men can threaten eternal truth, the Sabbath, and our work as Seventh-day Baptists, were never more seriously assailed than now. Shallow conceptions, convictionless leaders, subtle philosophy, and reckless no-lawism are on every hand to turn truth aside, and furnish soil for the rapid growth of error. Under such circumstances, all that Reveille means to the soldier the call of God means to us. It means more, as much more as the battle for truth and righteousness is greater in meaning and more important than the nimble war, which enlivened dull life on the Atlantic coast a few days ago. Failure to grasp the situation as it presents upon us now approaches criminality. The soldier who sleeps on, or dawdles when he ought to heed Reveille, is soon called to account. If he repeats the offense of disdaining the call, he is sent out in disgrace. God cannot do less with us. The call to higher, larger, and more consecrated life will ring out with every new day in the year. Will you heed it?

To certain men at the fort, a mile distant from where we write, is given the duty of sounding Reveille. Not infrequently have we heard them practising the call in the afternoon that they might be able to give it "with no uncertain sound" when morning came. It is unlike any ordinary music. Every tone is an awakening one, and he who puts bugle to lips without having the call in his heart fails. Pastors are God's buglers. They, of all others, must learn the call. It must enter into their hearts and throb with earnestness to leap from their lips. The trumpet which has an "uncertain sound" on denominational matters and the mission of Seventh-day Baptists had better be silent; but silence is disobedience. Pastors, it is an high calling to be such a bugler for God and his truth. The most and the best any one who is thus honored can do ought to be done, must be done. There is nothing in our work in the nature of a burden to be borne or a task to be shunned. Everything done for God and truth is a glad privilege. Rejoice ye whom God has called to be under shepherds, to teach and awaken the people! No place is higher or more honorable. No mission is more sacred or glorious. The people await the call from your lips, the arousing call, the instructing call, the guiding call. Browning has a poem, "Rolland to the Dark Tower Came," (we write the title from memory) in which a noble soul fights difficulty and adversity and stands at last alone in the gathering darkness before the walls of the Dark Tower which stands for all things against him. Standing thus he puts the trumpet to his lips and sounds defiance. Your work, pastors, is not such a despairing one. Our denominational future is not destined to be lost in darkness. But if it were, you have but one duty, a glad duty, and that is to rend the call to "advance all the line," and trust God for what may come. Practice the Reveille, brethren; practice the Reveille!

Speaking of one whom he had known a few days ago, a man said, "Frank is only a shipping clerk. It grinds him frightfully to be nothing more than that, for his wages are not much. You see they pay some of their people down there big money. The artists who work in oil get ten dollars a day, and the retouchers get as much as twice. Frank could have learned it all. He has the talent for it all right, and his sister who is out in California now used to be one of their finest artists down there, and she offered to give him lessons at home in the evenings. But Frank didn't want to stay in; he had too good a time running around with the boys. So he wouldn't take the lessons, and he's still just a shipping clerk. Yes, you're mighty right; he sees his mistake now.

That such cases are common increases the regret. Too few parents, as well as too few children, realize how early life is a serious matter, and how far early years determine character and destiny. Parents and children fail when they think that children should have a good time, and plenty of gayety, until they are old enough to settle down to business. Such a conception results in the minimum of study and work and the maximum of holidays, "whist parties," and the like. Men and women whose childhood and youth are lived according to that conception never escape certain definite and disastrous results.

What the boy or girl is going far in determining what the man or woman will be. All agree that the "serious period" must come sometime when a man must work hard, earn money, win respect, prove himself capable, persuade people to rely upon him, and exhibit all the qualities of a respectable and solid citizen. The youth who is trying to live up to his ideal of the silly period is piling up obstacles against ever reaching the "serious period" in any successful manner. The time comes when he is forced to grapple with life's...
There is no man living who does not bear the stamp of the boy who fathered him. Your successful man may be very different from that boy, but just as far as he has got over the boy's laziness and the young man's shrieking and dawdling and trifling, he has won his separation with a mighty struggle and an awful drag. And he knows now that . . .

...many cases he finds both the desire and the towering pines, fit for sky-touching spars, and an awful drag. And he knows now that...
"Through the neck"—no bullet left in wound. Wind-pipe, food-pipe, carotid, jugular, half a dozen smaller, but still formidable, vessels; a great bruit of nerves, such as big as a lampwick; spinal cord—ought to kill at once, if at all. "Thought not mortal," or thought mortal—which was it?

The father then tells how he learned that a neighbor had also received a telegram from a son wounded even as desperately as his own, and then he relates how he and his companion, both wrung with a fearful suspense, hastened with all speed. Their arrival in New York is briefly told in the following sentences:

My companion proposed to stay at one of the best known and longest established of the New York caravansaries, and I accompanied him. We were particularly well lodged and not uncivilly treated.

They stopped at Philadelphia and Baltimore, and as they went they fell in with many more on similar missions. Passing the "perilous borders," the father began to see signs of the devastations of war, the popularity of which had first been brought home to him in the person of his son. He had left his first companion behind in Baltimore, for the latter had learned that his son was dead. The suspense thus became still more appalling, and he hurried on alone.

Dr. Holmes took a wagon and a team of horses at Frederick. He had heard flying reports of his son from time to time, but nothing certain. After many adventures and thrilling experiences, Dr. Holmes entered Keevesville from which a telegram of warning had been sent. But "the Captain" had left that day for Hagerstown—an milk cart. There was one great consolation—he was alive. In telling of the battlefield where his son had fallen, Dr. Holmes wrote:

A long ridge of fresh graveled road up before us. A board stuck up in front of it bore this inscription, the first part of which was, I believe, not correct: "The rebel, General Anderson, and eighty rebels are buried in this hole." Other smaller ridges were marked with the number of dead lying under them. The wheels of the wagon were stuffed with a few remnants of clothing, haversacks, canteens, cap boxes, bullets, cartridge boxes, cartridges, scraps of paper, portions of bread and meat.

Back again to Frederick and to Philadelphia, but no "Captain." Then to Harrisburg, but only to his clue, which Dr. Holmes says is as follows:

"Lieutenant P—, of the Pennsylvania, that was a very fresh, bright looking young man, lying in bed from the effects of a recent injury received in action. He had good news for me. That afternoon a party of officers had passed through Harrisburg, going east. He had conversed in the barroom of a house, with one of the ladies, who was wounded in the shoulder (it might be the lower part of the neck), and had his arm in a sling. He belonged to the State militia; the Lieutenant saw that he was a Captain by the two bars on his shoulder straps. He was my family name; he was tall and youthful, like my Captain. At 4 o'clock he left in the train for Philadelphia. Closely questioned, the Lieutenant would not name the town, complete and lucid as a Japanese sphere of rock crystal. Telegrams were sent in every direction, and the replies were so conflicting that the hunt seemed fated to end futile. At last word came that the Captain was on his way to Har risburg from Hagerstown. Dr. Holmes tells of the arrival of the long-looked-for train as follows:

"The train was late, fifteen minutes late, and I began to lose my nerves. A few minutes old, why there should not be a collision of the expected train with this which was just going out. He smiled an official smile, and then answered that they arranged to prevent that, or words to that effect."

Twenty-four hours had not elapsed from that moment when a collision did occur, just out of the city, where I feared it, by which at least eleven persons were killed, and from forty to sixty were maimed and crippled.

"To-day there was the delay spoken of, but nothing worse. The expected train came in so quietly that I was almost startled to see it on the track. Let us walk calmly through the cars and look around us.

In the first car, on the fourth seat to the right, I saw my Captain; there saw I him, even my firstborn, whom I had sought through months of suspense, of tears, and of prayer."

"How are you, boy?"

"How are you, dad?"

