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Hope Thou in God.

BY MARY M. CAIN.



WHEN life's billows o'er thee roll,
Hope in God.
When its sorrows press the soul,
Hope in God.
Jesus knows thy secret grief,
He will send thee sure relief;
Hope in God.

When thy heart is pressed with care,
Hope in God.
There are burdens none can share;
Hope in God.
Hope gives life its full completeness,
Hope gives rest its fullest sweetness;
Hope in God.

Should the wolf stand at the door,
Hope in God.
He'll increase thy little store;
Hope in God.
Cast on him thy smallest care,
He'll sustain thee, even there;
Hope in God.

When for thee the roses bloom,
Hope in God.
When the clouds are black with gloom,
Hope in God.
For the day—what'er it be—
Holds some blessing sweet for thee;
Hope in God.

Hope in God through light and darkness,
Hope in him through joy and pain;
Hoping, as you learn life's lessons,
Nothing shall be learned in vain.
Hope thou in God.

—The Standard.

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PLAINFIELD N J

The Sabbath Recorder.

A. H. LEWIS, D. D., Editor.
J. P. MOSHER, Business Manager.

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AN editor has no right to thrust personal experiences upon his readers. There are, however, personal experiences common to us all, out of the narration of which may come some possible good. The writer's life has been richly blessed, in that not many great earthly sorrows have come to him; but the thought that some of his readers may be passing through similar experiences leads him to say that the preciousness of faith in the All-Loving Father is richer to-day than ever before. The greatest earthly sorrow seems shutting down around him, as he waits in that helpless expectancy which so often comes, when human skill and love have done all that is possible to check the course of disease and to save loved ones longer for the earth life. In this personal experience, the light and strength given from the other side come like great waves of comfort. To any reader, whose life may be knowing such an experience just now, or to whom the waves of sorrow have come, and having passed, seem to have left life more desolate, we send this message: Since he who knoweth the end from the beginning is so much wiser, so much more loving than any earthly friend can be, let your heart rest, not only upon the promises, but upon that larger assurance, that nothing can come to your life in which the Father's love will not be. Know that his love will give to you wisdom and strength, guidance and healing; but, above all, forget the shadows that settle around you on the earthly side, in the blessed contrast with the light which awaits those whom he calls Home. It seems selfish on our part to think too much of our sorrow, when we know that the land immortal waits to welcome our loved ones, giving them everlasting joy, beyond the touch of pain, sorrow, temptation or failure.

If, under any similar experience, the reader has not been able to see the light breaking in from above, we pray that to him may come the spirit of trust—not of slavish submission—that will open his eyes to the light and joy which the Father's promises bring. It is not for us to dictate to him as to what is best. With all our wisdom, every great question outruns our power to decide what is best. Teach your heart to rest in the blessed truth that, at most, earth is but momentary, and that our real life lies beyond. Unfinished plans and broken hopes belong to earth, but ever-unfolding attainments and growing hopes and larger knowledge belong to heaven. The redeemed who are called into that life first, gain in fullness what we gain in such incompleteness and imperfection here. We gather, like stray bits of gold among the sand, the higher spiritual attainments; they shall gather as one who walks the banks of the River of Life, where gold and gems cover all the sands, and infinite riches await them. Only this much to our readers; not to tell you of our sorrow, but to point to the words of light and comfort, without which, the passing days of the new year would be burdened with hopelessness and the crushing weight of untempered woe. With the Divine help, the future is as bright as the richest

sunshine, and filled with the light which the consciousness of the Divine presence brings.

It was Bernhard who said, "Nothing can work me damage except myself." That principle holds true in all our experiences. That which comes upon us from without may cause pain and entanglement; but the real suffering comes only when within ourselves we yield to outer influences, and so invite painful or disastrous results. Temptation is nothing, kept without the soul. As the iron steamship rides the waves of the Atlantic victorious, so the soul may pass above all temptations, if it is fully stayed on God and resting in truth. Even our sorrows may be a blessing, if the eye of the soul can look beyond them, and through faith abide in the light and rest which Divine love has in waiting. Only the choice or the weakness of the heart can open the door to temptation, or to the permanent evils which come with adversity or trial. The great problem of life, therefore, is to meet all sorrows and temptations with a heart pure and sweet, full of faith, and hence full of peace. If, for a moment, that peace seems driven out, it will finally return, when the human weaknesses which mingle with all our experiences have had their day.

THE international effort to prevent indiscriminate sale of whisky to the natives of Central Africa will, it is said, be joined in by the United States. And yet it comes to light that in Samoa, at our harbor of Pago Pago, an American saloon is in process of building. The fact is reported by Mrs. Strong, the step-daughter of the late Robert Louis Stevenson, whose love for the Samoans is well known. Mrs. Strong speaks for no temperance society, and is not herself a total abstainer; but she believes that if Americans could realize what the influence of this saloon on the Samoans will be, they would protest against it and stop the building. To pretend an interest in the moral welfare of the African, in whose land we have no control, and to permit on our own soil the corruption of a race far more susceptible to good and evil than the African, would be rank hypocrisy. At present the Samoan is relatively a gentle and lovable savage. He lives chiefly on fruits, and touches no intoxicant except *kava*, a drink which has a sacred meaning to him, and which he uses only in a ceremony. One has but to look at the effect of American whisky on Hawaii to know the havoc it would work at Samoa. E. H. L.

THE EFFICACY OF REGULAR HABITS OF WORK.

Physicians to-day lay great stress on change and variety of occupation as a therapeutic measure, and doubtless wisely. The tired housewife comes back from a few days' visit feeling like a different creature, and even the worried business man can safely rely on a little "change of scene" to give him new heart. God would hardly have made the world so large had he not expected men to move about on it occasionally. But it is a mistaken notion to think that much irregularity in habits of work is wholesome. Regular work, and equally regular recreation, daily work and daily recreation, these make up the wholesome regimen. All work and no play sends people to the insane asylum, and it is hardly too much to say that all play and no work will do the same thing.

History is crowded with illustrious examples of men who went to pieces by failing to husband their powers. The first Napoleon furnishes an instance of almost superhuman native endurance, but the first Napoleon died a broken-down man in his early fifties. He fought an Austrian General for four days without sleep, and when the Austrian was defeated the conqueror slept for something like thirty-six hours—two feats which prove the marvelous power of his nervous organism. Yet, as Lord Roseberry points out in his new book, "Napoleon—the last Phase," nature early began to take her revenges. Once, when it is of the utmost importance for the French army to move immediately, the commander sits almost in a stupor for a whole day, idly fingering the trinkets on his desk, and utterly unable to decide whether Berlin or Leipzig should be the point of attack. And after the battle of Waterloo he relapses into an apathy, from which nothing can arouse him for twelve hours.

But there are plenty of names to set against Napoleon's in this matter. In his own day there lived a man who effected, in philosophy, a revolution, more lasting in its way than Napoleon's in politics; yet he rarely set foot outside his native town, and, in a long life, was never more than a day's journey distant from that town. Immanuel Kant, of Königsberg, toiled on year after year, without haste and without rest, working all the day and half the night, except that every afternoon he appeared at precisely the same hour in his garden, for a long walk under the linden trees. Heine says that the neighbors used to set their watches by him, little thinking of the philosophical systems that the brown-coated old professor was calmly destroying each morning to make room for his own. You could hardly say that Kant lived a very rich life of the human affections, but he lived a long and a tremendously effective life of the intellect.

In our own land one may select the engineer, John Ericsson, as an example of the efficacy of regular habits. The man, whose Monitor revolutionized naval warfare, and, therefore, according to Captain Mahan, the warfare of the future, lived for twenty years in one house in New York, eating almost exactly the same kind of breakfast and dinner every day for twenty years, and spending nearly all his time at his desk. He lived on graham bread, fruit, tea, chops and steak. He took an hour's walk every evening. He worked at desk or drafting-board all the rest of the time from six in the morning till midnight. Such a course of life would kill most people with monotony; but Ericsson was a man of iron constitution and placid disposition, and what would drive a more nervous man mad was to him only a delightful steadying of nerves and purpose.

Perhaps more remarkable than either Kant or Ericsson as a steady machine was the great French dictionary-maker, Emile Littre. His book, which consumed thirteen years in the mere printing (1859-1872), is one of the three or four really monumental lexicons. He did not begin the task till he was forty-five, and he labored at it incessantly for thirty years. He has himself told the method of his daily work. The wonder is that he remained cheerful and charming throughout the whole period. He says:

My rule of life included the twenty-four hours of the

day and night, so as to bestow the least possible amount of time on the current calls of existence. . . . I rose at eight; very late, you will say, for so busy a man. Wait an instant. Whilst they put my bedroom in order, which was also my study, I went downstairs with some work in hand. It was thus, for example, that I composed the preface of the Dictionary. I had learned from Chancellor d'Agnesseau the value of unoccupied minutes. At nine I set to work to correct proofs until the hour of our midday meal. At one I resumed work, and wrote my papers for the *Journal des Savants*, to which I was from 1855 a regular contributor. From three to six I went on with the Dictionary. At six, punctually, we dined, which took about an hour. They say it is unwholesome to work directly after dinner, but I have never found it so. It is so much time won from the exigencies of the body. Starting again at seven in the evening, I stuck to the Dictionary. My first stage took me to midnight, when my wife and daughter (who were my assistants) retired. I then worked on till three in the morning, by which time my daily task was usually completed. If it was not, I worked on later; and more than once, in the long days of summer, I have put out my lamp and continued to work by the light of the coming dawn. However, at three in the morning, I generally laid down my pen and put my papers in order for the following day — that day which had already begun. Habit and regularity had extinguished all excitement in my work. I fell asleep as easily as a man of leisure does, and woke at eight, as men of leisure do. But these vigils were not without their charm. A nightingale had built her nest in a row of limes that crosses the garden, and she filled the silence of the night and of the country with her limpid and tuneful notes.

E. H. L.

WILLIAM BLACK'S MONUMENT.

The west coast of Scotland will soon have a new lighthouse, which will be erected by popular subscription as a memorial of the novelist, William Black. It will stand on Duart Point, which juts out into the Sound of Mull. How much more human and humane a monument than a grave in St. Paul's, or a tablet in the Abbey!

One of the finest stories of the year 1900 was that by the Cornish writer, Quiller-Couch, called "The Ship of Stars." It is a book that any manly boy will be the manlier for reading. It tells of an imaginative, poetic child, of whom devout parents planned to make a great scholar and preacher. The boy's father was a clergyman, who accepted a small living on a seaside estate, close to the shore of that perilous western coast, which even yet is most inadequately protected by lights. The owner of the living was a crabbed old squire, whose eccentricities at last became madness. He quarreled with the rector, and refused his aid in rebuilding the dilapidated church. The rector, himself a scholar, abandoned work on his great book, his commentary, and began to labor with his own hands at the building. The boy helped his father, and little by little, slowly and painfully, the two mastered the mason's, the blacksmith's, and the carpenter's arts. Meantime the boy prepared for Oxford by utilizing spare time, and finally went into residence. He was summoned home in a year by his father's death. He abandoned his dream of scholastic success; he finished the church; he ceased to be the dreamer and the scholar, and became an engineer. In memory of the man he loved, and for the sake of humanity, he devoted his life to building lights for the deadly west coast.

E. H. L.

WHAT a saint gives to Christ in copper shall be returned to him in silver; yea, the only way to keep our crowns on our heads is to cast them down at His feet.—*William Secker.*

A SERMON WITHOUT A TEXT.

Preached January 5, 1901, by the Pastor of the New York church, and requested for publication.

In speaking to-day on the subject of Seventh-day Baptist Education, I am fully aware that intellectual power and growth are not essential parts of the gospel. Spiritual truth is spiritually discerned, and any education that does not recognize this fact is very likely to result in a sad loss of spiritual life. And yet the time would hardly be well spent if I should pause to argue with this congregation in regard to the importance of education, or to defend the place of such a subject in this pulpit. The subject will be given this simple division: Seventh-day Baptist Education—past, present and future.

The most natural introduction to our educational history is a glance at the educational standing of our English Seventh-day Baptist forefathers. Time will not permit us to look with any detail into this interesting subject. The fact would not be difficult to prove that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Sabbath-keepers of England were remarkably well educated. They were never a large company, and were always pitifully independent; but they were, for their time, well educated.

Nathan Bailey was the author of the best dictionary of his time, Chamberlain was physician to three kings of England, Thomas Bampffield was speaker of the House of Commons. Francis Bampffield was an Oxford man, and in fact a number of the leaders of the Sabbath-keepers were from the best schools of England. It is surprising how difficult it is to get at the facts in this matter on account of the carelessness, if not the willfulness, of the men who write history. They, at least most of them, do not think it worth while to say that the hymn-writer Stennett, the physician Chamberlain, the author Bampffield, the lexicographer Bailey and many other scholars that could be named were Sabbath-keepers.

There is in the library of Union Seminary a work in about seventy-five large volumes entitled, "Dictionary of National Biography" that is very helpful in such a line of investigation. It is an English work and has a system of references to sources of information that makes it very valuable to a student of history. The founders of the old Mill Yard church, Mr. and Mrs. John Trask, were school-teachers. Mrs. Trask, who seems to have spent the last fifteen years of her life in prison for keeping the Sabbath, was a classical teacher. The books that these people produced are evidence of their education. The fact that the ablest men of England were appealed to to answer them is also evidence to the same point.

But what of the place of American Seventh-day Baptists in education?

It is known to most of you that the charter of Brown University was written by Samuel Ward, a Rhode Island Seventh-day Baptist, who was also for a number of years on its Board of Trustees. A number of our young men were sent to Harvard and Brown, and three at least seem to have been sent to England to complete their education. But our people were generally poor and had little organization of any kind. The war for independence came on, and following that our scattering westward.

