

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

A SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST WEEKLY, PUBLISHED BY THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

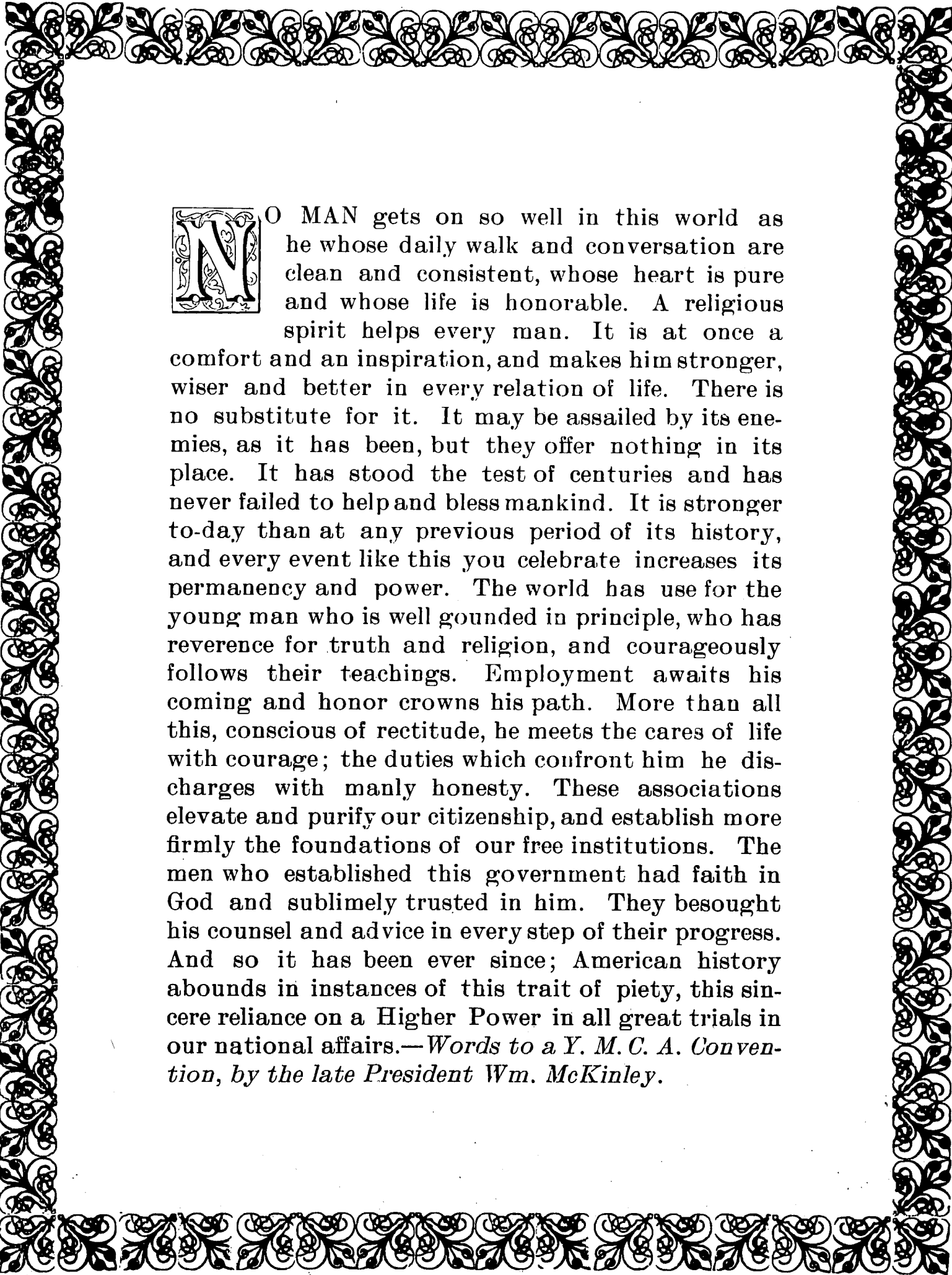
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NO MAN gets on so well in this world as he whose daily walk and conversation are clean and consistent, whose heart is pure and whose life is honorable. A religious spirit helps every man. It is at once a comfort and an inspiration, and makes him stronger, wiser and better in every relation of life. There is no substitute for it. It may be assailed by its enemies, as it has been, but they offer nothing in its place. It has stood the test of centuries and has never failed to help and bless mankind. It is stronger to-day than at any previous period of its history, and every event like this you celebrate increases its permanency and power. The world has use for the young man who is well grounded in principle, who has reverence for truth and religion, and courageously follows their teachings. Employment awaits his coming and honor crowns his path. More than all this, conscious of rectitude, he meets the cares of life with courage; the duties which confront him he discharges with manly honesty. These associations elevate and purify our citizenship, and establish more firmly the foundations of our free institutions. The men who established this government had faith in God and sublimely trusted in him. They besought his counsel and advice in every step of their progress. And so it has been ever since; American history abounds in instances of this trait of piety, this sincere reliance on a Higher Power in all great trials in our national affairs.—*Words to a Y. M. C. A. Convention, by the late President Wm. McKinley.*

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The Sabbath Recorder.

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MEN do not easily comprehend the greatness of God's plans, either for themselves as individuals, or for the world. Even Abraham stumbled over the promises he could not doubt, even when he could not understand them. After much training, Moses still thought it impossible that the Children of Israel could be freed from bondage. Isaiah rose high enough to state the great fact in words, when he said that as the heavens are higher than the earth, so God's thoughts are higher than our thoughts. Where those great men of former years were groping we still grope and stumble, but, believing in spite of stumbling, we are conquerors in the end.

WHEN men consider the Gospel and its mission in the world, or the character of Christ and his work, this groping and stumbling often appears. The largeness of divine mercy seems too great to be understood. We build narrow creeds concerning some phase of truth, and are likely to disregard all other phases. One creed exalts God as King, almost forgetting that he is also Father. Another magnifies the question of man's brotherhood, and forgets the doctrine of personal responsibility. Perhaps the most serious imperfection of the present time is the tendency to narrow Christianity down to a mere moral reform. Christ's idea was much larger than this. That idea included all ethical principles, all right doing, and full salvation from the power of evil and sin. Only when this larger view is grasped in some degree will the best results be attained in individual life or in the life of the church.

DEAN FARRAR is quoted as saying that not more than five per cent of the English working men enter the church, and that scarcely one per cent ever come to the table of the Lord. He gives many reasons for this state of things, among which is the failure of the Anglican church to meet the wants of the masses. He also says that drinking and gambling are eating away the respectability and uprightness of the working class, and are making them indifferent to spiritual things. What he says of England is undoubtedly true of the United States. Suggesting help for this state of things, Dean Farrar says that "there is need for greater reality, more systematic self-sacrifice, and more ardent enthusiasm" in the English church.

IN saying that greater reality is needed, the Dean suggests a vital truth. All men hunger and thirst after reality, that is, after realness of life, character and purpose. Nothing else meets the demands in great emergencies, when moral issues, or social reforms, or religious movements are at stake. Realness in men makes them great leaders. It is closely allied to sincerity, which makes men great helpers. Seen from the human standpoint, it is a central element of power in Jesus Christ. If you would be either great or strong—and greatness pertains to your sphere of life as much as to the sphere of any one—you must cultivate that realness which has its source and center in right relations with God, and right purposes toward men.

It is not so important for us to know the origin of evil, in the universe, as to realize the fact of it. It is important that we seek to know the mission of it, and to escape the results of wrong doing by standing firm in the presence of temptation. While it is never wise to submit one's self to temptation needlessly, evil cannot be overcome by hiding away from it. Christ teaches us to pray "suffer us not to be led into temptation, but deliver us from the power of the evil one." The fact that we may find deliverance is of greatest importance, for in that fact we find the strength which is essential in our conflicts with evil. We must always remember that God's purpose for us is victory over temptation. We must also remember that if those who are the followers of Christ do not overcome, the power of the church to aid and save men from evil is greatly lessened, if not destroyed. Hence the need of overcoming is far greater than any question of personal salvation. We are to seek for, and expect, victory over every evil in our own lives, for the Master's sake, in whose name we labor, rather than that we may escape punishment for sin.

Few things are more pathetic than seeing a man, strong as to body, broken by disease. If we had clearer vision to understand how men are broken spiritually, through those indulgences which destroy the soul, we should see pictures far more pathetic and disheartening. To see a body burning up with typhoid fever is painful, but to see a soul shriveling in the fires of passion is tenfold more painful. To see a body helpless in the grasp of cancer poison emphasizes the weakness of human effort and the worthlessness of human skill; but to see a soul helpless in the grasp of greed or lower lusts is to teach us how neither hope nor salvation can appear without something more than human strength and greater than human wisdom. No one can contemplate the destruction of a life through sin and disobedience without being compelled to believe in the necessity of a Divine Saviour. The coldest logic teaches this without any grasp of faith. Disheartening as the picture is when we see a sin-stricken soul in its true light, there is indescribable joy in the thought that, through Divine love and help, complete and everlasting salvation is assured.

THE ancient Pagan religion had little concern with morality, dealing rather with ceremonies, incantations and material offerings. Christianity, on the other hand, was so penetrated by moral purposes and charged with moral forces, that the early Christians coming from paganism formed the main source of purification in both Roman and Grecian society. The Greeks and Romans could not conceive of religion as separated from state legislation and forms of worship. On a far higher plane, Christians could not conceive of religion as separated from morality and righteousness. The Jews, of Christ's time, had lost much of that higher spiritual conception of worship that was dominant in Isaiah and other prophets. Hence it was that Christianity wrought immense changes in the life of the believing Jew as well as in the life of the Greek and Roman. Nevertheless, the basis on which Christ rested these higher and more powerful elements of spiritual life was the ancient Jewish faith and the ancient Jewish Scriptures. More than all else, was the power of his own personality. By the same

law, his followers in all times interpret the larger meaning of the Scriptures and unfold the true spiritual power of Christianity in and through themselves. That they may always do this, each Christian should remember the words of the proverb: "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

EVERY man's conception of life determines his actions and character. Every man's criticism of others is in no small degree an unconscious criticism of himself. Most people are likely to condemn in others those tendencies which are prominent in themselves. In-correctible gossips talk loud and long, condemning gossiping. The degree in which our lives are revealed to each other through the things we love or hate is scarcely surpassed by any other form of revelation. Men gravitate toward that which they love and favor, even when they pretend to be going from it. The power of one's inner choice is greater than all the efforts he can make to overcome or guide that choice. Hence it is that a man goes downward in drunkenness and debauchery, even though he honestly struggles against such a course. Hence it is that men are secretly dishonest while they sing the beauties of honesty and uprightness. Because these things are so, every man should take great care concerning his secret tastes, choices and tendencies. The dual nature of our existence and the struggle between the higher and the lower self are among the most prominent features of human experience. Never trust yourself alone to the promises which your lips make; learn rather that some hidden tendency, some unexpressed choice, or some half slain habit is likely to overcome the promises of your lips and lead you into evil.

ALL Sabbath-schools or individuals wishing the *Helping Hand* at the opening of the new year and new quarter, are requested to make their wants known at an early date. It not infrequently occurs that applications reach us for extra copies after the printing and distribution have been finished, and we are unable to fill the orders. This is not a disappointment only to those sending in the orders, but to the publishers as well. We are anxious to make the edition of each quarter as large as possible, but it is only a waste of time and material to publish a large surplus beyond the actual demands, as the publication is of no use after the period for which it is designed has passed. The next issue should be in the mails as early as the middle of December. Will all interested please give this matter their *early* attention?

IT is said that the Belgians, who are attempting to introduce civilization into Africa by the building up of the Congo Free State, are guilty of the most severe treatment of the natives. One Edgar Canisius, an American, who has lately returned from there, reports that hundreds of natives are killed in connection with each expedition in search of rubber. In addition to the taking of human lives, as though they were of no value, the natives are compelled to gather gum for the market, for which they are paid two cents a pound, which brings seventy-five cents in Antwerp. These statements may be extravagant, but there is much evidence from other sources that cruelty and abuse appear in the treatment given to the natives in that state.

THE Western Yearly Meeting of the Friend's Church sends forth an open letter "To our Brethren in Christ of other denominations," protesting against violence and war. The Quakers have always represented a high type of Christian faith, theoretically and practically, in the matter of peace. This open letter is a timely protest against the dangers to our national life and the hindrance to the spreading of the kingdom of Christ, which the war spirit engenders. Not least among these dangers is the building of war ships, and the development of the war spirit among the school children in the United States, through military training. We have not space for the full letter, but are glad to give it our hearty commendation.

SPIRITUAL STALWARTNESS.

The spirit of our age is opposed to spiritual stalwartness. There are two prominent elements of weakness in the average thought concerning religion. One of the elements comes from abounding no-lawism, which denies the power of law and weakens the sense of obligation. The other element comes from putting sentiment and sympathy in the place of conscience and the grip of obligation. Spiritual stalwartness, like physical strength, feeds on the strong food which a dominating law brings to the heart. Men are prone to push the Old Testament aside, not because it is antiquated, but because they cannot bear its strong demands and its imperative requirements. These demands and requirements are like the tonic of mountain air to the body; they are iron in the spiritual life of men. Without the presence of authoritative standards of action, such as the Ten Commandments bring, spiritual life becomes soft and flabby like unused muscle.

Rightly understood, the New Testament is not less vigorous in its demands nor less tonic in its influence upon spiritual life. But because love and compassion are prominent in the teachings of Christ and in the New Testament, men have exalted the softer side, ignoring obligation, which is always present even in a larger sense, if possible, than in the Old Testament. The cure for spiritual flabbiness comes only through the awakened and restored sense of obligation. Those pictures of love, tenderness and compassion which abound in the New Testament have their foundations and back-ground in the eternal truths which stand out more ruggedly in the Old Testament; but a full comprehension of Christ's teaching discovers that they spring from the deepest sense of obligation and the imperative authority of eternal law written in men's hearts. That which men sometimes call the larger vision, which finds little or no law, and less of obligation, in the New Testament is, rather, dimness of vision which sees but part of the picture and forgets the essential truths that lie back of the sweetest expressions of Divine love. We make no plea for that harshness which sometimes presents the authority of God as though he were like unto ourselves when angered; but we do plead for that loyalty to the will of God and to his law which remembers that he is sovereign as well as father, or, rather, that he is Eternal Sovereign because he is Eternal Father. Spiritual stalwartness, vigorous and gripful conscience, and loyalty, which are essential to high spiritual life, are regained and retained only when the souls of men are toned up by the tonic of imperative obligation toward God and their fellows.