Such are the properties of life as they are observed among us Anglos-Saxons of the nineteenth century, decently disguising those natural impulses that made Joseph, the Prime Minister of Egypt, weep aloud so that Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard—why, which had once overcome his shaggy old uncle Esau so entirely that he fell on his knees and thanked God."

The source of my repeated disappointments were soon made clear enough. The Captain had gone to Hagerstown, intending to take the cars at once for Philadelphia, as his three friends actually did, and as I took it for granted that he certainly would. But as he walked down the street, some ladies saw him, across the street, and, seeing, were moved to pity, and pitying spoke such soft words that he was tempted to accept their invitation and rest a while beneath their hospitable roof.

The mansion was old, as the dwelling of genius frequently is. The ladies were, some of them, young, and all were full of kindness; there were gentle cares, and unknown luxuries, and pleasant talk, and music springing from the piano, with a sweet voice to keep them company—and all this after the jolting ambulance, the hundreds of cars and look around us. In referring to his search for his son, Dr. Holmes wrote by way of a preface to a new edition:

"The reader who has the patience to follow me in 'My Hunt After the Captain' may be glad to know that he survived all wounds, two of which looked very dangerous, and is now a Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts."

Had Dr. Holmes lived longer he might have written instead: "Of the United States."—The Watchman.

THE CRUELTY OF CARELESSNESS.

A vast amount of unhappiness is caused by simple thoughtlessness. There are people who never stop to consider what the consequences of any action may be. An idea occurs to them and effectually they act on it without thinking if it may cause inconvenience or distress to others. If they use an article which is common household property they do not return it to its proper place, and others must spend much time and trouble looking it up. They are full of apologies and seem conscientious, but it never occurs to them to think carefully beforehand as to be on time for engagements, or to avoid doing that which will cause trouble to others. They mean well but seldom do well; and their carelessness is more trying to the patience than positively evil intentions. Pure malevolence can be guarded against, but from natural carelessness there is no escape. No one or two persons of that character will keep a whole household in hot water a large part of the time, and wear out the energy and vitality of those responsible for the smooth running of the household. The household must shoulder the burden of their necessary duties. It is difficult to repress the conduct of these irresponsible persons, but their treatment of those with whom they come in contact has the same effect as intentional cruelty. Their nature does not require consideration for the comfort and convenience of others would make them more agreeable members of society and add greatly to the health and happiness of their friends.

—Watchman.
the memory of our late brother, Henry... 

At our meeting to-day we missed the face of one of our faithful workers, Mrs. Dunham, of New Market, New Jersey. He was present with us at our August meeting, in his usual health, but was suddenly called to the presence of his Lord on the 27th, 1902, after a short illness. One by one the faithful standard-bearers seem to be dropping by the way. Brother Dunham was elected in 1863, and had served continuously since that time—a period of twenty years. Thus taken from life's labors, we shall miss his presence with us, and his counsel in our deliberations; and as a people we have lost a truly interesting and one of our denominational interests. Though called suddenly at the last, he had yet lived a long life of usefulness; and, while extending our deepest sympathy to his wife and family in their bereavement, we yet rejoice with them in the memory of a life faithfully lived and triumphantly closed.

Voted that the Recording Secretary express to Bro. William M. Stillman the sympathy of the Board with him in his present illness and their best wishes for his early recovery.

Voted that through the Recording Secretary we express to Dr. A. H. Lewis our sympathy with him in the continued illness of Mrs. Lewis, and assure him of our remembrance of him in these days of trial.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH, Sec. Sec.

THE FIGHT FOR THE CHILD.

The training of the child is receiving large attention. Who shall teach him? How and what shall he be taught? Here is just now a battle-ground. In France, the government has made up its mind that the state shall have in every department of life a controlling influence over the children. It has closed the lower-grade schools under the auspices of the Roman Catholic church. In England, Parliament has made up its mind to pass a bill which will give the education of the children of the Established church. Nothing that the Nonconformists can do or say seems to have any effect in staying the course of this measure.

These are the extremes; each nation believes it is taking the right course. Little heed is paid to the fact that in France, the government has made up its mind that the state shall have in every department of life a controlling influence over the children, and has closed the lower-grade schools under the auspices of the Roman Catholic church. In England, Parliament has made up its mind to pass a bill which will give the education of the children of the Established church. Nothing that the Nonconformists can do or say seems to have any effect in staying the course of this measure.

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THE TEMPERANCE OUTLOOK.

The proceedings of the recent Annual Convention of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association, recently held in Pittsburg, show that the liquor dealers themselves fear that a new wave of prohibition sentiment is about to pass over the country to the detri­ment of their business. Even one-half of Kentucky is now under local option, and an influential delegate expressed the opinion that if the legislature should submit a prohibitory amendment, “it is decidedly probable that it would be adopted, and that every distillery in the state would be closed by an order of the courts.” The reports from Texas indicate that the liquor dealers regard that state as being rapidly lost to them, and similar reports came from other parts of the country. The forecast for the future of the temperance movement was so dark that the report in Bonfort’s Wine and Spirit Circular reads as though gloom was settling over the convention as a consequence of these showings. The method of counter­acting these tendencies that received the most favor was that of education. “We must educate, and on we must employ,” said President Freiberg, is “education,” and the platform and speeches show that by “education” is meant the inculcation of the idea that prohibition or the practice of total abstinence is most re­prehensible. A native section of the platform is the paragraph regretting the hostility of various religious bodies to the liquor busi­ness, “which prevents many of those engaged in our business from taking that interest in religious work which otherwise they would be glad to do.” The writer of that sentence probably smiled in more than one sense. Al­together the report of this convention is a much more favorable token of the strength of temperance sentiment in the country than any declaration of the most zealous reformers. It is testimony of those who would gladly bear witness to the contrary.—Watchman.

CONFERENCE EXPENSES.

The apportionment for the expenses of General Conference this year has been com­puted upon the basis of fifteen cents per member, as reported in the statistics of the churches for last year. That the amount is greater than last year is due to the fact that the sum of three hundred dollars was appro­priated toward paying for the publication of the historical papers presented at the Centennial Session.

The amount received from the sale of meal tickets at Ashaway was nine hundred and ninety-six dollars. This will probably pay all the expenses incurred by the Local Com­mittee, with the exception of that for tents, seating, etc., which is usually borne by Con­ference. In the future it may be wise to make the price of tickets a little higher, in order that there may be no regular expenses chargeable to the churches, except for printing Minutes and for the expenses of officers and committees.

The Treasurer would be glad to receive from the various churches, as soon as possi­ble, the amount of the apportionment, in order that bills now due may be paid.

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD, Treas.

ALFRED, N. Y., Sept. 11, 1902.

CONSCIENCE.

It was thought of the preacher who, upon an unknown and dangerous sea, should deliberately set himself to impairing the delicacy of his own work and blurring his chart till his lines become more and more in­distinct? “It requires too much trouble,” he says, “to take note of all these little indi­cations, and they only serve to disquiet me and divert my attention. This chart will do very well for those who have plenty of leisure to study it, a man, and, only, and then they only serve to disquiet me through the Jura near the Col de la Faucille. The practical result of the execution of the and divert my attention. This chart will do plan will be that the route from...
Missions.

By O. U. Whitfield, Cor. Secretary, Western, R. I.

The next regular meeting of the Board of Managers of the Missionary Society will occur Oct. 15, 1902. At that meeting appropriations will be made for the year 1903, and other important business transacted. Blank report forms have been sent to all the workers to be filled out for this quarter. If any have failed to receive them, please notify the Secretary. All reports, applications or communications should be received by the Corresponding Secretary before October 15. Will all concerned please attend to this request.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

THE CHINA MISSION.

(Continued from last week.)