The first definite, concerted movement to-

ward providing for our young people a liberal culture began in 1834. The plan was undertaken at the suggestion of Conference, and consisted in a group of local societies of women working to raise money to send to college worthy young men with special reference to the ministry. In this way Solomon Carpenter was assisted in his studies at Brown University, and James Irish and W.C. Kenyon at Union College. Tell me how money could have been spent better. The first school that was established by our people was DeRuyter Institute. The man whose zeal and persistent effort made the opening of this school possible was Rev. Alexander Campbell. He had but recently come to our faith, and was impressed with what he thought an imperative necessity, that we educate our own young people, especially our ministry. The school was opened in 1837, and for thirty-four years it did a work, the influence of which it would not be easy to overestimate. Fifty years ago DeRuyter was doing for the New York churches what Salem is now doing for our West Virginia churches. Most of the strong men and women who built up the Western churches received instruction and inspiration at DeRuyter. I shall not pause to speak of the noble men and women who taught there, but cannot but express the hope that, before it is too late to be done well, some one will write the history of DeRuyter Institute.

Neither can we pause to call attention to the history of Alfred University, beginning way back in 1836 in a select school; or of Milton College, established in 1844. Before we leave the past for the present, I wish to call attention to the fact that before the days of high schools Seventh-day Baptists gave to their own young people, and those of their neighbors, much academic training in schools that are now extinct. These schools were never endowed, they did their work and have naturally and gladly given place to the village high school. There were schools of this grade at Ashaway, R. I.; Shiloh and New Market, N. J.; West Union, W. Va.; Brookfield, Petersburg and Richburg, N. Y.; West Hallock and Farmington, Ill.; Walworth and Albion, Wis.; and Alden, Minn. These schools have all done good work, but especial mention should be made of Albion Academy, where A. R. Cornwell labored so long and faithfully. It was at Albion that A. B. Prentice and Clayton A. Burdick received all their education. It was at Albion that your pastor's father and mother, as well as the parents of many better men received their education. But the past is gone and what about the present.

The Seventh-day Baptist denomination now has three schools. I need not call their names to you. Salem College, located in West Virginia, is now doing for the community in which it labors just such a work as Milton College did for Wisconsin a generation ago. Quite a large portion of the students are not Sabbath-keepers. Most of the work is academic and normal. Hundreds are here reached with culture that would not otherwise know what culture was. The teachers work with the greatest enthusiasm and self-sacrifice. Personal religion has a large place in all plans and work. There is no endowment, and it is a constant struggle to meet the bills. In writing me in regard to another matter a

few weeks ago, Pres. Gardiner said that there was no money to pay the teachers. These teachers at Salem are not only good men and women, but they are strong men and women. They are making strong men and women. Last year six teachers taught one hundred and forty students. The total expense of running the college the entire year was about \$5,000. We may honestly differ about making an effort to endow Salem College, but we could hardly disagree about the good work that it is doing for the present generation of young people in West Virginia, and the desirability of our giving it our support from year to year.

Milton College is in a different field and has altogether different conditions and problems to contend against. I do not speak without knowledge when I say that no other school has exercised greater influence over the schools of the state of Wisconsin than Milton College. For the last generation Milton College men have stood at the head of the school system of the state for more than half the time. Milton College men are to-day at the head of a number of the best schools of the state. Milton has sent out an army of splendid teachers. But these were other days. Now the great State University is forty miles west; Whitewater Normal is twelve miles east; Beloit College is twenty-two miles south; Ripon College and Lawrence University are but a short distance north; splendid high schools are in every village. The school has lost, as would be expected, practically all its First-day students and most of its academic students. Young people from the village of Milton are at Beloit, Madison, and at Whitewater. Milton has an endowment of about \$85,000, which barely enables it to live. The students are a splendid band of young people, mostly from our different societies west of New York state. Most of them are poor, and while they work their way, do not bring much cash to the school or village. Last year ten teachers taught one hundred and forty-nine students. The cost of running the school was about \$7,000. The school is still doing good work. Men and women are being trained who will be heard from. They are strong and clean and consecrated.

They came there with conscience and it is not being destroyed while culture is being added. But the school is passing through trying days. Pres. Whitford is growing old and is burdened with a multitude of cares that keep him from his classes most of the time. Prof. Albert Whitford, that magnificent silent man who has been the balance-wheel of the institution all these years, has reached the limit of physical endurance and is resting in California. Prof. Whitford's son, Alfred E. Whitford, is teaching in his father's place. But like Salem College, Milton continues to do a good work that would otherwise not be done.

Year by year it sends out a few stalwart men, men with cultivated brains, with tender hearts and with backbone. But Milton is almost in despair. She must have money. Her endowment will not let her die, but she must more than *not die*. Milton is not a beggar. I sometimes wish she were. Her sons are not beggars. She teaches them not to be.

And now what of Alfred and her good work. Many of you know more of Alfred than I do; of her splendid situation and campus; of her

large and growing group of well-appointed buildings; of her continually increasing debts. You know that the men and women of the faculty could not be duplicated for their pay. That the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice is not dead. Her president and her trustees are aggressive men.

Alfred is holding her own in western New York and north-western Pennsylvania, and is winning the more complete confidence of the churches of the Eastern Association. We are proud of her. Where will a thousand dollars go further in the education of a young person? Where will a young man find better surroundings in which to develop his intellectual powers? Where will he come in daily contact with such men as teachers, as students and as towns-people? Not only so, but where will he get a better college education at any price? All educational institutions are in a tremendous race in these days. Alfred, although badly handicapped by want of money and by denominational prejudice, is surprising and pleasing her friends by the showing she is making. Considering our natural limitations in numbers and in wealth, Seventh-day Baptists have reason to be proud, not only of our past, but of our present educational standing. But the future:

The first question to be decided is whether or not it is necessary or worth while to maintain denominational schools. This is a live question for Baptists, Congregationalists, and all other denominations. We think that the system of public schools is such, and the surroundings of our daily life such that we can best educate our children by sending them to the public school. Now the state is also providing good college training, and why put forth so much effort on the struggling denominational college? Here again we can not pause to argue, but will simply say that most thoughtful Christian men of every denomination agree that the Christian college is necessary. The state schools are irreligious at best and more often are practically infidel. The Christian college is held to be a necessity not only for the education of the young men from our homes, but for its influence upon the state schools as well. Some of us would be glad if conditions were such as to allow us to have our children in Christian schools—schools of our own. But conditions are different when a young man or young woman is "sent away" to college where the influence of home is removed and the peculiar temptations of college life surround one. If it is in the realm of the possible, Seventh-day Baptists should maintain their own schools, and if it is necessary then it is possible. We will get some First-day students to our schools, and yet the attendance, like the circulation of the SABBATH RECORDER, will more and more be limited to the number of our own people. Alfred has a decided advantage over Milton, at this point, for its geographical situation is such that it ought to win and hold for many years yet the young people of a large section of country. Milton has no local tributary territory. Students seldom come from neighboring towns.

Seventh-day Baptists have about one thousand young people. Very many of these do not care to go to college, and many more never find the way open. There are less than one hundred of our young people taking a college course at the present time. What am I coming to? I am coming to the fact that

thoughtful men are questioning in their minds the advisability of endowing three schools. How this matter will work out I do not see. Good work is being done at three points and ought not to be discontinued. But Milton is struggling against tremendous odds; Salem is as sure to lose her academic students as she is of success; and Alfred, notwithstanding her splendid showing, is going deeper and deeper in debt. Our educational leaders are either blind or they are concerned.

Let us not forget that education is not necessarily received in schools, and that money is not the first consideration in schools; and yet, friends, if our schools keep up with the educational movements of the new century, they must have money. Buildings must be built, books and apparatus bought, and good teachers hired, who can have the opportunity to perfect themselves in the master of a specialty. This will take money. There are two things about getting money from people for any purpose. First, they must have the money; and second, they must be willing to part with it. Money is not the most important thing in our work as a people, but it is quite necessary, and not being a rich people, it will have to be earned. We cannot give away that which we do not possess. I ought to give with generosity and by system to all good enterprises, for my salary is generous and regular, but you would hardly expect me to endow a college, buy a mission station or publish a paper, any more than you would expect me to send my daughters to college before they are grown. Our people are not rich, and must earn the money year by year, and day by day, to carry on their educational work, just as they do their Mission and Sabbath Reform work. Here the question at once arises whether we shall place our educational work on the same basis with Missions and Sabbath Reform. I shall not answer for you, but let us see. It costs to run our schools five times as much as is received from tuitions. This proportion is sure to increase. What is to be done? Take Milton, for example. Am I not right in saying that Milton must depend for its future on the Seventh-day Baptist homes of the Northwest? The good people up there think that they are loyal to their school, and so they are in a way. They generally send their sons and daughters there, if they are sent to school at all. But the donations to Milton College last year seem to have amounted to just \$25 00, and I confess to surprise that so much has been given. With its entirely inefficient endowment, Milton is left to struggle on alone. There is talk of giving up the academic department, there is talk of shortening the college course, there are other plans under consideration; but I am clearly of the opinion that the only way to save Milton College from going down and out is for the Seventh-day Baptists of the Northwest to rally in some movement that shall be general and systematic, by which it shall be given financial support.

Dr. Lewis will tell you that Sabbath Reform is our fundamental, essential work. Dr. Whitford will tell you that with this the spirit of world-wide evangelization is also essential and fundamental. They are both right; but, brethren, look into the future and tell us how we are to succeed in this double mission, if we have not the best of education,

and how are we to be educated unless we provide the means.

And now a single application. A movement was set on foot at the late Conference—and it seems to be coming all the way from Adams Centre on foot—to provide at Alfred University suitable theological instruction for our young men preparing for the ministry. This is certainly a very important work, and it will not succeed unless it has the hearty co-operation and support of all. I hope the plan will be to ask for regular contributions from the individual for this definite purpose. Think of it, talk about it, pray over it, plan for it, and see if you cannot help, even if in but a small way, to provide teachers for the young men and women who are to be our religious leaders.

I have not stated that a man educated in a state school is a heathen or a renegade. I have not said that one cannot be educated unless he studies in college. I have not said that uneducated people are not as good as those who are educated. I have not said that education is a part of Christianity. What I have said you will not misunderstand—that if Seventh-day Baptist education of the future compares well with that of the past, that the common people, many of whom are not directly interested, will have to put their shoulders to the wheel. There must be no jealousy or division of interest among us. Our own schools must be given support in the attendance of the young men and women from our homes, and must be given the support of a share of our daily wages as well.

(The writer wishes to say here that the above was hastily prepared for the people whom he serves, and with no thought of publication. The historical statements are from a borrowed copy of the "Jubilee Papers." If any reader can inform the writer how he can become the owner of this valuable book, he will be doing a real service.)

MR. BOOTH SERIOUSLY ILL.

Recent advices bring the sad news that Mr. Booth has been critically ill. The labor problem and the difficulty in procuring grain to feed the laborers have presented difficulties that have made the year one of constant anxiety and ceaseless strain for Mr. Booth, in the effort to bring the plantation into condition. In September he set out on a month's journey to the Angoni and Chipeta territory, with letters of authority from the British Consul to secure laborers for the rainy season, which is the season of hoeing and planting.

The trip was too much for him in his exhausted condition and, although he was successful in securing the labor he sought, he returned a very sick man. He has now recovered somewhat and, with Mrs. Booth and Mary, was, at the last writing, on his way to Cape Town for a month's rest and recuperation. Meanwhile the plantation is under the care of Stephen Luwayo and William Samona, the two pillars of the native church, who are skilled plantation managers, with relays of laborers provided for each month.

Only those who have had the privilege of reading all their letters can understand the terrible strain our missionaries have been under during the last two years, and only such can realize the opportunity of the field and the beginning already made. We have felt his need for a helper, and for months we have been planning and hoping to send one.

Mr. Booth's illness emphasizes the need of sending this helper to him at the earliest possible moment. It also emphasizes the need for every friend of the cause to come forward with all the aid he can give that we may push the work to a success, and he can aid not only by his own personal contributions, but by using his words and influence to bring his friends also to our aid.

Mr. Jacob Bakker is all ready and anxious to go when the Association gives him the word; but that word depends upon the response we receive to our appeal for aid. To meet his expenses and support, we need a substantial increase in our subscriptions, and we have arranged for a wide-spread canvass for this purpose. Will not each one who reads this show his interest by contributing himself or getting a subscription from some friend. The directors of the Association have been pulling hard for months to carry the burden of our need; will you not come to our help promptly, now that we are in such great need of funds to send out our brother to give Mr. Booth the assistance he so sorely needs?

D. E. TITSWORTH,
President of S. E. and I. A.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The various interviews of the American Ambassadors with foreign governments have not yet brought about any determination as to the proposed transfer of Chinese negotiations to a point outside Peking, and it is probable that some days will elapse before the Ambassadors will be able to advise the American State Department definitely as to the attitude of the several Powers. The Chinese Emperor, it is said, has decided to return to Peking to administer the reformed government, and the Empress Dowager offers no opposition. It is asserted at Shanghai that Li Hung Chang is recovering, and has visited the German Legation in Peking.

"Five thousand Boers, supposed to be trekking west from Vryburg," says the Cape Town correspondent of the *London Daily Mail*, "are now making their way into the heart of Cape Colony. The supposition is that they have captured several small garrisons on the way."

The Senate on Jan. 9 settled the fate of the army canteen. The Army bill was discussed until late in the afternoon, when a vote was taken on laying the amendment reported by the Committee on the table, resulting 34 yeas, 15 nays. The effect of this section is to prohibit the sale of beer, wine or any intoxicating liquors in any post exchange, army transport, or premises used for military purposes. As passed by the House the canteen section read: "The sale of or dealing in beer, wine or any intoxicating liquors by any person in any post exchange or canteen, or army transport, or upon any premises used for military purposes by the United States, is hereby prohibited." The Senate Committee amended by striking out the word "beer" and substituting the words "distilled spirits" for the words "intoxicating liquors," the object being to permit the sale of beer only. The vote in the Senate settles the contention, as, both bodies having concurred in the section prohibiting the sale of any intoxicating liquors, it will not be competent for the Conference Committee to reopen the question or to make any change whatever in the section agreed upon by the two Houses.

SILVER WEDDING.