THE BIBLE IN OUR COLLEGES.

Most of the colleges in our land are the product of religious influence, and have been founded by religious leaders. Naturally, therefore, they have been closely related to the Bible and its influence. But the study of the Bible as a text-book, or in other ways, has been conspicuous by its absence from the college curriculum. The primary purpose of the college is to fit men and women for the largest service in the world and the training most valuable to themselves. No literature in existence can compare with the Bible in teaching the larger and better ideas of service. Precept and example unite in the Bible to show how men are fitted for higher service, either to their fellows as individual, or to great movements of reform for the well-being of the world.

At the late Bi-centennial of Yale University, the President of the United States voiced this truth when he said that in all battles for right and righteousness he had found the graduates of Yale standing with him. The traditions and currents of influence which flow through the life of Yale have their source in the Bible, the book on which the founders of Yale fed.

There are many hopeful signs that broader views concerning the Bible will, in the end, strengthen its influence for good, and give it a more prominent place in what we know as our secular educational system. We are learning that nature is only a name for God's method of dealing with material things, and that science is another name for the imperfect and incomplete knowledge of men touching such dealings. Thus we are coming to know that there can be no real antagonism between the actual revelation of God in nature and in the Bible.

Men are also learning—too slowly—that the Bible is primarily and deeply concerned with the moral and religious, that is, the highest interests of man. It pays comparatively little attention to material things. These are but the temporary settings for the larger picture of man's intellectual and spiritual development and of the life he is to lead hereafter, separate from material things. We are also learning that the important question with men, and therefore with every human interest, is character. Thus we are gradually approaching a time when our educational interests will turn definitely toward those higher results which are involved in character. With the growth of this idea, it seems certain that the Bible will receive heartier welcome and more attention in the work of our colleges. We must hasten the time when all questions pertaining to education will be measured by their influence on character-building and man's higher life and destiny. When that time comes, men will appreciate better than now the fact that the Bible is the great character-building book of the world.

UMBRELLAS.

The umbrella is now so common as a shield against both rain and sunshine, that it is difficult to believe that it was a rarity a hundred years ago, and that in England men were almost mobbed for carrying an umbrella in public. It is said that Jonas Hanway, a great philanthropist who lived from 1712 to 1786, was the first man who attempted to carry one on the street in England.

The first umbrellas manufactured in the United States were made in New York about

1825. They were all of one style, having a heavy wooden stick and a frame of whalebone covered with heavy black or green gingham. The frame warped from use, causing the umbrella to bulge when rolled up, after the big baggy fashion which the comic artist still represents. Nevertheless the umbrella is not a modern invention. It is represented on ancient Greek pottery and on Egyptian monuments. It was probably born in those sunny climes, and was first used as a "sun-shield," as one of its names in Germany still indicates. It has also been known in Japan and China for many centuries. It has sometimes been the symbol of royalty alone.

At the present time one-half the umbrellas used in the United States are made in Philadelphia. At least ten thousand persons are employed in this industry in the United States. It is a curious co-incident that the discovery of coal oil is directly associated with the neat, trim, modern umbrella. When coal oil supplanted whale oil as a means of lighting, the whaling industry declined, and the price of whale bone increased until it was too expensive for use in umbrellas. Rattan was tried in its place, but this was soon supplanted by steel. The demand for the better class of umbrellas, those which serve as a walking stick when closed, came in after the close of the late Civil War.

The freedom with which people appropriate unused umbrellas, on a rainy day, is proverbial. A story is told of Ralph Waldo Emerson who in his latter life suffered from that form of aphasia which, while forgetting a specific name, is able to recall some synonym. Starting out, one day, and desiring his umbrella, he said to his daughter, "I want my—I want my—I want—that thing which people take!"

IS ENGLAND DETERIORATING?

In the *Independent*, for Nov. 21, Poultney Bigelow writes concerning the "Decadence of England." It is a sharp criticism of the English people, charging inefficiency and selfishness along prominent lines of business, and in their relations with the people of other nations. For example, "When it comes to Atlantic traveling, Englishmen appear as a diminishing quantity as compared to Germany, whose steamers are not only as fast and as big, but in most cases much more comfortable." This, according to Mr. Bigelow, is because the English lines are fifty years behind the times in their management. In the matter of hotels and the treatment of travelers, the picture given by Mr. Bigelow is condemnatory, indeed. This picture is applied not only to the small inns in the country, but to the larger hotels in London and elsewhere. He closes his discussion with the following paragraph:

But I cannot go on, the subject becomes too big. British decadence is a thing that thrusts itself upon the attention of the stranger at every step, whether in the generalship at the seat of war or the absence of electricity in the streets of London; whether in the slipshod education of the British boy or the filthy water supply of this great metropolis. On every side we are painfully reminded that great nations commence to decline when they cease to learn from others.

THE scholars of Venice tell us that the "mistress of the sea" had her vast treasure, not through a few great ships, but by a multitude of lesser vessels. And ours is a world where the richest cargoes of the soul sweep forward in fleets made up of those lesser craft named "two-talent people."—*Newell Dwight Hillis*.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A terrible storm visited the Atlantic coast on the night of November 23, and the following day. At points on the coast of New Jersey, and on the southern shore of Connecticut it was the severest storm of the last forty years. Much damage was done to shipping, and to buildings and piers, especially in connection with the summer resorts on the New Jersey coast. Several lives were lost on that coast, although many were saved through the efficiency of the Life-saving Service. Railroads near the coast in New Jersey were broken up, and few trains were able to run on Monday morning, the 25th.

On the night of the 25th of November the submarine torpedo boat, *Fulton*, rested at the bottom of Peconic Bay, at the east end of Long Island. The test made at that time was severe, since the wind was blowing sixty miles an hour, and an unusually high tide was flooding the coast. Six men were on board the boat, including Rear Admiral Low. The boat went down about seven o'clock in the evening, in about fifteen feet of water, and those on board knew nothing of the storm which swept over them. The success of the experiment surpassed the expectations of those having the boat in charge, since it demonstrated that submarine torpedo boats can be operated successfully. One special point in the test was the question of pure air, which is supplied from tanks; but it is said that the tanks were not drawn upon during the night. The boat returned to the surface about ten o'clock the next morning.

The revolution in the state of Colombia, Central America, has developed new phases, and the United States forces have taken charge of the railroad on both sides of the Isthmus, in order to secure the transit interests. Our forces have also forbidden the bombardment of the city Colon, the Eastern terminus of the road. It is probable that the state of Colombia can put down the insurrection, but it was deemed necessary that a stronger power should protect the interests of the transit. The fighting between the government troops and the insurgents has been severe. At the present writing the Colombian troops hold Panama, the Pacific terminus of the road, and the insurgents, Colon (Aspinwall), on the east side.

The Excise question, which involves the open saloons on Sunday, in the city of New York, becomes more prominent day by day. This makes the importance of the question and the difficulties surrounding it more prominent than ever before. Strong expressions of opinion, *pro* and *con*, are made, and it is too early to determine what the results will be. Probably some form of Local Option will be secured in that city.

On Thanksgiving-day, Nov. 28, a serious explosion occurred in a trolley trench on Broadway, New York. Not less than three hundred street cars were stalled at the lower end of the city for over three hours. Two serious fires occurred in New York during the same day, in one of which a large quantity of kerosene was drained into the East River to prevent a more serious conflagration.

The report of Secretary Root gives a hopeful view of the progress of Civil Rule in the Philippines. He declares that progress for the year has been greater than was anticipated. Permanent progress is secured only as mutual confidence is created.

Thanksgiving-day was observed in worship, works of charity, and pleasure throughout the country. National prosperity is so marked this year, and there are so many hopeful signs of improvement in other directions that the causes for devout thanksgiving are many.

One of the most terrible railroad accidents for a long time happened near Seneca, Mich., on the 27th of November. Twenty deaths or more resulted from it. An express train collided with an emigrant train, and the most of those killed were Italian emigrants. This resulted from a mistake in the orders to the trains and a confounding of the names of the stations, Seneca and Sand Creek. Mistakes are always possible, and a result like the collision here noticed is a sad commentary upon the imperfections of those whose intentions are the best. It occurred on the Wabash railroad.

NEW JERSEY YEARLY MEETING.

The Yearly Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of New Jersey and New York City convened with the Marlboro church on the evening of Nov. 22, 1901. The evening service was one of prayer and praise. Rev. E. B. Saunders, pastor at Shiloh, conducted the opening service, presenting a theme from the 28th chapter of Genesis. The central thought of the theme was that wherever a heart awaits the coming of God in humility, love or repentance, it finds a meeting place with him, spiritual exaltation, and blessing. The theme awakened much interest, and a large number took part in the meeting which followed. Rev. L. E. Livermore brought a message to the meeting from Dr. A. H. Lewis who had been compelled, because of ill health, to return home from Camden, New Jersey, to which place he had come on his way to Marlboro. Much regret was expressed, and special prayer was offered in behalf of him, his family and his specific work of Sabbath Reform.

SABBATH DAY.

In spite of the dull weather and the frequent showers of rain, the morning service was well attended, the opening services being conducted by Rev. L. D. Burdick, pastor of Marlboro, assisted by Rev. L. E. Livermore of New Market. The sermon was by Rev. Geo. Shaw of New York City, from Hebrews 11: 24-27, the theme being, "The Choice of Moses." It was a helpful and excellent presentation of the truth that our personal choices determine our relations with God, and that through these we rise above and overcome unfavorable environments and influences which separate us from Christ and spiritual blessing. Christians have abundant reason for esteeming the spiritual riches which come through faith in Christ far above all earthly treasures or pleasures. The final reward awaiting Christ's followers is a recompense greater than all earthly things combined. "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

SABBATH-SCHOOL HOUR.

Rev. Geo. B. Shaw spoke of the relation of "The Sabbath School Board to the schools and the churches." His remarks were both interesting and instructive, and they would be profitable to all schools if they could appear in print.

After this Rev. L. E. Livermore discussed "The importance of the attendance of adults at the Sabbath-school." Many forcible rea-

sons were given, such as the influence of parents over children, and of older friends and acquaintances over those who are younger. He dwelt at length upon the value of Bible study, that we may know what the will of God is, and that our lives may be fashioned according to that will. As the physical heart is the seat of life, the spiritual nature is the center and source of Divine influence and of its power over thoughts and actions. If the Word of God dwells in us richly, obedience and righteousness naturally follow. The services of the hour were helpful and inspiring.

EVENING SESSION.

The sermon of the evening was by Rev. L. E. Livermore, from the theme "Looking into the perfect law of liberty, that is, the Word of God." James 1: 25. There is great difference between looking at the Word, and looking into the Word. He who looks into the Bible will be serious and thoughtful, seeking to know what it contains for him. The Word of God leads into true liberty by bringing men into loving obedience and righteousness. Sin brings bitterest bondage, while righteousness gives life and peace.

FIRST-DAY.

On First-day morning, after the opening services by Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, Rev. L. E. Livermore preached from the text, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Romans 1: 16. He urged his hearers never to be ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, but rather to testify for it by word and deed. The power of the Gospel to save men from sin is greater than all other powers combined.

AFTERNOON.

The business of the meeting was transacted at the opening of the afternoon session. The minutes of the last meeting, which was held in New York City, were read, and the meeting for 1902 was appointed at Plainfield, New Jersey, the pastor of that church to be President of the meeting, and the officers of the church a Committee of Arrangements.

Following the business session came a sermon by Rev. E. B. Saunders from Matt. 16: 24. He made a strong appeal to all to follow Christ and to dwell in the inner circle of his love, as Peter, James and John did. We are to deny ourselves of everything which prevents us from following Christ.

EVENING SERVICE.

The closing sermon on First-day evening was by Rev. George B. Shaw, from 2 Kings 5: 12. The sermon set forth the duty of being willing to do what God requires, though it may seem foolish to us as compared with our choices. Faith in God and his Word brings healing when our plans bring ruin. The speaker made an earnest appeal for willing obedience to God's requirements, that we may find blessing. Christians ought to be like the little girl who carried God's message to Naaman, eager to serve the Master and bring others to him, that they may be healed. This closing sermon was deeply stamped upon the memory of the congregation, not by the power of Bro. Shaw, but by the power of the Holy Spirit.

In this way closed a session of the Yearly Meeting of much spiritual power and of great blessing to the church at Marlboro. Only two things gave cause for regret: one, that Dr. Lewis was not able to be with us, and the other, that so few delegates were present from the Northern churches. The delegates in attendance were Rev. L. E. Livermore and Mrs. James Dunham and son, from New Market, and Rev. George B. Shaw from New York City.

H. L. DAVIS, Clerk.

MARLBORO, NOV. 27, 1901.

"THE LOVE OF CHRIST CONSTRAINETH US."

When the Christ-child was born in Bethlehem, humanity was ennobled and earth made richer, for he was "God manifest in the flesh." As he went on his way from the cradle to the cross, he was in all things a perfect example as well as in the culmination a perfect ransom. We can scarcely think of another word that more fitly describes the activities of his earth life than the word *ministry*. As God "spared not his own Son, but freely gave him up," so the Son spared not himself, but was constantly occupied with teaching by word and object-lesson, and in relieving physical or mental distress, as he went about among the people, and saw and felt their sore need. So the years passed until finally it was "finished," the complete offering was made, and the grave won him only to give him up, and he passed into the heavens from "the mount called Olivet."

He has left to us a precious legacy of *service*, and his love constrains us to accept our share, and give ourselves unreservedly to the work of uplifting others by making known to them the possibilities within their grasp—the redemption that he has provided. The love of Christ constrains men and women to leave home, kindred and country, far behind and devote their lives to the elevation of those who are degraded and despised, that they may be restored to the Father's likeness. It constrains them to go down into the depths in our cities, and seek out the lowest, and teach them the way to the Highest. It constrains them to go wherever God calls, and there make known the riches of his abounding grace. While some are called to active participation in this great work, there must needs be a large number whose place it is to make it possible for the others to fulfill their mission; but humble toilers shall be exalted if they are faithful, and they who suffer with Christ, wherever it may be, shall also reign with him.

