yet the picture will not be complete without its milder features. Here and there a stretch of low and comparatively level land intervenes between the height of the cliffs and the seashore, and in such cases we may find verdant meadows, gay with flow­ers and covered with grass a foot high. In many places old talus slopes, with profile as straight as if laid out by an engineer, testify to the former activity of the frosty harryman in the cliffs above, but for some reason this activity has ceased, and cliffs are black and gray and orange with lichen, and the talus slopes are covered with a soft carpet of moss and grass. In a few places even the tops of the cliffs, 1,100 feet above the sea, are covered with vegetation, with a form of grass abundant, though stunted, growth of grass.

How such a land can afford sustenance to human beings seems at first sight an enigma. In point of fact, the Esquimaus asks of the land no sustenance, but merely a footing—a storage place. So long as he has a rock which he knows will not move day tomorrow, or next year he is content, for there he can deposit the treasures he wins from the sea with the certainty of finding them again. In picking out a building site he is guided by several considerations. His house (iglu) must not be more than 100 to 200 feet from the shore, because he is transportation of his valuables, easy by water or over ice, is a formidable task overlaid. The diest, level­est, grassiest place, of course, is preferred. It must not be too close to the cliffs, lest a falling block should crush both house and inhabitant. It must be fairly near by to some good hunting ground. All these conditions are best fulfilled on the low peninsulas that jut out seaward from the foot of the cliffs in many places. However, there is a sunny, grass-covered tip (iglerna), a building site if that is near by, the Esquimau does not object to building 300 or 400 feet above sea level. Thus the whole coast is lined with houses built in past centuries, so that there is rarely need of building new ones. At first sight we would hardly call them houses, they look so much like mounds. It is only at the end of a long march, when cold and fatigue combine to render one appreciative, that the presence or absence of one of these houses at the stopping place makes all the difference between comfort and misery. They are all constructed after an invariable pattern. A famous philosopher by simply remarking that “all swallows build alike,” thought he had proved that animals do not reason. If that proof is valid, Esquimaus must be included among animals, for except a slight difference in size there is no variation in the houses. In point of economy of space it would be hard to beat them. The ordinary movements required in eating, cooking, dressing and undressing and going to sleep, etc., may be performed in the inclosed space with perfect comfort, but you may not wander further than usual in any direction if you do not wish to run up against the wall. The ground plan has the shape of a horse-shoe with two excrescences at the corners. The walls and roof are of stone, large flat slabs being used for the roof. The whole is covered with peat.

NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF A STATE.

The rapid changes that the business of state at the National Capitol are strikingly illus­trated in the case of New Jersey, which in a few years rose to a pinnacle of influence, but has now fallen back into the ranks. Hobart, the Vice President, had once been the Vice President and now he is a member of the Senate, He enjoyed President McKinley’s confidence, and few measures of importance were decided without his aid. Hobart’s protege, John W. Griggs, was Attorney-General at a time when inter­national and colonial questions gave to the office an importance it never before possessed.

General William J. Sewell, the senior Sena­tor from New Jersey, was one of the Presi­dent’s most loyal friends. The Senator, and Mr. McKinley depended greatly upon his influence in the Senate at large and in the Military Affairs Committee.

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WOMEN'S WORK.

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

THE SOWER.
FRANCES R. MAYBROOK.

I had much need to sow, said one; "I planned To fill broad furrows, and to watch it spring, And watered the head; Of Him to whom I sought great sheaves to bring Is laid upon His labor, and I wait, Weak, helpless, to His grace to wait.

Now I have nothing only day by day Gracious to clothe me in the ways of life, And some sweet passing glimper by the way Of Him, the altogether lovely One, And some strange things to learn, unlearned before, That make the suffering light, if it but teach me more.

Yet, from the husk of that secluded room, Fourfold winged seeds of thought and prayer, Those, reaching many a desert place to bloom, And many a heart to bear Those, wafted heavenward with song and sigh To fail again with showers of blessing from on high.

We want to call your attention to the article, "Our Early Martyrs," written by Mrs. D. E. Tittsworth, the first part of which appears in this issue of the Recorder. It is worthy your careful reading and consideration. The paper was prepared at the request of the Tract Committee connected with the Woman's Society for Christian Work of the Peacefield Church, for reading at the regular Friday evening prayer-meeting. Mrs. Tittsworth read the main part of the article, and the extracts were read by members of the Young People's Society.

We would like to suggest that other churches try the same plan and have this article read either at the Friday evening meeting or at the Young People's meeting. A series of papers, perhaps one a month, on different phases of our denominational history, would prove both interesting and profitable. Our young people ought to know more of which they stand, and the older ones might well have a better understanding of what they do know.

TROUBLES make the whole world kin. But for Miss Stone's long months of captivity, we might never have even known her name; nor church, nor city, nor country in which she was imprisoned. The whole world should be interested in every detail of her welfare, the followers of Christ all over the world. If we could but mirror what Miss Stone has been through, we might well be thankful for the liberty we now enjoy.

The American Board in Boston also received a letter from Rev. E. B. Haskell, pastor of the church in Salonica, dated March 1, which says: "Ransomed captives—seemed remarkably well. Miss Stone is troubled some by a knee which makes her feel as if it had been pulled out of joint. Our Sunday School here is increasing, and has a fine spirit in its members. The Sabbath meeting is attended by many. The people are now more and more turning from the heathenism of the surrounding country to the truths of the Christian religion."

Our Early Martyrs.

"It is so difficult for our young people to find employment that they are obliged to leave the Sabbath," they will always be looked down upon by people of other denominations if they observe the seventh day of the week.

These and kindred remarks you may have heard not infrequently, perhaps, until it would seem that we were most unfortunate to have been born of Sabbatharian parentage. I fear parents sometimes let such expressions fall upon the ears of their children, and it is no wonder that their children are not strong in principle. We admit that it is sometimes difficult for our young people to find employment, and so it is for many a first-day keeper. It does require a little effort; sometimes a great one, to be true to principle, in other things as well as in Sabbath-keeping. There are some one likes to be considered peculiar; and yet can we not afford to if we are peculiar in being right?

Of course we meet with difficulties and discouragements, but if we look back some four hundred years, we shall find the pages of history and of the church illuminated with the life stories of those who met far greater difficulties, and in the defense of their principles were willing to suffer persecution, and even martyrdom.

Among the earliest of whom we have record was Carlstadt, 1520, and later, a companion and follower of Luther. Indeed if Carlstadt were to write further about the Sabbath, Sunday would have to give way, and the Sabbath—that is to say, Saturday—must be kept holy. In Holland, Barbara von Thiers and Christiana Tolingeren, were martyred in 1623.

Another early witness for the Sabbath was John Erith, an English reformer, who assisted Tyndale in the translation of the Bible. He suffered martyrdom at Smithfield in 1533.

In Transylvania many prominent persons kept holy the seventh day; among them was Francisc Davideis, chaplain to the Prince, the Princess, and the Pope. He was a Presbyterian church-cellar; a general; a rector; a Professor of the Academy at Claudiopolis, and others of high rank. One of these, Palaeologus, was burned at Rome, 1585.

From the dawn of the Reformation Seventh-Day Baptists, descendants of the Waldenses, became quite prominent in Bohemia, Holland, and other sections of Northern Europe. These seem to have localized in England, as we find churches mentioned at Braintree in Essex; Cheshunt, Norweston, Salisbury in Wiltshire; Sherborne, in Buckinghamshire; Tewkesbury or Nail'sford, in Berkshire; Woodbridge, in Suffolk; and three in London, viz.: the Millyard church, the Cripplegate church, and the Pinner's Hall church.