Christmas day was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of Pastor E. H. Socwell and wife, of New Auburn, Minn., and the event was duly celebrated on the evening of that day by their many friends in and around New Auburn. Pastor Socwell preaches each week for the First-day people of the place, in the Baptist church in the village, as well as for our own people, so both the First-day people and our own people joined in celebrating this silver wedding.

The large company of friends were entertained at the parsonage and at the church. Supper was served in our church at 6.30 in the evening, and the company, consisting of a hundred persons, partook of the bountiful repast which had been prepared by those who attended. After supper, an impromptu program was rendered, consisting of recitations and several songs by the male quartet, composed of Peter Clement, R. F. Hall, Charlie and Herman Socwell. Several beautiful presents were given to the pastor and wife, consisting of silverware, books, etc., and a purse of between thirty and forty silver dollars, all of which came as tokens of love and esteem. A pleasant social time was enjoyed after supper in which all participated with much pleasure. As the company dispersed, the pastor and wife were the recipients of many kind words and of best wishes for their future happiness and welfare.

This effort on the part of the public to make bright the life of the pastor and wife is highly appreciated by them, and will ever be cherished in their after life, and the many beautiful tokens of love and esteem presented to them on this occasion are received with true gratitude and with much Christian love for all the dear friends.

ABOUT MILL YARD CHURCH.

LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y., 10th January, 1901.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

Letters from London give the news that on the 6th of December last the Mill Yard case came up in the court, and a decision was rendered which gives to the Mill Yard church an income from the funds in Chancery of £100 per annum. The information is incomplete, but it is to be supposed that this is all that the church can now receive for all purposes.

The decision, although not what everyone could wish, is nevertheless in some ways more favorable than many dared to hope, and it is to be desired that the church should make now every effort to employ this income to the very best purpose and to try in every way to labor unitedly for the one object dear to all our hearts, the preservation of a pure Sabbath-keeping Christianity in the great world-center of London. I sincerely trust that the church and the Missionary Society, or the two Societies together as lately planned, may join their forces and wise counsel to this end that the future may be the glorious triumph of what has too often been thought to be a lost cause. Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM C. DALAND.

MILES—"I wonder how a composer feels when he encounters a man with a hand-organ grinding his tunes?"

GILES—"Probably like any other man who has to meet his own notes."—*Chicago News*.

LIFE is too short for mean anxieties.—*Charles Kingsley*.

Missions.

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

DR. ROSA W. PALMBORG, because of an attack of typhoid fever from which she was very slowly recovering, and the debilitated condition of her health before the fever, also from the unsettled condition of affairs in China, decided to return to the homeland for rest and recuperation. She sailed from Shanghai on the Steamship *America Marie*, Nov. 28, via Honolulu to San Francisco, arriving there Dec. 22. The voyage across the Pacific was pleasant, excepting a day or two when high winds and a heavy sea prevailed, and most of the passengers were confined to their staterooms. There was one other lady missionary and her daughter on board with her, and the captain of the steamer was very kind and did much to make their voyage pleasant. On her way home Dr. Palmberg had the opportunity of staying two days in Yokohama, Japan, with a friend in the "Woman's Union Mission. As the guest of Mrs. Fryer, she stayed a week in Oakland. Her health was much improved by the voyage home. Dr. Palmberg, at this writing, is either with friends in Chicago or in West Hallock, Ill. We all rejoice in her safe arrival and that already her health is improving. She is desirous of regaining her usual strength and vigor and be ready for the wider opportunity and the greater work for her to do which will surely come when matters in China become settled.

With the exception of the Hammond church, La., the churches of the South-Western Association are composed almost entirely of converts to the Sabbath. They were brought to the Sabbath through the influence of the *Sabbath Outlook* and general missionaries. They are widely scattered. The churches are small, ranging in membership from six to twenty or thirty. These churches, though so small, were organized for self protection and mutual helpfulness. These Sabbath-keepers in the Southwest meet with and have to contend against prejudice, opposition and ostracism of which Seventh-day Baptists in the North know little about in their experience. They are firm and loyal and are praying for a large coming among and about them to the Sabbath. They are holding on with a strong grip to the truth, and are not slow in making the truth known, expecting God and the Holy Spirit will bring many eventually to it. Our people in the Southwest are mostly poor farmers, struggling to secure homes and get a living. Their houses are built for Southern climate, different in style and furnishings from ours. Their habits of living, their food and cooking, their dress, manner of life and address are different. But a more kind-hearted, generous and hospitable people cannot be found. As to religious faith, most of the people where we have been are Campbellites, Missionary Baptists, and Free Will Baptists. The preaching by their ministers is largely, almost entirely, polemic. They swing the controversial cudgel with all the vim they can command. If they have no real antagonist they will set up one of straw and proceed to pound and demolish him. They are great on doctrinal preaching. There is hardly any evangelistic gospel preaching, with love and melting power. Hence here is a grand field for a warm Holy Spirit evangelism. Our general missionary

evangelist on this field is known as not "a fighting preacher," warring on all the other denominations. His warm evangelistic preaching, his earnest appeal to sinners, his stand for a real salvation, a genuine regeneration, a high Christian living, and devotion and loyalty to the truth, are highly appreciated. His fine social nature and his ready adaptation to the people in their homes and social life bring to him a hearty welcome by the people, and people of all faiths go out to hear him. Such preaching and personal work will win to Christ and the truth. There has been too much cold legalism on this field and not enough warm evangelism. The result has been repulsion. There is a change. There is already a coming of warm, melted hearts to Jesus and the truth as it is in him. More anon.

A NEW CENTURY FOR MISSIONS.

Already there have appeared numerous and valuable surveys of what has been accomplished in foreign missionary lines during the Nineteenth Century. Perhaps the best and certainly the fullest story of this work will be found in the report of the Ecumenical Missionary Conference, held in New York in May last, yet the two huge volumes containing the papers and addresses at that Conference will give only sketches of what has been learned and what has been done in this modern era of missions. The statistical tables presented there will show the contrast between the fields occupied and the forces at work at the beginning and at the end of the century. The summary is inspiring, showing beyond question that the blessing of the Almighty has rested on this enterprise. The advance on all lines has been marvelous: in the number of missionaries sent forth; in the number of fields occupied; in the converts won; in the native agents and agencies made ready and at work; in the work of translating the Scriptures; and in the contributions for this object, increasing from a few thousand dollars in 1800 to over seventeen millions in 1900. There has been a demonstration before the eyes of this generation of the fact that the gospel is the power of God unto the salvation of the barbarian as well as of the cultured races. "What hath God wrought?" is the exclamation springing to the lips of a devout Christian as he reviews the missionary history of the Nineteenth Century.

While referring to the larger publications which treat of this history, we would here call attention to a single point of contrast between the beginning and the end of the century—namely, as to the different attitudes of the Christian church in reference to the whole subject of foreign missions. It is difficult for those of the younger generation to comprehend the position of the large majority of professing Christians a hundred years ago. Indeed, to go further back, we can only marvel that the Apostles, and especially Peter, who had heard their ascending Lord bid them go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, should have hesitated about their duty, so that Peter required a new vision to convince him that it was right for him to preach the gospel to one of another nation. But the Apostles, under the ministry of the Holy Ghost, soon learned the larger lesson, and they went everywhere preaching the Word. But the church in after years, save in a few cases, and at infrequent intervals, lost the vision of her Lord, and so of

her own duty, and at the close of the Eighteenth Century, when a few earnest souls here and there began to feel the pressure of his last command, and to inquire as to their duty to the heathen world, their zeal met not merely indifference but sharpest opposition. It was said that it was impossible to carry the gospel to heathen nations; that they would not receive it; that until men were civilized there was no hope of reaching them; that it was preposterous to think of casting the pearls of Christian truth before the corrupt and ignorant heathen.

The attitude of the great mass of Christians at the earlier period may be learned from the deliverance of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland in 1796. This was just subsequent to Carey's ringing call to British Christians to awake to their duty—a call which led many devout souls to an altogether new conception of their responsibility. But the church as a whole was not awakened. For when this Assembly of the Church of Scotland was forced to consider the matter, by reason of two overtures from local bodies, one of which asked that the Assembly recommend the taking of a collection in the various congregations for the propagation of the gospel in foreign parts, a heated debate arose. The proposition was denounced as romantic and visionary, and the most eloquent of the ministerial members declared, "I cannot otherwise consider the enthusiasm on this subject than as the effect of sanguine and illusive views, the more dangerous because the object is plausible." Other leaders of the church, lay and clerical, took a similar position. And the holy indignation of Dr. John Erskine, which found vent in his reading from the Bible the reiterated commands to preach the gospel to every creature, did not avail to prevent the Assembly by a large majority from peremptorily dismissing the overtures, thus virtually declaring that Christians are under no obligations to care for the unevangelized.

Can we imagine the taking of similar action in an assembly of a church of any Christian denomination to-day? Something quite similar in speech was heard at the General Association in Massachusetts at Bradford in 1810, when Judson and Nott, Mills and Newell asked council and aid as to their purpose to go in person to the heathen. There were then many who doubted, and some who thought the proposal savored of infatuation. But the Association, as a whole, looked kindly upon the young men, and organized the Board which sent them forth. That was ten years after the century began, and the decade marked a great advance in the thought of Christians of that day. And the decades which have since come and gone have witnessed still further advance, so that as the century closes, the fact is recognized, in some good degree, that the missionary enterprise is a fundamental part of the work of the Christian church.

This is far from saying that all professed Christians have taken deeply to heart their proper relations to this work. There are still some who are a century behind the age in this matter, and there are others who have by no means apprehended their personal duty, though they acknowledge in general the obligation which is resting upon Christ's followers to give his gospel to all men. Still, as the Twentieth Century opens, we recognize a wonderful advance in the attitude of the Christian church as a whole.

We speak, and well we may, of the remark-

able opening of the nations for the reception of the gospel during the last hundred years. Let us also recognize during this period a corresponding opening of the minds and hearts of Christians to the acknowledgment of their obligations in the matter of world wide evangelization. Think of the contrast between the attitude of Christians in 1800, as revealed in the action of the Church of Scotland, and their attitude in 1900, as indicated by the Ecumenical Missionary Conference, when Protestant Christendom showed itself as one in this divine work of the church. We start upon the Twentieth Century with a conviction, at least an intellectual conviction, among the great mass of Christians of all names, that loyalty to Christ and a proper love for mankind require us to give the gospel as speedily as possible to the whole world. This is a great gain. Now the work before us must be to make this conviction a real experience in the hearts of believers. This vision of duty has been seen by a great host of professed disciples of our Lord. They need now to be made obedient to the heavenly vision. The Nineteenth Century has witnessed the acknowledgment of the principle that Christians are called to evangelize the world. If the Twentieth Century shall witness the application of the principle on the part of the great body of Christian disciples, calling forth gifts and prayers and personal service for this end, then will certainly follow such a baptism of God's spirit upon his willing people as will be the sure precursor of the millennial day.—*The Missionary Herald.*

TREASURER'S REPORT.

For the month of December, 1900.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer,

In account with

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

DR.

Balance in Treasury, Dec. 1, 1900.....\$1,187 81

Churches:

Little Genesee, N. Y., Quartet work.....	1 75
New York (\$9.50, \$11.03).....	20 53
Berlin, Wis.....	6 80
Plainfield, N. J.....	24 36
Berlin, N. Y.....	16 00
Nile, N. Y., general fund.....	\$24 50
Evangelistic work.....	1 00—
25 50	
Lost Creek, W. Va.....	6 00
New Auburn, Minn.....	5 50
Adams Centre, N. Y.....	22 50
Pawcatuck, Westerly, R. I.....	50 00
Milton, Wis.....	13 75
Farina, Ill.....	4 00
North Loup, Neb.....	15 00
First Genesee, N. Y.....	15 48
First Hopkinton, Ashaway, R. I.....	38 70
Chicago, Ill.....	8 25
Nortonville, Kansas.....	24 71
Independence, N. Y.....	15 00
Hammoud, La.....	7 98
Grand Junction, Iowa.....	2 50
Milton Junction, Wis., Elder Bakker.....	30 00

Sabbath-schools:

North Loup, Neb.....	10 65
Farina, Ill.....	7 50
Welton, Iowa.....	7 00
Pawcatuck, W. sterly, R. I., Birthday Offerings.....	4 26
New Market, N. J.....	5 00
Collection at Yearly Meeting, New York.....	7 50

Woman's Executive Board:

China Mission.....	\$15 00
Dr. Palmberg's salary.....	5 00
Medical Missions.....	75 00
General Fund.....	5 27
Reduction of Debt.....	32 03—
192 30	
Income from Permanent Funds.....	441 87
Mrs. W. E. Witter, Oneida, N. Y.....	12 00
Mrs. Luclia Tallet and others, Otselle Centre, N. Y.....	3 20
In memory of John Congdon, Newport, R. I.....	10 00
Madison Harry, West Edmeston, N. Y.....	5 00
S. E. Brand, Leonardville, N. Y.....	2 00
H. I. Coon, Walworth, Wis.....	25 00
J. G. Burdick, Evangelistic work.....	5 00
L. F. Skaggs, Boaz, Mo.....	3 00
R. J. Maxson, Gentry, Ark.....	3 00
Collection, South-Eastern Association.....	5 67
Mrs. Lucet a W. Reid, Rocky Comfort, Ark.....	5 00

Evangelistic Committee:

Madison Harry, collected on field.....	\$5 50
C. W. Threlkeld, collected on field.....	4 00
Independence (N. Y.) church, Student Quartet.....	7 00
J. H. Wolfe, collection on field, sale of hymn books and gift.....	5 00
M. G. Townsend, Welton church.....	\$24 26
Marion church.....	15 51
Garwin church.....	29 00
Grand Junction church.....	3 10
Mrs. Hull, Rippy.....	5 00
Mrs. Babcock, Paton.....	1 00—77 87
144 88	
L. C. Randolph, Evangelistic work contributions.....	45 51—
\$2,382 25	

CR.