The story of humanity's need has been told so often that we are in danger of becoming indifferent from its frequent repetition unless we keep our hearts in closest sympathy with the heart of the All-Merciful. To know God is to share his purpose. To listen for His voice is to be led out of and away from self, and to enter into a larger fellowship. We need a more intimate and real communing with the Father in order that we may know his will, and delight to do it. It is written of the Son that "being in an agony, he prayed more earnestly." When we have more of this earnest, impassioned pleading we will have more generous giving, both of service and of substance. There is great need of funds with which to speed the Gospel on its way. The love of Christ should constrain us to bring a willing offering far in excess of anything we have given hitherto. We should make our religion more intensely real and life-giving, and hold it as something worthy of self-denial in order that others may share its blessings. To hoard is to lose, to give is to save unto life eternal, and to have nothing *may be* to finally "possess all things." This is a place of brief tarrying and whether we have little or much, is not a matter of vital importance, if we are only "rich toward God." It is a question not so much of ability, as of consecrated, prayerful following, for we are sure to work for that for which we pray daily, and to give where we have given our love.

The path of self-sacrifice has been glorified by the feet of the Master, and they to whom but little of earthly goods has been given often have divinest compensation in hearts the Lord has made willing to follow in his steps, and learn the joy of bringing something unto God for all his benefits. "We love because he first loved us." Humanity is taking lessons of the great Teacher in the art of loving. It is easier to be kind and tenderly compassionate toward all and patient in trial because of that beautiful life among the Galilean hills. It is easier to love those who are least lovable when we remember that even for them Christ died, and a daily laying down of life seems but a natural result of following such a Leader. It is not an untried way, neither is it darkly shadowed, for here as well as yonder "the Lord is the Light." We are prone to regard with a feeling almost of envy those who walked and talked with Christ while he was in the flesh, seemingly forgetting that it was "expedient that he should go away," else we had not had the complete sacrifice, else we would not have received the Spirit to abide with us forever. To do God's will, being constrained to it by Christ's love, is to know the joy of the Spirit's abiding.—*Missionary Tidings*.

SEE HOW THEY FALL.

BY OBADIAH OLDSCHOOL.

It was a warm summer day. I took a friend down into the orchard. The apricots were ripening fast and the trees looked as if they were covered with gold and emeralds. But while the emeralds (the leaves) kept their places on the boughs, as if they appreciated and enjoyed their setting, the apricots dropped to the ground as soon as they were ripe.

"Oh, see how they fall!" my friend exclaimed. "Why don't they wait until you come to pick them? And look at those on the ground, many of them are bruised and all of them are beginning to rot. It seems too bad that they should try to perish as soon as they are ripe. But that's the way with everything in this world. The word 'ripe' comes from the Anglo-Saxon 'ripan', to reap. The beauty of perfection is the signal for reaping. An if we don't reap right away, the fruit or grain reaps itself, to punish us for our laziness. How sad this seems! How much nicer if those golden-hued apricots could hang on the tree as the leaves do, all through the summer and autumn."

"I don't know about that," I replied. "The tree needs the leaves because they are the lungs through which it breathes. But it does not need the fruit, and we do. God unites beauty with utility. He made every tree 'pleasant to the sight' because it is 'good for food' (see Genesis 2: 9). The rich coloring of the apricot is to suggest its richness of flavor and lead us to gather and feed upon it. And here, as in a thousand other instances, God would teach us to promptly improve the opportunities he gives us. Those falling apricots are preaching from the text 'Now is the accepted time.' God's best gifts are not for the thoughtless and indolent, but for those who are always watchful and ready to work."

"But you are mistaken when you say that everything is like these apricots—falling as soon as it is ripe. Come and see. The oranges on this tree were ripe and good for food six months ago. But they do not fall or rot or

dry up; nay, they grow sweeter all the time. I am told that in Italy oranges are kept on the trees sometimes for a full year after ripening, and bring fancy prices on account of this post-graduate process of mellowing and sweetening. The orange has a thick skin, and is so perfectly round that it is not easily bruised, like the apricot or the peach. So you see see, my friend, that not all of God's good things are perishable."

And then I took him farther on to a pomegranate tree. This fruit is full of seeds. From that fact it gets its name. It is literally "the apple with many seeds." It was ripe last fall. But it clung to the tree as tenaciously as the orange. It did not grow sweeter like the orange, for there was no sweetness in it to grow. It retained its pleasant acidity and its beauty however, for a long time, and has only now begun to shrivel and to darken.

Passing by a group of lemon trees, where ripe fruit was mingled with green fruit and blossoms, for the *citrus limonum* really has no season, but is blooming and fruiting all the year—I stopped before a tree which the Chinese call the "loquat," but whose botanical name is "*Photinia Japonica*." "This tree," I said, "bears a fruit that is smaller than the apricot, as highly colored and as sweet. The enveloping skin too is tender. But when the loquat is ripe, it must be picked. You can't shake it down. It clings to the branch on which it grows more tenaciously than the orange or the pomegranate. If not gathered by hand it gradually shrivels up, and becomes dark colored, hard and tasteless. There it hangs, week after week, rebuking by its increasing ugliness and worthlessness the man who neglected to pick and eat it when it was ready."

And now do not these varieties in the orchard illustrate similar varieties in human character? As all fruits are not alike, all men are not alike. Some are relatively precocious. They ripen early. But as a rule the work that they do is not worth as much to the world as that of the orange genus which mature more slowly. And there are men, like the loquat, who hang on until they are shriveled and bitter. A gray-haired cynic, who is ever finding fault with all that is new, and contending that the former times were better than these, has outlived his usefulness.

Now trees cannot control their time of fruitage. But men can in a measure. The first suggestion of wisdom to an ambitious youth is: "Don't be in a hurry. The earliest fruit is not always the best and it is usually the most perishable. Learn to labor and to wait. Give your ideas time for full development and let them sweeten by prayerful meditation. By so doing you will be able to bear fruit in old age, and fruit that coming generations may feed upon and enjoy."—*The Interior*.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, our dear brother, Elder J. M. Todd, has been called home to dwell forever with the great Teacher; therefore,

Resolved, That the Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist Sabbath-school hold in loving memory his long, beautiful and helpful life; that as members of the school we will emulate his earnest and cheerful obedience to the Divine commands, and will strive to make our own his strong faith in the teachings and admonitions of the Bible as the Word of God.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of our brother, and also spread upon the records of the school, and that they be sent to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

T. J. VANHORN,
E. E. WHITFORD,
E. G. CURTIS, } Com.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y., Nov. 28, 1901.

Missions.

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

THE Missionary Secretary was with the Cumberland (N. C.) Seventh-day Baptist church two weeks lacking one day. He held in all twenty meetings. The attendance and interest were good. There are not so many white families in the neighborhood as when he was there six years ago, hence the congregations were smaller than then. The colored people attended well, sometimes constituting the larger portion of the congregation. The church was revived and strengthened by the meetings and our people very much encouraged. Two young men, sons of Dea. J. A. Howard, are to be baptized the second Sabbath in December, and join the church. Another young man professed conversion, but did not offer himself for baptism and church membership. A young woman expressed the desire to become a Christian. We are on our way to Attalla, Ala.

THE Cumberland church has a neat and comfortable meeting-house, built in the spring of 1889. The first service was held in it June 1, 1889. It is pleasantly situated on the top of a small ridge and surrounded by oak and pine trees. It was built of the native pine lumber, by our people there, assisted pecuniarily by friends and by the Missionary Society. It is well lighted and heated and is a pleasant audience room in which to speak. It is one of the best meeting-houses in that section of the country, and is well kept, all of which is an honor to our people.

THE mission school taught by Miss Emily P. Newton in this section was begun Aug. 6, 1894, and closed Jan. 19, 1900. She was assisted by her sister Phebe some of the time. The school was supported by three of our ladies at the North, cousins, and was indeed a good missionary effort. There was no good public school in the community, and this school was a God-send to the boys and girls in it. There are young men and women here and some scattered in other sections of the state who remember with gratitude those who made it possible to have so good a school, and the faithful and excellent teachers who instructed them. The school gave the students not only a good common school education, but inspired them to seek a broader mental training and culture. Some of them are pursuing studies in institutions of learning and preparing themselves for useful occupations in life. Such was the religious and spiritual influence of the teachers that some of the pupils found Christ precious to their souls and are living Christian lives. We could not help noticing in this visit some of the good and lasting effects of that school. There were quite a number of young men who attended our meetings, and I have never met with a more orderly and attentive class of young men. I did not see a young man of them smoking a cigar or cigarette, heard not an oath, nor did they whisper at all in the meetings but helped in the singing of the gospel hymns. There are but few young ladies here, but they are just as nice and well behaved and attentive. Certainly the young people here are good hearers, and we hope they will be good doers of the Word.

Miss Emily P. Newton is the home-keeper now since the death of her aged parents; Miss Phebe Newton is still pursuing the avocation

of a teacher. The Newton family are now under the shadow of affliction, two of their number suffering from physical and mental ills. They should have our deep sympathy and earnest prayers.

ORDINATION SERVICES.

The Cumberland (N. C.) Seventh-day Baptist church having called Dea. John H. Biggs to the work of the gospel ministry, his examination was held Sabbath morning, Nov. 23, 1901, by a council consisting of Pastor D. N. Newton, Eld. Reuben Newton, Dea. J. A. Howard of the Cumberland church, and the Rev. O. U. Whitford, the Corresponding Secretary of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society. Secretary Whitford was appointed leader in the examination, and Pastor D. N. Newton the clerk of the council. The examination was very creditable and satisfactory. The ordination sermon was preached by O. U. Whitford. Consecrating prayer was offered by D. N. Newton, with the laying on of hands by the council. Charge to the candidate by Eld. Reuben Newton, with the right hand of welcome by the council. The services were closed by handshaking, prayer and benediction by J. H. Biggs.

The weather was stormy, yet the attendance was good. It was an occasion of tender interest, deep impressiveness, and spiritual blessing. Bro. Biggs was a deacon of a Baptist church at Hope Mills, N. C. When Rev. G. W. Hills held his gospel tent meetings there several years ago, he embraced the Sabbath. He and his wife joined the Cumberland church, and afterwards a son and a daughter by conversion and baptism. Mr. Biggs is an earnest, consecrated Christian, and will do good work for the Master and our cause.

O. U. WHITFORD, *Moderator.*

D. N. NEWTON, *Clerk.*

MISSIONARY HOUR AT THE SOUTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

(Reported by E. A. Fisher.)

The exercises of the Missionary Society Hour were in charge of Rev. J. G. Burdick. At his request several persons made remarks, not exceeding five minutes in length, upon subjects of their own choosing. It is impossible to report all the good things said, or to convey to the readers the deep earnestness of the hour.

J. F. Shaw spoke of the great help and inspiration that would come to small churches, having no regular services, if pastors and laymen of other churches would visit them whenever it was possible. Begging to be excused for a personal allusion, he referred to his own deep desire to work for the Master in helping those who are denied many privileges, but said that his wife who had been his companion for many years, is now an invalid and he felt it both his duty and privilege to devote his time and attention to her.

J. H. Hurley gave a brief account of our Mission and workers in British Central Africa. He also referred to the blessing which came from visiting isolated ones of our faith. He and his wife once took a drive of twenty-one miles to visit a sister, a lone Sabbath-keeper. It was a great joy to this sister to meet those of like faith with herself, and as a result of the visit the whole family moved into the vicinity of the church of which Eld. Hurley was pastor, and this sister, her husband and another one of the family became members of his church.

W. H. Godsey said: "The Sabbath truth should be pushed forward. Little growth in Christ-life can be expected unless there shall be loyal love to God. The churches must be willing to live a faithful life in self-denial. It will not do for church-members to use the Sabbath-day to round out the business of the week. Holidayism is sweeping the people away where they are losing all regard for the Sabbath of Jehovah.

Mrs. G. H. F. Randolph spoke on the Home Department of the Sabbath-school, which now numbers over fifty in the Fouke school. This Home Department is composed of lone Sabbath-keepers and their families, scattered through Texas, Missouri, Arkansas and Indian Territory. The expenses of the quarterlies for this Department are more than covered by the contributions of its members.

E. A. Fisher said: "Malaria is a common disease in the South. The symptoms—languid feeling, chills, fever. Many remedies are guaranteed to cure. Spiritual malaria attacks Christians, north, south, east, west. Symptoms—lack of interest in Bible reading, church services, and prayer; love for God and fellow-men grows cold; high temperature when some one else does wrong. One sure cure—go and do the work the Master has left for his disciples.

L. D. Seagar spoke of Mission work: "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for an inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession." Our little body is stretching out its arms to the people of Africa and China, and abundant work lies all about us at home. May the consecrated workers arise who shall go even at their own expense till their devotion shall arouse our slumbering people to intensity of action."

J. G. Burdick concluded with a few earnest remarks on the advisability of the churches which have a small and scattered membership disbanding and their membership being transferred to some one of the larger churches near. These new members should be regarded as a sacred charge, and their welfare carefully looked after by the pastor and people of the church with which they ally themselves. The points where these small churches had been located would be excellent out-posts where gospel and Sabbath reform work could be wisely and profitably done. Eld. Burdick also urged the necessity of Sabbath-keepers centralizing and not scatterizing.

IS IT ALL FOR NOTHING?

BY REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

There were two or three singular facts in the great tragedy of September which had a profound significance, yet I have seen no mention of them in any of the countless orations or sermons or newspaper articles which Mr. McKinley's death has called forth.

One was that the murders of our three slaughtered Presidents have all had the same cause—the craving of a weak, vain man for notoriety.

Abraham Lincoln was not the victim of political animosity. It is a foul slander on the South to say it.

Wilkes Booth, as all the friends of his family know, was from his boyhood a half-witted *poseur*, who every moment of his life dressed and spoke and moved with an eye on an imaginary audience. The habit of acting, in which his family had lived for generations, had taken possession of him like a disease.