During the 17th century much was written on the subject of the Sabbath. In 1880 Dr. Jones, pastor of the church at Mill yard, London, had in his library 153 volumes on this question, many of them in favor of the Seventh-day Sabbath. Many of those who defended it were men of high standing and prominent both in church and state. Chambers' Cyclopaedia says: In the 17th century and they (Seventh-day Baptists) were numero- nous and active as to have called forth replies from Bishop White, Warner, Baxter, Bunyan, Wallis and others. Some of them suffered keenly for daring to uphold the truth. Among them were the names of John Trask, John Brown, John Oxford, Edward Fisher, Edward and Joseph Stennett, William Sellers, and George Carlow. John Trask and his wife were converted to the Sabbath, and in 1618 he was brought before the infamous Star Chamber and tried upon the charge of preaching, "Christian men, the people of God, his Majesty's subjects, little better than Jews, both in the matter of abstaining from eating meats, which the Jews were forbidden in Leviticus, and that they were bound to observe the Jewish Sabbath." He was sentenced to "be set upon the pillory in Westminster, and from thence to be tied to the cart's tail and whipped all the way to Fleet prison, probably about two miles, there to remain prisoner."

We learn that he remained there about four months.

Mrs. Trask, before her imprisonment, kept a private school for children and employed an assistant who was also a Sabbath-keeper.

Attention was drawn to her Sabbatharian principles from the fact that she would not teach upon the Sabbath, consequently she was summoned before the Council. Euphrissa Pagrett gives the following account of her.

Mistress Trask lay for fifteen or sixteen years a prisoner for her opinions about the Saturday Sabbath; in all which time she would receive no relief from anybody, notwithstanding she wanted much, alleging that it is written, 'it's a more blessed thing to give than to receive.' Neither would she borrow. She deemed it a dis- ability to teach, Christ, sister to the Hebrews, and to have her "head, from the most of her imprisonment, that is till a little before her death was bread and water, and a little given to her with a few marks, nor wine, nor bread, nor water."

"She charged the keeper of the prison not to bury her in church nor church-yard, but in the fields only; which she received of the keeper's son. Afterwards, at the age of forty shillings a year: which she lacked more to live upon, so she had of such prisoners as did employ her sometimes to do business for them. Not this vanity within in the prison, for out of the prison she would not go, so she sickened and died. So there was no end to her in less than half a generation. 'Tis true it begins of late to be a little more to her again; but yet she receives no more than she was observed to be so much at such; it is therefore observed to be so much at all gauged of spirit, with which the times are troubled, as yet it is, and therefore; and therefore it is hoped a short course (such as this is) may suffice against it."

Paggett also mentions: "One Mr. Hebben, a prisoner in the new prison, that lay there for holding Saturday Sabbath;" also a Mrs. Mary Chester who was kept in prison for some time.

Theophilus Bruburowe wrote four books bearing upon the Sabbath question between 1626 and 1659, one of which he dedicated to the king. This elicited a reply from Bishop White in fulfillment of an order from his Majesty. It is recorded that in consequence of a summons before the Privy Council, the book was the only one that was ever prevailed upon to become a convert and quietly conform himself to the Church of England. This seems but temporary, however, as the preface to his book in 1654 contains the evidence of his soundness of principle.

We quote his own words: "The soundness and clearness of this my cause gives me good hope that God will enlighten them (the magistrates) with it, and so incline their hearts unto mercy. But if, since I verily believe and know it to be a truth, and my duty not to smother it, and suffer it to die with me, I have adventured to publish it and defend it, so be it. If Queen Esther, 'if I perish, I perish;' and with the Apostle Paul, 'neither is my life dear unto me, so that I may fulfill my course with joy.' What a corroboration would it prove to my conscience, on my deathbed, of what I have written? To point how I lived, and what I wrote, is all. But, would not reveal them. How could I say with St. Paul, that I had revealed the whole counsel of God, had not he (who wrote) written his root which was on hope that I could then conceive that God would open his gate of mercy to me, while I lived, would not open my mouth for him?"

(Continued in next issue)

FILLING HIS ORDER.—"What's all that noise like a pile driving machine at work?"

"That's the cook pounding your bestek. You ordered tendliner, I believe, sir."—Leslie's Weekly.
***ODD WAYS OF BIRDS.***

Olive Thorne Miller.

It is not without significance that the Sphinx is represented with wings, for the bird, with the marbles and mysteries of his life, is still a wonder to us. Early in any really close study of his life and habits one is struck with this fact. What a wealth of careful observation and study "without a gun" will be necessary before we shall be familiar with his many extraordinary ways, and still more before we shall be able to understand the eccentricities of a life which appears at a casual glance as simple.

The whole subject of migration, for example, is wonderful, and full of problems which have furnished material for miles of manuscript and bushels of books, and are still unsolved. And Herr Gatke has added one more, having discovered that the birds always travel with perfectly empty stomachs.

The remarkable feat of sinking the body in water to any desired depth, and holding it there without motion, and without clinging to anything, is another unexplained secret. Geese, ducks, sandpipers, and cormorants are masters in this manoeuvre.

The air would naturally appear to be the domain of winged creatures, yet many of them are equally at home in the water. A fish might envy the speed and ease with which the penguin and eiderdash about in their native element. Hardly more than a fish does that strange creature, the petrel, need to come to land; eating and sleeping on the waves, his only tie to earth is the necessity of a cradle for the helpless young. Whole families of sea birds pass their lives in and on the ocean, and come to the shore only for the nesting season.

We smile at the idea of a sea bird who is as much at home on water as on land, needing or wishing to ride, yet the tropic bird is said occasionally to vary his wing exercises by gliding for a sail on the back of a tortoise which he finds lazily floating on the surface. Major Bendine tells of a little owl at the West caught riding on the back of an unwilling gopher with an air of such composure that the observer was convinced that it was a common exploit of the bird.

It is a wonder to think of birds spending their lives on the water it is almost as odd to know of whole families who spend theirs in the air and never come to the ground. In some of the tropical forests where trees are between two and three hundred feet in height, the birds' branches and air above them are the home of countless birds and insects and monkeys. More than two hundred feet from the earth below they find not only light and air, but food in plenty, and even water in the various reservoirs of the giant plants and creepers.

Birds have many extraordinary habits, with which all are so familiar as to fail to realize their singularity. The strange habits of the European cuckoo, shirking the pains and pleasures of nest-making and rearing a family, and even in the cradle, it is said, evicting the eighties nestlings to secure exclusive care; the hornbill walling up his mate, with her assistance, during the process of brooding and feeding the young—and many others.

Some persons will perhaps scoff at the idea of a bird's polite manners, and we shall hear again the complaint of those who have no real acquaintance with birds in their homes that we make them too human, but let me present a few trustworthy facts—explain them who can. Many of our winged fellow-creatures welcome the approach of their mates by a sudden opening and closing of the wings. The nighthawks do this when first they light upon the ground, and others mate when first they arrive in a flock of a few feet, added a note or two of greeting, then lifted the wings with an air that "spoke louder than words." The sea eagle, according to Audubon, answers the note of his mate by opening his wings wide, licking the air below with his bill, and uttering a cry. That we have not seen more of such things in bird life is probably because we have not studied them closely enough. The bows and genuflexions of the burrowing owl of the West, as one passes his wing crossword, this bird goes over the account of the giant bird's offering a delectable morsel to his neighbor, in some cases passing it back and forth among several, both call for explanation from the sceptic.