Church at Farnam, Neb., quarter ending Sept. 30, 1900.....\$ 25 00

Evangelistic Committee:

Orders Nos. 209-212.....	\$219 39
Mrs. M. G. Townsend, December salary and traveling expenses.....	55 44—
274 83	
Loan.....	500 00

Cash in Treasury, Dec. 31, 1900:

China Mission.....	\$625 22
Reduction of Debt.....	272 58
Available for Current Expenses.....	684 62—
1,582 42	
\$2,382 25	

E. & O. E.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treas.

Woman's Work.

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

LOVE COUNTETH NOT THE COST.

There is an ancient story, simply told,
As ever were the holy things of old,
Of one who served through many a toiling year
To earn at last the joy he held most dear;
A weary term, to others, strangely lost,
What mattered it? Love counteth not the cost.

Yet not alone beneath the Eastern skies
The faithful life hath, patient, won its prize;
Whenever hearts beat high and brave hopes swell
The soul, some Rachel waits beside the well;
For her the load is borne, the desert crossed,
What matters it? Love counteth not the cost.

This then of man—and what dear Lord, of Thee,
Bowed in the midnight of Gethsemane—
Come from those regions infinite with peace,
To buy with such a price the world's release?
Thy voice descends, through ages tempest-tossed,
"What matters it? Love counteth not the cost."

O Christ, Redeemer, Master! I who stand
Beneath the pressure of thy gracious hand—
What is the service thou wouldst have from me?
What is the burden to be borne for Thee?
I, too, would say, though care and fear exhaust,
"What matters it? Love counteth not the cost."

—*Woman's Tribune.*

WE are glad to report that the Thank-offerings have this week reached \$100. Surely this was worth trying for, and we all feel a sense of gratitude toward the Lone Sabbath-keeper who first suggested the plan. For the benefit of those who may not know, we will say that these offerings have been made in thankfulness for blessings received during the past year. The amount is to be divided equally between the two Boards in charge of the African missions. May a double blessing follow this gift, a blessing to those who give and to those who receive.

THE communication from the Treasurer of the Woman's Board this week is worthy our careful and prayerful consideration. The plan of creating a fund for the education of young women, who wish to become missionaries, is a good one, and it seems as if our women would be able to raise three hundred dollars for this purpose during the coming year. The Board wish particularly to call attention to the last paragraph of the article. All funds, subscribed through the Woman's Board for the maintenance of African girls, should be sent to their Treasurer, Mrs. L. A. Platts, Milton, Wis.

REPORT OF THANK OFFERINGS.

Previously reported.....	\$ 99 00
Mrs. A. R. Sheppard.....	1 00
Total.....	\$100 00

IN BEHALF OF OUR GIRLS.

In the minds of some of the Woman's Board, there is no line of work undertaken by our women of more direct and definite value than the raising of a fund for assisting in the education of our girls; earnest, Christian girls, worthily ambitious to procure a thorough education, and yet, from force of circumstances, utterly unable to do so, unaided.

We cheerfully, gratefully recognize and accept the claims of our Missionary and Tract Societies, and endeavor, conscientiously and faithfully, to meet them; but is not this claim upon us, to put within reach of our young people the best culture we can give them, or, conversely, to put our young people within reach of the culture offered in our own schools, even a clearer, stronger claim?

How are our Missionary and Tract Societies and their important work to be perpetuated? How, if not by our having ready—when the hands that now carry these sacred

interests are folded away—strong, efficient, trained hands into which we may confidently commit them.

A very vital, practical question this has become to us just now, when our beloved Dr. Swinney has been so recently called home. Dr. Palmberg, her co-laborer, is compelled, because of ill health, to return to this country, and our prosperous Medical Mission is left unoccupied; except for the present distracted state of China, a condition of things greatly to be regretted. Who knows how many of our bright, capable girls have looked to that work, longing for the opportunity to fit themselves for it, in case they might be needed, and who might now be ready to take it up, had help and encouragement been given at the right time.

Some funds are coming into the hands of the Board, each year, to be applied upon the education of young ladies who need help in getting an education. This year the Board is trying to raise one hundred dollars for each of our schools for this purpose. Will not our ladies generally take this matter into special consideration, and decide to help liberally upon this fund, designating to which school their gifts shall go, that there may be no doubt as to the purpose and wish of the donors.

One word concerning the fund raised under the auspices of the Woman's Board for the maintenance and schooling of girls in our African Mission. It will save trouble to the Treasurer of the Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association, and of the Woman's Board, and possibly some confusion of accounts, if each donor to this fund will send direct to the Treasurer of the Woman's Board, in which Board the fund originated, and which holds it, primarily, in charge.

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

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

Advice to Mothers in the Matter of Training Daughters.

BY MRS. EVA D. KELLOGG.

First, I would make sure that my little girl was a good, healthy animal before I put her at school anywhere. A stock of physical vitality is a far richer possession for your child than any early stimulated brain. Let her live as close to nature as you possibly can manage, even if you have to move into the country to do it. Let her "run wild" as far as safety and good sense will permit.

Don't begin to teach her "her letters" in the mistaken idea that you are helping her to read. Teach her to use her eyes to see things—to see what Burroughs calls "the fine print" in nature. Do your utmost to keep her close to nature by keeping there yourself. Help her to fall in love with everything beautiful about her, and to believe that every object in nature is worth learning about. Make every tree, every blossom and every bird note a joy to her.

Stories? Yes, lots of them. Not too many fairy stories, nor too many myths, but pure sensible selections from both. If she were physically strong enough at four years old I would send her to a kindergarten; if not, I would wait till she was five. A good kindergarten is the very gate of heaven.

Public schools after that? Of course. Do you shrink from the contact of a miscellaneous public school for your little girl? She is born into a miscellaneous world.

But what, if her teachers are not of the right

kind? Then, my dear woman's club, it is your duty, as an organized body of earnest, intelligent mothers, to agitate the matter until they are.

But, a warning. Don't take a word of hearsay as to the lack of worth in these teachers. Go to the schools yourself and find out. Go with kind hearts, and an honest desire to be just and helpful to a sister woman.

When this little girl reaches the age of twelve or thirteen years, give her your most careful consideration. Is she tired, restless, nervous, capricious and inexplicable to herself? Take her from school. Give her over to freedom and nature again. To push her through, or allow her to be pushed through a graduation at this time, if she is not normally well, is a moral wrong. It seems almost unbelievable in this day when children are being considered hygienically with an X-ray scrutiny that our girls are urged through their graduating year by the keyed-up, nervous prodding of per cent examinations. No influence can do as much to change these conditions as the concentrated effort of a woman's club. Any sensible measure concerning the schools which a club, composed of the best women in the community, would launch and tactfully push forward would not fail. When enough influential mothers unite in protest against the wrongs in our present school curriculum these wrongs will be righted, and no one will suggest that such effort is not within the "sphere" of your womanhood and motherhood. Shall my daughter go to high school? Yes, if she is equal to it physically. But a year of complete rest between the grades school and high school would often be a wise course. With firm health she can do a great deal of hard study and valuable work in a high school. But, I beg of you, keep her out of "society" at this time. Encourage sensible athletics, early bedtime and proper food. These will tide her over the hard places.

Her reading? So much of her future tastes and ambitions depend upon her reading at this time, one shrinks from recommending any course. Let her temperament decide somewhat. If she is fanciful and imaginative, offset this tendency with the literal and practical; if prosaic and matter-of-fact, give her the poetic and imaginative. But strive that her reading be real literature rather than the ephemeral book of a day.

Our little girl has grown up. Can you send her to college? Where? To a "co-ed" University or a woman's college? In the sense that co-education means equal advantages for the sexes, on the basis of right and justice, why, amen to co-education; but when it means that the sexes shall pursue the same studies as a preparation for life, that admits of discussion. I think there should be equal opportunity, but a different goal. Preparation for wifehood and motherhood is entirely left out of the college curriculum for girls. The omission is vital. Some day, a college course for girls may come to mean, first, the science of health. Not athletics to excel some rival team and to give mannish yells, but for the sake of a sound body. Every subject taken up by college girls should be taught with an eye to her training as a future homemaker. To be an intelligent, accomplished woman, and to hold one's own, in and out of a well-managed home, means much. Above art, science, literature or philosophy, she needs to

know herself. Then, in her study life, every subject should include her needs in the future home. Is science any less science because it embraces the chemistry of cooking? Let me say just here that every young woman needs a year of kindergarten training as pupil-teacher before her marriage. Nowhere is the Froebelian philosophy more needed than in a home of little children.

But if my daughter wishes to follow one of the learned professions? Then she must take her place side by side with men in co-educational institutions and forfeit the benefit of a separate woman's college. But I would not have her enter upon the technical training of a profession under twenty years of age, and only then if health were sound, principles firm and temperament fitted to stand alone.

I speak from a close personal observation of a large popular co-education university when I say that the dormitory life there for four years is injurious to the average girl. Entering at the unformed age of seventeen, she at once becomes a law unto herself and independently elects everything—her study course, her men and women friends, her way of spending evenings, her attendance upon receptions, dances and theatres, and is as much a guide to herself as if she were steering a craft alone on the broad ocean. She can neglect and break, unchided, every physical law, and ruin her health through late hours, night "spreads" and eternal "fudges." A chafing dish is a college idol.

Do you ask why this regime? What is the reason for permitting such unwise freedom? Why, they are learning self-government and developing "self-reliance." Yes, at a price that no young girl should be allowed to pay. Some wisdom costs too much. They tell us that this is a woman's age, that it is the era of her emancipation. In our attempts to enlarge her opportunities, let us never forget that a woman is not a man. Let us teach our girls that to be a broad, cultured, womanly woman is the highest goal for which they need to strive.—*Primary Education.*

WOMAN'S BOARD.

Receipts in November.

Alfred, N. Y., Woman's Evangelical Society:	
SABBATH RECORDERS.....	\$ 4 00
Missionary Society.....	4 54
Miss Burdick's salary.....	10 00
Boys' School.....	1 80
Board expenses.....	4 00
Unappropriated.....	1 50—
Dell Rapids S. D., Ladies' Seventh-day Baptist church, unappropriated.....	6 00
Walworth, Wis., Ladies' Benevolent Society, unappropriated.....	4 62
Milton, Wis., Ladies' Benevolent Society, local expense.....	6 00
West Edmeston, N. Y., Ladies' Seventh-day Baptist church, material for mission work.....	7 50
Nortonville, Kansas, Mrs. S. E. Brinkerhoff:	
China Mission.....	\$10 00
African girl, three years.....	36 00
Gold Coast.....	4 00—
A Friend, per Mrs. Brinkerhoff, China Mission.....	5 00
Dodge Centre, Minn., Woman's Benevolent Society:	
Miss Burdick's salary.....	\$8 50
Board expenses.....	2 50—
West Edmeston, N. Y., Ladies' Aid Society, SABBATH RECORDER.....	2 00
Brookfield, N. Y., Young People's Missionary Society:	
SABBATH RECORDER.....	\$2 00
Dr. Palmberg.....	5 00
Miss Burdick's salary.....	5 00
Native Helpers.....	5 10
Education Fund.....	5 00—
Belmont, N. Y.:	
Mrs. C. D. Potter, unappropriated.....	10 00
Mrs. H. A. Boney, unappropriated.....	1 00
Milton, Wis.:	
Payment of note, with interest.....	84 62
Mrs. Catherine Reynolds, African Mission.....	1 00
Glen, Wis., Miss Lizzie Crandall, Education Fund.....	1 00
Milton, Wis., Ladies' Benevolent Society, Miss Burdick's salary.....	5 00
Plainfield, N. J., Woman's Society for Christian Work, Missionary Society debt.....	32 03
Alfred Station, N. Y., Woman's Evangelical Society:	
Tract Society.....	\$5 28
Missionary Society.....	5 27
Miss Burdick's salary.....	1 00
Home Missions.....	1 95—
Akron, N. Y., Mrs. S. A. Gillings, African girl.....	12 00
Total.....	\$ 290 51

Receipts in December.

Boulder, Colo., Woman's Missionary Society, unappropriated.....	\$ 2 50
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Milton, Wis., Mrs. Geo. R. Boss:	
African Mission.....	\$1 00
Gold Coast.....	1 00—
Milton, Junction, Wis., African Mission.....	10 00
Adams Centre, N. Y., Ladies' Aid Society:	
Miss Burdick's salary.....	\$25 00
Native Helpers.....	5 00—
Marquette, Wis., Ladies' Seventh-day Baptist church, unappropriated.....	5 00
Wausau, Wis., Mrs. Emma C. Witter, Tract Society.....	1 00
Hornellsville, N. Y., Ladies' Aid Society:	
Miss Burdick's Salary.....	\$4 00
Native Helpers.....	1 50
Home Missions.....	2 00
Board expenses.....	50—
Hebron, Pa., Ladies' Aid Society, unappropriated.....	10 00
Nortonville, Kan., Ladies' Seventh-day Baptist church, African girls.....	57 00
Total.....	\$ 125 50
F. & O. E.	Mrs. L. A. PLATTS, Treas.

THE VALUE OF EDUCATION.

BY HENRY M. MAXSON.

A talk given at the Yearly Meeting of the New Jersey and New York City churches, at New York City, November, 1900.

In his wisdom, our Creator provided that each one should work out his own destiny. Now, man's work lies in two fields: the field of material things—that which pertains to dollars and cents; and the field of immaterial things—that which pertains to the spirit and the mind; and the latter naturally divides into work done for others and work done for one's self. I shall treat my subject, therefore, from three standpoints; first, the bread-and-butter standpoint; second, the social standpoint, and third, the standpoint of character. In my talk I shall view education largely as a college education, for the difference between the education of the college and that of the high school or the primary is one of amount rather than of kind, and whatever results we may find accruing from a college education, we may safely infer will accrue only in a lesser degree from an education more limited in its extent.

THE BREAD-AND-BUTTER STANDPOINT.

