

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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The Sermon on the Mount.

The Truly Happy.

AT the sight of the crowds of people, Jesus went up the hill, and when he had taken his seat, his disciples came up to him; and he began to teach them as follows:

“Happy are *the poor*—in spirit, for it is to them that the Kingdom of Heaven belongs.

Happy are *the sorrowful*, for it is they who will be comforted.

Happy are *the gentle*, for it is they who will inherit the earth.

Happy are those that hunger and thirst—for the Right, for it is they who will be plentifully fed.

Happy are the merciful, for it is they who will have mercy shown them.

Happy are the *pure*—in heart, for it is they who will see God.

Happy are the peacemakers, for it is they who will be called sons of God.

Happy are those that have been persecuted—in the cause of Right, for it is to them that the Kingdom of Heaven belongs.

Happy are you whenever people abuse you, and persecute you, and say every thing bad of you—untruly, and on my account. Be glad and rejoice, because your recompense in Heaven is great; it was indeed, in just the same way, that people persecuted the Prophets who preceded you. Matt. 5: 1–12.—*Twentieth Century New Testament.*

The Sabbath Recorder.

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

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THE Gospel does not propose to mend men's lives as cobblers do old shoes. The idea that it is simply remedial has been taught by that too narrow conception, in which human ignorance has tried to explain the methods of Divine wisdom by saying that Christ came to repair the evil results of Adam's transgression. Such a conception leaves the standard for Christian living too low, and the hopes of the Christian on an insecure foundation. Just what evil results followed transgression in the beginning of human history no one can tell. The real purpose of the Gospel is the infilling and development of the human heart with Divine life. Our inability to grasp the greatness of this thought is one reason our definition of the Gospel is so incomplete. Being conscious of their selfishness, men are likely to come to God as the prodigal came, asking forgiveness, but hoping for nothing more than a servant's place. God exceeds their prayers and hopes by welcoming them as sons and calling the household to rejoice over their re-creation through his love. The penitent sinner pleads only for mercy. Divine love seeks to give far more than mercy requires, that is, fulness of joy and abounding life. The prodigal asked for a meager meal in the kitchen, with the servants; his father spread a dinner which made the table groan, in welcome of a re-created son.

CEASE thinking of the Gospel of Christ as an expression of mercy alone, or of forgiveness as the main feature of it. Study carefully Christ's words: "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it in overflowing abundance." The bringing of forgiveness to the repentant sinner is an incidental feature of this life-giving, rather than the main purpose of Christ's mission. This larger view will help you as individuals, and we commend it especially to our brethren in the ministry, not least to the young men who go forth as evangelists. Do not narrow down and weaken the Gospel by failing to proclaim it as the power of God unto the new spiritual creating of each one who will believe. Do not mislead those to whom you proclaim the message of life by leading them to think of conversion as a sort of spiritual patch-work. Do not urge them to follow after Christ so much as to live within him, thus becoming like him. Translate Paul's words spoken on Mar's Hill, "In him we live, and move, and have our being," into the largest possible application, as an expression of the mission of the Gospel.

WHEN Christ said, "Ye are the salt of the earth; ye are the light of the world," he announced the fundamental truth that a man's worth and influence are determined by what he really is, much more than by what he says or does. Words and deeds are, to some extent, an index to what men really are, but they are not the primary source of character. The most powerful currents of influence go forth from the lives of men without words or actions. An old adage says, "Actions speak louder than words." The truth involved in this adage is that actions do not deceive the onlooker as to the real intention of men, as

words may deceive the hearer. A modern form of the same truth says, "Your actions are so noisy, I cannot hear what you say." All these expressions of an universal fact go back to Christ's words as their starting point: "Ye," not your words, your theories, or your deeds, "are the salt of the earth." Words, theories, actions are methods by which men apply themselves to the world, but they are methods, rather than sources of influence. This thought is overwhelming when considered in the light of each one's responsibility for the character of his inner self, and for the influence he must exert.

TOO FEW MINISTERS.