It is certainly a most peculiar thing for a creature with wings to go over the ground on "all fours," yet there are at least two well-known birds who progress in that way "on occasions." One is the common grebe, so oddly fitted for land travel that when there are no occasions for it, or for when they simply drop to the ground and uses the wings as a second pair of legs, quodruped fashion.

In association with one another, birds show as much individuality as men. There are birds of solitary tastes who are never found calling the world to witness anything. And Herr Gatke has added one more, d'ye-do or in spirit, the way of a penguin. She comes in from the sea with a supply, then sticks her bill up into the air and delivers a long, noisy harangue as if calling the world to witness. Meanwhile the younger creeps up to her and waits till the meal is finished, and then she bends her head down with mouth open. Then the infant thrusts his head into her mouth and appears to suck something from the throat.

It has long been known that nature performs wonderful cures in the animal world; broken bones are joined, bullets cased, the severest wounds healed, and the patient able to go on. But the bird, in some cases passing it back and forth among several, both call for explanation from the sceptic. It is certainly a most peculiar thing for a creature with wings to go over the ground on "all fours," yet there are at least two well-known birds who progress in that way "on occasions." One is the common grebe, so oddly fitted for land travel that when there are no occasions for it, or for when they simply drop to the ground and uses the wings as a second pair of legs, quodruped fashion.

As to the various ways of food-getting in the bird world, some of the large sea birds get it by robbing other birds, and the English sparrow is rapidly becoming expert in this business. He began by taking food from young birds who were being fed by their parents, and now it is not uncommon to see him snatching from the robin the worm he had just drawn out of the ground. He is not so big as the native bird, but he is a good deal quicker.

There are birds on the other hand who confer benefnts by their way of feeding, relieving animals of their parasites. One in African attacces to the camels, elephants, and cattle, and it is very droll to see the businesslike way in which he goes over the big creatures as a woodpecker goes over a tree, examining every hottest spot, or open wound for parasites. Our own cowbirds are indefatigable in their attentions to cattle. Perhaps that is the reason they haven't time to make a nest and rear their own young.

Many birds fed their mates while sitting, but that bird of odd ways, the hornbill, has a unique way of presenting his offering done up in a neat package. He swallows the fruit as he finds it, but not for his own benefit, for when he comes to the nest he recovers it snugly wrapped in the lining of his gizzard. This is so extraordinary that we might be excused for doubting it if we were not abundantly confirmed by authentic witnesses.

Another African bird has what might be called dinner parties, where a number assemble and by dancing about in a shallow lake stir up the inhabitants that we might be excused for doubting it if we were not abundantly confirmed by authentic witnesses. It is not extraordinary that the bird has the curious habit of hanging up his cold meat on thorns for parasites. Of course that brings him out to see what it means, with the usual result.

The shrike is the recipient of much undeserved abuse because he has the curious habit of hanging up his cold meat on thorns for his parasites. Of course that brings him out to see what it means, with the usual result.

There are many strange ways of administering food to the young, from the robin who drops it into the mouth, to the flicker who rams and hammers it down till one is horrified for a sight. One of the most curious is the way of a penguin. She comes in from the sea with a supply, then sticks her bill up into the air and delivers a long, noisy harangue as if calling the world to witness. Meanwhile the younger creeps up to her and waits till the meal is finished, and then she bends her head down with mouth open. Then the infant thrusts his head into her mouth and appears to suck something from the throat.

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Many birds fed their mates while sitting, but that bird of odd ways, the hornbill, has a
makes the street his home and the gang his family, or else drives him in upon himself, into uncommunicated imaginings and feverish desires. It is the modern story of the man whose home is his prison, and his prison an empty one, because it was empty there entered seven devils to keep him company. If there is one thing that a boy cannot bear it is himself. He is by nature a pugnacious animal, and if the group which nature gives him is denied, then he begins himself to any group which may solicit him. A boy, like all things in nature, abhors a vacuum, and if his home is a vacuum of loneliness and homelessness, then he abhors his home.

Evidently, therefore, when one speaks of the peril of homelessness, he is not thinking of poor boys alone. Of course, there is a poverty which involves homelessness, the wandering life of the street Arab or the young tramp. In a vast majority, however, even of very humble homes, one of the most conspicuous and beautiful traits is the instinct of family life, and enduring every kind of strain—the woman clamping to the drunken husband, the parents bearing with the wayward son—and, on the other hand, an increasing danger of the prosperous is in the tendency to homelessness; the peril of the nominal, not the genuine, home, enduring every kind of strain which one might at any time fold, like the Arabs, and as silently steal away; the slackening of responsibility through the movement of social habit to the hotel or boarding-house as ways of escape from the burdens of the home.

I heard of a mother in the Boston Public Garden who said: "There is my baby in the distance in its carriage."

"Is it?" said her friend."

"I think so," said the mother, "for I seem to recognize the nurse."

The fact is that between some boys of the most prosperous and some boys of the least prosperous type there exists a very curious and imperfectly recognized likeness of condition. Both run grave risk of homelessness; to both the home presents itself as a shifting, restless, temporary incident.

The growth of the boarding-school system, to a large extent, is an indictment of the luxuriant growth of the career of a boy. It is but the admission by parents that, for some reason—often a good reason, but often a mere unwillingness to care for the child—some other place is more wholesome for the boy than the home into which they are born. Such a boy, though he may have many blessings, has missed the fundamental blessing of a boy’s life and his chief defense from sin.

If, therefore, a boy is normally the product of a home, what kind of a home is likely to make the right kind of a boy? There are three marks of a good home, which a boy will recognize before he will think his home good, which, if recognized as marks of his own home, will mark the boy for good.

The first mark is simplicity. I do not mean meagerness, or emptiness, or lack of comforts, or luxuries. Some good homes are luxurious, and some are bare; and bad homes are to be found both among the poor and among the rich. A simple home is simply a home—not a step to somewhere else; not an instrument of social ambition or restlessIng.; it is the home of a family. It is the location of the dog creeps into at night; but a center of affectionate self-denial and mutual forbear-

ance, an end in itself, as though it were enough for a family to make simply a home.

The second mark of a good home is consistency. It is not a place of many precepts, but of one, and one that is easily formed by exhortation, but he is reached with extraordinary ease by contagion. A boy is in many respects immature and unobservant, but one trait in him is highly developed—the capacity to detect anything that looks like human nature. If he observes any considerable inconsistency between precept and example, between exhortation and character, all the well-intended efforts of his home are likely to be in vain. I remember hearing a father say, as he took up his cigar in the evening in his boy’s room, "A boy’s presence for fear it might be a bad example; and I wondered what the boy would say the next morning when he smelled the study and saw the stamps.

No greater mistake can be made than to suppose that a boy is naturally inclined to live right, and not to go wrong, so likely to make the boy go where he is expected to go. The fact is that anything is natural to a boy. You can bend him either out of shape or into shape; and the chief reason why goodness does not tempt him as much as evil is that the chief results of the two are so interesting, heroic and consistent as sin. In the Oriental picture of the shepherd and the sheep the shepherd goes before the sheep and the sheep hear his voice and follow him. That is the only way to be a shepherd of boys. They are hard cattle to drive, but easy to draw. There is nothing they like better than a consistent, single-minded, straight-going leader, and when they hear his voice they follow him.