What is the effect of education on one's ability to earn money, to win power, to obtain possession and influence—what the world calls success? Unquestionably, in all these lines, a college education means increased power, a multiplying of one's chances to obtain that which the world desires. To some it is given to know from the start the work that they can best perform in life, the lines in which they can make the most of themselves; but to many more this question is one of doubt, and the great service of an education is to reveal the young man to himself; to show the powers and capacities with which he is endowed; to develop the capacities which he possesses and open up to him the way for his advancement. It wakens his powers and enables him to use them most effectively in whatever lines of work he may be called to follow; that is, the college education serves as a kind of general preparation for his calling; a foundation on which to build the special education which shall perfect him in the line that he is to follow.

It is the fashion in some quarters to sneer at a college education as a preparation for winning what the world calls success. This, however, is the error of uninformed minds. It used to be the fashion to hold up before the mind of every boy the possibility of becoming President of the United States. Of course, we cannot all be Presidents, but it is interesting to know that a study of the lives of our Presidents shows that a boy with a college education has 1,300 times as much chance of becoming President as one without such education. If he cannot be President, it is desirable, perhaps, to be a Senator, and the same kind of study of facts shows that a

college education increases one's chance of becoming Senator 540 times. It increases his chance to become a member of the House of Representatives 350 times.

A study of the names in Appleton's Encyclopædia of American Biography shows that the college graduates in a country's history have furnished 400 times their proportion of men eminent in our national life; but this Biography includes names through all our history, including the early years when a college education was less common than it is now. In 1890 there was issued a list of men at that time prominent in the United States, and a study of the history of these men shows that to-day a college education increases a boy's chance of becoming eminent more than a thousand times over the chance of the boy without such education.

Andrew Carnegie, the millionaire who is sprinkling our land with libraries, has publicly expressed his contempt for college education as a means of winning dollars and cents. But if Andrew Carnegie had studied the lives of his fellow millionaires, he would have found that a college education multiplies the boy's chance of owning millions 440 times.

But no doubt the girls will ask, "Where do we come in?" As a matter of fact it is not yet possible to collect statistics to a large extent of eminent women who have had a college education, but such statistics as have been collected show that the college woman has a distinctly better chance of living a long life, and one of health and strength. It also shows that they improve very much their prospects of marrying well in life.

If it be objected that this is viewing the matter solely from a college standpoint, the commercial value of an education may be shown effectively from our census statistics. Massachusetts gives an average of seven and one-half years education to all its children, while the United States at large gives an average of only five years. When we examine the commercial statistics we find that Massachusetts produces in agriculture, manufactures, and commerce an average of 70 to 80 cents per day for each inhabitant, while the average for the country at large is 40 cents. That is, an increase of 50 per cent in the amount of common school education has increased the producing capacity of its people nearly 100 per cent.

If a college education has been of value in the past, much more valuable will it be in the future of our country. In the past, with our undeveloped resources, there have been infinite possibilities of wresting success from the virgin soil, as it were. The last census shows that the center of our population has not moved westward so much as heretofore. This indicates that our virgin territory has been pretty well taken possession of, and he who wins success in the future must win it amid fiercer and fiercer competitions. There is every need, therefore, for one who would stand high, to make the completest possible preparation for that struggle. Chancellor MacCracken, of New York University, says that the college will furnish such preparation because it will give the boy "the best possible mind for whatever work of life he may turn his attention to."

President Butler, of Colby, says, "It has been well said that an educated man has a sharp axe in his hand and the uneducated a

dull one. I should say that the purpose of a college education is to sharpen an axe to its keenest edge." President Harper says that a college education is valuable "for the reason that the advance of world knowledge is so widespread that in order to hold one's own, to be the best and to do the best, it is necessary to get just as much education as possible."

But this is the sordid side of man's work. It pertains chiefly to his capacity for winning gold. The higher part of man's work is that which results from the leading of duty in working for the social betterment of mankind.

THE SOCIAL STANDPOINT.

Whatever a man's success in the material world, he will come far short of true success unless he is also successful in his work in the immaterial world. The young man and the young woman should have a higher aim in life than mere money-getting, or so called success, and in forming this higher aim, President Patton, of Princeton, says a college is invaluable because it cultivates in the man a purpose to make the most of himself and gives him the power to accomplish it.

The great subject that interests all social workers of to-day is that of good citizenship; in fact, the future safety of our country depends upon the way in which that subject shall be worked out. Good citizenship is not simply casting one's vote at the poles; it is doing right all the time and working right to build up the institutions of our country in the right spirit. In this work intelligent leaders are always needed to conduct the work aright, and President Adams, of the University of Wisconsin, says that the college is efficient in producing such leaders "because in taking a college course, one forms an acquaintance with men, learns how to deal with them, and is, for that reason, more likely to succeed." President Stryker, of Hamilton, says that the college work is valuable in the same way, "because it will make the student more than an average man in intellectual sympathies, in mental horizon, and in practical effectiveness," thereby making him more able to work with people for the elevation of life about him.

It is the study of every Christian how to lessen crime because crime is the culmination of sinful tendencies. With the exception of religion itself, there is no force so powerful for reducing crime as education, even that small degree of education covered by reading and writing. A study of statistics in our own country shows that 1,000 illiterate persons will furnish 8 times as many occupants for our jails as a thousand persons who can read and write. The records of Detroit jail for 25 years show that in that time about 40,000 persons were confined there, of whom 11,600 were illiterate, but in the total population in the state of Michigan at that time there were less than 5 per cent who were illiterate; that is, 5 per cent of the population furnished nearly 30 per cent of the criminals. In England and Wales, in 1870, which is about the time of the establishment of the common schools, there were 128 persons in a hundred thousand in jail. In 1890, there were only 68 persons in a hundred thousand in jail. In 1870, there were 80,000 thieves known to the police in England and Wales. In 1895 there were about 36,000, although the population had

meantime increased from 23,000,000 to 30,000,000,—that is, under the influence of education, although it increased nearly a third in population, it decreased more than a half in the number of thieves.

THE STANDPOINT OF CHARACTER.

After all, the fundamental standpoint from which to view education is that of character, for a man's character practically decides what work he shall do for the world in a material and, also, in a social line, and it is in this work of building up the man's inner self that the college education is especially effective.

As compared with all other creatures, man had a long period of immaturity. The beasts of the field, the birds of the air, have but a brief period between birth and maturity. They need but a brief period of training, because the scope of their matured life is narrow. The childhood of man extends over many years, since his matured life is so broad that it requires many years of preparation to use it aright; the fuller and larger you can make these preparatory years, the better it will be for all the man's future; and the great aim of education is to give this fullness and largeness to the preparation for life. Education enables one to get a broader view of the future, to form higher aims of life, to fix and establish habits that will make that after-life effective. It develops one's faculties and leads him to look upon the higher service as the truest service.

Finally, however long one may live, wherever he may go, he is sure of one companion, that is himself. The whole of his life is to be spent in his own company, and the highest and best company that one can have is that of an educated man. Therefore, if one seeks for the best companionship, in all the years that are to come, he must educate himself, and, only as he educates himself, is he best trained to help himself and therefore to help others.

Our Reading Room.

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us be working what is good, towards all, but especially towards the family of the faith."—Gal. 6: 10. "But to do good and to communicate, forget not."—Heb. 13: 16.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—The wisdom of establishing meetings in the large cities, to call together the increasing number of Sabbath-keepers, is more and more apparent. Our people are seeking the good positions in the cities, and if we would hold them and increase our power, we must have Sabbath services for them.

We have been looking up the Sabbath-keepers in Syracuse, and find new ones that we had not expected. They are not all members of our churches, but are very kindly disposed and helpful. Dr. E. S. Maxson leads the Sabbath-school very faithfully and successfully, and deserves much credit.

L. R. S.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.—Since Bro. W. D. Wilcox closed his efficient labors at Lincklaen and Otselic, these two small churches have had no regular Sabbath services, but we are glad to hear that the Preston church has been favored with a visit from Bro. T. J. Van-Horn, pastor at Brookfield.

L. R. S.

It does not matter how many, but how good, books you have.—Seneca.

Young People's Work.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People:

As we look from the beginning of the new century back over our past lives, we, doubtless, have many things to regret. We have made many mistakes, and can see numerous places where a different course would have been much better for us. We should not mourn over these mistakes, for it will not bring them back that we may amend them.

The best we can do toward correcting the failures of the past is to well improve the present; and, like Paul, by "forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." The pertinent question is not, "What I have done, or failed to do," but, rather, "What can I, and will I do, hereafter?"

We all feel that the Lord has committed to our hands a very important work. What, therefore, is the prospect for the growth of Seventh-day Baptist faith in the future? We would feel very sad to know that the first half of the century would mark the extinction of our beloved denomination; it would give us a feeling of keen disappointment and deep sorrow to know that we should become no stronger within that time.

The whole matter—speaking from a human point of view—depends quite largely upon the loyalty of our Seventh-day Baptist young people in this generation. There are many inducements to lead us away from the observance of God's Sabbath; but, before taking such a step, let each one ask himself if he is justified in doing so. The commandments of the Decalogue are binding to-day, as they ever have been.

The Fourth Commandment of God requires the observance of a certain specified day of the week, or it does not.

If it does, then, that day can be none other than the seventh day, or Saturday.

If it does not, then, evidently there is no sanctified time, and the individual is at liberty to observe any seventh part of his time, either in groups of days, by the single day, or in fragments of days, to suit his own convenience, and men have no ground, nor right, to even suggest such a thing as Sabbath-desecration, and should cheerfully submit to all confusion arising from the tullest exercise of choice in the matter.

Which appeals to your better judgment? There can be but one answer when given in the light of God's Word. Such being the case, no one is justified in turning away from God's Sabbath; and he who does so, upon the plea of necessity, in order to have an equal chance with others in the accumulation of property, thereby openly confesses to the world his greater interest in his temporal than his spiritual welfare, his service to mammon rather than to God. We are no more at liberty to disregard the Fourth Commandment than the Third, the Seventh, or any other one of the ten, for the infinite will of God is embodied in each of them.

I am sure the Lord will honor and prosper us if we begin the century by honoring him with a deep revival in true Sabbath-observance. See Isaiah 58: 13, 14.

M. B. KELLY.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 7, 1901.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS, NOTICE.

Hitherto we have been using the Home Readings prepared by the United Society, they granting us the privilege of re-arranging the days of the week to conform to our belief. This privilege was reluctantly given last year, they wanting us to pay for it, which was perhaps all right; but this year the Permanent Committee secured the prayer-meeting topics, and from them, at the expense of much labor and great care, have prepared our own Home Readings. We hope that all our Societies will use these Topic Cards. Send in your orders to our Publishing House at once; as they will be ready by the first of January. The following prices will prevail:

100 copies.....	\$1 50
75 "	1 15
50 "	1 00
25 "	50
Single copies.....	03

(Postage Prepaid.)

M. B. KELLY, Pres. Per. Com.

A SUMMER POTTERY SCHOOL.

[The following is extracted from the *Keramic Studio*, a monthly journal, published in the interest of china decoration, and standing in the front rank of the art magazines of the country.]

We announced last month that a movement was in contemplation to open a summer school for Keramic artists at Alfred, N. Y., and we are now able to give further details.

A question that will rise to the lips of many of our readers is, "Why at Alfred?" It is not generally known that in the village of Alfred, Allegany County, New York, there is an ancient college, not comparing, of course, in antiquity, with the hoary age of Oxford or Dublin, but still quite old for America. The University of Alfred has recently been selected as the place to which the State School of Keramics should be affiliated.

Alfred has secured as Director of the State School Professor Charles F. Binns, who has been well known to Keramic workers since the World's Fair in 1893, where, in the Keramic Congress, his speeches and criticisms attracted so much notice. It is to Professor Binns that the idea of the Summer School is due. The work is to be quite distinct from the State School as an institution. The College term ends with the month of June. The Summer School is to open on July 1.

The Director considers that he is pledged to afford to Keramic artists an opportunity for working in clay and underglaze with his assistance. During the winter of 1897, when he was lecturing and advising in New York City, the question of more advanced work was often discussed, and the thought was then advanced that if ever the opportunity presented itself, the mineral painters should have a chance of measuring their enthusiasm and their powers against the discouragements and difficulties of high-temperature work. The Professor has been better than his word, in that he has made the opportunity.

Alfred is a country village in the hills of Allegany County, 1,800 feet above the sea level, and surrounded by well-wooded hills. The climate is desirable, the nights, even in the height of summer, are cool.

On the Erie road, Alfred is reached in twelve hours from New York, and within ninety miles of Buffalo, offering a prospect of Pan-American visits. The school is to re-

main open for six weeks from July 1, and opportunity will be given to practice every branch of Keramic art. The full equipment of a pottery is available. Modeling and molding rooms, a potters' wheel, lathe and jigger, with facilities for clay-making, glaze-making, casting, pressing, and every conceivable manufacturing process. Add to this, a revelation kiln for overglaze, high-temperature kilns for bisque and glost-firing, and spacious studios for the practice of art work, and it would seem as if a paradise for potters were open. It must not be imagined that any who are skilled in overglaze can walk right in and make a success of the more complicated problems of body, glaze and color at the hard fire.

Keramic artists are hard to beat, however, and we shall be surprised if some important works are not put forth as the first result of this school.

Professor Binn, whose address is at Alfred, N. Y., will be glad to mail detailed prospectus terms to any applicant, and for ourselves we wish the venture every success.

SUGGESTIONS FOR BIBLE STUDY.

Pascal said: "Other books must be known in order to be loved; but the Bible must be loved in order to be known."

The Bible, indeed, should be studied, should be dug into, as one digs for hidden treasure; but it must be lived in order that it may be understood. In an address to the students at one of our colleges a distinguished man urged them to have as their motto in after life, "One hour a day to study and literature." One hour a day given to the study of the Bible will, in the course of a few years, enable any one to have a knowledge of it, and enable him to speak aptly and wisely concerning it. Give one-half an hour; give a quarter of an hour; give ten minutes every day to the reading of God's Book, and by next rally day you will have read the entire Bible. How many will begin at once?

What is necessary to make a teacher efficient in teaching the Bible?

He must know God as his Father; Christ as his Saviour and Judge; the Holy Ghost as his Comforter and Guide. He must know himself, his weaknesses and opportunities. He must know those whom he is called to teach. He must know the Book.