He had a circle of underbred vicious women about him,—women hungry as street curs for excitement, for a noise, for blood-letting, tears and passion. These were his stage managers, his *claqueurs*. He probably cared nothing for the confederacy and had no grudge against Lincoln. But to play the part of Brutus—to kill the conqueror, to shout, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" with America, with the whole world looking on as audience—that was a great part for the cheap little actor. Hence, he played it.

We all know what Guiteau was—how poor a buffoon, how mad with vanity; too mad and too vain to shudder at the blood on his hands or at the gallows before him. We can all remember, too, with shame how, a week or two after he had murdered President Garfield, he stood in the dock day after day cracking miserable jokes and cutting monkey capers while the country—to its shame—looked on and laughed.

Vanity in Czolgosz takes another form. He professes to have killed the President because he "wished to destroy all government;" but the man whose brain is of too low an order to understand that government lives, no matter how many Humberts or McKinleys die, can hardly be said to act from any mental process at all. He fired the shot that day in Buffalo because he fancied it would make him a hero, a great man, in the eyes of the Goldmans and Mosts and other vaporers and boasters of like kidney with these.

Here is another curious fact worth notice. Nine hundred years ago a monarchy was established in England. During that time but one of her rulers has been put to death, and that was done under at least the semblance of law.

In thirty-six years we have murdered three of our Presidents. It is easy to say that the American race is no more vicious or blood-thirsty than its English root, and that it is not responsible for the deeds of foreign assassins frenzied with vanity and the desire for public notice.

We are responsible for the vanity, for the mad longing for notoriety which has become a national disease. It has been the mission of this country, let us thank God, to offer a chance to every man to make the best of himself in the world. The chance is a noble one, but after all it does tempt the struggling man to selfishness, to boasting, to an insane hunger for public applause. The same vanity and desire for notice which make the weak-minded American a pert child, a rude salesman, an insolent official, a loud, pretentious tourist, end by producing a Wilkes Booth and a Guiteau. The nation has reached the same stage of development as the young Indian beau when he loves to put on all his beads and feathers and strut before the camp, shouting:

"Look! Look! Big man, me!"

It is not a pleasant view to take, but is it not the true one?

One could not but feel that the nation recognized its guilt in some dumb, uncomprehending fashion on that terrible day in September. When the news flashed over the country that the President was shot, there was something more than horror, more than personal feeling for Mr. McKinley in the universal dismay. In the heart of every man and woman not wholly a brute there was that day, I venture to say, a strange sense of guilt,

of humiliation. We said to ourselves: "Do we belong to a race of traitors—of assassins?"

Men boldly asked each other, "Is the Republic then a failure? In one hundred years three assassinations, thousands of lynchings, and the most stupendous civil war in history!"

"Are not men more sane and is not human life safer under the fixed conditions of a monarchy?"

Others loudly demanded that our rulers should be protected by something of the state and circumstance of other potentates. "A stop should be put to these popular handshakings and to the constant hail-fellow-well-met association of the President with foreign paupers and anarchists. Let us give the men we choose to rule over us at least a chance for their lives."

The open discussion of these questions for the first time in our history is another significant fact which I ask you to notice.

Still another is the suddenness with which the nation under the blow returned to old-fashioned ideas and habits of thought which it had long left behind. Prosperity during these later years has made us mad. We talk of money. We dream money. We clutch wildly—as a people and as individuals—at show, at position and power. Divorce is a common factor in our daily life; the domestic woman, we think, belongs to a forgotten date back near the flood. The youngest college boy or girl jeers at the Bible and "has doubts" of Christianity. We are Theosophists, Buddhists, Christian Scientists, Agnostics—anything rather than followers of the Nazarene.

And in the fiercest heat and clamor of the day a little bullet is fired by a foolish boy and—"God makes a silence through it all." The nation stood dumb, its hand upon its lips, and its reverence and tears were not so much for the President as for the man. Great parties may have doubted Mr. McKinley's intellectual strength and differed with his policy, but the country knew him as a tender husband, a kind, honest man, a faithful servant of Christ, and so honored and loved him. No man could have died more nobly. In every home in the country it was told how when he was shot his first words were of care for his wife, the second for his enemy, the third for the people around him. There was no thought of himself. When the operation was begun they heard him whispering the Lord's Prayer, and when he was told that he was dying his last words were: "It is God's will, not ours, that must be done. Good-by all."

Why, this is the old fashioned type of man whom we used to know; who was quiet and brave; who loved his wife and his friend and trusted in Jesus Christ to save him. The whole nation bowed before the type and revered it as the highest and the best.

We are still sore at heart.

In the history of the country there never has been a more dramatic sight than that glass car in the midst of the long funeral train which carried the dead head of the nation to his last rest. It was brilliantly lighted; in the center of it rested the coffin covered with flowers, at its head and foot stood a soldier and a sailor like statues with gun in rest and drawn sword. It sped on, a point of light through the night, across the mountains and rivers and through great cities, and all the way, in the towns, at the hill stations, or in lonely farm places waited hundreds of

thousands of his people to bid him the last good-by. The richest and the poorest, in masses side by side, in the cities; Mountaineers with their guns in hand, the old sects of the Amish and Dunkards; thousands of grimy mill-hands; little children—all silent and uncovered. And as the car came near and passed on out of sight they chanted the old hymn that he had tried to sing on his deathbed: "Nearer, my God, to thee."

Is it nothing that this people have stood apart for a season and mourned together and gone back to their old beliefs in the homely virtues of a good man and tried with him to stretch out their hands to God?—*The Independent*.

THE CANTEEN.

The annual report of Lieutenant General Miles, commanding the United States army, has come to the opponents of the beer canteen like the arrival of heavy reinforcements at the crisis of battle. With so many leading army officers raising to the skies their wails over the harm done by abolishing the official liquor temptation in the army, it did seem for awhile that the coming Congress might be persuaded to undo its work of last winter. But General Miles speaks so calmly and sanely, and, by virtue of his high position, with such authority, that his influence from the official side co-operating with common American moral sense from the popular side ought certainly to hold Congress steady on its feet when the inevitable beer wave rolls against it. General Miles is especially strong in showing how the prediction that soldiers would desert if they couldn't have liquors at their stations, hasn't come true. The percentage of desertions for the first six months of 1901, under the no-drink regulation, was only 1.9—less than it has ever been before since the close of the Civil War and about one-third of the common average while drinks were sold at the post exchanges. Offsetting another similar prophecy, he points out that enlistments have increased of late. The Commanding General puts new force into an argument already strongly stated by General Daggett—that most of the recruits enlisted in the service are country boys who have not formed drinking habits and who ought not to have their first great incitement to intemperance set before them by their government. As a summing up, General Miles gives it as his opinion that "no injury has resulted" from the canteen prohibition, and that "the law has in the main been beneficial." Privately the general has said that at least the present statute ought not to be condemned without further trial, and this is the more manifestly just because confessedly it has been tried so far in the hands of its enemies. All in all, the stand of General Miles is a conservative platform upon which every decent citizen can rally for the defense of the anti-canteen law, and that without fear of either being or seeming a crank.—*The Interior*.

CABLE STEAMERS—There are over forty steamers afloat whose sole work is the laying and maintenance of the world's vast system of telegraph cables. Seven of these belong to government administrations, and the remainder to manufacturing and cable-operating companies. Ten of the cable-laying ships are owned by the three largest English cable manufacturers. One of the largest of these cable ships is of about 5,000 tons' displacement, with a carrying capacity of 8,000 tons, and has carried 2,500 nautical miles of deep-sea cable in one trip.—*Ex*.

Woman's Work.

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

HOUSE AND HOME.

A house is built of bricks and stones, of sills and posts and piers;
But a home is built of loving deeds that stand a thousand years.
A house, though but an humble cot, within its walls may hold
A home of priceless beauty, rich in Love's eternal gold.
The men of earth build houses—halls and chambers, roofs and domes—
But the women of the earth—God knows!—the women build the homes.
Eve could not stray from Paradise, for, O, no matter where
Her gracious presence lit the way, lo! Paradise was there.

—Nixon Waterman.

A FEW thoughts gleaned from a sermon we heard recently seem to us may well be "passed on" as appropriate to the season. The speaker said in substance: Thanks are the result of thought, and the reason there is so little real thanksgiving is because there is so little thought-giving. Three things stand out prominently, in considering the subject, for which we should give devout thanks: our homes, our country, and our individual comforts and blessings.

America is distinctively a nation of homes. There is no other country in the world where the home-life is held in such esteem as here in America. God has dealt bountifully with us as a people. We have a country glorious and far reaching. The recent triumph of civic righteousness in New York should be a cause for heart-felt thanksgiving throughout our land.

There is a growing spirit of philanthropy among us. Never before was so much money poured out to lighten the dark places of the earth, never were there so many men and women ready to give their lives, if need be, to carry help and the message of Salvation to those in need. Under his hands all wrongs will be righted and all will be well. Count your blessings, inventory your mercies and bury your trials under them. When your hearts are full, let your hands be employed in reaching out to help those less fortunate than yourself, and when you give, give something of your thought, yourself, "for the gift without the giver is bare."

We often hear it said that the world is growing irreligious, and facts have been brought forward to prove it; but you can prove almost anything that you wish, and in the end each holds his own opinion still. This is not an argument, though it might be, and if it were we would take the negative in this question. Mention of a new club formed in Chicago would be a point in proof. This club is composed of the so-called fashionable set, women who have banded themselves together for the purpose of studying the Bible, just as they would study Shakespeare or Browning. William R. Newell, Assistant Superintendent of the Moody Bible School in Chicago, is the instructor, which is sufficient evidence of the sincerity of the movement. Who can calculate the good that may be accomplished in this way?

We have always thought that we give too little real study to the Bible from a literary standpoint. It is wise that our young people especially should give to it just the same careful consideration that they would to any other great master-piece of literature. One of our largest and best known colleges for

women makes a careful, systematic study of the Bible, under able instructors, one of the required studies throughout almost the whole of the college course. This was one of the provisions of the bequest, and development of Christian character is ever kept before the minds of student and teacher. We quote from the catalogue of the current year: "It is a Christian College, conducted in the belief that Christian faith is the true source of the highest culture, and it uses the means which legitimately come within its province to foster a Christian life in those who are connected with it. All education should be for the glory of God."

FUNDS have just become available whereby a College for Women shall be established in Boston that shall correspond to the Boston School of Technology for Men. The institution will bear the name of the founder, and will be called The Simmons College. "It will be an institution for the purpose of teaching medicine, music, drawing, designing, telegraphy and other branches of art, science and industry best calculated to enable the scholars to acquire an independent livelihood."

The following courses have been outlined by those having the matter in charge:

"Business Course, giving instruction in library work, shorthand and type-writing, fitting for private secretaries, confidential clerks, etc.; dressmaking, millinery.

Horticultural Course, fitting for market gardeners, managers of truck farms, managers of conservatories and general flower growing.

Course in Applied Arts, teaching designing, drawing, book-binding, pottery decoration, etc.

Course in Domestic Economy, fitting for housekeepers in large hotels and apartment-houses, care of private houses, management of homes, institutions, etc.

Added to these will be the regular studies in languages, English and foreign, such as form the basis of any Liberal Arts Course of the other colleges. There will be two years of general study of languages, with such mathematics as necessary, and then two years of "practical courses," leading directly to the means of livelihood.

THE RESPONSIBILITIES AND PRIVILEGES OF A MOTHER.

BY MRS. L. C. RANDOLPH.

This subject covers so much that I shall try only to refer to a few points which may be practicable for some of you. It is a subject of great importance, and I wish that all women could have a special training for the profession of motherhood. Then all would be prepared to assist the children, whether their own or their friends', toward making the most of their lives. A mother needs to realize that she must not be selfish in the use of the blessings of her home as regards other people's children; for however carefully a child may be guarded in his own home, he cannot always stay in it. He will find companionship, and he needs to be taught how to get along with other children in the right way. The best way to overcome the bad influence of a neighbor's child is to get hold of that child, if possible, and lead him aright. This, of course, is sometimes a hard or an impossible thing to some of us, but it is worth thinking about. In this way both our own and our neighbor's child would be helped toward a consciousness of their duty as citizens.

I would say, then, that those of you who have daughters old enough should think about preparing them for motherhood as a profession. Aside from their home training, the best training that I know of may be obtained in the kindergarten training schools. Here they are taught the elements of a liberal education, and how to get along with small children in a practical way that any person who has any interest in the welfare of small children might covet.

But for those mothers who have not had a special training for their profession there are many helps to be obtained; so, above all, do not be discouraged because you feel incompetent to train your child. Take him to the Lord in prayer, and go to work to train yourself the best you can. For the power of example is wonderful. You have all noticed the remarkable imitative power possessed by the two-year-old child, and in greater or less degree it continues through life. You can discover yourself, unconsciously, imitating the manner of speech or action of some acquaintance, and in thought or way of looking at a subject we are all influenced by others. This is too well known to need repeating, but it is too important to be neglected. Be what you want the child to be.

Treat the child as a companion so far as possible. Share with him the responsibility of obedience to the universal laws of right. In this way he learns to do right from principle—because that is right—not because he will be punished if he doesn't do so. This is the ideal way; we cannot always act in the ideal way, but it is good to have an ideal to reach toward. Sometimes we have to take a short cut to reach the result.

Among the privileges of a mother may be mentioned the companionship of the child, especially when small. Do enjoy him all you can during the few years that he is mostly your own. Let him know that you love him even when he does wrong and must be punished. Only through your love can he form any conception of God's love. Never say, "God does not love a naughty child," or "Mamma does not love you now." God always loves us, and is grieved at our mistakes. He will not suffer us to be tempted beyond what we are able to bear. So let us guard the child from temptations too great for his little strength, yet by making some trials he must grow in power to resist. He must learn self-government if he is to succeed. Another privilege and duty, too, is that of playing with the child. Don't be too serious with him. Play is natural to the child, and many unpleasant scenes may be escaped if some little faults are met by a spirit of play in the mother. It helps her, too, by resting her. In this connection I would advise all mothers to study and use "Finger Plays," by Emile Poulsson (published by D. Lathrop Co., Boston,) for their children under eight years old.