Out of the simplicity and consistency of the good home issues its third and special characteristic; it is that relation between parents and children whose historical name is piety. The word has not only become involved in religious implications, but carries with it also suggestions of unreal religion, of formalism, or ostentation, or pretense. And yet, precisely as the human child, seems to the naked eye of experience makes this, then, is the kind of a home that makes the right kind of a boy—a home where simplicity and consistency open into piety; a home where children think of parents as money-getters, or fault-finders, or unneat; or housekeepers, so that the first business of the boy is to keep out of the way, but as companions to whom it is a happiness to go, and advisers from whom it is safe to learn; a home which in later life, as the mystery of experience makes one again a little girl, seems to the man the best picture both of the necessary discipline and of the abiding love of God.—The Congregationalist.

NEW JERSEY’S COMING WAR ON THE MOSQUITO.

New Jersey is to wage war on the mosquito next summer. The Legislature passed this step this week, and appropriated $10,000 with which to defray the expenses. The measure is an important one, that deserves popular approval and every encouragement. There was practically no opposition to the bill in the Assembly; but if the report of the proceeding be an index, the Members approved the measure as a means of preserving the health of the state, and as affording a golden opportunity for the delivery of humorous speeches. Nevertheless, although the subject was treated lightly by the Assembliesmen, and although the New Jersey mosquito undoubtedly figures largely in comic journalism, those who suffered last summer on the Atlantic coast from the pestiferous insects will be glad that some steps are to be taken for their extermination.

Experiments were made last year on Staten Island by the New York Health authorities with respect to the destruction of the aquatic larvae of the pest of mosquitoes and with gratifying success. Petroleum was forced through small pipes to the bottoms of ponds in which the insects breed, and sprayed over damp, grassy places in the neighborhood, with the result that spots previously badly infested were almost entirely freed of mosquitoes. What was done in such an encouraging manner on Staten Island can surely be done equally well in New Jersey. Fortunately, there are no unwise restrictions imposed as to the manner in which the money it is appropriated shall be spent. It is simply placed at the disposal of the State Experiment Station for the purpose of making scientific investigation of the habits, origin and breeding places of the mosquito and its relation to malarial and other diseases. The experiments are to be conducted under the direction of State Entomologist L. B. Smith, who has given years of study to the subject.

It has been proved beyond reasonable dispute that certain species of mosquitoes are breeders of disease-bearers, and this fact, apart from the annoyance they cause by their attacks, renders their extermination, if possible, both desirable and important. Thus far three means of at least reducing the number of these pestiferous insects have been discovered. One is by the liberation in waters where they breed and on the adjacent grass; a second is by filling up all shallow stagnant pools, and the third is by introducing into ponds and pools certain species of small larva and insect eating fish. Even though $10,000 is not a large sum, it has been voted only suffices to point clearly to the best means of exterminating the mosquito in New Jersey, the money will be well spent.—Philadephia Ledger.

BREATHE THROUGH YOUR NOSE.

In all kinds of atmosphere the breath should only be inhaled through the nose. An occasional breath of extra pure air through the mouth may be good for those who are in offices and rooms nose-breathing is essential. A second rule is, since so much time is spent in cars and offices and rooms in earning a livelihood, and since these places are overheated and underventilated—the heating and ventilation being out of the control of most people—their fresh air should be wherever possible, in order that we may restore the balance. The best times to do this will be early in the morning, when the air is freshest, and late at night, when deep breathing will help us to get sleep. We may breathe correctly, when we are resting, and especially where streets meet. We can soon form an automatic habit of breathing properly on such occasions.—Chambers's Journal.
Young People's Work.

Lester U. Randolf, Editor, Alfred, N. Y.

Revival at Ashaway.

This has an appropriate place in our Department, for it has been largely due to the help of the young people of Ashaway that this revival has come. On the 7th of March the following message came over the electric wire: "Great meetings; need help; come at once; arrive Sunday." If you have ever watched an old war-horse (who has once smelled gunpowder), when the buzze calls for battle, you know something of the effect of this message. We were just about to close a brief series of meetings which were being attended by good results, and it was planned to have baptism the following Friday night. But we could see the veteran beckoning with his one arm, "Come over and help us," and his call meant the call of a pioneer sister church. An unsold athletic and considerate Advisory Committee voted to leave the question to a pastor's discretion. An accommodating Erie official agreed to stop No. 10. An hour before the half of the close of one of the series of meetings, the clickety-click of the flying wheels was singing the refrain: "All aboard for Ashaway!"

Evangelist E. W. Kenyon, of Spencer, Mass., had been conducting meetings for over two weeks, and the interest was deep. Professor Kenyon had come back again for a few days, and it was our pleasure to hear him speak four afternoons and evenings. His strong points are his familiarity with, and his forcible exposition of, the Scriptures; and (what would naturally be expected in connection therewith) positive and clear cut convictions along the lines of fundamental doctrine. His work was much blessed to many. We have endeavored to supplement it by reaching after others who had not yet been brought in, by steering the new forces into practical plans of Christian work, and by teachings upon the Sabbath and the home. A revival to be complete needs a good, strong Seventh-Day Baptist finish (does it not, Dr. Lewis?) The Sabbath is a blessing which we hold in trust for his service. It is for his sake that the following message is referred to in this way, and it presages a new era. The young people who have been conducting these meetings which have been so blessed, and who have brought with them the blessedness of complete surrender to the sweet will of God, the world can neither give that blessing nor take it away. "Aren't the people growing, and giving, and living, and growing, and giving, and living, and growing? It is a good sight to see the Bible handled and referred to in this way, and it presser a growing Christian life, if followed up.

The other feature is the clear, ringing character of the testimonies from the young people. A joyful testimony is worth more than a lugubrious one; a confident witness has more effect than a doubting, faint-hearted one; a straightforward word that can be heard is more heartening than a faint rumble off in the distance. It is a sufficient remedy for a summer day. That is one trouble with many a prayer and testimony meeting. Christian Endeavorers, what we need is not more confidence in ourselves, but more confidence in God and in his message. It is good news; speak it out.

CRIME AND EDUCATION.

The ignorant races are by no means innocent races. Life and property are safer in Scotland than in Sicily, and though race and creed may be in part the causes, still the latter must play an important part in the development of comparative intelligence. Crime, more especially violent crime, seems on the whole to diminish with the spread of education, though it must be admitted that in some countries, especially France, there are ugly breaks in the completeness of the evidence. The stupid are often cunning, and there is in the ignorant a disposition toward violence, which the late Mr. Hutton, a keen observer of mental peculiarities, always traced to a consciousness of mental weakness, and its resultant, a wish to discharge it in some fashion and so preserve self-respect. The educated are naturally better aware of consequences, and are, simply because they have been trained, less likely to be carried away by those fierce waves of excitement, the causes of which are still not entirely understood. A sober, com­posed of persons who really know little more than the beasts of the field, is capable of becoming at a moment's notice a crowd of atrocious criminals, a phenomenon constantly witnessed in the anti-Semitic outrages. The drunken rough, too, is more disposed toward violence than the drunken gentleman, because the latter retains more completely some relics of intelligence. The evidence of those engaged in education is, we believe, nearly unbroken in the same direction. They tend, no doubt, slightly to dislike the stupid, who give them so much more trouble, and they have no reward, but their experience is that of deeply interested observers, and they, as a rule, say that the intelligent among their pupils, and especially that class of the intelligent—it is only a class—which likes to be instructed, are the whole, morally the better, are less influenced by the wish for excitement, and more disposed to dislike evil for its own sake. The stupid of both sexes have in them, they say, a latent tendency both to vice and crime which is not readily explicable, though we should explain it, as we have done in the case of the Negro, as a result of the form of imagination, and a consequent pleasure in anything which makes them feel more fully alive. That is, we suspect, the ultimate source of that sense of pleasure in crime which undoubtedly exists in a majority of criminals, or they would be fewer and much less readily detected and kept down.—The Spectator.