One of the first requirements of a teacher is that he should have a thorough knowledge of the subject he is to teach. As Sabbath-school teachers, we teach the Bible—the Word of God. We cannot teach what we do not know ourselves; if we are to teach the Bible, we must know it. How many of us know it? How many have a fair knowledge of its contents? How many of us even know the names of the books of the Bible in their order? How many could give the leading events of Old Testament history? How many could write a sketch of the life of Christ? And when we come to the more important things of doctrine, how very, very little indeed, we know. O, how much depends on our careful and faithful study of the Bible, with Christ as our Teacher! And what stronger motive could we give for it than that it is his word we teach—his own work that we are doing?—*Marie E. Stair, in St. Mark's Quarterly.*

Joys are our wings; sorrows are our spurs.
Jean Paul Richter.

Children's Page.

HOW MARJORIE LEARNED CONTENTMENT.

BY MRS. GEORGE A. PAUL.

Marjorie Lewis was slowly walking down the shaded road that led to the pretty cottage where she was spending the vacation with her aunt. It was a beautiful day in early September, but Marjorie's face bore no reflection of the beauty and peace all about her.

"I do not believe any girl ever had to live such a dull life before," she was saying bitterly to herself. She had just been to the post-office, and had been reading a letter that had come to her from a friend at the sea-shore, one of a gay party who did nothing but carry out plans that had been laid for their amusement. "Here am I, after my year of hard study at school, shut up in this quiet place, where there is absolutely no excitement greater than that of going down to the post-office for the mail, with poor auntie to wait upon and take care of, and not the least bit of the gayety that all the other girls are enjoying. Of course, I am willing to take care of auntie and I know it is harder to be an invalid than it is to take care of one, but still I must confess I should like to have some of the good things of life fall to my share instead of only the hard ones."

She walked slowly, and was so absorbed in her own thoughts that she did not notice that the blue sky was becoming overcast, and that a heavy shower seemed impending. It was not until the first drops pattered down upon her parasol that she looked up and saw that she was going to be caught in the rain, and she must seek some shelter. A small white cottage stood back from the road, and hastening her steps, she reached it before the rain began to fall in earnest, and received a cordial welcome from the kind woman, with a plump baby in her arms, who answered her knock.

"Come in," she said, throwing the door wide open. "It would have been a pity if you had got caught in it where you couldn't find a house to go into."

Such a small and really plain home it was, and yet how rich! As Marjorie sat by the window, now and then glancing out at the rain, she had time to look about her and wonder at the cheery face of the mother and the happiness of the children. What had they to make them happy? she wondered. Could she ever be content to live in this tiny house among the hills, with none of the advantages of life and few of its pleasures?

The tea-kettle was singing upon the fire, and the mother excused herself for going on with her work, saying it was near the children's supper-time, and she always liked them to be in bed at an early hour.

She made a potful of corn-meal mush, and then when a neat white cloth had been spread on the table, and the dish of golden pudding set in the center, the children gathered about it as happily as if they were bidden to a feast.

"I am sorry I have nothing better than this to offer you," the mother said to her guest, after a moment of shy hesitation. "You are welcome to share what we have if you will."

"Thank you," Marjorie answered. "I think I had better wait until I can go home, though, for my aunt will be lonely if she has to eat supper all alone."

It was a beautiful picture, and one which long lingered in her memory, when the mother gathering the baby in her arms, and with the rosy-cheeked lad and lassie beside her, smiled upon them with her face radiant with love and content. The children folded their hands; little bare-footed Greta, watching the baby put his dimpled fists together with sisterly pride, and then the mother, bending her head, uttered a few words of blessing upon the simple fare, with a hearty thanksgiving for all the mercies God bestowed upon them. Marjorie had been so absorbed in her own thoughts and in watching the mother and the bright, eager children, that she had not noticed that the rain had stopped as suddenly as it began, and the setting sun, throwing its slanting beams through the window, flooded the room with a golden glory.

The children ate heartily, with no thought apparently that their food was of the plainest, and the sweet picture of content drove away the unhappy thought which had brought a fretful frown to Marjorie's face.

She lingered awhile, chatting pleasantly, and learned a little of the circumstances of the family who had so unexpectedly received her as their guest. The father had died the year before, and the mother often had hard work to make both ends meet and to keep her little ones about her; but she had succeeded thus far, and was so grateful that she seemed to have no other thought than that of gratification to God for his blessings. And yet Marjorie, with every want supplied, had been feeling as if she had so little to be thankful for because a quiet life with an invalid did not give her the diversion that some other young people could enjoy!

All unconsciously the simple faith and brave thankfulness of this humble woman taught Marjorie a lesson she might not have learned in any other way, and when she bade the children and their mother goodby, and started home, a feeling of content and gratitude had taken the place of her unhappiness, and she did not soon forget her chance visit to the little cottage among the hills.—*Christian Observer*.

THE INFORMATION CIRCLE.

"Aunt Lucy always comes with a reticule of plans, remarked Harriet Kelso, jovially, the evening before her father's youngest sister was expected. "I wonder what she'll have in it this time. S'pose she's packed her plans?"

"Long ago; put those in first thing. I wish I were as full of resources as she is," and Nan tapped her forehead with mock gravity. "I'm afraid it's as empty as my grip, which you know hasn't had a thing in it since we came from the mountains."

"I have a little notion, girls, suggested Aunt Lucy the morning after her arrival.

Harriet and Nan exchanged expectant glances. "It isn't like real work—not at all taxing, and just as good for one time as another; 'tisn't reserved for vacations."

"What is it, auntie?" and Nan laid down the dish-cloth. "I'm as curious as a church mouse. Famous musicians, or painters?"

"Neither, dear. It's what I'd call a general information circle, which we all can join—you girls, Tom, your father and mother, and"—

"But you'll be a member?" interposed Nan quickly.

"Yes, indeed! I'll squeeze in somewhere."

"When shall we organize?" inquired Harriet, thoroughly interested.

"Any time—this morning! We three will constitute the charter members, and we'll initiate the rest of the family this evening. My plan is this: it's remarkable how many things there are, both curious and interesting, that we ought to know and take great delight in. It will not take much time, and in a few weeks we'll be abundantly paid for the few moments given to it each day. We'll divide our members. Let me see, there are six of us—three on a side. One division can give out the questions one day and the second division the next. The questions given out by number one must be answered by number two, and vice versa. Each evening the set of questions will be given out for the next meeting, so we'll have three bits of information every night. To-night we'll give out the questions—each of us select one—for number two, and to-morrow will be their turn."

"It's a splendid idea!" exclaimed Harriet. "Lovely," added Nan enthusiastically. "Only," she hesitated, "s'pose we can't think of good questions!"

"Search for them, then," replied Aunt Lucy. "That's a part of the plan."

In the evening, the first questions were given out, the one by the president first—of course Aunt Lucy was president—followed by Harriet's and Nan's.

"What state, now one of the United States, was once an independent republic and so recognized by our government?" asked Aunt Lucy.

"How would one address the ruler of England if she were not a queen?" was next asked.

"Just Victoria," thought Nan, and then it was her turn. "When occurred the 'scrub race for the Presidency' in the United States, and why so called?"

"Those questions will give us something to think of," said Mr. Kelso, interested. I think, though, I can answer Nan's."

The next evening Tom was sure of having two of them correct, while Mrs. Kelso wasn't positive that she could answer more than one.

"I imagine father has them all," declared Harriet, as Mr. Kelso tried to look unconcerned.

"Well, Tom?" inquired the president. "Texas for the first one, and 1824 for the third, and so called because there were so many candidates for the office. I'm at a loss as to the second."

"That's one I can answer," smiled Mrs. Kelso. "She might be called Mrs. Wettin, or just the widow Wettin."

"Yes, I had them all," nodded Mr. Kelso to Nan's look of inquiry. "Now the questions for to-morrow!"

"What European sovereign had a brother who married an American girl?" asked Mrs. Kelso, who was very much interested in royalty.

"Where, in the Constitution of the United States, does our government find the right to dress her letter carriers in uniform?" and Mr. Kelso smiled as though he felt his question would need some looking up.

"Why was Napoleon so anxious to sell Louisiana?" when Tom's turn came. "And when the commissioners went to France, was it their purpose to purchase the whole territory?"

"I never supposed there were so many interesting things to know, that we could find out about for ourselves," said Tom, when the circle was five weeks old.

"I feel that I'm quite a modern Solomon!" laughed Nan, proud of her lately acquired wisdom.

"And not half has yet been told." It was her mother who spoke. "I've a splendid question for to-morrow."—*Forward*.

THE VISIBLE SOUL.

Mr. Samuel Greene, the leading lumber merchant in a large Western city, was known as one of the most prosperous men in his section of the state. He had acquired his wealth by hard trading and close bargaining. Few people could get ahead of him; and though it was his frequent remark that every dollar he owned was "honestly made in trade," his customers and his tenants knew him as a hard man, not unscrupulous, but disposed to exact the last dime. At home or in church (to which he went occasionally), his thoughts were too much occupied with schemes of money-making to afford any spare room for affection or religious feeling. His business acquaintances rather envied him, as one who had conquered the secret of success.

The lumber merchant sat in his little office at the close of an October day. It had been a day full of business and its aggravations. He was thinking of going home, when there suddenly came a rat-tat at the door.

"Come in!" called Mr. Greene, gruffly. "Oh, it's you, Simmons. Well, now, what's wanted?"

"Mr. Greene," said the new-comer, a sturdily-built, honest-looking man of middle age, "I've come to see if you won't let me have another bill of lumber—some Michigan pine, I need for that contract I have on the east side."

"No, Simmons, you can't have another foot of lumber from my yard, that's flat," said Mr. Greene, harshly. "As soon as you pay up what you owe, you can get more; not till then."

"But, Mr. Greene," protested Simmons, "this is a serious matter to me. Why, I've paid you hundreds and hundreds of dollars, good money, for your lumber; and as soon as this job is through you will be the first to get your money. You don't surely mean to say you refuse?"

"That's just what I do mean," snapped Greene. "But I've no time to talk about it. You take your choice; pay up your last bill, or go without."

"It simply means ruin, that's what it does," said the man advancing into the room. "Why, Mr. Greene, you cannot mean what you say! It would be the meanest—"

"Get out," thundered the lumber merchant, advancing toward him, his huge bulk now quivering with anger. "Out of here, I say! you shall never get a foot of lumber from me as long as I live."

Simmons retreated a step or two, then, still with hat in hand, he turned toward the excited man. "Mr. Greene," he said, in deep tones, "may the Lord forgive me for saying it, but I think you have the meanest soul that ever he permitted to enter into man, and if you could only see it—"

But his talk was suddenly cut short by a threatening movement of Mr. Greene, who pushed him out of the office and slammed the door violently.

"Confounded impudence, I call it!" said the lumber merchant on regaining his seat. "Why, hang the fellow, I trusted him and trusted him. I'm fairly sick of his whining talk and poverty-stricken ways. To insult me by referring to my soul. What does he know about it, anyway?" and he rose and paced the floor of the little office. "He said I had the meanest soul," he mused. "But

who ever heard of anyone seeing a soul?" And then he sat down again, and rubbed his chin meditatively. He rested his head upon his hands. Somehow, those words burrowed and buzzed in his brain. The world of business seemed to slip away into shadow and silence.

* * * * *

"My soul—well, I wish I could see it. I am sure that fellow is wrong. Anyhow, he knows nothing about it. I wish—"

"Here I am," piped up a little, thin voice, somewhere on the floor behind him.

"What—what's that?" he asked, quickly.

"Here I am," repeated the thin voice.

"Who? Where?"

"Right here behind you."

The lumber merchant turned in astonishment, and looked in the direction indicated. There, in a corner, and in the shadow of the leather-covered lounge, was a little-impish, dwarf-looking figure, like a shriveled Filipino. The merchant shrank back in amazement.

"Who are you, anyway?" he gasped.

"I am your soul," piped the black-looking little imp in the corner.

"My soul!" He shook himself together as if disbelieving his senses. "Utter nonsense! Why, with a touch of this button I can summon a policeman—"

"Still, I'm your soul," said the little black one. "Yours, and nobody else's."

"How did you come into my office?" interrogated the merchant.

"I was permitted to come, as you wished," said the thing, "and I must stay until the time of my permission ends."

"Confound it!" persisted Mr. Greene, "you don't mean to say that you are going to stick right here, in my office?"

"Wherever you go, I go," piped the voice. "I am a part of you, and you cannot be without me."

"But," stammered the merchant, with an inward shudder, "how am I ever to get along with you sitting around?" He went over fearfully toward the door and slipped the spring lock. "Why, this is ridiculous. Everybody who meets us will remark."

"No eye but yours can see me," was the reply from the corner.

"Well, that's one consolation," said Greene, drawing a long breath. "My soul! Mine! This is the first time anybody ever heard of such a thing."

He touched a bell to summon his foreman.

"Haff," he said, "I'm going home. Everything all right?"

"Yes, sir," replied the foreman.

"Well, then, get me a carriage, will you?"

"Certainly, sir."

It was with a strange trepidation that Mr. Greene buttoned up his coat and closed the door of his office that evening. He felt somehow as though he was bidding the old place good-bye and might never come back. He noted with satisfaction that the coach-lamps were unlit. Looking down he saw, moving lightly by his side, the dark, little impish figure. He opened the coach door and stepped aside to give the Soul the right of way. Then he entered.

"How shall I ever be able to meet Mary and the girls in this fix?" he said. "It's awful! awful! Something must have happened to my brain," and he turned again toward the little figure whose presence and

appearance seemed to put the question of hallucination beyond all doubt.

On reaching his home, he stepped quickly to the door, opened it with his own private key and let himself into the hall unobserved. Up the stairs to his room he went noiselessly. Once safe within, he locked the door and sank down, exhausted, in a large easy-chair.