Another privilege, as well as duty, is that of telling even the little ones stories. The stories in this same book are extremely valuable for children of two and three years old, not only for entertainment, but for education. For a child over four years old, "In Story Land," by Elizabeth Harrison, is very useful. It gives them an abstract ideal to imitate—not an individual of their acquaintance, in whom they might see some fault, but for example, a knight, as in the story of Cedric, or a good giant, as in the Four Giants,

or little Avilla, in the Thread of Golden Light—all in Miss Harrison's book. The *Child Garden*, a monthly magazine published at Morgan Park, Ill., is useful to mothers. Don't select pathetic stories for most children. There is enough real sorrow for us all. Stories with an ideal, stories which will help them to love animals and plants and rocks, a few stories of other children who have done noble deeds. These are the ones to select. At six years old they will probably enjoy the Bible stories, although these may be made interesting earlier. Use "Story of the Bible," published by Charles Foster, Philadelphia.

Above all, let a mother realize that she is working with God for the perfecting of an immortal soul; that he has given her that work; and she will feel it a privilege to sacrifice the pleasures of society, if need be, and things in the line of work and pleasure in the church, or elsewhere, which under other circumstances she would consider duty.

A RANGER'S EXPERIENCE IN A DUG-OUT.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY LIDA B. ROBERTSON.

"Rangers" were mounted police appointed by Texas to protect the people on the frontier of the state against "hustlers," who helped themselves to other men's cattle as does the pickpocket to other men's purses. One of these rangers tells of the following experience he had as a guest in a dug-out, on one of his rounds.

"I had ridden hard all day, tracking some guilty fellows. As the sun went down, I saw smoke curling up from the ground. I rode toward it. No living thing could be seen. I sized it up as a dug-out, and knew people were living there by the smoke coming from the dirt chimney. When I got in front, I saw the doorway, and rode up closer. I checked my horse, and bawled 'Halloa!'

"Somebody inside bawled back, 'Halloa yourself!'

"To feel my way toward a chance of stopping for the night, I called back, 'Can you tell me where I can get lodging for the night?'

"'Forty miles ahead of ye!' was the sharp, curt answer.

"I was very tired and hungry, and forty miles more over the prairie made me heart-sick. Then, too, it might throw me entirely off the track of some hustlers whom I had been successfully tracing all day. But there was no help for it. I must go, since there was no hope contained in the harsh answer given to me of getting lodging there. So I tightened my reins, clucked, and spurred my horse to move on.

"'You blamed fool you! What you gwine to ride forty mile this here time o' night for?' was yelled at me.

"I turned, and stared at a gizzly, red-headed old man standing in the dug-out's doorway. He was big and tall, with long, red beard and eyelashes. He waved to me, and ordered me: 'Take your critter down thar in the hollow and tether hit, and come in here.'

"With all this gruff talk, I felt it safer to risk the night in the dug-out than in forty miles of riding in the dark across the plains; so I dismounted, led my nag down into the hollow and tethered her, and came back. When I got to the door, he called out, 'Come in and take it azy.'

"I bent down and stepped in. I was heavily armed with pistols that were buckled

around my waist with a stout leather belt. He looked me through, and through, and I sized him up too. With a sneer he asked, 'What's you arter, way out here in this part o' the prairy?'

"I did not dare tell him what my business was. For all I knew, he might be one of the very hustlers that I was searching for, and, after I got to sleep, he might find it to his liking to stick a knife through my heart and chuck me into a grave-pit. Two long bowie knives dangled from his belt, as well as two pistols, and a rifle was sitting to the right of the dirt fireplace, to be caught up at a minute's warning. I answered his question with a fib: 'I am on my way to B—on business.'

"'What kind o' business?' he growled out, and turned to poke up the fire.

"Although he had partly turned his back on me, I saw that he was glaring at me from the corner of his eye. I said carelessly, 'I am on my way to B—to hire some cow-boys.' And, to convince him that I had no design toward him, I unbuckled my pistol-belt, and pitched it and my pistols into a corner of the narrow room. I calculated that he would accept it as a sign of peace and trust, and that he would discard his too. He took no notice of my overture. He kept his on, while he put the kettle of water over the fire and moved about the room to cook his simple supper.

"A shadow in the doorway that obstructed the light made me look up. Another rough, tall fellow stepped inside, loaded down with knives and pistols in his belt. The old man nodded toward me, and said to the new comer, 'Son, this here fellow happened by jist 'fore night, and I gin him welcome.'

"The son gave a sniff of acknowledgement to me, and began to skin a rabbit that he had brought in. I felt very skittish now,—two against one. I sat and watched their every turn and step as they together cooked the supper. I could tell that they were watching me too. I did not dare to reach for my pistols, that I had laid in the corner, for fear that they would take it as a signal of danger, and it would precipitate a fight. Hidden in the front of my shirt I had a keen, sharp dirk. I placed my hand silently upon the hilt, in such a manner as to hide my purpose, which was, if either one, by motion or sign, showed harm toward me, I would spring forward and stab at least one to the heart before they downed me.

"The rabbit was cooked on a spit, and the bread as ash-cakes in the embers. Each of us ate by helping ourselves and holding it in our hands. I was very hungry, and while we ate I forgot to watch them as fiercely as I had done every moment since I got inside of the dug-out. We finished our meal, and the old man rose, wiped his hands against the sides of his coarse jean trousers, and reached up to a shelf against the dirt wall and took down a dingy, greasy old mustard-box. He opened it, and said, as he looked straight into my face:

"'Stranger, we goes to bed right arter supper. Before we does, we allers reads outen this here little book. The old woman died and left us two year ago. Son reads outen this every night, 'cause it was hern. She allers read outen it. It was her onlyist book sher bought when we moved outen here. We is been powerful broke up ever since she took sick and died, and we put her out yonder 'neath that scrub

pine.' When we reads outen her book, somehow it 'pears like we ain't so lonesome, and it keeps us from losing heart about her.'

"He took from the inside of the defaced mustard-box a very small Bible, and handed it reverently to his son, who sat down on the floor and read a chapter by the flickering fire-light. My desperate suspicions vanished as I watched the faces of the two lonely men as the words were read from a dead woman's Bible, who in her isolated habitation from church or neighbors had left such a sacred remembrance of herself in her dirt home. The younger man read a chapter and closed the book. The older man took it and reverently put it back into the greasy mustard-box, and placed it upon the shelf.

"We stretched ourselves upon pallets on the dirt floor. I went to sleep with no suspicions that I might be killed. I felt that two men, desperate, and armed as they were with weapons, which they did not lay aside to sleep, who kept up the memory of the dead wife and mother by reading her Book, which teaches men the path of right, could not be murderers. And they were not."—*S. S. Times*.

TROUBLES REFINE OUR GROSSNESS.

BY NEWELL DWIGHT HILLS.

With more than a father's affection, with more than a mother's love, God sends pain to men. Suffering comes under divine commission. Sorrows do not riot through life. Men are not atoms buffeted hither and thither. Troubles are appointed to refine away our grossness; to transmute selfishness into self-sacrifice; to destroy vice, to transfigure all our life. Refused, troubles bruise without softening; crush without maturing.

Accepted and rightly used, they change their nature and become joys. Tears are seeds; planted, they blossom into joy and gladness. In his celebrated painting Delaroche has assembled a court of universal genius. Around an imaginary art tribunal stand the sages, orators, philosophers, reformers and martyrs who have achieved eminence.

Strange, passing strange, that those who stand in the forefront, pre-eminent for their ability are alike pre-eminent for their sufferings! Denied his ambition and the promised land, Moses leads the immortal band. Blind Homer feels his way. Then comes Paul, flogged and stoned out of all semblance of a man. Exiled Dante too is there, whose inferno in life best interprets his inferno of death. There, too, is Milton, broken-hearted and blind. Now comes one who leads all that goodly company. His name is "above every name." And whence his supremacy? This is his secret: His visage was so marred more than any man's and his form more than the sons of men."—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Young People's Work.

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

Something to Simmer Over.

The Indianapolis *News* has found out a short way of expressing the difference between culture and education: "If you are cultured, you are acquainted with the latest novels; and if you are educated, you are acquainted with the latest microbes."

The Rev. E. J. Hardy tells of a father who said to his daughter: "I shall select for you a staid, sensible, middle-aged man. What do you say to one of about fifty years of age?" "Well, father," replied the girl, "if it is just the same to you, I should prefer two of twenty-five."

Of course she wanted the two to select from. Probably some sober old antiquarian in the year three thousand, who cannot understand the twentieth century father's way of chaffing his grown-up children, will find here a hint of a polygamous age.

The following item is for very sober young people only:

Papa: "Where's my umbrella? I'm sure I put it in the hall stand with the others last evening."

Willie: "I guess Mabel's beau took it when he went home last night."

Mabel: "Why, Willie! the idea!"

Willie: "Well, when he was sayin' good-night to you I heard him say: 'I'm going to steal just one.'"

How terrible a thing is larceny!

The Chicago *News* reports a conversation between a married pair in the Windy City to the following effect:

She: "A married couple should pull together like a team of horses."

He: "They probably would if, like a team of horses, they had but one tongue between them."

After all, what is there so funny about the following advertisement in an old English paper? It is somewhat a mixing of business and religion; but that is what is needed in the world to-day:

"Wanted, for a sober family, a man of light weight, who fears the Lord and can drive a pair of horses. He must occasionally wait at table, join the household prayer, look after the horses, and read a chapter of the Bible. He must—God willing—arise at seven o'clock in the morning, and obey his master and mistress in all lawful commands."

Two kinds of business courtesy are found by the *Detroit Free Press*, the one kind which we extend to people who have paid, and the other kind which we extend to people who have not paid. The one might be called gratitude and the other encouragement.

They say that, out West, in Chicago, it does not require generations of good blood and refined rearing to produce "that lofty, high-bred air." "Any girl who is made head clerk in a ribbon department can acquire it in three days."

It may occur to you that there is a good deal this week about marriage. Well, it is one of the great overshadowing questions to mature young people; for it is very important to make the right choice beforehand, and still more important to choose the right habits of living afterward. What do you think of Puck's illustration?

Mrs. Newlywed (reading): "Love is a bal-

loon that lifts us up to heaven; marriage is the parachute that brings us slowly back to earth."

Mr. Newlywed (also reading): "Another parachute horror. Man falls 3,000 feet and is dashed in pieces. Parachute fails to work."

The atmosphere close to the earth is more satisfactory for daily life, and the Christian parachute is guaranteed, if used according to directions. To which fact let all our happy homes testify.

One Way To Stop Drinking.

The false pride which keeps a man from saying No to a companion is one of the bulwarks of the drink habit. The man who tries to reform is meeting constant temptation from those who have shared his vice. How one pastor met the difficulty was told some time ago by the *Ram's Horn*. A cashier of a wealthy corporation came to his study one night, appealing to him to draw up a temperance pledge and make it just as strong as he could. In answer to the pastor's question he said that he had been drinking to excess for five or six years, that he drank only when he was with his friends, that his sprees were growing more frequent, and he seemed to be losing his will power.

"My friend," said the pastor, "you don't need a pledge. I see in you a victim of good comradeship. You are far from being an ordinary drunkard. If you signed a temperance pledge and broke it—as you undoubtedly would do—it would still further degrade you in your own eyes; I do not advise the pledge."

The astonished man gasped, "But what am I to do?" The pastor drew a card from his desk, wrote a few lines on it and handed it to the man. This is what he read:

"To my friend: I find I am becoming a victim of the liquor habit. If I do not quit I am sure to lose my position and ruin myself. For God's sake, don't ask me to drink with you."

"There," said the pastor, "sign that and I will sign as a witness. All that I ask is that you show the card when temptation is at your elbow, and if you fall, come here and tell me about it. There! Good night."

He returned a month after, dejected. "Tell me about it," said the pastor, "Did you show the card?"

"Yes. The first time was the very next night after I called on you. A good friend, a railroad man, came into the office and after I had checked up his account, said: 'Come, Charley, let's go over to the oyster house and have a drink.' Well, sir, I was just reaching for my hat when I remembered the card. I took it out and handed it to him. I thought he would never finish reading it. He looked at me and he looked at the card. And then he slowly put his arm down on the counter and said, 'Charlie, I'd sooner cut that hand off than ask you to drink again.' Well, sir, I showed that card several times after that, and every blessed man I showed it to took it seriously. Sometimes they said, 'All right, old boy.' Sometimes they laid it down without a word. And then—it was last night—I forgot about it, and here I am."

It was three months before the man came back next time. The next time it was six months. It has been two years since the last call on that errand. It looks like a practical method of reform.

A Medical Evangelist.

By the time this article reaches the reader, Dr. Arnold C. Davis, assisted by his wife, will be holding meetings at Scott, N. Y. There is nothing remarkable about this statement;

but there is something unusual about the method which Brother Davis proposes to follow. He is a regular practicing physician, having the eye and ear as a specialty. He is well equipped to reach eminent success in his profession. But for many years his heart has been burning to tell to men the story of salvation. When assisting in the dispensary work of his medical college, he took fully as much interest in the moral and spiritual condition of his patients as he did in their physical ailments. Many of them he thought needed soul healing more than body healing. And, doubtless, his diagnosis was correct. Many a reckless boy, just embarking upon a course of vice, was brought up sharply face to face with the danger and guilt of sin in a way which he could never forget. After his graduation, Dr. Davis settled at West Edmeston, to perform the double office of doctor of medicine and pastor of the church. He has extended the practice of his specialty to a few of the towns and villages about, and in order to conserve time and strength, decided to limit his practice chiefly to that and to his church work. He is much beloved by his people, who seem to regard the plan as a great success.

The beginning of the meetings at Scott this week is the first trial of an experiment on a wider scale. He will open an office in certain hours of the day for the practice of his specialty, and it is his hope by this to earn his living. The evenings he gives to the preaching of the gospel. There will be occasional Men's Meetings, for which his medical knowledge especially fits him. Mrs. Davis assists him by singing and also by holding Women's Meetings.