SOME DAY.

A kindly breeze shall come some day among us, with birds singing overhead. "The time to go to bed and sleep," said the Emperor, "is the time to come out and live." And so we come to the present, To leave our playthings and the play, And play a little now, While there is time. But shall we wake, when we are dead? Shall we pick flowers in the grave, Unseen flower? Shall we sink at last to sleep and rest, And wake to read in Angel eyes Our welcome sweet to Paradise?

The Independent.
my men knew of my love of nature and would bring me specimens of anything curious they might find. One day they brought me a badger. Now then, a badger is a very large animal, larger than the head, but it is mostly of loose skin. I managed to fasten a strap around it, to which I attached a halter chain. I then put him into the mess wagon. He got out; I had hoisted him back again, after being dragged by a small trailer. The badger's confidence was repeated several times. At last he became tired of it, and actually had to be lifted out of the wagon when we went into camp.

The nose of a badger is long and pointed; the teeth are as sharp as knives. He was brought on the Littleriver, and by the time we reached the Boeoman Crossing of Powder River I had progressed quite a good deal into his favor. I could stroke his back without his striving to bite my hand. The badger will live on roots and vegetation, but he dearly loves fresh meat, and the men generally kept him supplied with jack rabbit. When in camp he was taken out of the wagon and his chain fastened around one of the lower spokes of a wheel. His first work was to dig himself a burrow, and when he had gone the length of his chain, he took his corn round and round with his long nose at the entrance. One day while assisting to lay out old Fort Conner, my men made a match with a company which had brought some greyhounds with them. The wager was that the bounds could not drag him from his burrow. Nor did they. That badger cut the noses of the hounds until the men, to save them, took them away. I have no use for betting, but advantage was taken of my absence. I released him at that camp, leaving the strap around his neck. He presently burrowed out of sight and I saw my badger no more. This animal is, or was, common on those arid plains; and fresh meat that has been frozen and all were safe in their new home. At intervals the mother would start from the windrow and dart under the windrow again. A stabling horse in battle is very dangerous.

Small mammals have the instinct of mimicry to a wonderful extent. To say that a person is “playing possum” has grown out of the opossum simulating death. But others have set their wood-sapature, which is large, I had a pond made in a hollow. It winds in and out among the trees for quite a distance. One fine morning I found a dangerous leak in the dam. I knew at once that it must be the work of a muskrat. I stopped the leak and set a trap. The fourth morning I found him with his foot in it. Nevertheless he opened that hole three times after I had set the trap. Presently afterwards I found more signs farther up the pond where a muskrat had been feeding on the tendrils and stalks of calamus. I supposed that a piece of rotten wood was floating on the surface of the water. Gyp, our little dog, saw it also, and commenced a furious barking. It was a muskrat playing possum. It was interesting. I saw him at it a number of times afterwards. He was caught at it a few times. I never caught a fish to which he had not got back again. For this he was very clever, and in the water. I have often caught him with his head under water. I knew and by the time we reached the house he was by no means a_gradients. My home is equipped with an electrical apparatus. Success.
under a state church, that under a state church the "Continental Sunday" is inevitable, and that with the divorce of state and church regulation becomes illogical and confusing. Thus the New York strengthening regulations which declare what is intrinsically good at one minute criminal the next, and make it a misdemeanor not to be idle a certain number of hours each week, cannot; he believes, stand the tests of logic and common sense. The worst evils of the present time will continue, according to Dr. Lewis, until idleness on Sunday is made permissive and not compulsory. The two alternatives presented to New York are strengthening the liquor traffic by enforced idleness on Sunday, or a new departure securing to every person one day of rest a week, which day being a matter for individual choice. These are radical views, but they are the views of a doctor of divinity.


OLD SAWs IN RHYME.

Actions speak louder than words ever do; You can't eat your cake and hold it too. When a cat is away, then the little mice play; Where there is a will there is always a way.

One's deep in the mud as the other is nere; Don't jump from the tiring pan into the fire. There's no such thing as a flat; No accuser is needed by conscience of guilt.

There must be some fire where there is smoke; If there is a picture, there must be a frame. By roguy failing out honest men get their due; Whoever it fits, he must put on the shoe.

All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy; A thing of beauty is a joy forever. A half loaf is better than no bread at all; And pride goeth before a fall.

Pest band and fast find, have two strings to your bow; Contemplation is better than riches, we know. The devil finds work for hands idle to do; A mine is in every eye.

You speak of the devil, he's sure to appear; You can't make a silk purse from out of sow's ear. A man by his company is always known; Who lives in a glass house should not throw a stone.

When the blind leads the blind both will fall into the ditch; It's better born lornmy than being born rich. Little pitchers have big ears; burnt child dreads the fire; Though speaking the truth, no one credits a liar.

Sweep me up with gold is the joy; There's never a fool like the fool who is old. —Detroit Free Press.

HIDDEN BEAUTIES.

There are beauties in nature which are so striking that we see them at a glance. There are others which come out coyly, and with a kind of surprise. If we do not recognize them immediately we shall not find them by search. They are hidden, as it were, in full view.

They come upon us like an unexpected party of friends when one is out for a walk, or like a burst of thrush-song from a leafy tree. One of the pleasures they give is that of unexpectedness. All that is asked of us is, that we shall be prepared for secular lawful things; to recognize and sensibilities to appreciate.

This requires training and exercise, and where one can have it, instruction. It is not enough to be told that a natural spectacle is beautiful; it is of advantage to have the particular beauty in mind beforehand. The eye must be cultivated for form and color as the ear is for music. Thus we may walk all our lives along the aisles of galleries hung with scenes far beyond the powers of the great masters.

And, indeed, it is the same in religion as in art; the same in the spiritual as in the natural. "They have eyes but they see not, ears but they hear not." To appreciate spiritual or moral beauty one must strengthen the faculty by exercise. As in nature there are beauties which arrest the attention at a glance, so there are pure, noble and generous ones which do not appear at first sight. It is then a more delicate, more exquisite moral and spiritual beauties, a full appreciation of which is not always given.

If we were to analyze the culture of the best society, the graces which make it charming, we would find that they are either suggested or simulated spiritual beauty. Beauty is from God. We may paint a flower, but it will only be attractive in the degree that it is true to the model which God gave.

CATCHING COD.

Once begun, codfishing on the Banks is incessant, and when the fishing is good the men rarely ever sleep. Awakened at 2 A.M. to fill their bate "kids", or tubs, they start at daybreak to lift these trawls and remove the overnight catch, rebaiting the hooks again. There are about 3,000 boats to handle, and this often occupies until eventide, when the row is rowing, the codfishing is in full swing, the deck is piled high with the glittering mass of fish to eviscerate this and stow it in the hold keeps them until midnight, when they snatch an hour or two of sleep. Some can go without sleep for a week, others will rub we sleep, two to three hours in all, and when the pain may keep them wakeful a few hours longer. Others, again, will work till they drop from sheer exhaustion, and sleep as they lie, until aroused by comrades. A Chinese torture is to keep men without sleep, and "banking" does this to an extent to satisfy the most exacting Celestial. The men sleep in their underclothing; when above decks, they can never leave off their oilskins, for on the Banks it is rarely fine; mist and murk prevail, and the rigging and sails drip water always.—Albarel's.