A writer in a late number of the *Literary Digest* says that the supply of candidates for the ministry in the Presbyterian church, North, has fallen off about 40 per cent in the last four years. It is said, also, that the loss in the Presbyterian church, South, has been as great, if not greater. The percentage of loss among Congregationalists is about the same as among the Northern Presbyterians. In our own denomination, for the last few years at least, there has seemed to be a similar decline, which, so far as we can see, has not ceased. It is usually said that periods of great financial prosperity affect the supply of theological students unfavorably. We do not think that to be the main reason, for other professions which are no more remunerative than the ministry do not suffer loss in the same proportion. President Harper, of Chicago University, in a late number of the *Biblical World*, calls attention to the fact that Union Theological Seminary, in New York City, has had a marked increase in the number of its students since it became a prominent representative of advanced criticism.

Considering the question as related to Seventh-day Baptists, we think much stress should be laid upon those influences which make the future of our work appear great, and to demand sharp struggle and strenuous effort in two directions. In common with other denominations we are to push the work of bringing the world to Christ, and of overcoming open sin, in its various forms. In addition to this—and in some respects the latter is much the greater struggle—we are to exemplify and proclaim an unpopular truth touching a great and vital point in Christian duty. This struggle has in it much that seems like fighting one's friends. If our work as Sabbath Reformers be pressed, we are likely to be charged with being illiberal, and, most of all, a disturbing minority. To the average man the word "minority" is a thing to be dreaded. Few of us have learned that the primary stages of all reforms are represented by only a few. It requires at least 50 per cent more spiritual and intellectual force and courage to stand with the minority than with the majority.

Boys and young men receive their primary impulses toward life-work at home. Next to those influences, on the religious side, are the Sabbath-school and the pulpit. If all three of these lines of influence do not unite to cultivate a higher regard for our denominational peculiarity—as the world calls it,—if they do not exalt the importance of our position as Sabbath-keepers, because of the value of the truth for which we stand, an essential agency in the development in Seventh-day Baptist ministers is wanting.

We are not here saying that our denominational spirit is declining, and that there is a loss of sympathy and enthusiasm in the work of Sabbath Reform; but it must be said that however much of these exist, they need to be increased in at least a ten-fold ratio. Until that is done, the supply of theological students will be meagre. Important places in our older churches will seek in vain for competent men, and new fields will call in vain for those who can enter them successfully, until a deeper and more aggressive spirit is cultivated.

It is useless to question the truth or seek to evade the fact that these times, and especially the quiet, but potent, opposition to Sabbath Reform which pervades both the church and the world, have brought increasing difficulty and danger to us. The time when we should be aroused because of these dangers has fully come. Indifference to danger does not lessen it, while turning away increases its power. God has ordained that dangers and difficulties are great incentives to action. It is only brave and strong men who are thus incited; weaker ones are discouraged and driven to the wall.

In common with other denominations, we have too meagre a supply of theological students, and too few young men of power turn their attention toward the ministry. Our situation, as the century opens, is not what it ought to be in this direction, and we urge the fact that lack of enthusiasm and aggressiveness in Sabbath Reform work has been, and is, a prominent factor in producing this state of things.

THE NEW SABBATH REFORM PAPER.

The new Sabbath Reform paper, which will appear at the beginning of the New Year, is to be a 16-page magazine, monthly. The name of the paper will be *The Sabbath of Christ*.

Those features of the Annual Report, at the late session in Alfred, which dwelt upon the necessity of enlarging and intensifying our work in Sabbath Reform received an unusual amount of attention and commendation. Aside from the sessions of the Tract Society, various sessions of the General Conference were prominently characterized by unusual interest in Sabbath Reform work. This could not be otherwise when the situation at large is considered, or when the relation of Sabbath Reform to our denominational life is given a hearing.