You will say at once that in this age of fierce competition a man cannot make a success in more than one specialty. Yet I look to see these efforts richly blessed. It is not as if a man should try to be both doctor and lawyer. Every doctor *ought* to be a preacher, too. What other man, outside of the ministry itself, has such opportunities to preach and such powerful illustrations at his hand? I venture that Paul was not a worse tent-maker for being a soul-winner; and the evangelistic spirit ought not to make an eye-doctor less thorough in his work. It is quite possible that, ere long, one of the specialties will grow so in its demands as to greatly crowd out the other. The good Lord will give his leading in regard to that. In the meanwhile I rejoice with all my heart in the consecrated enthusiasm and devotion of these young people. Let us all watch this work and pray for it. And let us look about on the whitening fields and say, "Lord, what wilt thou have *me* to do?"

Lean Hard.

Mrs. Nettie Smith sends the following beautiful poem from California in a personal letter. It bears every evidence of having been tried, tested and found true in times of great need.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." Psa. 55: 22.

Child of my love, Lean Hard,
And let Me feel the presence of thy care,
I know thy burden, child, I shaped it;
Poised it in Mine own hand: made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength.
For even as I laid it on, I said,
"I shall be near, and while she leans on Me,
This burden shall be Mine, not hers:
So shall I keep my child within the circling arms
Of my own love." Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come;
Thou art not near enough. I would embrace thy care.
So I might feel my child reposing on my breast,
Thou lovest Me? I knew it. Doubt not then:
But, loving Me, Lean Hard.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S HOUR.

(Reported by E. A. Fisher.)

The Young People's Hour of the South-Western Association came at 3.30 P. M. Sabbath-day, Oct. 26. The program was as follows:

1. Recitation of 23d Psalm by young people.
2. Quotations given by Vida Booty, Cleveland Sweeny and Evie Lemonds.
3. Recitation, In the Shadow of His Wings, Effie Godsey.
4. Quartet.
5. Report of Fouke Junior C. E. Society, written by Miss Lottie Hull, read by Mrs. A. Booty.
6. Recitation of First Psalm, Wardner and Winfield Randolph of Fouke Junior C. E.
7. Report of Gentry Junior C. E. Society, written by Mrs. Henry Williams, read by Miss Nora Monroe.
8. Singing, "Jesus bids us shine," Ruth Menard, Minnie and Bessie Godsey.
9. Paper—Whatever he would have me do, written by Mrs. Benj. Crandall, read by Miss E. A. Fisher.
10. Duet, "I'll go where you want me to go," Revs. J. G. Burdick, J. H. Hurley.
11. Paper—Building for Eternity, written by C. C. Van Horn, read by Rev. J. H. Hurley.
12. Quotation, Orra Parrish.

After the reading of the report of the Fouke Junior C. E., Rev. G. H. F. Randolph made a few remarks. He said he was glad to have his four boys under the influence of the Junior Society and that it was a pleasure to him to see how faithfully they read their Bibles every day.

Eld. Shaw spoke of the joy he felt at seeing three of the boys of the Fouke Junior, one of whom was his grandson, put on Christ in baptism during the summer.

After the reading of the report of the Gentry Junior C. E., Eld. Hurley expressed his appreciation of the work and worth of the Junior C. E. among the children of his church; also said that two of the Juniors were ready for baptism in the near future.

The two papers read during the hour were both very fine.

"We do not so much need those who are willing to do special work for the Master as those who are willing to do *anything*." Mrs. Crandall.

"If clay were used as a substitute for mortar in the construction of a house, it would soon become unsafe and unfit for use. Likewise if any material except the best is put into our characters our lives may be irretrievably ruined." C. C. Van Horn.

QUARTERLY REPORT.

From Aug. 1, 1901, to Nov. 1, 1901.

J. D. CLARKE, Treasurer.

In account with the

YOUNG PEOPLE'S PERMANENT COMMITTEE.

Balance on hand August 1, 1901.....\$333 25

RECEIPTS.

Pawcatuck.....	18 75
Nile.....	15 00
Alfred.....	24 00
Albion.....	7 65
West Edmeston.....	10 00
Farina.....	35 15
Hebron, Pa.....	2 10
	112 65

\$495 90

EXPENDITURES.

Missionary Society, G. H. Utter.....	\$285 00
Tract Society, J. D. Spicer.....	192 60
Publishing House, printing.....	1 50
Mrs. H. M. Maxson, expenses.....	2 00
Mizpah Sherburne, expenses.....	2 80
J. D. Clarke, expenses.....	2 00
	\$485 90
Balance on hand.....	10 00

\$495 90

J. D. CLARKE, Treas.

THIS is the true consolation for every earthly bereavement. The going out of an earthly joy makes way for the coming of a divine Consoler. The heart bruised and mellowed by grief is prepared as it could be in no other way for the ministrations of a loving Christ. "The present Christ," says Dr. Maclaren, "is the only remedy for the orphanhood of the world."—Charles A. Savage.

THE OLD HYMNS.

There's lots o' music in 'em, the hymns of long ago ;
An' when some gray-haired brother sings the ones I
used to know,
I sorter want to take a hand—I think o' days gone by,
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, and cast a wist-
ful eye."

There's lots o' music in 'em—those dear, sweet hymns of
old,

With visions bright of lands of light and shining streets
of gold ;
And I hear 'em ringing—singing, where memory dream-
ing stands,
"From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral
strands."

They seem to sing forever of holier, sweeter days,
When the lilies of the love of God bloomed white in all
the ways ;
And I want to hear their music from the old-time meet-
in's rise,
Till "I can read my title clear to mansions in the
skies."

We hardly needed singin' books in them old days ; we
knew
The words, the tunes of every one, the dear old hymn-
book through !
We had no blaring trumpets then, no organs built for
show ;
We only sang to praise the Lord, "from whom all bless-
ings flow."

An' so I love the dear old hymns, and when my time
shall come—
Before the light has left me and my singing lips are
dumb—
If I can only hear 'em then, I'll pass, without a sigh,
"To Canaan's fair and happy land, where my posses-
sions lie !"

—Atlanta Constitution.

WESTERN ASSOCIATION CONVENTION.

The Semi-annual Convention of the churches of the Western Association met with the church at Hartsville, N. Y., Nov. 1-3, 1901.

The weather was favorable for the meeting, but the attendance from the other churches was small, except from the churches in the immediate vicinity.

Pastor D. B. Coon gave a sermon from Deut. 6: 6-9, in which he emphasized the need of faithful Christian teaching in our homes. On Sabbath morning, Dr. A. E. Main spoke from Rom. 7: 6—"That we should serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter." The sermon was a logical and forcible presentation of truths calling for and promising to make possible a higher life under the Gospel plan than was possible under Jewish rules and regulations. On Sunday night Rev. L. C. Randolph preached from John 20: 25, 27. Christ manifests himself to us with the nail prints in his hands. He calls for sacrifice; this is the test. Seventh-day Baptists are strengthened because of sacrifices. Rich blessings come to the one who fights out the battle within himself, sacrificing for Christ's sake.

We hope that the papers, "Seventh-day Baptists as Reformers," by Rev. H. P. Burdick, and "The Construction of the Sermon," by Rev. Stephen Burdick, will be published in the RECORDER.

Bertha Titsworth gave a good paper on Missionary Meetings for Children. In the addresses given, Eli F. Loofboro encouraged young people to stand faithful to God and his truths. Rev. F. E. Peterson spoke of "The true glory of young manhood and young womanhood." "A life" and not "a living" should be our watchword. Alva L. Davis treated of "Studies for Christian Endeavorers."

The Sunday morning service was largely devoted to addresses on the work of our Theological Department, Pres. B. C. Davis introducing the subject in an eloquent address on Christian Education. Some of the reasons given by Dr. J. L. Gamble showing "The Layman's need of taking a course of Bible

study" were: The Bible must be to the layman what it is to the minister—bread, chart, lamp—and he should know how to find and where to find; that he may see its literary beauties; that he may be a good hearer of the preached word through familiarity with it; that he may be an efficient Sabbath-school teacher and Christian Endeavor leader; that he may be able to answer inquirers and lead them to Christ;

Dr. A. E. Main told of the need of a denominational school for theological training. He gave the names and the duties of the teachers in the Theological department as reorganized. The department will emphasize Christian character and scholarship on the part of its students; will magnify the Bible and teach that every Christian church is a working church. He explained the attitude of the department to Higher Criticism, and his own teachings concerning the relationship of the Law and the Gospel.

Sunday afternoon, Rev. I. L. Cottrell clearly showed that it is our duty to prepare the Sabbath-school lesson at our homes. The subject, "The Privileges and Responsibilities of the Father and Mother in the training of the child," was introduced by Elds. Stephen Burdick and L. C. Randolph. These addresses were followed by a paper prepared by Mrs. L. C. Randolph on the same subject. The Sabbath-school, conducted by Mrs. Daniel Whitford, was given up to the consideration of several addresses connected with the life of Joseph.

In the three prayer and conference meetings many took part. Nor were the Juniors forgotten. Under the leadership of Mrs. F. E. Peterson they met at the home of Eld. H. P. Burdick for their prayer-meeting on Sabbath afternoon.

The officers elected for the ensuing year were Stephen Burdick, president; F. E. Peterson, vice-president; D. B. Coon, secretary. The services throughout were spiritual, and brotherly love abounded.

WILLIAM L. BURDICK, *President.*

WILLARD D. BURDICK, *Secretary.*

WHY HE QUIT DRINKING.

A professional gentleman, who was accustomed to take his morning glass, stepped into a saloon, and going up to the bar called for whisky. A seedy individual stepped up to him and said, "I say, squire, can't you ask an unfortunate fellow to join you?"

He was annoyed by the man's familiarity, and roughly told him, "I am not in the habit of drinking with tramps."

The tramp replied, "You need not be so cranky and high-minded, my friend. I venture to say that I am of just as good a family as you are, have just as good an education, and before I took to drink was just as respectable as you are. What is more, I always knew how to act the gentleman. Take my word for it, you stick to John Barleycorn, and he will bring you to just the same place I am."

Struck with his words, the gentleman set down his glass and turned to look at him. His eyes were bloodshot, his face bloated, his boots mismated, his clothing filthy.

"Then it was drink that made you like this?"

"Yes, it was; and it will bring you to the same if you stick to it."

Picking up his untouched glass he poured its contents upon the floor and said, "Then it's time to quit," and left the saloon, never to enter it again.—Exchange.

Children's Page.

THE FIR TREE SONG.

BY JEANETTE A. MARKS.

The rustling of an autumn leaf,
The raindrops in the sky,
All sing a little requiem
To tell the Year good-by.
The Spring was fair
With blossoms sweet;
Good-by, dear Year,
When shall we meet?

The buttercup with ragged head,
The tiny silver fern,
Are holding for the flowers dead
A little golden urn.
The summer's past
And flowers, too;
Good-by, dear Year,
Dear Year, adieu!

The fir tree sings a fir tree song,
He tells a story, too:
"What matter if the Spring be gone
While Winter skies are blue?
'Good-by, dear Year?'
How very wrong!
My year begins
With Winter's song."

SOME STRANGE EGGS.

BY SARAH ENDICOTT OBER.

Little Clay Reess lived in Florida, and he had fine times on the beach near his home. One day he was digging in the sand when up came a queer little object. It was long and narrow and had a tough shell that bent and dented in Clay's fingers. He could not make out what it was. So he ran to Cinda, his black nurse, and showed it to her. Cinda laughed.

"Lawsy, honey," she said, "that air am er 'gator's aigg. Dig er way, an' yer'll done fin' er heap wo'."

So Clay dug away lustily, and sure enough, up came more eggs with every shovelful of sand. Five times he filled his little bucket and carried them home to his mother, until twenty-five eggs lay in the box she gave him to put them in. That night, when Clay was in his white "nightie" and having his "loving time" with his mother, he asked, "How came the eggs in the sand?"

"The mother 'gator hid them there," answered his mother, as she rocked and cuddled her little boy.

"Don't the mother 'gator cuddle her eggs like the mother hen does?" asked Clay.

"No, dear, she leaves them in the sand for the hot sun to hatch out."

"Well, I fink the mother 'gator is a very selfish thing!" cried Clay, sitting up in his indignation.

"O, no," said his mother, smiling. "That is her way of taking care of them—the way God taught her. She can't cuddle her eggs like the mother hen. She has no soft feathers, and her hard skin would break the eggs if she sat on them. The nice warm sand cuddles them, and the sun helps to hatch them out."

"O," said Clay, nestling down again. "Poor mother 'gator! I so sorry for her. How bad she must feel not to cuddle her eggs."

"She takes good care of them," said his mother. "She often comes to look after her babies, and when they hatch out, she finds food for them and will not let anything hurt them."

"What would hurt them?" asked Clay, drowsily.

"There are many animals who hunt for the eggs, and I have heard that the father 'gator likes them, too, and eats them all up if he can find them."

"What an awful bad father!" cried Clay,

his sleepy eyes coming wide open again. "Poor baby 'gators. I so sorry for them." "But their mother takes care of them, and will not let the father find them, if she can help it," said Mother Reess, hugging her own little boy.

"Will she go to look at her eggs to-morrow day?" asked Clay.

"I think she will," said his mother.

"Then I'll take them all back," murmured the sleepy little fellow.

"Poor mother 'gator—feel—bad"—but Clay was off into dreamland, where mother alligator and her eggs were all forgotten.

The box of eggs was put in a closet, and neither Clay nor his mother thought of them again. A week later, Clay went to the closet for some toys, and heard a strange, rustling noise. He looked up, and saw a box on a shelf with the cover dancing up and down in a frantic manner.

"O, mother!" cried Clay, dancing up and down himself in excitement, "come here—quick! Here is a box—all alive!"

His mother came running in, and there were a dozen tiny black snouts peeping out under the box cover. Before she could even scream, out popped a swarm of baby alligators and dropped down to the floor, where they scampered off in every direction. All the eggs had hatched, for the closet was behind a stove and the box in a warm place.

Such a time as there was! Clay jumped up and down, screaming with glee, but his mother was screaming with fright, and she climbed on top of a table to get out of the way of the alligators, who went running about, as if in a hurry to investigate this new, strange world in which they found themselves. Black Cinda came running in to see what was the matter, and she got upon a chair and screamed too. If Clay's father had not come in they might have been perched there, screaming, yet.