"He said I had the meanest soul the Lord ever permitted to be in a man—that's what he said. I remember every word distinctly," and he looked around once more at the dwarfish creature who sat on a chair almost opposite. "And you are the soul that came in obedience to some strange summons! Now," said the merchant, "I want to think about this. Let us ask what is the cause of that dingy color—that elfish blackness?"

"I am what you have made me," said the Soul. "I was not always so dark."

"The meanest soul," repeated Greene, the words lingering in his brain like the refrain of a song! "The meanest soul! Well, if I have blackened my soul, I pray God to help me, for no one else can."

A tap at the door interrupted his thoughts. He turned sharply to the little figure.

"You are sure no one can see you?"

"None but you," was the reply.

He opened the door.

"Sam! Sam!" said the gentle voice of his wife. "What's the matter? We saw you go up, and we haven't heard from you since you came home." She nervously grasped his hands in her own, which were trembling.

"Nothing, Mary," said the lumber merchant, hurriedly. "Nothing's the matter, only I wish you would send me a cup of tea—a cup of good strong tea. I want to take it here in my room. I have something on my mind; nothing to trouble you, Mary, but I must be here alone for a little while."

With something between a gasp and a sob, the wife went downstairs. Presently she returned with the cup of tea.

"Thank you, Mary," he said in a tone so kindly that his wife looked at him in surprise. "Now, dear, you see I am all right. Won't you please get Tom to hitch up and drive around to Simmons, the carpenter, and tell him I want to see him immediately? In fact, tell him to bring Simmons with him." He pulled out his watch, "I must have him here within the next half hour."

Five minutes later, he could hear the sound of the departing coach, showing that the coachman had sped upon his errand. Mr. Greene again touched the bell, and one of his daughters responded.

"Edith, I want to send down to the widow Grogan's. You know she is one of my tenants. Can't one of you girls go down and bring her up? It's only ten minutes' walk, and I must see her this evening."

"Why, papa," said the daughter, "and so late?"

"Oh," said the merchant, "it's only seven o'clock. You go, Edith, and I will make it up to you. You can take the street-car and be down there in a twinkling." And to her astonishment, he kissed her. Such a thing had hardly happened since the girls were babies.

It was well within the half hour when Tom drove up before the door, and Carpenter Simmons mounted the steps. He was shown up to the merchant's room.

"Come in, Simmons, come in!" said Mr. Greene, with a show of animation.

"I came, Mr. Greene, but I haven't the slightest idea—"

"No matter, no matter. Sit down," said the other. "The fact is, Simmons, I behaved like a hog to you this afternoon, and I am deeply sorry for it. I want you to understand that, Simmons. You have been a good customer of mine, and I've never lost a cent by your trade, and to have spoken to you as I did was too mean for anything, and I want to apologize."

"Oh, Mr. Greene," protested the carpenter, "don't say a word."

"But I insist," said Greene stoutly. "If a man acts like a hog, he must apologize; he has no right to act so. You said that I had the meanest soul—"

"Mr. Greene," cried the carpenter nervously, "I regretted it the moment I said it. I declare I did. It was a cruel thing."

"It was true," said Greene, "every word. I know it. I have the meanest soul, and you told the truth. Sit down."

The visitor sat down in amazement.

"Now, here is an order," continued Greene, writing at a desk that stood in the corner of the room. "Haff will give you whatever lumber you want. Hereafter you can have that privilege. You are an honest man."

"You don't mean it! You don't mean it, Mr. Greene," cried the carpenter, starting up. "Why, it's like picking me out of the gutter. I was ruined if I didn't get that lumber. You've saved me. You've saved my business."

"Not another word," said Mr. Greene. "Here, Simmons, here's the order. Good night, and whenever you want any more lumber come and see me."

Still muttering his thanks, and greatly astonished at the turn affairs had taken, the carpenter withdrew.

The lumber merchant stood for a minute with a strange smile on his face. As he heard the footsteps die away, his eye fell upon the little figure in its nook, and it seemed to him—although it might have been only imagination—that it had grown a shade whiter.

A little later the widow Grogan was brought in by Edith. The widow, who was accompanied by her little daughter of seven, showed a tear-stained face. She had evidently been anticipating some new misfortune as the result of this summons from her landlord.

"Now," said Edith reassuringly, "you just step right in, and papa will see you."

"Ah, Mrs. Grogan," said the merchant, "I am glad you've come."

"Oh, Mr. Green," began the widow in piteous tones, "if it's the rent, I told the agent that I would try to have it for him next month. I've done the best I could; but it's the hard times we've had."

"Has that rascally agent of mine been bothering you, Mrs. Grogan?"

"Indade the man only wanted your rent, sor, an' I told him—"

"Never mind what you told him, Mrs. Grogan. So this is Molly, is it? Little Molly. How old is she?"

"Seven, sor. Speak to the jintleman, Molly dear."

"Now Molly," and he produced a silver coin from his pocket, "I am going to give this to your mother, and she is going to buy you the biggest red apple you ever saw. Mind you do it, Mrs. Grogan. Now about

that rent. How long have you been living in that house of mine?"

"Eleven years, sor."

"Why, it seems to me that you have been a pretty steady tenant."

"I got this notice day before yisterday, sor," and she handed him a notice of dis-possession.

The lumber merchant scowled. "And this," he muttered, "is done in my name. All the hardships that are inflicted upon these poor souls, who have paid rent for eleven years, I have to stand sponser for."

"Now, Mrs. Grogan," he said, turning to the widow, who was wiping her eyes with a corner of her dress, "I am going to give you a note to the agent, which will fix you all right, so far as the next quarter's rent is concerned, and I'll see you before then. You've had pretty hard lines since Patrick died?"

"Indade, very hard, sor. Many's the meal-hour there's neither bite nor sup in the house."

"Too bad! Too bad! But we must try to help you in some way. I will get my wife to come down and see you, Mrs. Grogan, and see if we cannot make it easier for you and little Molly. Eh, Molly!"

The child smiled in his face, but still clung to her mother's sleeve. He fumbled in his vest pocket—it was a strange thing that he was prompted to do, but he did it. Generosity had never been a weakness of the money-maker, but this, he felt, was a special case. It was his doing, all this misery and suffering. He handed a ten-dollar bill to the widow.

"Now here is something to keep the pot boiling, anyway, and don't you fear but we will call," he said cordially. "That is all I wanted to see you about, Mrs. Grogan. Good night, little Molly."

Then the pent-up emotion broke out beyond all control. The poor widow was overwhelmed with such kindness, and she fairly broke down.

"May the Lord bless ye, sor! Oh, may he bless you and yours forever! Indade, it's the good man ye are, the day, to me an' Molly, an' we'll pray for you ivery day of our lives—that we will. It's a kind heart you have, indade it is."

"Hush! Don't say such things," said the lumber dealer huskily, and his own voice trembled. "You can find your way down, and they will see you on the cars."

"Oh, indade, we'll walk," she said, smiling, while the tears still dropped. "I feel like flyin'."

He heard their steps going down stairs, the patter of the child keeping accompaniment to the heavier footfall of the mother. Both were smiling with joy and happiness.

With his own eyes strangely moist with the suspicion of tears, he turned from the window and looked toward the shadowed corner of the room. The soul seemed to smile at him with a gentle expression, which he had not observed before.

The hours that followed were eventful ones to the lumber merchant. Long he sat, and, at intervals, conversed with his strange companion. The complete record of his career unrolled itself before him. He saw in a new and unfamiliar light many of the events which he had recorded as triumphs; he recalled a thousand instances where he had been harsh, where he had repressed noble impulses, and sacrificed love and affection in order that he might be unhampered in his struggle for wealth; where he had driven hard bargains

and been guilty of what now seemed monstrous injustice, though the world called it shrewd trading. And then, with this reflection, he looked again at his dark and diminutive visitor.

"You forgot that these men were your brothers," said the voice from the corner, answering his unspoken thoughts. "You showed them no mercy; you made no allowances; you took the full measure of your 'rights' as you understood them and gave no quarter. Their broken fortunes and blighted hopes you made stepping-stones to your own success. You have trodden all the way upon hearts, even the hearts of your own dear ones. You have given me—your Soul—no opportunity for growth, but have made me, as you see, a thing to be loathed and despised." And it bowed itself in its corner with a gesture of sorrow.

With a zeal that was almost feverish, he set about, as far as man could do, to rectify the wrongs, the injustices, the injuries and sharp trading of years. It took time and no little grace and moral courage to make amends, and to do such other things as he could, but he persevered. And, strangest of all, he found presently a keen and satisfying pleasure in his new line of action. In business and social affairs, abroad and at home, he grew gracious and liberal. Mary and the girls at home found him companionable and affectionate.

His men at the yard became familiar with his smile and kind words.

He did not forget his promise to the widow Grogan, and both she and little Molly profited by the change in affairs, as also did many others.

Before many months had passed, the business community, at first incredulous, had wholly revised its former estimate of the lumber merchant. He was no longer "the meanest man," and the hardest at a bargain. In losing the reputation for such qualities he had, all unconsciously, gained one for qualities much more desirable. He loved to help those who found themselves in "tight places." To the poor of his neighborhood he was a constant benefactor.

The year neared the close. The Soul had grown to be a dear comrade, fair and well-proportioned, such as the merchant would have loved the whole world to see. And when the moment of parting came, he gazed upon the being who stood beside him and marveled; for, as it smiled upon him, he knew that it was noble and beautiful, dazzling in brightness any in stature like the angels.

* * * * *

The lumber merchant awoke with a start. He rubbed his eyes, looked at his watch, and then sat thoughtfully for a little space. He had slept altogether less than twenty minutes, but he had lived a year and learned the lesson of a lifetime. A shade of regret passed over his face as he looked into the corner where had appeared the visitor of his dream and found it empty. Then he put on his overcoat, locked the door and went home.

And the dream came true.—*Christian Herald and Signs of Our Times.*

NOTICE.

The Treasurer of the General Conference would respectfully call the attention of certain churches to pages 49 and 50 of the Minutes recently published.

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD.

ALFRED, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1900.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

An Old, Dried-up Ocean.

A remarkable discovery has lately been made by Dr. Hedin, a Swedish explorer, which he has just reported from St. Petersburg.

During his journeys in Eastern Turkistan, Thibet and Mongolia, he visited the great sheet of water called Lob Nor. This body of water he found to differ materially from the description and the maps of previous explorers. It is situated over two thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is fed by the river Tarim, and has no outlet. The inflow is used up by evaporation.

The fact that this sheet of water has an inflowing river, and no outflow, led Dr. Hedin to conclude that the water would be salt, like the Caspian Sea, or the Dead Sea; but on examination he found they were fresh, which showed conclusively that the lake could not have been long in existence; that it was not a permanent body of water like Lake Balkhash, but was shifting its position by being filled up with sand from the desert, thus forming again in new places.

Dr. Hedin also made the discovery that the body of water formerly known and mapped by observers has now disappeared entirely and in its dry bed are found plenty of shells and other evidences of life which formerly lived in its waters. A new system of lakes having been formed around on the margin of the old sea, the Tarim Basin is now a dry and sandy plain, a region of desert sand.

This immense expanse must have been drying up for ages before history began to record events. The same thing is true of other places, especially with Lake Balkhash, which is disappearing with remarkable rapidity. Russian geographers assure us that its waters have greatly diminished during the century which has just closed.

The following bodies of water are lowering at least a foot in every five years: The Syr Diaria, the Amu Diaria, and the Aral Sea; and the great Caspian Sea that has several large streams emptying into it and no visible outlet, is slowly, but surely, drying up.

The old ocean in drying up left the Caspian Sea, the Aral Sea, and many salt lakes in the deep hollows of the great ocean, which not only incorporated the Mediterranean, but extended into the very center of Asia. There are banks of dead sea shells, whereon once the waves of the great ocean were breaking, and there are many elevations where once the herbage was green, and large forests flourished.

The fact concerning these great changes is certain, but the real cause remains obscure, it not unknown.

As we stated in a recent article in the RECORDER, the climate must have been for a long time changing to produce this remarkable result. This ocean in its fulness must have extended from Northern Africa to the eastern end of the great desert of Cobi.

On this Western Continent we have a duplicate of the Eastern. There was once a vast ocean which covered much of our Western prairies and discharged its waters by a river into the Pacific Ocean. The only remnant left to us is the Great Salt Lake of Utah, a duplicate of the Dead Sea of the East.

There is good evidence that very great changes are taking place in the crust of the earth in certain zones; while some places are becoming elevated, others are being depressed. Here in New Jersey geologists tell us we are sinking slowly, but surely going down, yet like the people of Sodom we pay very little heed to it. There is evidence that the waves of the Atlantic once rolled over much of Jersey, and why may not the cycles of time and motion produce the like again?

REMEMBER that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day. The thing for us to long for is the goodness, not the glory.—F. W. Farrar.

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

REV. WILLIAM C. WHITFORD, Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature in Alfred University.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1901.

FIRST QUARTER.

Jan. 5.	Jesus Anointed at Bethany.....	Matt. 26: 6-16
Jan. 12.	The Triumphal Entry.....	Matt. 21: 1-17
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Mar. 16.	Jesus and Pilate.....	Luke 23: 13-26
Mar. 23.	Jesus Crucified and Buried.....	Luke 23: 35-53
Mar. 30.	Review.....	Isa. 52: 13-63: 12

LESSON IV.—CHRIST SILENCES THE PHARISEES.

For Sabbath-day, Jan. 26, 1901.

LESSON TEXT.—Matt. 22: 34-46.

GOLDEN TEXT.—What think ye of Christ?—Matt. 22: 42.

INTRODUCTION.

The day and place of our present lesson are the same as that of last week. It seems probable that Christ's question to the Pharisees precedes the coming of the Greeks. Compare the Introduction to last week's lesson.

We are sometimes inclined to make excuses for the leaders of the Jews, and say that they could not have been expected to accept the teachings of Jesus, since he spoke in opposition to many of the doctrines which they had received from their pious ancestors. How could they know that he was right and that they were wrong? Our present lesson is an answer to the question. Jesus had often before this showed them that they were themselves insincere; for example, when they asked, "By what authority doest thou these things?" When they found fault with him for eating with unwashed hands, he showed them that they had a hypocritical reverence for the letter of the law, while doing violence to the spirit of it. They knew that he was speaking of them when he taught by the means of the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen.