Report of the Medical Work in Lien-oo, China, for the time ending June 30, 1902, by Ross W. Palmborg:

This year my position necessarily cover only five months of work in China, but as I have made none for two years, I would like to go back a little, and express my gratitude for the opportunity of visiting the home land last year, and for the great blessing of that visit to me in every way, physically and spiritually. Often has my heart sung, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name." I have come back with a sense of greater fitness for his work, a greater enthusiasm, and a comforting realization of his presence. It is wonderful to think what I have spent some time; and when the balance is considered, I am not discouraged as it is only a beginning, and I have the promise of more next year. The work seems to be going on steadily, but I expect to make no money next year, and to see what I have spent some time; and when the balance turns the other way will we succeed in the interest of our work.

As soon as possible after my arrival we had a meeting to discuss the advisability of my going to Lien-oo. As it had already been practically decided that I should go if it was considered safe, that was the principal question, and it was soon settled, as other missionaries were constantly returning to their stations and the country seemed pretty quiet. It was decided that Mr. Davis should go with me as soon as possible to see about renting a house, which we did. Our house was on account of Chinese New Year, which came this year on Feb.

The best we could do, we could not reach Lien-oo before the first of February, but the Lord had heard our prayers and prepared the way, for before noon Mr. Davis had found a house which he thought would do, and after we went with him to see it. Everything seems to come as though the Lord is preparing us to do the work, and I expect to be able to go on the 10th of February.

As our old school-girls, who could not read, see they were all there, it makes quite a difference in our income, making it possible to pay all current expenses, and lay up a little for future purposes.

If the fifteen or more Chinese doctors in the town are jealous, they do not show it to me, as those I have not seen quite friendly, and sometimes send me patients they cannot cure.

On Sabbath afternoon there is always a little service at the school, attended by most of our old church-members, but few except the family attend, and I think that after vacation I must have some kind of service here in town, if possible.

My time has been spent mostly as follows: In the morning teaching two pupils who were too far advanced for their class, and attending weekly meeting of the sick, and in teaching my student and helper, Mrs. Chow, whenever there was time. I have been very glad to have her here with me, and she has given a great help in the work, and I am very thankful that it is in my heart, as I close this report, there is only gratitude and praise for his wonderful goodness to me. I pray that I may be able to repay it.

Statistical report, as far as I am able to give it:

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<td>Native workers in Medical Mission</td>
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HOLLAND.

The Rev. F. J. Bakker has been the past year the missionary pastor of the Rotterdam Seventh-day Baptist church and a general missionary in the city. The Sabbath-schools and the Sabbath-school have been regularly maintained. His missionary work has been among the poor of the city, and with sailors and emigrants on the steamers and ships, and at the wharves. He has distributed a large quantity of evangelistic and Sabbath tract literature in several languages, and also the Boodschapper and other papers. He is under the employ of the Board, but the Milton Junction church (Wis.) and congregation contributed $30 each quarter toward his salary.

In the last quarter, under the arrangement provided by the General Conference, but under the direction of the Missionary Society, by the request of the Executive Committee of the Conference, Mr. Bakker visited the scattered Sabbathkeepers in Berlin, Germany; the little churches at Harcum, Germany, and Ann, Denmark, and Sabbath-k keepers in other places. His report of this visit will be found in the report of the Corresponding Secretary of the General Conference. Mr. Bakker is an earnest and efficient worker, and is doing a good work on his field.

The Rev. G. Velthuysen, Sr., has had the pastoral charge and care of the Haarlem Seventh-day Baptist church, and the branch at Amsterdam. He has had good health the past year, and has performed his usual duties with energy and ability. He and his dear little daughter have been at great sorrow and bereavement in the death of his beloved son, Peter, at Salt Pond, Gold Coast, West Africa, in which he has left the deep sympathy of his many friends and brethren in America. His work in Haarlem is evangelistic, missionary, and educational, and his editing of the Boodschapper, an exponent of the Gospel and Sabbath truth. The following is his Annual Report:

I would report for the year, from July 1, 1901, to June 30, 1902: Sermons, 56; addresses, 16; led in Sub-
bath-school 50 times; meetings held in behalf of missions, 6; presided over 24 meetings of our church for the study of the prophecies of the Bible; led in Haarlem Services, etc. If temperature and air conditions outside of Haarlem 6, and open air meetings for temperatures 2: have held 50 prayer-meetings in our church, and distributed among different subjects outside of Haarlem 6, and open air meetings for temperatures 2: have held 50 prayer-meetings in our church, and distributed among different subjects

A great number of tracts and a lesser number of pamphlets and resolutions. A great number of tracts and a lesser number of pamphlets and resolutions. A great number of tracts and a lesser number of pamphlets and resolutions. A great number of tracts and a lesser number of pamphlets and resolutions.

The Board had not seen its way to the glory of his name. God this connty here. We labor pressed to send one there.

He sailed from New York for Liverpool on the 6th of November, 1892, and arrived at Haarlem, Holland, on the 7th of November, 1892. He had a good room and care in the residence of a Mr. G. Velthuysen, at Haarlem, Holland. He had a good room and care in the residence of a Mr. G. Velthuysen, at Haarlem, Holland. He had a good room and care in the residence of a Mr. G. Velthuysen, at Haarlem, Holland.

Memorial services were held in memory and honor of Peter H. Velthuysen, who had given his life for the cause of Christ on the Gold Coast, West Africa, and in the Haarlem church, Holland. Resolutions of appreciation of the consecrated and devoted life of Peter, and of sympathy and condolence, were voted by the Missionary Board, and a copy sent to the bereaved parents and family. The Board, with deep sorrow, record the sad termination of their effort to put and support a missionary and teacher at Ayan Maim.

At the regular meeting of the Missionary Board, held April 16, 1902, a committee was appointed consisting of Bros. Davis, O. D. Sherman and Ira B. Crandall, to consider what is best to be done concerning the Ayan Maim field, the Committee to report at the July Board meeting. At the regular meeting of the Board held July 16, 1902, said committee presented the following report, which was adopted:

Your Committee appointed to consider the interests of the Gold Coast Mission; would recommend that the Board ask for a continuation of the subscriptions to the Gold Coast fund for three years, and unless the way opens for sending re-inforcements to that field that the money be used toward the education of Bro. Ebenezer Ammokoo for mission work among his own people.

A true faith can no more be separated from good works than the light of the candle can from its heat, or the heat from its light.

—Jonathan Edwards
The book is to have it in a map of India and two illustrative diagrams. There is to be a series of twenty-five pictures published separately, and also programs on each chapter. These programs will be for the use of the leader, and will contain quotations and references not in the book, and their price will be very low. We believe that they will greatly enhance the value of the book, since there has been a great demand for something of the kind for "Via Christi." Price of the book, 30 cents in paper; 50 cents in cloth; pictures probably 25 cents per set.—Missionary Helper.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

At the August meeting of the Woman's Board it was decided to take a scholarship in Alfred University and one, in Milton College and the first payment has been made to each according to terms proposed by the Trustees of these institutions.

At Alfred, "Free tuition shall be given one person each school year after $100 has been paid, so long as not less than $25 is paid annually on the principal account of $1,000."

At Milton, "Full tuition will be allowed one student after $50 shall have been paid, and so long as not less than $50 annually shall be paid on the principal amount of $500."

The Trustees of Salem College have not yet sent to the Board their terms for establishing a Scholarship, but it is expected that they will do so soon.

This plan furnishes an excellent means for the immediate assistance of worthy young women who are desirous of acquiring a thorough education and are dependent upon their own resources; and also for aiding in the permanent endowment that our schools are so persistently and consistently seeking.

Will not our ladies take this subject into thoughtful consideration at the beginning of the Conference year, that they may plan to help in so worthy a cause?