Then for a hunt! The baby alligators hid under the furniture and burrowed under the carpets, popping out of every hole and corner. It was nearly a week before the last one was caught. Father Reess shook three out of his boot one morning, and Mother Reess nearly had a fit when she pulled on her stocking and found one in the toe. As for Cinda, she spent the most of her time perched on chairs or tables and screaming, thinking everything she saw was an alligator.

But Clay was not afraid of them. He thought they were the cunningest of playfellows, and begged hard to keep them all. But when his mother told him that the mother 'gator would want her babies, he consented to have them taken to the beach. His father let him keep six and made a pen for them in the back yard, with a small tank of water in it. Here Clay played with them and they became very tame, and seemed to know their little master. He was often seen with the whole lot swarming all over him, but his mother could not bear to touch the creatures, though Clay assured her that their way of running up his arm and poking their black snouts into his face was their way of loving him. He kept his pets for a year, then sharp, white teeth began to come in their big mouths, and his father thought they might become dangerous playfellows, so one night they all disappeared and Clay never saw them again. If he had been on the beach the next day, he might have seen six young alligators scamp-

ering about as though they did not know what to make of their strange surroundings. I wonder if their mother knew them.—*Congregationalist.*

THE EXAMPLE IN ARITHMETIC.

"Two and two, and two and two,
You know," I said, "make eight;
Now how," I asked, "are you to write
This example on your slate?"

"Oh I just easy," laughed Louise,
Her crayon quick in hand;
"Four the multiplier will be,
And two the multiplicand."

"What next?" I gently prompted,
As she the figures drew.
"Eight," said she, "the product is:
My 'zample 's four times two!"

AN AESTHETIC CANARY BIRD.

BY JEAN S. REMY.

I wonder if, among the thousands of children who love and care for pet canaries, many realize that there is just as much difference in the characters and dispositions of the birds as there is in their little owners. Some birds are out-and-out aristocrats, while others are the veriest little plebeians.

I had once a canary who, in spite of all my bribes, entreaties, and coaxings, simply would not bathe. Every time I came near his cage with the little white bath-tub filled with water, he would curl up into the sulkiest little yellow ball you can possibly imagine. High on the topmost perch would he sit, the very picture of rage. If I put the tub in the cage, he would fight me, shriek out little sharp, discordant notes, and fly into such a tempest of anger that for fear he would hurt himself I had to take out the hated tub.

So deep-seated was this yellow atom's aversion to bathe that I named him "Tramp"; and, although as a matter of form I still took the tub to him daily, I had resigned myself to his untidy nature, when, one day, I accidentally broke the white tub, and, in its place I chanced to take a curiously shaped little Japanese dish of blue and white china.

As I came near the cage, "Tramp's" joyous morning carol stopped short; and he flew up to his topmost perch, as sulky a little bird as you would care to see. But what is this? I placed the dish in the cage; and, as the sharp little black eyes rested on it, the yellow ball flew down with outstretched wings and glad chirps of joy, perched for an instant on the brim of the dish, and then splashed into the water with every indication of the utmost joy! I was amazed, of course, and could not understand the change. Day after day went by, and each morning Tramp welcomed his bath in the blue and white dish.

Then, one morning, the blue and white dish was broken; and I proffered a white one similar to the old one.

Once more Tramp showed the old aversion to his bath. Sulnier than ever now, he flew on his topmost perch, and greeted me with shrill chirps of rage.—*Christian Register.*

'SPLAIN ME THIS.

I want to ask a question;
Now, 'splain me this who can:
What makes whenever I get hurt,
I'm "mother's great big man."
Too large, of course, and brave to cry."
But when I ask for cheese,
Or maybe pickles with my lunch,
Why, then—now listen, please—
Oh, no, I am "too little, dear,
Must eat nice milk and bread;"
I think and worry over this,
Until it hurts my head;
And I'd be very much obliged
If some one would tell me,
Just 'zactly what's th' prope 'size
A fellow ought to be.

—*Lutheran World.*

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.

ASHAWAY, R. I.—Some of the members of the First Hopkinton church and congregation are hoping and praying for a revival of God's work here, and that many souls may be won to him.

The pastor, the Rev. Clayton A. Burdick, has short, practical sermons which are listened to with interest by all the congregation. Immediately after the church services there is an interesting Sabbath-school, under the superintendence of Mr. Frank Hill.

On Sabbath afternoon there is a Men's Meeting, a C. E. Society, an Intermediate and a Junior C. E. Society. The choir has recently had quite a large addition to its numbers from the younger people of the congregation.

There are several quite old men who attend church here. Amongst that number are Dea. Matthew Kenyon, Christopher C. Lewis and Silas Wells. Mr. Lewis will be eighty-seven years old on Washington's birthday if his life is spared till then, and Mr. Wells is eighty-eight. Mr. Wells walks a distance of nearly a mile to church, comes early, shortly after the first bell rings, and walks briskly to a front seat and listens to the practicing of the choir.

Those old men were born and brought up near Ashaway. Under the influence of Christian parents and the old mother church, they grew up clean, industrious and honest, and now, in their old age, they are interested in purity, temperance and all that makes for the good of humanity. Slaves to no bad habit, they continue in warm weather to work in field and garden, not like Edwin Markham's "Man with a Hoe," but thoughtfully and intelligently, trusting in God and trying to do his will.

M. G. S.

ALFRED, N. Y.—Among recent events here of interest to the RECORDER have been President Davis's stirring address in College Chapel upon the significance of Yale University's Bi-Centennial celebration, and the opening lectures under the auspices of our Theological Seminary by Rev. Dr. Wilbur, a Methodist pastor in Hornellsville.

About 5,000 of Yale's alumni, the representatives of about 150 American and foreign colleges and universities, and many other distinguished guests, attended the celebration in New Haven. Pres. Davis, who, with our University Treasurer, represented Alfred, said that the celebration illustrated, (1) The wonderful educational development of our country. (2) The value of education to citizenship, in both private and official life. (3) The certainty and power of growing inter-educational and inter-denominational fellowship. And, (4) the fact that higher education is for the masses of the "common people" as well as for the "favored few." The address was a strong setting forth of the exalted place and work of our colleges.

Dr. Wilbur said to the writer, "One reason why we offered to come up and give these lectures was to show to the people of this surrounding country our friendly attitude toward your school."

The subject of the first lecture was "The story of the English Bible;" and about fifty interested people listened to the well-told

story of the translations from Wycliffe to our own times; of persecution of those who did not want the Bible given to the people in their own language; and of the wonderful literary, educational, moral, and spiritual influence of our English Scriptures.

About seventy-five people listened to his second lecture. The subject was "The Bible in education." Education is but another name for preparation in body, mind and heart for life's work. With great clearness and force, and with the eloquence of truth, the speaker set forth one phase of the educational and moral transition period of the present time,—a growing recognition of the Bible's place in education. The use of the Bible by families and schools in Scotland and Germany; the principles and teachings of the founders of our Republic; foremost writers, orators, and statesmen, and even such scientists as Prof. Huxley, all witness that the Bible is the greatest book and mightiest moral factor in the world's literature. The Bible is not only a book of lofty thought, but of vigorous and beautiful language; and in the interests of high education and purity of morals, it ought to have an honored place in our public schools, academies and colleges. The best that is in our American life and institutions is due to the ethical teachings of the Bible; and foreigners who come here to enjoy our country's privileges and blessings have no right to ask us to strike out from our educational factors the very foundation on which we have been building, and building for them.

A. E. MAIN.

JACKSON CENTRE, OHIO.—A word from Jackson Centre may be of interest to our beloved Zion. The church has improved its house of worship this season by remodeling and improving the pulpit platform, painting the outside and painting and papering the inside. I closed my four years' pastorate to-day with this people. In the four years I have preached 382 sermons, 200 of them in Jackson Centre, 107 in Stokes, 43 in Holgate and 13 in other places. During this time I have officiated at 13 weddings and 19 funerals, and baptized 19 upon confession of their faith in Christ. We are thankful for the blessings and privileges that have come to us in our labors here, but regret that more could not have been accomplished for the Master. We are sad to leave them without an under-shepherd to watch over the flock and break to them the Bread of Life. We hope the Lord will send them one speedily; and we believe he will, if they do their part.

The 11th of November being the 30th anniversary of their marriage, a goodly company surprised the pastor and his wife by coming to the parsonage for a social good time, when they presented Mrs. Crofoot with a nice sum of money as a wedding present. We ask the prayers of the brethren as we go out into the great Northwest, as missionaries for the Lord Jesus (at Cartwright, Wis.), that God will bless us, and that his church may be built up through our labors. We are laborers together with God, and each one should be interested in all others for their good. The RECORDER is dearer to me as the years go by, and I enjoy the news it brings from different parts of the home field as well as from Africa and China.

A. G. C.

NOVEMBER 24, 1901.

ROOM IN THE MIDDLE.

The famous aphorism, "Room at the top," is often quoted as a stimulus to more earnest endeavor. If by it is meant that there is room for genius, it is not only true, but it is quite likely to remain true. And for this reason it can never be a very strong incentive to the average person, and that is the class to which most of us belong. The world has had, and still has, its geniuses, poets, artists, statesmen, orators, warriors, etc., a goodly number in the aggregate, but widely separated from each other in time and country. Their ranks are not crowded, and in that sense there is room at the top—for any who are able to reach the top; but what need has the world for another Shakespeare, or another Michael Angelo, or another Wagner? From this point of view the room at the top is not, after all, so very large.

When, however, we come to the average man the whole is changed. He is everywhere, and the great volume of the world's work is wrought by him. He writes our books, plans and builds our houses, makes and administers our laws, fills our pulpits, writes the songs we sing, navigates the waters of the globe, and belts the continents with vast railroad systems. He also it is who carries the gospel of peace and good-will to the ignorant and despised races, and who, alas, wages wars, cruel and oppressive, for greed of fame, or land, or power. Standing, as he does, between the genius high above him and the dullard groveling at his feet, the average man is the brain and brawn of the world. He has always done the world's work and will continue to do so; so long as there is work to be done. So long as this is true, so long there will be room for him. In the largest possible sense of the word "There is room in the middle."

No student, or other young person, looking out on the possibilities of life's work, can cherish a more worthy ambition than that which aspires to do whatever work God gives him to do in this great middle room, just as well as it can be done. Aside from the satisfaction of doing a needed work and doing it well, the average man is not so far above the man below him in ability but that his example may become a powerful stimulus to his less gifted or less fortunate brother; on the other hand, he is quite able to raise the plane of his own class perceptibly nearer to that of the few great men of the world, which he does by the superior excellence of the work that he does. Thus the average man is continually opening new possibilities to other men and increasing the value of the products of physical, mental or spiritual work, all of which belong in his middle world. Not "Room at the top," but "Room in the middle" is the motto which means most to the great mass of the world's people, provided always it means the best the average man can do.

L. A. PLATTS.

MILTON, Wis., Nov. 20, 1901.

THEY are one body united to that glorious Head that is above; they have all one spiritual life flowing from Him. And this communion holds not only on earth and in heaven apart, but even between heaven and earth; the saints on earth make up the same body with those already in glory; they are born to the same inheritance, though the others are entered in possession before them.—Robert Leighton.

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.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 5.	Joseph Sold into Egypt.....	Gen. 37: 12-36
Oct. 12.	Joseph in Prison.....	Gen. 39: 20-23; 40: 1-15
Oct. 19.	Joseph Exalted.....	Gen. 41: 38-49
Oct. 26.	Joseph and His Brethren.....	Gen. 45: 1-15
Nov. 2.	Death of Joseph.....	Gen. 50: 15-26
Nov. 9.	Israel Oppressed in Egypt.....	Exod. 1: 1-14
Nov. 16.	The Childhood of Moses.....	Exod. 2: 1-10
Nov. 23.	World's Temperance Lesson.....	Isa. 5: 8-30
Nov. 30.	The Call of Moses.....	Exod. 3: 1-12
Dec. 7.	Moses and Pharaoh.....	Exod. 11: 1-10
Dec. 14.	The Passover.....	Exod. 12: 1-17
Dec. 21.	The Passage of the Red Sea.....	Exod. 14: 13-27
Dec. 28.	Review.....	

LESSON XI.—THE PASSOVER.

For Sabbath-day, Dec. 14, 1901.

LESSON TEXT.—Exod. 12: 1-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Christ our passover is sacrificed for us.—1 Cor. 5: 7.

INTRODUCTION.

With institution of the feast of the Passover the Israelite people became the Israelite nation. The plagues that had been sent upon Egypt had had their effect; but Pharaoh and the Egyptians had tried to forget the power of God, and had remembered the profitable labor that might be obtained from the Hebrews and had refused to let them go. The power of God, however, was not exhausted, and there fell upon the Egyptians a stroke, beside which all that preceded had been insignificant.

The Israelites had been spared from the effects of some if not all of the earlier plagues. In this last one their exemption was to be especially noticeable, that they might appear still more distinctly as the people of God.

In order that they might realize that they were thus spared of God, and that they were really his chosen people, the Feast of Passover was instituted.

It seems probable that part of the directions given in our lesson apply to later celebrations of this feast rather than to the night of its institution.

TIME.—According to Archbishop Usher, 1491, B. C.; but the dates of this era are uncertain.

PLACE.—In Egypt. Many of the Israelites were probably gathered at Rameses, ready to depart from the land.

PERSONS.—Moses and Aaron, and the children of Israel.

OUTLINE:

1. Direction Concerning the Passover. v. 1-11.
2. The Egyptians Smitten and the Israelites Saved Through Blood. v. 12-14.
3. The Feast of Unleavened Bread. v. 15-17.

NOTES.

1. **And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron in the land of Egypt.** The law was for the most part given to Moses upon Mt. Sinai, but the precepts in regard to the Passover are distinguished from the rest of the law as being made known in Egypt.

2. **This month shall be unto you the beginning of months.** This month, called Abib in chapter 13 and elsewhere in the Pentateuch, began with the new moon near the vernal equinox, and so usually coincided nearly with our April. After the captivity it was called Nisan. It is evident that the Israelites before this time had reckoned the beginning of the year with some other month—probably the month which began near the autumnal equinox, the first day of which is still celebrated by the Jews as new year's day.