TIME.—Same as in last week's lesson; according to tradition upon Tuesday of Passion Week, April, A. D., 30.

PLACE.—Jerusalem; probably in the courts of the temple.

PERSONS.—Jesus and the Pharisees.

OUTLINE:

1. The Pharisees' Question. v. 34-36.
2. Jesus' Answer. v. 37-40.
3. Jesus' Question. v. 41-46.

NOTES.

34. *But when the Pharisees had heard that he had put the Sadducees to silence.* The Pharisees had already, this day, been defeated once by our Saviour. Compare v. 15 ff. They came forward now, after Jesus had shown that the question of the Sadducees was a foolish one, to make another trial.

35. *Then one of them which was a lawyer.* That is, one skilled in the Old Testament law. Not an advocate. *Tempting him.* Testing him, or trying him. Their purpose was not to avenge the defeat of the Sadducees, nor to show that they could ask a wiser question than their religious rivals; but rather to see if they could not entangle Jesus in his talk, so that he might say something that would bring him into discredit with the people. From the parallel passage in Mark's Gospel we may infer that the lawyer himself had no sinister design in asking the question, but was a sincere inquirer whom the Pharisees put forward for their purpose.

36. *Master.* Literally, teacher—a respectful form of an address. *Which is the great commandment in the law?* According to our idiom, it would be more natural to say "greatest" instead of "great." The word translated, "which" means "of what sort." Their question was not to request that the great commandment might be pointed out; but rather in regard to the particular character or quality which makes a commandment great. By "the law" the questioner meant

the law of Moses. This question was one often discussed among the religious leaders of the Jews. The Pharisees expected that Jesus would single out some particular precept, and hoped to be able successfully to assail his position and discredit him before the people on theological grounds.

37. It is to be noted that Jesus answers this question directly, and that the answer is such that they cannot take any exception to it. Compare the answer of the lawyer in Luke 10: 27. *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.* The quotation is from Deut. 6: 4, 5, freely from the Septuagint. In the parallel passage in Mark's Gospel we have the additional phrase, "and with all thy strength." The meaning is that we should love God supremely, and with all the faculties of the nature wherewith he has endowed us. The terms, heart, soul and mind are not mutually exclusive of one another. They all refer to the spiritual, real, life of a man; but in different aspects. By the word heart we are led to think of the inner life of the man, his emotions and purposes. The word soul represents the individuality; the word mind refers to the intellectual ability.

38. *This is the first and great commandment.* The order of the adjectives is the reverse: read rather, "This is the great and first commandment." First is used not so much in regard to time as in reference to rank and importance.

39. *And the second is like unto it.* Better, "A second like unto it is this." As much as to say, There is also a command second in rank to the first, but so like it in character that it is indissolubly joined with the former as a part of it. *Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.* This is quoted from Lev. 19: 18. The word translated "love" refers to the higher and nobler passion. It is not the love of mere feeling, which cannot be commanded.

40. *On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.* They are the fundamental principles of the requirements of the Old Testament, whether of the legal precepts of the Pentateuch or of the exhortations of the prophets. (The expression "the law and the prophets," is probably used here to include all the Old Testament.)

41. *While the Pharisees were gathered together.* The Pharisees had evidently drawn near to hear the answer to the question of the lawyer. Jesus takes this opportunity to ask them a question, and thus to show them that far from being able to entrap him, they themselves were not able to answer a question of interpretation.

42. *What think ye of Christ? whose son is he?* The second question is more specific than the preceding one, which it is intended to explain. The Greek word Christ is equivalent to the Hebrew word Messiah. It is here used as a title rather than as a proper name. *The son of David.* They answer very glibly in accordance with the repeated words of the prophets.

43. *How then doth David in spirit call him Lord?* To the Oriental mind a son is always inferior to his father; at least officially so. The question presented was therefore, to their minds, unanswerable. By the phrase "in spirit" is meant, speaking under the influence of the Holy Spirit.

44. *The Lord said unto my Lord, etc.* A quotation from the 110th Psalm, which is undoubtedly Messianic in its application. Many modern commentators have denied that it was written by David. If their position is true, and our Lord was mistaken, we may take this limitation in knowledge as an illustration of his humanity, and not at all as derogatory of his divinity. At all events this Psalm was unquestionably accepted as Davidic in our Lord's time. The first word LORD [printed in small capitals] refers to Jehovah; the second, to the Messiah. *Sit thou upon my right hand.* The Messianic King is represented as receiving the most distinguished honor at the hand of God. The one who sits at the right hand of a king is next to him in honor and authority. *Till I make thine enemies thy footstool.* Jehovah is to use his power to overthrow the enemies of the Messiah. Compare Peter's use of this same quotation in Acts 2: 34, 35.

45. *If David then call him Lord, how is he his son?* The answer to the question is in the fact that our Saviour was both human and divine,

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the God-man. He was both son of David and Son of God. If he had been no more than descendant of David, David could not have called him Lord.

46. *And no man was able to answer him a word.* They saw that they must be mistaken in the person and the character of Messiah; they were unready to admit their error. *Neither durst any man from that day forth ask him any more questions.* Their confidence in their own ability as dialecticians was lost. They expected to be defeated in argument if they undertook to question him. It is very likely also that they feared lest Jesus should make it even more plainly manifest to the people that he was the Messiah, concerning which he spoke, David's son and David's Lord.

MARRIAGES.

DENSMORE—HILE.—In Independence, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1901, by Eld. J. Kenyon, at his home, Owen O. Densmore and Miss Mayble Hile, all of Allegheny Township, Pa.

VAUGHN—FOLLY.—In New Auburn Minn., Dec 27, 1900, by Rev. E. H. Socwell, Mr. Vernon B. Vaughn, of New Auburn, and Mrs. Zoe Folly, of Arlington, Minn.

MARTIN—MAHELEY.—At the parsonage, in Alfred Station, N. Y., Dec. 5, 1900, by the Rev. F. E. Peterson, Marcus J. Martin and Miss Lydia Maheley, all of Birdsall, N. Y.

GREEN—CORNISH.—At Alfred, N. Y., Dec. 24, 1900, by the Rev. F. E. Peterson, Melvin H. Green and Miss Carrie A. Cornish.

WHIPPLE—HAMILTON.—At Alfred, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1900, by the Rev. F. E. Peterson, Herbert G. Whipple, of New York City, and Miss Eola L. Hamilton, of Alfred.

DEATHS.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angels
 Have evil wrought.
 The funeral anthem is a glad evangel,
 The good die not.
 God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
 What He has given.
 They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
 As in His heaven. —Whittier.

CRUMB.—In Georgetown, N. Y., Aug. 16, 1900, Andrew Crumb, aged 86 years.

He was a devout member of the DeRuyter church, having been baptized by Eld. Joshua Clarke when 60 years of age. L. R. S.

CRUMB.—At Sheds Corners, N. Y., Aug. 28, 1900, Welcome Crumb, youngest and last brother of the above, aged 68 years. L. R. S.

DENNIS.—In Cuyler, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1900, infant son of John G. Dennis. L. R. S.

NEWITT.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., Oct. 22, 1900, Eliza W., wife of Rev. H. I. Newitt, aged 72 years. A noble woman and a patient Christian. L. R. S.

CRANDALL.—In Cortland, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1900, Mary Effa, only daughter of W. Mason and Elizabeth Coon, and wife of Henry M. Crandall, aged 40 years.

The funeral services were held at the DeRuyter church the following Sabbath, where she was a devout and highly respected member. L. R. S.

CRANDALL.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., Dec. 9, 1900, Marco P. Crandall, aged 56. L. R. S.

BUTLER.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., Dec. 9, 1900, George Butler, aged 57 years. L. R. S.

BARBER.—In Georgetown, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1900, Mrs. Luther Whaley, aged 29 years. L. R. S.

HELPING ONE'S SELF.

An eminent author has published a book on "Self-Help." The theme is interesting and the treatment fascinating. The most that men do is intended to help themselves. Some live for this alone. But the course by which men seek to benefit themselves often proves vain. Instead of furthering their own ends and promoting their own comfort and happiness, they are working against their own interest. This is true not only of vice and crime, but also of a large part of the more serious work of life.

The best way to help one's self is to help others. This is not the view worldly men take. They imagine that the more they do for others the less they have left for themselves. They get all they can, give as little as possible, and keep all they can. They do not give to help the poor, to build great institutions for educational and charitable uses, because they believe that giving will diminish their store and weaken themselves. When they give at all they try to do so in such a way that all men will know it, in order to make it work for their own good, after all. They give for themselves, and not for others.

How difficult it is to keep self from having too prominent a part. Is it easy for the preacher to keep self out of his sermon? for the singer to keep self out of his song? for the worshiper to keep self out of the prayer? Nature clamors for self. While the spirit seeks after God, and the good of others, the flesh still pushes self to the front.

If we could only understand, and have courage to trust, the philosophy of the Gospel, we should have little trouble about self. The science of Christianity reverses nearly all the maxims of the world and all the wisdom of the sages. He that will save his life must lose it, and he that will lose his life for the sake of righteousness shall save it. He that will be the greatest must condescend to be servant of all. He that will be richest must give all he has. He shall have a hundredfold in this world, and in the world to come everlasting life.

No man shall ever find happiness while seeking it for himself. The self centered man cannot be happy. He may find gold, he may acquire knowledge, he may achieve fame, he may have pleasure in the world, but all these cannot pour one ray of genuine bliss into a self-centered soul. Let one who is unhappy do what he can to relieve the sorrows of others, and his own sorrow will be turned into joy. Let the burdened soul do what he can to bear the burdens of others, and his own burdens shall become light as air. Let him whose life is bitter begin to do what he can to sweeten the lives of others, and his own life will become sweeter still. Let him whose life is narrow do what he can to enlarge the lives of others, and his own life will become broad and deep and rich. "Give, and it shall be given to you, good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over."

When life's utmost verge shall be reached, and we shall look back on the journey, the only part that will afford us any comfort and satisfaction will be that which we have devoted to helping others. Then shall we see and know that all we have done for self alone is nothing but wood, hay and stubble, which, like a parchment scroll, shall shrivel up and turn to dead ashes in the flames of the judgment of God, while all that we have done for others with a sincere heart is gold, silver and precious stones, built into the kingdom of God, to endure forever.—*Christian Advocate.*

ART AND PHILOSOPHY IN A CALENDAR.

That helpful and inspiring motto—"Keeping Everlastingly at it Brings Success"—is again suggested by the receipt of the 1901 Calendar from N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia. These gentlemen conduct the world's greatest advertising business in newspapers, magazines and billboards—but as responsibilities increase they seem to grow more energetic while their work grows brighter and better. The 1901 Calendar is an evidence of taste and originality. It is mounted on a striking design in clay modeling executed in two delicate tones, with the famous Ayer motto standing out in bold relief. The figures are large enough to be easily distinguished quite a distance, while the spaces are occupied by reproduction, in colors, of a number of striking modern posters, and by advertising philosophy as well. The cost of production and the demand for this calendar are so great that Messrs. Ayer & Son have found it necessary to charge a nominal price for it—25 cents. Those wanting a copy of this very serviceable and highly ornamental work should send at once before the edition is exhausted. In previous years, its predecessors have been quickly bought up, and it is more than likely late application now will prove disappointing.

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

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

☞ 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. SHAW, *Pastor*,
 1293 Union Avenue.

☞ THE Mill Yard Seventh-day Baptist church holds regular Sabbath services in the Welsh Baptist chapel, Eldon St., London, E. C., a few steps from the Broad St. Station. Services at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Church Secretary, C. B. Barber, 46 Velmar Road, Denmark Hill, London, S. E. Sabbathkeepers and others visiting London will be cordially welcomed.

☞ THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address, Rev. M. B. Kelly, 5455 Monroe Ave.

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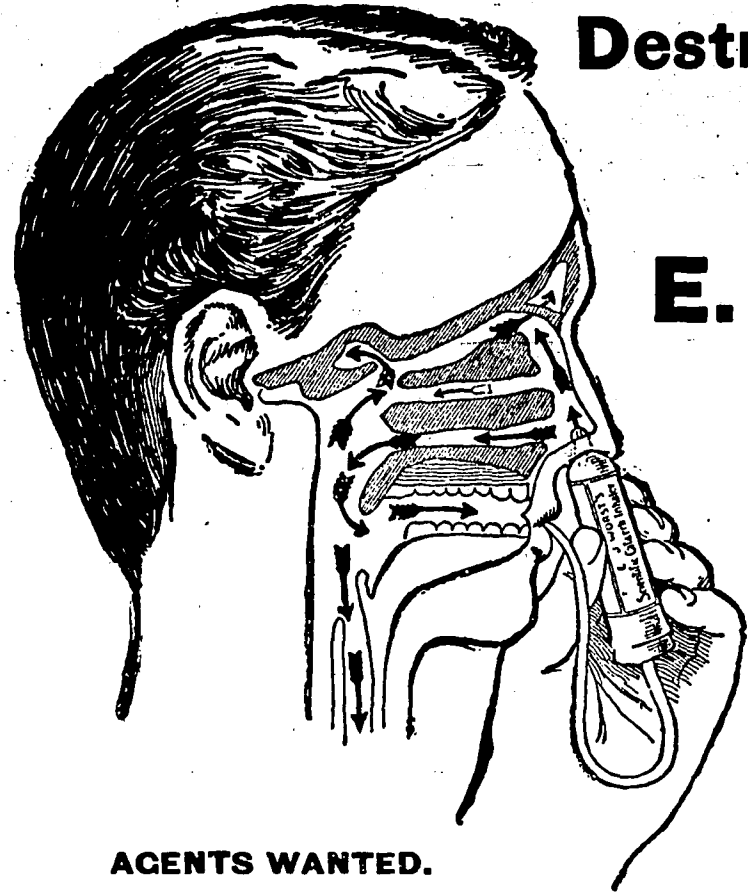
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