DELICACY OF SMELL.

Very careful experiments have lately been made to test the delicacy of the sense of smell in human beings. Solutions of five different substances was prepared, each series being so arranged that every solution was of half the strength of the preceding one. These series were extended by successive dilutions till it was impossible to detect the odors. The order of the bottles being changed at random the solutions was completely disarranged, and the test consisted in the attempt to classify them by the sense of smell alone. An equal number of male and female observers were selected from the best apothecaries' shops, and each was required to arrange the bottles. The males were able to detect the smell of the nitrate of amyl in the solution of 1 part to 783,000 of water, and the females were able to detect in the solution of 1 part to 311,000 of water. The oil of wintergreen was detected in about the same proportion and to the same extent of dilution. There was, therefore, a very great preponderance in favor of the males as to the sensitiveness and discrimination of the sense of smell. This is certainly an astounding fact!—Gentleman's Magazine.

"It is not growing like a tree, in bulk, but making man better be; Or standing long an oaks, three hundred years, till a log all cold as lead, and near; A lily of a day."

—Ben Jonson.


P.ETER, JENEAS, and DORCAS.

For Sabbath-day, April 12, 1902.


INTRODUCTION.

From the Epistles of the Brethren we learn that it was three years before Paul returned to Jerusalem, and that he spent some of this time (probably nearly all of it) in Arabia. What he was doing there we do not know, possibly he was preaching the Gospel, but it was more likely that he was engaged in meditation and study, fitting himself for his great work. The author of the Book of Acts makes no mention of this period of three years. We cannot be sure then whether he went away to Arabia before or after he began to preach in Damascus. Some writers prefer to regard the break as between verses 22 and 25; others as in the middle of verse 19. Compare the word “straightway” in Gal. 1:10.

The disciples at Jerusalem were at first reluctant to receive Paul. It is a matter of faith in the conviction of the church after the persecution had abated, and has no close connection with the context.

LESSON II.-PETER, JENEAS, AND DORCAS.

PLACEs.—Lydda and Joppa. Lydda was on the road between Jerusalem and Caesarea, about twenty-five miles northwest of Jerusalem. Joppa is on the coast of the Mediterranean Sea, and is the seaport of Jerusalem.

PEOPLE.—Peter and the Christians whom he visited. Jeneas and Dorcas are mentioned in particular; also Simon a tanner.

OUTLINE.

1. Peter Restores Jeneas. v. 32-35.
2. Peter Raises Dorcas. v. 36-42.
3. Peter Resides with a Tanner. v. 43.

NOTES.

32. As Peter Passed Throughout All Quar ters. It is to be noticed that the word “quarters” is printed in italics in the Author's Version, showing that it is a word supplied by the translators. Many commentators prefer to supply the words “saints”—As Peter was passing among all the saints, he came to the saints at Lydda. The Christian religion has spread, and there are now communities of the followers of Christ in many places besides Jerusalem. It seems probable that we have told certain incidents that occurred on one of many journeys which Peter made. We may imagine also that the other apostles were going about in like manner. Saints of the New Testament are called “saints” and sometimes “saints at a place.” It is possible that this usage is taken as a title for the apostles and other prominent Christians in past centuries, or else as referring to people of certain localities who were of good repute or who surrounded the apostles. Sometimes it is used as a term of reproach for those who are too good for this world. In this connection it is equivalent to “disciples,” or those who believe and follow Christ from sins, and are, therefore, appropriately called holy ones; that is, saints.

33. A certain man named Jeneas. In some editions of the Authorized Version, the word “Jeneas” is given by E instead of J. It is accepted upon the first syllable, and is not to be confused with the word “Tabitha,” which has a slightly different spelling in the Greek. It seems very probable that Jeneas was a disciple of Christ, although this is not explicitly stated in our text. And was sick of the palsy. This statement explains why he had been upon his bed eight years. The word “palsy” is now almost out of use. Translating this clause literally, we have “he was paralyzed.”

34. Jesus Christ made thee whole. The present tense shows that the deed is already accomplished. The American Revision renders more accurately, “healed thee.” If he had already a belief in the power of his Master, this moment had to transpire in Jesus Christ, or else he would not have attempted to rise. Arise and make thy bed. Do for yourself that which is done upon your behalf. This would make you feel that you were not altogether forgotten. By spreading the sheet upon his couch he would show his complete recovery.

35. And all that dwelt at Lydda and Joppa, Baron, better, and “in Sharon,” for Sharon is not a town, but the great plain extending from Joppa to Caesarea. Our author does not, of course, mean to say that every inhabitant in that region saw Jeneas restored to full health and vigor, and become a Christian; but that the miracle became widely known, and that great numbers believed in Jesus Christ.

36. A certain disciple named Tabitha. The word “Tabitha” is an Aramaic word, meaning gazelle; the word “Dorcas” is the Greek word of the same meaning. Doubtless she was called by both names, as some of our modern friends could bear the English word Greek and word and others the Aramaic equivalent. This woman was full of good works, etc. Although it is improbable that she was a deaconess or that any other office in the church was exercised by her, yet it must be remembered that she was distinguished for Christian activity.

37. They told her in an upper chamber. We are told that according to the custom of the Jews, burial might be delayed for three days anywhere except in Jerusalem.

38. As Lydda was nigh to Joppa. About ten or twelve miles distant. They sent unto him two men. Not that they expected a miracle, but rather that they desired comfort from him in view of the great affliction which the Christian community at Joppa had suffered in the death of Tabitha.

39. And all the widows stood by him weeping. They were very likely the poor of the church of Joppa, weeping through the generosity of this good woman. There would naturally be more dependent widows in that age than at present; for it was unusual for a widow to remain independent, and to live through the years, feeding the poor and garments. It is better to omit the article in our translation, as it is omitted in the original; for they did not show all the garments which she made, but specimens only.}

IN THE SPIRIT.

The apocalyptic vision came to St. John, when, as he describes it, he was “in the isle of Patmos, which is in the province of Asia.” But he and his companions were in the province of Asia; for John 1:7 says, “All things were made through Him.” But the writer of the Apocalypse is not to be identified with the writer of the Fourth Gospel, because the character of the two books is so different. The writer of the Apocalypse is a visionary, a seer, a dreamer, a mystic, a prophet; the writer of the Fourth Gospel is a historian, a teacher, a poet, a master of description.

There are many who expect church attendance of itself, or private prayer, to work a benefit in some semimechanical way. They expect God to play on their soul and raise them to the ecstasies of a ‘good day’; not when their soul was in some mysterious manner separated from his body, but when his heart was in worshipful, loving touch with his Master, and so prepared for receiving the revelation which was granted. It was the only condition under which such a vision was possible, and it is the only condition under which worship can ever bring the full spiritual blessing which it is intended to bring.

One can whip one's self to physical labor, and do it in a mechanical sort of fashion, and yet find no particular interest in it, in any case. But when the mind is involved one must be in the spirit of what is heard or done, if the result is to mean anything at all. The mind ordinarily cannot be shifted abruptly from temporal concerns to spiritual things, and the secret of unprofitable worship, whether public or private, lies most frequently in being in the spirit of devotion, or in entering into it merely in a formal way, while the mind is busy with other things. There are mental states which insulate one from religious impressions as completely as a case of glass can insulate from electricity. It is not much wonder that, when a man is not touched with the living power of the church, or entering the church with mind full of business, or of past or coming pleasures, one goes away without being able to feel that it was good to be in God's house. But when the sanctuary is entered in the spirit of worship, the very air seems charged with the presence of the Lord, and private prayer becomes intimate communion with the Lord.