The determination on the part of the Board to issue *The Sabbath of Christ* is an effort to meet the obligation placed upon it by the denomination, and the still higher obligation resting upon the Board and the denomination from above. While this project is a return to the idea of the *Sabbath Outlook*—which was the most effective and successful form of disseminating Sabbath truth we have ever undertaken—it is meant to be also a new departure to meet the obligations and emergencies of the present time. If not in form, yet in fact, the entire spirit of the late General Conference emphasized the duty of the Board to take this step. Having determined to take it, the Board now appeals to the churches to do their part in making it effectual and successful. This cannot be, unless a large list of subscribers is secured. The price of the paper will be so low—twenty-five cents per annum—that few, if any, can

be found who cannot make a single subscription, if they will. But the plans of the Board—to be more fully announced when the paper appears—include liberal club rates to churches and individuals. These rates will be sent out, and the churches will be requested to raise money for circulating *The Sabbath of Christ*, both within and beyond their own borders, in large numbers. Churches and individuals making response to the club rates will be accorded the privilege of furnishing the names of those to whom the paper shall be sent, or such portion of the names as they may desire, the remainder being furnished by the publishers. The larger churches will be asked to fulfill the obligation resting upon them by providing for several hundred papers each. Small churches will be asked in proportion.

The demands of the situation are so urgent and the duty of the churches is so clearly marked out, beginning with what was said and done at Conference, that the response made by the churches will be a test of their loyalty to the cause of Sabbath Reform and readiness to push that form of denominational work. Probably each church will be asked to provide for a specific number of papers—not as though the publishers would demand this, but as a helpful suggestion to the churches concerning their duty and opportunity in the matter. The Board confidently expects prompt and hearty responses from all the churches. It is well aware that much will depend upon the attitude taken by the pastors and official members of each church; but it has faith in them. Pastors and church members often say to representatives of the Tract Society: "We would be glad to forward your work if we knew how." The starting of the new paper offers one of the most favorable occasions possible for advancing the work of the Society and the interests of Sabbath Reform. The proposition to be made to the churches will aim to simplify the case, and to enable people acting conjointly, to unite their efforts and their money in carrying out the work which the Master has placed upon our hands. We hope to place the first number of the paper in the hands of the churches early in the New Year, and the publishers will wait in hopeful expectancy for those liberal responses which the cause demands, and which, we trust, the people are anxious to fulfill. The plan will enable Women's Society, Christian Endeavor Societies, and the churches to act either independently or in unison with each other, in providing funds and securing names. We also hope to secure many personal contributions for a large number of papers to be sent to others than the ones contributing the funds. Churches or individuals can secure such a number as they desire for hand-to-hand distribution each month. Please keep in mind the fact that the response made in the matter under consideration will be a definite expression of the interest of the people in the work of Sabbath Reform. The duty of Seventh-day Baptists at this time to crowd this new enterprise to the highest success is measured by the words *ought* and *must*, rather than by any terms less definite and imperative.

HUMAN life
Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
When He shall call His debtors to account,
From whom are all our blessings.

—William Cowper.

TRACT SOCIETY—EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, Dec. 8, 1901, at 2.15 P. M., President J. Frank Hubbard in the chair. Members present: J. F. Hubbard, Stephen Babcock, D. E. Titsworth, L. E. Livermore, A. H. Lewis, F. J. Hubbard, W. M. Stillman, H. M. Maxson, Corliss F. Randolph, W. C. Hubbard, C. C. Chipman, J. M. Titsworth, J. A. Hubbard, G. B. Shaw, O. S. Rogers, A. L. Titsworth, and Business Manager J. P. Mosher.

Visitors: Franklin F. Randolph, Esle F. Randolph, H. H. Baker.

Prayer was offered by Rev. L. E. Livermore.

Minutes of last meeting were read.

The Supervisory Committee reported that an edition of 10,000 of the tract entitled, "Does the New Testament Teach the Observance of Sunday," had been ordered printed.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature presented the following report:

Your Committee would recommend the following:

1. The republication of an edition of 5,000 of the twenty-page tract entitled, "Why I am a Seventh-day Baptist."
2. That the title of the new Sabbath Reform paper be *The Sabbath of Christ*.
3. That the price of the new publication to single subscribers shall be 25 cents per annum.
4. That we make liberal club rates to applicants.

O. S. ROGERS, Clerk of Com.

The report was adopted by items.

On motion, it was voted that the minimum number for club rates shall be ten, and the price ten dollars per hundred per annum.

Voted that any further details in connection with the issuing of the paper be referred to the Supervisory Committee.