MRS. L. A. PLATTS, Treasurer of Woman's Board.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON wrote thus of the sin of fretting: "There is one sin which, it seems to me, is everywhere and by everybody underestimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech—so common that, unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets—that is, makes more or less complaining statement of something or other which probably everybody in the room or in the car or on the street corner, it may be, knew before, and probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry, somebody has broken an appointment, ill cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. There are plenty of things to fret about. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day's living, even of the simplest, if one keeps a sharp eye on that side of things." This is certainly true; and it is no less certain that a cheerful disposition may be cultivated in the same way that the voice may be trained in harmony or the mind in various learning.—American Mothers.

TREASURER'S ANNUAL REPORT.

Mrs. L. A. PLATTS, Treasurer,

In account with

THE WOMAN'S EXECUTIVE BOARD.

Balance on hand Aug. 1, 1901, $1,000.00.

Receipts during the year, as follows:

South-Eastern Association: $ 59 40

Eastern Association: $ 50 00

Central Association: $ 75 45

Western Association: $100 00

Total: $254 29

Disbursements:

Sabbath Visitor: $ 20 00

Missionary Recorder: $ 30 00

General Fund: $50 00

Missionary Society:

Native Helpers: $ 10 00

Home Missions: $ 15 00

Gold Coast: $ 10 00

Ministry: $ 50 00

Total: $ 25 00

Total Disbursements: $250 29

Excluded from above:

Money received from various Societies and not paid through Woman’s Board: $28 70

Total: $278 99

Excluded from above:

Received from books and vouchers and found correct.

L. A. PLATTS.

Adopted by the Woman's Board Aug. 16, 1902.
THE EFFECTS OF TOBACCO ON GROWING BOYS.

Quite recently a committee appointed by the Lancet has been investigating the subject, led thereto by the many sensational stories in the public press of England and America. They report that a very careful search has failed to elicit the slightest evidence that either parents or children regard it as settled that whatever harm is done by the cigarette is done by the tobacco of which it is composed, and not by the rice paper in which it is wrapped or any foreign poison which it contains.

Having thus disposed of this preliminary question, we are now ready to consider the real subject—namely, the effects of the use of tobacco upon immature and growing boys. And here we are not at a loss for evidence, for the observations on the class of boys who have risen to the highest grade in scholarship and who for the liar to succeed in even an honest undertaking.

The cowardice that fathers lying is a rot that must permeate the whole, but of cowardice and of a shallow cunning that is often treacherous and tricks the lie into transparency.

But it is not the danger of being found out by others that is most to be dreaded; far more dreadful is it that the liar must know himself to be a liar.

The habit of misrepresentation leads to misconception, the judgment becomes as eratic as the tongue, and there results the man who "couldn't tell the truth if he want to.

Nothing so shakes the confidence of one's friends as known lying doe; nothing so shatters one's own self-confidence as does lying, whether known to others or not.

The cowardice that fathers lying increases with the lie. Fear of detection joins with lying to give the liar a greater dread of the lie than he had before. One lie calls for another in its defense. The poet said it thus:

"O, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive."

This tangled web makes it all the harder for the liar to succeed in even an honest undertaking. His lies are a chain and ball upon his foot. They are a beam in his eye and a weight on his heart. He flounders along, most of his energy being required to overcome the impediment, while the truthful man easily outstrips him. The lying cheat in the Vicar of Wakefield, who was always swindling everybody, died in jail for debt, while his honest neighbor, who was swindled a thousand times, steadily prospered and died rich and respected. Fiction—eh? Well, it is immortal as fiction, simply because it is fact, the world over, all the time.—Cleveland Press.

THE "GREAT SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES."

A news item in the papers announces that the State Department has ordered a new seal. This may seem a trifling bit of news to put in the telegraphic dispatches, but it is of high importance as the seal of the Federal government is a symbol. After many delays a design submitted by Charles Thompson, the Secretary of Congress, and revised by William Barton, of Philadelphia, was accepted, and the great seal was used for the first time on a parchment commission dated Sept. 16, 1782, granting full power and authority to General Washington to arrange for an exchange of prisoners of war. This seal was used by the Federal government until 1789, when a law of Congress created the Department of State, and the great seal was placed in custody of the Secretary of this department. The design was required to signify, for the purpose of civil commissions to officers appointed by the President of the United States. The first great seal lasted until 1841, when Daniel Webster, Secretary of State under President Tyler, petitioned Congress for a new die. This remained in use until 1886, when Frederick Frelinghuyzen, Secretary of State under President Arthur, submitted an improvement on the original design that was approved by historical scholars and authorities on heraldry. The new die will be substantially the same as that of the same commission until now seals in various forms of stamps have been the symbols of the sovereignty and authority of all civilized nations.—The World's Events.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

The serious thought of life. They think only of amusement and never get beyond the airly surface of things. But to one who thinks deeply, life is not all a round of empty pleasure. A traveler who tarried several days at Antwerp describes the effect which the bells in the great tower had upon him. Every quarter-hour they rang out on the air their sweet notes, in soft melody, which fell like a shower of music dropping from the heavens, as tender and as holy as the songs of angels. Then, at the full hour, amid their shower of liquid notes of silver, there rang out the solemn strokes of the great bell, with iron body, which told the hours and quarter-hours. These ringed forth like the notes of silver, there rang out the solemn strokes of the great bell, with iron body, which told the hours and quarter-hours. These ringed forth like heavy towers. Then, at the full hour, amid their shower of liquid notes of silver, there rang out the solemn strokes of the great bell, with iron body, which told the hours and quarter-hours. These ringed forth like heavy tones filled him with a feeling of awe. As he listened, after hour, after the chimes, the tender melody of the smaller, sweeter bells reminded him of the mercy and love of God, and the solemn undertones that broke on his ear at the end of each full hour spoke to the awful themes of justice, judgment, eternity.

So it is that every thoughtful person is impressed in reading the Scriptures. Their usual tone is mercy. Love rings everywhere, like the notes of angels' songs. But here and there, in the crowns of the Pharos, comes some deep note, telling of justice, of wrath against sin, of the awful Judgment Day. It is the same in life. The flow of the common day is gladness. There is music everywhere. Flowers bloom. Love lights the path. But here, in the crowns of the Pharos, comes some deep note, telling of justice, of wrath against sin, of the awful Judgment Day. It is the same in life. The flow of the common day is gladness. There is music everywhere. Flowers bloom. Love lights the path.

R. Miller, D. D.
Young People's Work.

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

Lessons From Northfield.
To one who has heard much about Northfield, and is looking to it as a place of high culture, it might be something of a surprise to see the sign posted near the entrance of the camp dining shed, "Five cents to see the animals fed."

A young man taking his first meal there instinctively asked me where the museum was. When I indicated to him that we ourselves were the subject of the facetious notice, he turned very red.

It was not so inappropriate either—that sign. For this camp, situated among the pines, was intended as a place of outing for hard-worked men. The houses are tents. The dining hall is a rough shed. The dress is negligence. Conventionalties are largely dropped. Therefore you need not be astonished when a sedate minister, sitting by your side at the table, requests you in an off-hand way to "pass the cow;" or a missionary from China asks you if you can reach the pump; or if the student at the end of the table breaks in, "slide the grease;" and other expressions come to your ear, such as "shovels, please;" "seconds on beady ha;" "empty.

You must understand that, in order to reduce expenses to as low a point as possible, there are only waiters enough to bring the food to the table, its distribution being rapidly accomplished by a system of the boarders own devising. Hilarity and freedom reign. Any favorite dish is greeted with a chorus of "ah-h." One who rises to give a notice is liable to be overwhelmed with cries of "louder.

There is always a moment of reverence silence, however, before each meal, as someone invokes God's blessing. And during a week at the camp I never heard an oath, an unclean word, a cry of anger or a complaining whine. No empty bottles strewn the outer edges of the camp, and not even a cigarette was to be seen or smelt, unless it was in some secret resort beyond the range of my observation. These were "hall fellows well met," but they were Christian gentlemen. You bold in your work, and you enter like a boy into games and repartees. The smell of the balsam and the breeze from the Connecticut add their charm, and you come to the table with an appetite which reminds you of twenty years ago.