When one is in the Spirit on the Lord's-day, worship will not be a burden, God's house will not be neglected for any cause or no cause, neither will his service seem empty or formal; but, while the fullness of the Lord's vision is a slight benefit to one's self, the presence of God becomes real, and the soul is raised and strengthened by its communion with the Lord.—The Lutheran Observer.
Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Now for the Northern Magnetic Pole.

Sir James Clark Ross, nephew of Sir John Ross, is a British navigator and Arctic explorer, who served with his uncle and with Perry in their Arctic expeditions. He also commanded the Erebus on a voyage to the Antarctic in 1839-43, discovering Victoria Land, to which allusion has been made in the Recorder. In 1848 he fitted out and commanded the Enterprise expedition to the Arctic regions, in search of Sir John Franklin.

During his search for Sir John, for several years he made observations and claimed to have discovered and located as nearly as possible the magnetic pole, since which time it has been thought by scientists that to have the point established where the needle would remain in a vertical position really would be of great value to science in the determining of terrestrial magnetism.

A Norwegian explorer, by the name of Amundsen, who was first officer in Gerlach's Antarctic expedition in 1897, has undertaken to find and locate the north magnetic pole. That pole is of such a size that, at present, it cannot well be removed. Mr. Amundsen has bought a small, staunch steamer, and forms a yachting party of a few men to be absent four years. A single vessel, a small crew of seven men, hardly be called an expedition.

A set of meteorological instruments is being constructed for this special work, embracing a magnetometer, of an improved pattern. An instrument is also being made called an inclinometer and another a declinometer. The astronomical and other instruments are being prepared under the supervision of Mr. Nansen, of the Fram, who is a scientist, and has explored much in northern regions.

Captain Amundsen has named his ship Gjoa, whatever that may mean—we guess it means great strength. The party is to leave next spring, and proceed by way of West Greenland to buy dogs; from thence to Lancaster Sound and to West Booth Island, that being the nearest place to where Ross said the pole was in 1834. Here he will make a cache or caisson, and then go to Matty Island to winter. There he proposes to try with him three men, two sledges, and all his dogs, and go to the place pointed out by Ross, there build a comfortable snow villa for men and dogs, and settle down for a year for business and pleasure.

Observation stations are to be located in a circle and careful records made throughout that region during the summer. In the autumn (if there is one) two of the men and one sledge will return to the ship, and Capt. Amundsen and one man will remain at the villa during the winter.

Mr. Amundsen hopes to get the inclinometer and declinometer so located that he can take hourly readings, by which he can definitely determine the central point. The next spring (1905) he will take fresh observations, and his ship, when it comes home by way of the Northwest passage, will be a fine one.

We have no inclination to be one of the numbers to engage in this frozen job, still we would like to know (believing as we do that the pole of the earth and the magnetic pole were at first on the same line) what terrible internal convulsions must have taken place to separate those poles so far apart. Since the magnetic pole could not be unbalanced, there must have taken place a wonderful shifting "when the mountains were brought forth." As the result of great seismic disturbances the earth is shown to be "out of balance," and the north pole describes a circle of about eight feet.

"But these are written, that ye might believe into his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things under heaven given unto me whereby I may be saved. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given a name which is above every name. His name was JESUS." (Phil. 2:5-11.)

"From that time forth began Jesus to show unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things under heaven given unto me whereby I may be saved. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given a name which is above every name. His name was JESUS." (Phil. 2:5-11.)

"And I give unto them eternal life: and they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave me them, is greater than all; and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one." (John 10:28-30.)

Scientific Security.

A firm "belief" in "Jesus Christ" does not mean that we shall cease to study the internal conditions of the earth. It means that we shall study them with a different object, and that we shall be able to see the results of the unseen more clearly and distinctly.

An "anchor" secures the "soul" as a ship's anchor secures the ship. A ship without an anchor would be a wreck.

When "death" shall sorrowness. (Job 20:33.)

BOMBARDING THE WESTERN SKIES.

Of the original "public domain" there still remains unoccupied a very considerable part, comprising large areas in Nebraska, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Dakota, and other states and territories. Unfortunately, most of this is too arid for agriculture. By the help of irrigation, great areas, otherwise unavailable for cultivation, have been transformed into veritable gardens, but other regions of thousands of square miles, may never be made useful to the farmer because, as has been proved by careful investigation, the total rainfall, if every drop of it could be utilized, would not be sufficient to water more than one-twentieth of the land. If this fact could have been realized a few years ago, an immense amount of suffering and money loss would have been avoided.

Until very recently there existed a lamentable ignorance in the East as to the conditions existing in arid parts of the West. There has even been a reluctance on the part of the public to admit that any portion of the United States could be unproductive. The treelessness of the great plains was frequently declared to be due to the Indians, who were supposed to be addicted to the practice of burning the forests. Indeed, it was actually imagined by some that rain fall would necessarily follow settlement. If people would move out into that part of the country, there must be rain. Anyhow, they could plant trees which it was believed, would bring rain. But in the arid regions trees cannot be made to grow.

With the extermination of the buffalo came the final conquest of the Indians of the plains. In 1874, the Comanches and Kiowas, who composed the hostile barrier as far north as Western Kansas, were reduced to submission, and at the same time the Cheyennes and Sioux were humbled. Then followed a great rush into the arid belt. Thousands of good houses were put up, and vast areas were surrounded with wire fences. Many people put their dwellings on wheels and moved them bodily with the planting; but generally, after two or three years of struggle, were compelled to abandon the farms.

When the distress came, appeals for help were made to the Government. Claims were actually presented in Congress which asserted that Uncle Sam having given the land to the settlers, it was the duty of the Government to water them and thereby make them habitable. Hence it was requested that the Government establish irrigation works on a large scale.

Finally, the situation being desperate, it was demanded that a bombardment of the skies be undertaken for the purpose of producing artificial rain. In 1892, Congress appropriated a large sum to carry out this scheme, and $7,000 were spent in an experimental effort in Western Kansas. Explosives enough to stock a railroad volcano in active operation were shipped to that region, as well as sixty balloons, one hundred huge kites, a freight-car full of wooden mortars to fire bombs, and other apparatus. An arid plain was selected and the mortars were placed across it about two miles. At suitable intervals of space the balloons were arranged for ascension, and a flight of kites were let loose.

The balloons were filled with one-third oxygen and two-thirds hydrogen, and each one was sent up under control of a double wire. When they reached the desired height, they were ignited by electric sparks, and the oxygen and hydrogen in them suddenly combined with terrific explosions; the two gases united to form water. At the same time, the kites, carrying loads of dynamite, were set off in similar fashion; and the mortars were all fired to add to the din. It was the theory of the men in charge that there was plenty of moisture in the upper air, and that the explosions would make a vacuum in the atmosphere, into which the moist particles would rush, causing condensation and precipitation. Unfortunately, however, the experiments were a total failure.—Saturday Evening Post.

He who waits to do a great deal of good at once will never do any.—Samuel Johnson.

African Re-patriation Society.

Object of the Society.

To aid Spiritually and Industrially qualified American Negroes to return to the public domain in Africa on a self-supporting basis.

Membership.

Any ($15 or upward yearly).