3. **All the congregation of Israel.** This feast was to be not for a few representatives of the people alone; but for all. **In the tenth day.** It is not evident why the lamb was to be chosen four days beforehand—possibly that the children of Israel might anticipate deliverance, and that their faith might be strengthened. In later years this custom of setting apart the lamb beforehand seems to have fallen into disuse. **Every man a lamb.** This expression is explained in the following verse to mean a lamb for a family or a combination of families, of such a number of individuals as fittingly might be served with one lamb. **According to the house of their fathers.** Compare "according to your families," in verse 21.

4. **And if the household be too little,** etc. This provision was in order that the lamb might be entirely eaten. According to Jewish tradition the appropriate number was ten people. Our Lord and his apostles made thirteen at the Passover Supper mentioned in the Gospels.

5. **Your lamb shall be without blemish.** All the offerings to God were to be without blemish. Compare Lev. 22: 19 ff. **A male.** A similar requirement was made in the case of the burnt offerings; but some of the offerings might be either male or female. **Of the first year.** That is, one year old. **From the sheep or from the goats.** It is to be noted that the word translated "lamb" throughout our lesson means lamb or kid. According to the later Jewish tradition, a lamb only might be used.

6. **And ye shall keep it up.** These words imply that they were to be especially careful of it. **The whole assembly of the congregation.** This does not imply that the lambs were to be slain at a public gathering of the people; but rather, all the people were to join in the celebration of the Passover. **In the evening.** Literally, "between the evenings." There are a number of theories as to the precise meaning of this phrase. Probably it means "between three and six o'clock."

7. **And they shall take of the blood,** etc. This sprinkling of the blood was to be the symbol of the passing over of the destroying angel, sparing the houses that were thus marked. This part of the Passover ceremony soon passed into disuse. It could not of course be observed when the lamb was sacrificed at the tabernacle or temple.

8. **Roast with fire.** This form of cooking was perhaps to carry out the analogy of the burnt sacrifice. When an offering was in part burned as a sacrifice and in part given back to the offerer to be eaten, the latter portion was boiled. The Passover lamb was to resemble the whole burnt offerings.

Unleavened bread. The precise reason for using this bread is a little in doubt. Possibly because unleavened cakes were already associated in Egypt with divine service, but very likely to symbolize the separation of the people from contamination of external influence. Compare 1 Cor. 5: 7. Verse 39 suggests that the bread was unleavened because of haste.

9. **His head with his legs,** etc. The lamb was to be roasted whole. It would of course be dressed before it was cooked.

10. **And he shall let nothing of it remain until morning,** etc. This rule was afterwards applied to various other sacrifices. Its purpose was no doubt to enforce the sacredness of the feast, that no portion of the animal might remain to be esteemed as something of no value.

11. **With your loins girded,** etc. That is, ready for their journey. It is doubtful if this custom was observed after the first Passover. **In haste.** Literally, "in trepidation," or "in hurried flight." **It is the Lord's Passover.** This is the first occurrence of the word passover. It probably means "sparing," and has no connection with the verb translated "pass through" in the next clause, which is a very common verb in Hebrew.

12. **Against all the gods of Egypt I will execute judgment.** This has been variously interpreted. Some think that all the idols in Egypt were to be destroyed; but probably the meaning is simply that God would show the powerlessness of all pretended deities by this great plague upon Egypt.

13. **Seven days shall ye eat unleavened bread.** That is, from the 15th to 21st of the month inclusive. The reference to the day of putting away the leaven seems a little ambiguous. According to the practice it was put away on the 14th, and this came to be reckoned as the first day of Unleavened Bread, so making eight days in all. Some passages seem to reckon the 14th day as the Passover day; but this was from the fact that the Passover Feast began immediately after sunset at the very beginning of the 15th day.

14. **An holy convocation.** That is, an assembly for religious worship. **No manner of work,** etc. The feast sabbaths were not to be observed with the same strictness as the weekly Sabbaths.

15. **I brought your armies.** Rather, "your hosts," not companies of trained soldiers, but unwarlike hosts of men, women, and children, cattle and herds.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

The Planet Jupiter.

Jupiter is the brightest of all the planets, and the largest of all except the sun, if we are allowed to call the sun a planet.

Since we studied surveying, the surveyors have made a new survey of Jupiter, and re-measured the distance from our earth to the sun, and shortened that distance of ninety-five millions of miles by a little over two millions of miles; we mention this, since we propose, in speaking of Jupiter, to make several comparisons with our earth, and to make them according to our scale of miles.

A new survey of Jupiter has lately been made, and the distance measured and found to be four hundred and eighty-three millions (483,000,000) of miles, making the distance between us and Jupiter about three hundred and ninety millions (390,000,000) of miles. When Jupiter is an evening star and the atmosphere is clear, it looks pretty bright for that distance.

The diameter of our earth is seven thousand nine hundred and twenty-six (7,926) miles, and that of Jupiter eight-nine thousand nine hundred and nineteen (89,919) miles, therefore, on a rope stretched across Jupiter, at its equator, we could string on eleven of our worlds, at their equators, and yet have plenty of room to put on our moon, also Mars.

It appears that the old instruments were inaccurate, or Jupiter must be enlarging, for our Prof. See, of Washington Observatory, makes the equatorial diameter three thousand nine hundred and fifty-one (3,951) miles more than any surveyor before has done.

The new survey gives the diameter of Jupiter, at the poles, as eighty-four thousand one hundred and eleven (84,111) miles, which shows that it is flattened at each pole by its rapid revolutions to the extent of two thousand nine hundred and four (2,904) miles at each pole, or rather may it not be expansion at the circumference?

If Jupiter's surface were a mere shell, we could stow away nearly thirteen hundred (1,300) of our worlds; fully that, were we to take pains in packing them away.

If there is such a thing as gravity or weight (which is now disputed), and could we enlist Archimedes, a most celebrated geometrician, who died at Syracuse only 212 B. C., to attach scales to his lever, so that we could calculate by the difference in weight not only the number of our worlds that Jupiter's shell would hold, but their relative value in brimstone, then we could determine the expansive force of brimstone in cooling.

Such is the difference in density between our world and Jupiter, that instead of 1,300 worlds being stowed away inside, it would require only 325 worlds to balance Jupiter; and if the 325 worlds were melted in a crucible and poured into Jupiter's shell, it would be only one-quarter full.

Our earth, at the equator, travels at the rate of about one thousand (1,000) miles per hour, and one revolution gives us a day of twenty-four hours, while Jupiter at its equator travels at the enormous rate of twenty-seven thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven (27,837) miles per hour, which makes its day only 9 hours, 55 minutes and 35 seconds long. The sun is rising and setting on Jupiter quite often.

The length of our year is 365 days, and it has four seasons of three months each, while Jupiter requires twelve of our months to make one month there, or twelve of our years to constitute one year; therefore, the seasons on Jupiter must be three of our years in length, if they divide in quarters.

The most remarkable feature of Jupiter is its bands or clouds that cross its disk, where they remain for many months, and even years, but sometimes are seen to form in a few hours. These clouds or bands, at times, are at least 4,000,000 miles in width, and are separated



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from the planet, for they revolve in five and a half minutes less time than the planet.

Jupiter is bountifully supplied with moons "to give light by night." It has no less than five, some of which are dispelling darkness continually. The diameter of these moons and the period of their revolutions is as follows:

1. 1,574 miles, 1 d., 18 h., 28 m., 35 s.
2. 1,461 miles, 3 d., 13 h., 17 m., 53 s.
3. 3,187 miles, 7 d., 3 h., 59 m., 35 s.
4. 2,884 miles, 16 d., 18 h., 5 m., 7 s.
5. This is very small, and is about 113,000 miles away. It was discovered by Prof. Edward Emerson Barnard, at the Lick Observatory, Sept. 9, 1892.

MARRIAGES.

GORTON—EATON.—Mr. Clarence V. Gorton, of Belmont, N. Y., to Miss Achie Mae Eaton, of Alfred, N. Y., by Pres. B. C. Davis, at the home of the bride's parents, Nov. 21, 1901.

SHELDON—WILCOX.—At Nile, N. Y., Oct. 27, 1901, by Pastor Willard D. Burdick, Ira E. Sheldon, of Bolivar, N. Y., and Priscilla S. Wilcox, of Nile.

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.

DRAKE.—Mrs. Alma Richmond Drake was born in DeRuyter, N. Y., March 25, 1837, and died in New Richmond, Minn., Nov. 6, 1901.

The first seventeen years of her life were spent in DeRuyter. In 1854, as a member of her father's family, D. C. Richmond, she went to Utica, Wis., and two years later to Coloma, in that state. She was married to F. D. Drake, Nov. 30, 1858, and in 1867 they removed to Freeborn County, Minn. She united with the Seventh-day Baptist church at DeRuyter when fifteen years of age. After removing to Minnesota she joined the Congregational church. Although suffering from chronic heart disease, she appeared to be in usual health on the morning of November 6, but returning to their home at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, Mr. Drake found his wife dead upon the floor. She was prominent in the work of the church, often regarding her physical strength less than her public duties in connection with the church. She delighted greatly in her home and home duties—her husband and eight children serve her—and was unselfish in a marked degree in her services for others. One word embodies her characteristics as a woman and a Christian; that word is faithfulness. She might well claim the promise, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." c. j. w.

AN EIGHT DAYS' BATTLE WITH STARVATION WITHIN THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

McClure's Magazine often prints true stories which are stranger than fiction. Here is one of them—"Lost is the Land of the Midnight Sun," by Augustus Bridle and J. K. Macdonald—in the Christmas number. "Charles Bunn, an American, had Arctic geological records of the Canadian government to bring out to civilization." That is, how the story begins. "He brought them," that is how it ends; and when you have finished the story those three concluding words will mean as much to you as any three words you ever read. That mortal combat for eight days with cold, with hunger, and finally with madness, makes as fine a record of human heroism as you will find anywhere in fiction or in fact. On the first day he sprains his ankle, yet he marches, almost barefoot, fifteen miles, over limestone ledge and through frozen slough. The one cartridge in his Winchester snaps when he has a sure shot at a caribou. For five days he wanders drenched to the skin in an Arctic mist—"a dash of water-colored light soaking into the gray clouds from somewhere." When the sun comes out on the sixth day, there come with it the Arctic flies and mosquitoes. He has stripped off half his shirt and a trouser leg for foot wrappings. The flies and mosquitoes camp on his bare neck and legs. "He let them bite and suck; he might as well get used to it." Then came the wolves; they never leave him. The last miles of his journey are done on hands and knees. But he brought the records.

JACK RABBITS IN NEBRASKA.

Experts connected with the Entomological Department of the Nebraska University are giving much thought to the discovery of means of exterminating the jack rabbit, which has become an intolerable nuisance. He is an interesting specimen of the useless among animals, and can be explained only on the ground advanced by the German father in reply to the inquiry of his son as to what the kangaroo was good for: "Well, my boy, the Australian must have something to laugh at."

Nebraska has two varieties, the black tail and the silver tail, but while distinct varieties

there is no appreciable difference in their size, habits, or food preferences. The females of the species are surprisingly prolific.

Nature doubtless had some use for jack rabbits, but did not want too many of them. So their natural enemy was provided in the coyote, who kept them within bounds. But the coyote is a disagreeable neighbor, and the Nebraska authorities offered a bounty for coyote scalps which resulted in their practical extermination.

This was the jack rabbit's opportunity. He put his house in order and proceeded to devote his best energies to the raising of children, in which he has been remarkably successful. But the Nebraska farmers are not much better satisfied with them than with the coyotes.

They argue that while farming may be a healthful and agreeable occupation, it is not wholly satisfactory from the economic point of view, if the farmer's principal business in life is to raise food for the jack rabbits who appropriate it without compensation. The result of his dissatisfaction will undoubtedly be that the jack rabbit will sooner or later be decimated, and, perhaps, exterminated.

Special Notices.

North-Western Tract Depository.

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

MILL YARD Seventh-day Baptist Church, London. Address of Church Secretary, 46 Valmar Road, Denmark Hill, London, S. E.

SABBATH-KEEPERS in Utica, N. Y., meet the third Sabbath in each month at 2 P. M., at the home of Dr. S. C. Maxson, 22 Grant St. Other Sabbaths, the Bible-class alternates with the various Sabbath-keepers in the city. All are cordially invited.

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

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address, Rev. M. B. Kelly, 223 Jackson Park Terrace.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST SERVICES are held, regularly, in Rochester, N. Y., every Sabbath, at 3 P. M., at the residence of Mr. Irving Saunders, 516 Monroe Avenue, conducted by Rev. S. S. Powell, whose address is 11 Sycamore Street. All Sabbath-keepers, and others, visiting in the city, are cordially invited to these services.

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in their new church, cor. West Genesee Street and Preston Avenue. Preaching at 2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school at 3.30. Prayer-meeting the preceding evening. An invitation is extended to all, and especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in the city over the Sabbath, to come in and worship with us.

I. L. COTTRELL, Pastor,
29 Ransom St.

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

GEO. B. SHAW, Pastor,
1293 Union Avenue.

THE Semi-Annual Meeting of the Berlin, Coloma and Marquette churches will be held with the Berlin church, beginning Sixth-day evening, December 6. Preaching by Eld. Simeon Babcock, of Albion. Mr. L. Babcock, Dr. Gertrude Crumb, Hugh Cockeril and Grace Eaglesfield are invited to present essays at this meeting.

Mrs. E. G. HILL, Sec.

Nov. 6, 1901.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

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Alfred University will celebrate its Centennial in 1936. The Trustees expect that its Endowment and Property will reach a Million Dollars by that time. To aid in securing this result, a One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund is already started. It is a popular subscription to be made up of many small gifts. The fund is to be kept in trust, and only the interest used by the University. The Trustees issue to each subscriber of one dollar or more a certificate signed by the President and Treasurer of the University, certifying that the person is a contributor to this fund. The names of subscribers are published in this column from week to week, as the subscriptions are received by W. H. Crandall, Treas., Alfred, N. Y.

Every friend of Higher Education and of Alfred University should have his name appear as a contributor to this fund.

Proposed Centennial Fund.....	\$100,000 00
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UNDERTAKE not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promises.—*George Washington.*

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