The camp is only an adjunct of Northfield. The Seminary grounds, half a mile away, are the homes of most of the visitors. Here are the halls, cottages and hotels, and here is the great auditorium where the meetings are held.

There were just twelve Seventh-day Baptists at Northfield this year, the eight men all staying at the camp. The chief attraction to us was the meetings addressed by such speakers as Meyer, Morgan and Baer. I shall not attempt at this time to give even the simplest resume of these addresses. But I would like to add this of the spirit of the place by reporting the words of Will R. Moody at the closing meeting. He is a worthy son of his father, a quiet man with a very winning way, and whenever he speaks he is listened to with deference.

He said in his parting words: "I have heard the phrase used, 'Northfield teaching,' and I do not encourage the use of such a phrase. All truth is truth, and we do not claim any special part of it as distinctively our own." And again: "If you have received a great blessing here, do not go home to boast of it, and criticize others because they have it not. Let the blessing you have received manifest itself in your life. You shall go. Go to your pastor and ask him if he has some hard service that you may perform. Be as much a help to others as you can."

There may be some who are fearful about sending their children to Northfield this year, the eight men all four of our fold for instruction. It is right and proper to guard these matters carefully. But it would seem that a judicious use of such opportunities as this would be a blessing almost unmixed. We are entitled to have the best thought and experience of the day in which we live. We shall not grow stronger by shutting ourselves off in one corner. Let us glean in all fields, learning on every hand, and thus becoming more effective champions of the truth which we hold.

Then, when it is time to let our light shine, I do not believe it has done the hundred or more men at the camp any harm to know that there is a vigorous people in the world who observe the Seventh-day as the Sabbath. At a table next to mine one day the word came along: "Sunday was used by the cow;" and I immediately glancing over to our table, "Sh! You must not say Sunday around here."

"Oh," the first speaker replied, "I did not call it the Sabbath." "That is all right then," was the answer, and the conversation flowed into other matters.

It is my conviction that we have within ourselves the elements for producing in our yearly General Conference a more effectual meeting, on a smaller scale, than that held at Northfield. I am confident that we might see results proportionately greater in surrendered lives and training for service. We are absent members. These Societies are divided into immediate/Societies with a membership of a thousand or more, and the ways in which the Juniors have been and are being used, are a loss to the work, as well as of the way we have used our money and learned that their greatest happiness is in doing for others.

The committee work among the Juniors has been performed as usual along the following lines: Lookout, Prayer-meeting, Temperance, Social, Missionary, Scrapbooks, Relief, Flower, Music, Sunshine, Sabbath-school, Birthday Band and Band of Mercy. Some Societies have only one or two committees, others three or four or even six. The last three Committees mentioned are deserving of especial notice, as they are not as well known as the others. The Junior Committee is in the nature of a Lookout Committee for the Sabbath-school. This Committee looks up those who are not members of the Sabbath school, invites them to join and hunts up the absent members. The Birthday Committee keeps track of the birthdays of the members, and reports them to the superintendent so that special prayer may be offered for each member, on the meeting nearest to his birthday. A Band of Mercy Committee teaches the boys and girls to care for birds and animals, so interested they will not harm any creature to do all dumb creatures and to try to interest other boys and girls in their welfare.

Most of the Societies are using the Topic Cards of the United Society, but some use other helps, and a few have made an enjoyable and profitable study of Pilgrim's Progress.

It seems that on the whole, interest in Junior work is increasing and better organization is being effected. Letters and reports from superintendents all show that a more careful study of the work is being made. You Junior superintendents are beginning to ask yourself how you can do a little more good. You are trying earnestly and faithfully to keep their pledge. Although small, some of
them only five or six, and most of them ten or twelve years of age, they are doing good work and are interested in their work. They let no opportunities slip to do things for others, helpful things. They are a Labor and Committee of the whole Society in that line.

I have found my relation with the Junior workers both pleasant and profitable, but I would like to suggest one way in which the superintendents can aid in making the work more efficient; namely, in being more prompt in filling in and returning reports. Every year some reports are so delayed that the statistics must be partly compiled from the reports of the previous year, which is not as it should be. The report reads, "Please fill out and return at once." Will you not bear in mind hereafter that it means just what it says, at once, and not wait for a second, third and even a fourth reminder?

The Catechism for use in Junior Societies and Primary classes has been completed by your superintendent this year. It has been prepared with the hope that it will aid the teachers, girls, and boys of the older classes, and that by its use our young people may become more familiar with Bible truths and doctrines. We hope it will be faithfully and carefully used.

The Junior Corner in the Sabbath Visitor has been another means of communication between the Denominational Superintendents, the Juniors, and the Juniors, and it has proved to be not only a means of forming a better acquaintance between us, but has brought out many suggestions for new lines of work in our Societies.

One hundred and seventy-nine of our Juniors are church members, 56 of them having joined in the last year. Students of Child Study claim that the ages from twelve to fourteen is the time when the child's mind and heart are most susceptible to religious influence. The faithful Junior worker takes advantage of this fact, and by systematic Christian teaching leads her boys and girls into the church as naturally as children pass from the Primary into the Grammar School. To be sure, there is not the agony of unforgiven sins nor the long period of doubt and waiting for the good enough to be a Christian, but there is a perfectly natural development from Junior Society to church membership. We sometimes hear it said that children now-a-days do not understand what they are doing when they join the church. If the child has received the proper instruction in the Junior Society and the Sabbath-school, with the right kind of help at home he will understand what he is doing full as well as many who take the step later in life, and will have just so many added years of Christian life and usefulness. "An adult convert is a unit, a child convert is a multiplication table."

From last year's Conference Minutes I find that of the 140 who were received into the church by baptism, 26 of them were from the ranks of the Juniors. I could not state the number of admissions during the year just closed, but I will venture to say that our fifty-six Juniors will form a large proportion of that number. These boys and girls are all the time receiving careful training in Christian life and usefulness. Junior Societies bear evidence to the fact that their best workers are graduates from the Junior Societies, and it is but fair to predict that our best church workers will be from the ranks of the Juniors, where they have received the training that will best fit them for this work.

I wish I could impress upon you pastors the importance of this Junior work and the help and encouragement of organized workers might be to you and to your churches. You have ten children in your church, perhaps. If so, you as a pastor, cannot afford to have them untrained in church work. Every Junior Society means just so much more prompt work, and its own and the church's usefulness. Every Junior Society is the very soul of organization, the very essence of good work. It is the very essence of the discipline of our own belief and practice, and being fitted to take up our work when we shall lay it down.

If someone should report to this Conference a new church of nearly 60 Sabbath-keepers, and of many others who would probably join that church in the near future, you would feel that we had cause for great encouragement. That is practically just what has come to pass, only instead of being in one church they are scattered here and there throughout the entire denominational service, and in their own belief and practice, and being fitted to take up our work when we shall lay it down.

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One of the best things that our evangelists can do, and I am glad to say some are working along that line, is to organize Junior Societies whenever and wherever it is possible. If pastors, parents, Senior Endeavors and Junior Superintendents would join hands toward the development of Junior work, we would be able to report twenty new Societies next year instead of the eight we reported this year.

We are not working for the present, but for the future, of our denomination. Much has been accomplished and much more, with God's help, we expect to do.

Respectfully submitted,

MRS. HENRY M. MASON,
Denominational Superintendent of Junior and Inter-Mediate Work.

HELPING THE MINISTER.