Supervisory Committee.


Negro Advisory Committee.


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Literature Mailed Free on Application.

African Re-patriation Society.
DEATHS.

Not upon us nor the souls of men

The fruit is bitter, yet it is a glad evang.

The good die not, but we lose not wholly.


He was married to Sarah E. Randolph Jan. 9, 1885; she died in 1903. Four children were born to them. In 1895 he was married to Miss Hattie Hall, who survives him. March 16, 1901, he was baptized and united with Shiloh church. For nearly three years he served in the Civil War. Bro. Ayers was a man of unusual promptness and accuracy in all the details of his life, and greatly devoted to the church in all its appointments. He was a prayer-meeting man and spent the last few months, on Sabbath mornings, half an hour before preaching service. Bro. Ayers has been one of a group of men who met with the pastor to pray for the services of the day. He "endured hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." In the absence of his pastor, services were conducted by Rev. Perley Burck, his church, his family, and the community have sustained a great loss.

E. B. B.

BURDICK—Henry D. Burdick, son of Henry C. and Martha Cooper Burdick, was born in Lincklaen, N. Y., April 28, 1855, and died in New Woodstock, N. Y., March 7, 1902.

He enlisted Aug. 8, 1861, in the 44th N. Y. S. V. C., Company D, and was elected Second Lieutenant of his company in October of the same year. He served the term of his enlistment with distinction. He was married Sept. 9, 1883, to Cora asia Armstrong, who, with three sons and a daughter, survives him. The eldest son, Rev. Leon D. Burdick, is pastor of our church at Marlboro, N. J. Bro. Burdick was baptized April 26, 1874, by Rev. Joshua Clark, and Deacon DeForest Seventh-day Baptist church. He united with the Linclael church Nov. 11, 1885, and was elected deacon. He died at his residence, office, in his 22nd year, May 9, 1887. Services were held at his late home, near New Woodstock, N. Y., March 10, conducted by his pastor, assisted by Rev. L. B. Sandy, of DeForest, and Rev. M. V. Jacobs, of New Woodstock. Interment at DeForest.

RANZLIE—Barnes F. Randolph was born Dec. 20, 1816, at Shilo, N. J., and died near Bridgeton, in the same state, Feb. 2, 1890, in the 94th year of his age.

When sixteen years of age he gave his heart to Christ, and united with the Shiloh Seventh-day Baptist church. In 1840 he was married to Bertha, N. J., where, in 1841, he married to Louis Davis, who died March 5, 1842. In 1844 he was married to Nancy Green. He united with the Delaware Baptist church April 30, 1888, by letter from the Shiloh church. He moved to the West, lived for a time at West Hallock, Ill., also at Farina, but did not change his membership until Feb. 9, 1876, when he took his letter from Berin and became a constituent member of the church at Hewt Springs, Miss. When it disbanded in 1896, he joined the Hammond Seventh-day Baptist church. He was loyal to the Sabbath. Two years ago he came back to Shilo, very feeble with age. Two generations had gone before him, and he was laid to rest beside his mother in the Shiloh Cemetery. Services were held in the Shiloh church.

E. B. B.

MAXSON—B. F. Maxson was born in Rhode Island March 4, 1824, and died in Little Genesee, N. Y., March 12, 1902.

He was the youngest of twelve children of Capt. Benj. Maxson, and was the last of the family to pass from life. When a boy his people settled in Little Genesee, N. Y. In early life he attended the school for a time at Alfred. He studied law in Herkimer county, N. Y., and later practiced law for a number of years at Little Falls. Then he moved to Rochester, where he has since occupied a law office. His wife died last December. Since then his health has greatly failed. About two weeks before his death he came to Little Genesee, where he was cared for at the home of his nephew, Horace G. Prindle, till death claimed him.

Packard—Mary A. Packard, daughter of Clayton and Harriet Davis Randolph, was born at Shiloh, N. J., Nov. 1, 1863, and died of pulmonary consumption, at Bridgeton, March 12, 1902.

She was married to Eugene H. Packard Jan. 12, 1881. He, one son and one daughter are left to mourn their great loss. During the pastorate of Rev. A. H. Lewis, with many others, she was converted, and on February 23, 1875, she was baptized, and united with the Shiloh church, where she has since remained a worthy member. When the end of the journey was near, she made all arrangements for her burial, choosing for the text the last clause in Matthew's Gospel, and the hymn which the children sang at the grave of Grandmother Swinney. She cared for Mrs. Swinney much in her long illness. "Safe in the arms of Jesus."—Mrs. H. B. REED.

COON—In Lincklaen, N. Y., Feb. 5, 1902, Jeremiah S. Coon, aged 73 years. Bro. Coon was the last surviving son of Solomon and Mary Ann Coon. He passed to his rest after many months of painful and patient suffering. Services were conducted by his pastor at the church, and at the Lincoln Seventh-day Baptist church, on Sabbath, Feb. 8, 1902.

IN THE ANTARCTIC CIRCLE.

The traveler who attempts to penetrate inland in the Antarctic Circle must needs depend on the provision which he makes with him, and, owing to the nature of the land, the elevation and the many gales which blow, he must take nearly double as much food with him as to go a given distance as would be the case in the far North.

We, who were the first men to live for a year in the Antarctic continent, found these gales blowing over forty miles an hour on more than twenty-six per cent of the days, and our exact aemometers registered seven gales that were blowing over one hundred miles an hour.

Under these latter conditions it was not only difficult to move, but difficult to exist. During our sledgy journeys the gales often compelled us to lie under a snow covering, while the food continued to be use up.


Special Notices.

North-Western Tract Depository.

A full supply of the publications of the American Sabbath Tract Society can be found when the office of Wm. P. West & Son, at Milton Junction, Wis.

MILL YARD Seventh-day Baptist Church, London. Address of Church Secretary, 46 Valmar Road, Denmark, N. Y.

SABBATH-KEEPERS in Utica, N. Y., meet the third Sabbath in each month at 2 P. M., at the home of Dr. S. C. Maxson, 22 Grant St. Other Sabbathists, the Bible-class alternates with the various Sabbath-keepers in the community, cordially invites their attendance.

SABBATH-BAPTISTS in Syracuse and others who may be in the city over the Sabbath are cordially invited to attend the Bible Class, held every Sabbath afternoon at 4 o'clock, with some of the resident Sabbath-keepers.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between Washington and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address, Rev. B. B. Kelly, 233 Jackson Park Terrace.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS and other Sabbath-keepers are held, regularly, in Rochester, N. Y., every Sabbath, at 3 P. M., at the residence of Mr. Irving Saunders, 516 Monroe Avenue, conducted by Rev. S. S. Powell, whose address is 1293 East Avenue. All Sabbath-keepers and others visiting in the city, are cordially invited to these services.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., offers regular services on Sundays, at the residence of Mr. H. M. Green, on West Genesee Street and Preston Avenue. Preaching at 2:30 P. M. Sabbath-school at 3:30. Prayer-meeting the preceding evening. An invitation is extended to all, and especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in the city over the Sabbath, to come in and worship with us.

L. C. CHAFFEE, Pastor.

29 Ramseum St.

The Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square South and Thompson Street. The Sabbath-school meets at 10.45 A. M. The preaching service is at 11.30 A. M. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services.

Geo. B. BARNES, Pastor.

1293 Union Avenue.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catabh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Good wages for the work preferred. Call on or address ANNETTE BROWN, Leonardville, N. Y.
SABBATH RECORDER MAR. 31, 1902

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