Too much careful advice is extended to the ministers in the various organs of public opinion as to what and how they should preach and administer the other duties of their office. Probably there has not been an issue of this journal for many years from which we have not excluded one or several more or less excellent articles addressed to ministers upon the proper performance of their functions. The homiletical proclivities of the average religious writer are commonplace. And what reaches us in the way of formal articles is probably the residuum of a thousand cogitations, conversations and criticisms.

On one point most of these writers are in agreement, that is, they think that if we ministers have a problem, a sectional or general problem of a different type the problem of the modern Christian church would be solved. Congregations would be large, benevolences generous, the masses would be reached, and conversions would be multiplied. The responsibility for the entire efficiency of the church is laid upon the minister.

Now we are very far from claiming that much does not depend upon the minister, but we do assert that there are other human factors in the effectiveness of a church than the personality or service of the minister, and that these should be taken into account. For example, much depends on that intangible but controlling spirit of the organisation that might be called its genius or atmosphere. Frequently a single strong personality in the membership of a church can make the whole body believing, hopeful and spiritual; or critical, despotic and worldly. As a minister who preaches to a church that lives in the first mood self-felt that every sermon and ministration does good; but to a gloomy, secular-minded congregation he might preach like one inspired, without effect. Of course a minister may do much to generate the right reaggregational spirit, but every one has his part in the same work; and a minister addresses himself to a hard task when the members of his church seat themselves in the wagon and expect him to pull them all up to the heights of the Delectable Mountains. We are now coming to the season of the year when church work will begin for the summer vacation. On the first Sabbath in September many of our pastors will be back in their places. The spiritual mood and preparation of the minister are hardly more important than the temper and attitude of the church member. The pastor needs to be supported by having his efforts seconded; by hearty sympathy and co-operation in his work. Dear Reader, as you go back to your home church in a week or two, do not think that the whole responsibility rests upon your pastor; do not settle back in your seat with the mental attitude that you would like to see what he can do to move or inspire you. Take hold yourself. Do your full part. Ask yourself what can I do to bring this household of faith into the bright Christian temper of love and hope and helpfulness to the world, and then do it, modestly, self-sacrificingly, as to the Lord.

There are a good many dry as dust preachers who would be found charged with light and peculiar like a summer cloud if they were only convinced that they were supporting them and working with them, instead of standing off and criticizing them and waiting for them to show what they can do. Help your minister. If he is a good man, devoted to his work, he can probably do as much for your church as any man you can get, but he will not do a great deal if the people do not rally about him, support his efforts and appreciate what he tries to do, even if he does not always succeed.—The Watchman.

MOZART AND BEETHOVEN.

The stories of how men of genius have had future fame predicted for them in their early youth must generally be taken with a considerable grain of salt by most of us. But there is the account of the first meeting of Mozart with the young Beethoven, which took place on the latter's first visit to Vienna in the autumn of 1787. Mozart, then at the height of his fame, asked him to play; but, thinking his performance a prepared piece, paid little attention to it. Beethoven, seeing this, entered Mozart to get his mind, and what he did; and the boy, getting excited with the occasion, played so finely that the composer of "Don Giovanni," said next room, said to his friends there, "Pay attention to him; he will make a noise in the world some day or another."—Chamber's Journal.
Children's Page.

A WONDERFUL BOY.
FRANCIS WILSON.

We met in the midst of a dream;
And were wakened by your name.
He is a boy whose feet have come true!
The style of his name I've completely forgot;
But his eyes, when he's been wide awake,
I have never seen before they woke.

It was just 8 P. M. by the clock—
When he stood, I recall, on its head—
When his mother spoke up and said:
"Kiss me, my son,
And run away quickly to bed.

It is no great thing to be
Good wrath and perhaps even tears;
But instead—well, I really give you my word
That I've not been so staggered before.
—The Watchman.

TIBBIE AND I.
ISAAC DODGE HANKEY.

"What would you like to do this morning?" said I to Tibbie.
And Tibbie wagged his tail and answered without a moment's hesitation, "I'd like to go a hunting."

Yet Tibbie is not a hunting dog—only an Irish collie, more like a fox than any dog I ever saw. And his hunting is as much for fun as for game. He likes to know the goings of the wild things, and to see them start and fly, but I doubt if he ever ran down one of them or had it in his mouth in all his life.

A man must always yield the palm for unselfishness to his dog. Tibbie loves to go hunting—and so do I. But Tibbie would always rather have me go, and there are times when I am quite as well content without his company. But then, let me plead in self-defense, Tibbie often spoils my hunting and I never hurt or hinder him; for he has the advantage over me of size and speed. It is not always easy for me, a six-footer, to avoid Tibbie.

If I must always outrun two, Tibbie is the pioneer, and the creatures I am most anxious to observe either flee or hide when he appears. So I must always choose. If I take Tibbie, I curtail my observations for his pleasure and companionship. If I leave him, I find it hard to forget his beggining whine and the rattle of his remorseless chain as he springs to the length of it, and I miss him in the way.

And it makes a grown man feel himself disgraced when he must steal away and hide his starting from his friend because he is a dog.

When Tibbie goes with me he is always starting and returning. I count for more with him than any of the objects of the chase. He feels responsibility without losing pleasure. He says:

"I can't quite walk as slowly as you do, master. Much as I love you, I do often wish that you could learn to run. I have the greatest sympathy for your helplessness. And if you were not such a friend I would be off like a rocket through the woods, and then turn back to meet you at the very moment you return. But you see I want to run and I want to be with you. So I go only half as far and return to find you."

All this Tibbie says with a look of his beautiful eyes and a wag of his eloquent tail—we humans are so slow of speech and clumsy in our ways of explanation.

When Tibbie goes alone I wonder what he has in mind. On a winter day after fresh snow, I find his tracks and those of the other dogs in all the mountain paths. Do they follow scent for the pure joy of gratifying a perception which does not have a name? Or is there some delight of wandering, for which the pretext of hunting offers an excuse? How does well the trick of fuss has fooled my dog, I move on again to give a chance for the family reunion. For I am sure that not even practice can make the statute act a lasting pleasure to the little grousers. "Tibbie and I," as he says, has his leisurely air of preoccupation which evades remark. "I didn't really think I'd catch her," he would say, "but you see I had a good run for the money." And as the grousers, gathering their chucks about her and praising them for their immediate obedience, thinks so too, there is nothing more to be said.

On the split ledge of the mountain top is the place which Tibbie knows. There he lies down at my side in the shade, and with his rough tongue fondles my hand. And when the lunch is eaten and I dream together of his nose between his paws, my hand resting lightly on his shaggy head. And when the hour is ended, with its dreams of hunting, he makes the homeward way one glorious frolic with his happy fun.—Congregationalist.

THE CAMEL.
(A small boy's composition.)

He is called the ship of the desert because he rumbles over the sand and don't sink in. He runs different to the horse because he lifts up two legs on one side of his body and then two on the other. He has about a hundred stumps, and each holds about a quart, so when his master kills him he can have a good drink. His hump is made by the clock for he can't get berries or hay. Some camels are not camels because they have two humps and his don't grow all over him and where it don't is called callouses (calloladies) because it kneads down and wears away. The Arab loves his steed so much he lays the wheels of his wagon there to catch a piece of him called the Arab and his steed. His master was a prisoner and his faithful camel took him round the waist and bore him swiftly to his morning friends.—Spectator.

THE LAKES OF THE CLOUDS.
ROLAND D. GRANT, D. D.

This vast Northwest is a truly wonderful world. It has characteristics of its own that differ the most of the world. Alberta and British Columbia can boast of the most charming combinations of earth-forms and conditions. I believe them to be perfectly unique. They stand as the last discoverable land of the setting sun. If one would go beyond here he must wade.

It is well nigh impossible to conceive of the real newness of this region. As late as 1886 a book was published in London entitled "An Attempt to Get East from the Columbia River by Way of the Canadian Route." It is a wild and exciting tale he tells. The author ridicules the possibilities of any of the claims of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He tells of the hundreds of miles of deserted and hopeless "signal-boxes" and lifeless cabins, buried deep in eternal snow; and of the hundreds of miles of railway also hopeless buried by snow and glaciers, and of as many hundred miles of track absolutely swept away. He declares thus, in 1886, that "It is impossible to keep any road open to the Coast," adding that "even if snow-sheds were built through the entire mountain region they could not stand strong enough to stand the destroying avalanches."

He tells of freezing trains that could make
but three or four miles an hour on those frigid conditions. He insists, finally, that in dis-
gust he leaves the train struck in enormous drifts on the north shore of Lake Superior, and
himself with others going on ahead on snow-shoes, and reaching Montreal days before the train. This is a rare book, indeed.
And I am reminded that it would not be safe for any one to begin the trip over this very
dangerous northern route. Some told me that friends of theirs had been over the Can-
nadian Pacific Railway, and would have starved to death had they not been wise
to take their own provisions; and I could not convince one person at least to the
opposite.

In fact, the few of us who have ventured out here have often felt while on route that
provisions must give out and the rails must stop somewhere short of the Pacific coast; but to our delight we have found the
pleasures holding out to the end, and our only disappointment being that there were not many thousands of miles more to
enjoy.

I have often said that the Swiss Alps were not vast in comparison with the North Amer-
ican Alps. For this I have been rebuked; hence I am glad to have the testimony of the hardy
Swiss climbers who are now struggling with the mere fringes of our vast glacier system of
Alberta. These guides now say that the Alps are marked by the lake there Northwest. I have talked with Swiss guides
now in Alberta, with whom I have also met in the Swiss Alps, and their enthusiasm here
was not even dampered by their love of native land. A guide with whom I once
stood on the sides of old Jungfrau over Grün-
denwald was also with me at the base of the
vast Victorian glacier above Laggan in Al-
berta, and he said, "There is nothing in the
world put together like this."

My first visit to Laggan and the Lakes of the Clouds was on August 15, 1893, when, with
my family, I followed the train on this great Northern route. The pleasure of
our trip was much increased by the fact that
we were guests in the private car with Mr. J.
A. Sheffield, superintendent of palace cars
and hotels of the road, who, with his family,
was making his annual tour of inspection.

On that August day he first introduced me
to the more august Lake Louise, my sense of the beautiful was for the first
time perfectly satisfied. There had then been
no work of man to mar the spot, and every-
thing was in its virgin loveliness. I am now
glad that I saw the full glory of all lakes before
any trees were cut or the Chaleur built, for I
am conscious of having been there in truly
primal and Edenic conditions.

You leave the train at Laggan, thirty-
seven miles west of Banff, and follow the
train about thirty miles toward. Suddenly
there bursts upon you a scene of such awful
beauty that you stand uncovered in the
eternal. A lake of sapphire blue lies enshrined
amid these most terrific cliffs of every color
and form. Two miles of the track begins to rise southward the forefront of
the great glaciers, where the ice slants away up
ward until it reaches a depth of possibly five
hundred feet of solid blue and green, to where
it is fed by continuous avalanches from the
endless group of enormous heights beyond.
At the upper end of this brown, boulder-
covered glacier, rises a stern, black wall to a
eight which the Krigner peak, the highest
avalanche thunder. This wall is five miles
away, but looks to be but one; unless you
walk it, when it seems a full hundred miles
instead.

Above this black avalanche-wall there
gradually rises, like the roof of the universe,
the pure-white snow-fields of North America,
to a height of ten or twelve thousand feet.
Joining with Victoria in forming this ice-
field are the towering heights of Lefroy, Bee-
hive, Whyte, Niblock, Pyrnn, Castle Crags, and many other lofty peaks. While to the
east an upright mountain forms a perpen-
dicular wall of several thousand feet.
This mountain has been called Goat, but ought
to be not so named, as there is another
of that name just east of it. A man might
be willing to die to have this mountain for
his monument.

Nowhere in her possessions could there have
been a grander piece of Nature's work to
have been named for England's noble Queen
than this long and silent range, whose etern-
able white robes throw their shadows and
blessing over the royal Lake Louise, that
rests like a daughter at her feet.

The shadows here are ever changing, the
lake is usually still as glass, and so mirrors
all these enchanting heights and crags in
black, and green, and white, on its lovely
surface. This is especially true of the earliest
morning hour. A picture taken from the
shore near the little Chalet reveals these re-
fections so perfectly that as you reverse the
picture it is not easy to tell which side is up,
right or wrong. Indeed, there is no wrong
side here, for if you turn the picture again
sideways you have, by the reflection, a per-
fect "hourglass," and again reverse it and
you get a "chalice filled," or a cup of bless-
ing. There sometimes hangs a peculiar spiritual atmosphere over the vast expanse
that is really indescribable, and in a moment
later it all clears away, so that an object is
so perfectly silhouetted as to defeat all cal-
culations of distance. Distance and size are
here impossible of reckoning, and

deceive you at every turn. You seem to lose
all power of estimating in confusion of mind.
A person even thinks he can reach yonder
black cliff, only to be quickly lost among
detritus and fallen crags that hinder your
every step; and none but the most intrepid
must venture to know the inner shrine of
this holy place, for if you do the glory may be
turned into the "death-trap," as the far
upper opening is called; but it can all be en-
joyed in view without the slightest danger or

Here one can find all the world of
ice and crevasse, and that, too, with
every known form of morain and Alpine won-
der; and all this on the grandest scale, for
these vast miles of ice hang in dreadful silence
on the shoulders of scores of mighty mount-
ains. Man is but a trifle amid this grandeur, W. Robertson Nicoll.

I have found no other such lake of beauty.
I have seen the choicest lakes of the Old
World, and this is really queen among them
all. Lake Como is beautiful, divinely so, but
not of the nature of the beauty seen here. I
urged Montague White, the friend of Paul
Krugcr, to visit this glacier, and he afterwards
wrote me: "I have seen nothing like it in all
the world, and your enthusiasm is fully justi-
Hed." When the Prince of Wales was on route
east from Vancouver he went on a shoot-
ing excursion, and they brought the Princess
back from Banff to see these Lakes of the Clouds.
I have it direct from one to whom she told it, that she said "she had seen noth-
more beautiful on earth," and I cannot
conceive of heaven being more beautiful.
The Prince's party visited the lakes under the
special care of Mr. John Niblock, who, by the
way, was the gentleman to direct the first
lady that ever entered this bewitching place,
and for him Mount Niblock was named.

If you wish to reconnoiter further and find
more gems, take your ponies again from the
Chalet to the shore of Louise and climb an
other thousand feet directly up the western
cliff along the sides of Beehive, and find
another little Emerald lake known as Mirror.
This has no overground outlet, but runs
through some rock opening into Louise a thousand feet below. Some days
is a goodly climb which brings you to Lake
Agnes. This fine lake, fringed with beautiful
flowers, is surrounded by a vast amphithea-
tre of mountains towering still heavenward.

And now, if you would enjoy to the full this
enchanted place, you have only to walk the
sides of Mount Pyrnn above Lake Agnes, and
see the snowy peaks rise one above another
to the east of you. Mount Beehive is now
almost at your feet among this wonderful
group of lakes, and forests of mountains and
creags stand up to greet you from all around
the horizon, while from over beyond pure
Lefroy sweeps Paradise Valley, with mount-
ain peaks by the hundred.

Each time that I have since visited this
place, I have brought with me a car-full of
friends from the few inches of earth, on
first catching a glimpse and full burst of
this glory, did not sit in silence on their
ponies, and with uncovered head feels tears
a part of their spirit of worship.

I hope those in charge will never cut any
trees or shrubs between the lake and the
north approach, but let everything be left
as God has arranged it, as this is the finest
piece of Divine Art. At all hours of the day
and night, for several days at a time, I have
seen noth-

- Watchman.

As we climb the heights of prayer our main
work is intercession. The power of interces-
sion is not to be measured; it goes out into
the endless connections and sympathies of
the spiritual world—sustaining, influencing,
succoring, consulting in numberless ways.—
W. Robertson Nicoll.

By rooting out our selfish desires, even
when they appear to touch no one but our
own, we are preparing a chamber of the
soul where the Divine Presence may dwell.—
Ellen Watson.
SABBATH SCHOLL
CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

REV. WILLIAM C. WHITEHEAD, Professor of Biblical Language at the Lutheran University.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS. 1902.

SECOND QUARTER.

INSTRUCTION.

The Book of Joshua from its literary features and from its historical point of view forms one of the five books of the Bible. It is, therefore, by modern scholars, grouped with those that precede it, and called the sixth book of the Hexateuch, after the direct relation to the Law as the other, Hebrew writers have reckoned it in the second division of the canon as the first of the books of the Earlier Testament. The first five books of the canon have been called the Five Books of the Law. We are accustomed to speak of it as the first of the Historical Books. It is to be remembered, however, that the first five books contain much historical material. This Book of Joshua is divided naturally into three sections. Chaps. 1-12 recount the conquest of Canaan; chaps. 13-22 constitute a geographical section describing the inheritance of the tribes; chaps. 23, 24 contain the farewell speeches of Joshua and tell of his death. According to the commonly-accepted tradition, the book was written by Joshua himself; but there is nothing in the book itself to claim Joshua for its author.

Joshua was a man of God like Moses, but he can scarcely be “called better” (Exod. 3:1). He was that leader of great ability.

The Hebrew name Joshua corresponds to the Greek name Jesus, meaning Saviour. It is worthy of curious notice that the Authorised Version translates: 1:8: 4 and in Acts 7:45 has given us the name “Jesus” where the reference is certainly not to our Redeemer, but to the Old Testament leader, Joshua.

Joshua has to do with the divine encouragement of Joshua as he was now to take up the task which Moses had laid by the Jordan. Joshua was a type and forerunner of Jesus.

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DEATHS.
Not upon us or over the oceans again.
Have we not graven
The funeral clock, the grave, the grave
The good die not.
God only promised, but we lose not wholly
What He has given.
They rise and rise to Right and dwell as truly
As to His heaven.

DAVIS—Daniel Davis was born May 24, 1824, and died near Leo Oakes, N. Y., Sept. 1, 1902. He is survived by an only son and family, who are left in the lonely home. These, with many near friends, mourn their great loss. He was a member of the First Verona church, and would depart this life for one where there will be no more suffering. Funeral services were held, September the 8th, in the Seventh-day Baptist church of Waton, conducted by Eld. Mathew Harry.
F. R. S.

BURDICK.—In Milton, Wis., Aug. 26, 1902, Mrs. Phebe J. Baker Burdick, aged 64 years, 4 months and 17 days.

Mrs. Burdick was the daughter of Beriah and Clarissa Babcock, of Scott, N. Y. Her father died when she was quite young, and at the age of 10 she came with her mother to Wisconsin. Two years later she was married to Mr. C. H. Burdick, with whom she has lived in perfect conjugal love for more than 45 years. Only one child was born to them—a son, who died in infancy. In the great religious revival in Milton, under the pastoral labors of Rev. W. D. Davis, she was converted, and was baptized into the fellowship of the Seventh-day Baptist church, of which she has remained a loyal, loving member until her death. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. D. K. Davis.

L. A. P.

COOK.—In Milton, Wis., Sept. 7, 1902, after a long and painful illness, Samuel Hubbard Cook, aged 85 years, 8 months and 23 days.

Mr. Cook was born in Westfield, N. Y., the son of Samuel Hubbard and Olive Brown Cook. The father was born in Rhode Island, probably in the town of Car­olina, and was a descendant of Samuel Hubbard, inti­mate friend of Roger Williams, and prominent in the history of the first Seventh-day Baptist church in America. His mother was a native of Connecticut. When a young man Mr. Cook moved to Wisconsin. Mr. W. H. H. Cook, came to Wisconsin and settled in the town of Christiana in Dane County. They were charter mem­bers of the church in that town, since its organization. Mr. Cook's name is known as the name of the Utica, Wis., Seventh-day Baptist church. From the be­ginning to the close of its history, they were its staunch­est supporters. Captain Cook died four or five years ago, and in June, 1901, the church was formally dissolved, the members taking letters to Albion, Milton Junction and Milton, in which places most of them have resided and in which they had resided for a certain period of time. Captain Cook, together with his wife, who survives him, united with the church in Milton. One brother, Lafayette E. Cook, and two sisters, Misses Jane M. and Juliette Miller, of Brookfield, N. Y., are now the sole survivors of a once large family of brothers and sisters. Mr. Cook was twice married and leaves two daughters and one son, all of whom are living. He leaves four grandchildren, a large circle of other relatives, and the wife who has shared with him the growing infirmities of advancing age during the past twenty-five years. It lies in the peaceful triunphs of redeeming grace.

WHEN THE WORLD CONQUERS.

The world conquers me when it succeeds in hindering me from seeing, loving, holding communion with and serving my Father, God. I conquer it when I lay my hand upon it, and force it to help me to get nearer him, to get more like him, to do for his will more gladly and more constantly. The one victory over the world is to bend it to serve me in the highest things—the attainment of a clearer vision of the divine nature, the attainment of a deeper love to God himself, and a more complete and service to him. That is the victory—when you can make the world a ladder to lift you to God. When the world comes between you and God as an obscuring screen it has conquered you. When the world comes between you and God as an obscuring screen, you in your service to him have conquered it. To win victory is to get it beneath your feet and stand upon it, and reach up thereby to God.—Alex. McLaren.
ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund.

Alfred University has appealed to its General Fund. The Trustees expect that its Endowment and Property will reach a Million Dollars within ten years. To aid in securing this result, a One Hundred Thousand Dollar Challenge has already started. It is a popular subscription to be made up of many small gifts. The fund is to be kept in trust, only the interest used for the University. The Trustees issue to each subscriber of one dollar or more a certificate signed by President P. J. Hurd and the Treasurer. The names of subscribers are published in this column from week to week as the subscriptions are received by W. H. Gifford, Alfred, N. Y.

Every friend of higher education and of Alfred University should have this name appear as a contributor to this fund.

Proposed Centennial Fund. $100,000.

Amount needed, June 1, 1893. $74,709.

Edward M. Ayle, New York, N. Y.

THE SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

Corporate Secretary, R. L. Hammar, Secretary. Topeka, Kan.; Mr. E. W. Whitehead, First Reader, South Bend, Ind.; Mr. C. A. Fox, Second Reader, Oshkosh, Wis.; Mr. J. W. T. White, Third Reader, Wheeling, W. Va.

The work of this Board is to help pastors and workers to secure for students and a sufficient number of mi. enterprise and give control to the First Day of each month, at 11 a.m., at

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND.


The purposes of the Board are: To give prompt payment of all obligations; to change quarterly or for whatever aid or advice upon any church or person, but when asked, the first three names in the order will be the working force, being housed in the Society's building at 848 E. Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

Corporate Secretary, P. C. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. C. A. Fox, Second Reader, Oshkosh, Wis.; Mr. J. W. T. White, Third Reader, Wheeling, W. Va.

The work of this Board will be a Board of Executive Directors. The Annual Meeting of the Board will be held the first Saturday in January, April, July, and October.

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Corporate Secretary, P. C. Davis, Secretary, Philadelphia, Pa.; Mr. C. A. Fox, Second Reader, Oshkosh, Wis.; Mr. J. W. T. White, Third Reader, Wheeling, W. Va.

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