Correspondence was received from J. T. Davis, B. F. Titsworth, O. U. Whitford and others in relation to our denominational interests on the Pacific coast.

The Committee on Bequest of Reuben T. Ayers reported correspondence from E. B. Clarke, which noted the probable sale of the property and the terms of sale.

Correspondence from George Seeley reported the distribution of 140,000 pages on his field.

A. P. Ashurst and F. J. Bakker also reported on their work in their respective fields.

The Treasurer presented usual financial statement.

Voted that a new edition of 500 of the book entitled, "A Critical History of Sabbath and Sunday in the Christian Church," by Dr. A. H. Lewis, be printed and that plates of the same be made.

On motion, Esle F. Randolph was unanimously elected a member of the Board, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Rev. J. M. Todd.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH, Rec. Sec'y.

TRUE LIVING.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed;
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.
Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

—Bonar.

WE touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body.—Novalis.

LOWER LIGHTS.

For Christ and the Sabbath.

2 Cor. 4:6.

WHAT OF THAT?

"Lonely? What of that?
Someone must be lonely."

* * * * *
Work may be done in loneliness,
Work on."

When we, the isolated ones, look at ourselves, we are often lonely, self-distrustful, and inclined to be discouraged, but "someone must be lonely," and "work may be done in loneliness;"—better, more thorough and painstaking work. When in the midst of friends, we give much of our attention to them, and sometimes forget the small details which are so essential. Then we sometimes depend upon our friends to help us, when each ought to do the work assigned him, remembering that others have their work also. The all-wise Father knows whether it is best for us to be alone, or in a strong church. We may do more work alone, finding more to do. Did you ever think how lonely Christ must have been sometimes, away from his heavenly home and down in this dark, sinful world? How on the cross he cried out in agony, asking the Father why he had forsaken him! We may always have the abiding presence of God. Jesus has promised: "Lo, I am with you *always*." We have had most blessed experiences alone with Jesus, when his presence was most real, and we could talk with him as friend talks with friend. It is there that we can get the most strength to go out and work for him.

"Tired? Well, what of that?"

Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze?"

How many times the dear Saviour must have been weary. We are walking in his footsteps. Shall we expect to do his work, and share his joys without some of the hardships? He is ready to relieve all who come unto him, and says "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Be not weary in well-doing; for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

"Dark? Well, what of that?"

Didst fondly dream the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet;
Learn thou to walk by faith, and not by sight;
Thy steps will guided be, and guid'd right."

It is dark when we look about us, at the sinfulness of sin, at the many who are in its clutches; but when we look to Christ, the Light of the world, we can see to walk in his straight and narrow way, and reach out and bring others from the wayside. Are not these other thoughts in Goethe's poem helpful?

"Hard? Well, what of that?"

Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go! get thee to thy task! conquer or die!
It must be learned; learn it, then, patiently."

When we think of all the hard things Christ has done for us; of all the trials borne, the temptations endured, being "tempted in all points like as we are," and the one great sacrifice which he made to give us eternal life, can we call our task hard? "He that saveth his life shall lose it."

"No help? Nay, 'tis not so!

Though human help be far, thy God is nigh;
Who see the ravens, hears his children's cry.
He's near thee, wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam,
And he will guide thee, light thee, help thee home."

ANGELINE ABBEY.

The silent soul that takes but gives not out again,
In shining thankfulness, a smile, a tear,
Absorbing, makes none other glad and misses so
The purest and the best of love's rich cheer.

—Mary K. A. Stone.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

An important project which has been under consideration for some time has been announced during the past week. It is no less than a tunnel under the Hudson River between New Jersey and New York City, and another under the East River between Long Island and that City, through which the Long Island and Pennsylvania Railroads will be able to send trains from the east and the west into the city of New York, landing passengers at a great underground station at 7th Ave. and 33d Street. This will overcome the delay and discomfort incident to the present system of ferry-boats, and make New York less of an Island than ever. The present proposition is to use the tunnel for passenger trains only, and electricity will be the motive power. To insure purity of air there will be two tunnels under the Hudson, one for ingoing trains and the other for outgoing trains. Three years is suggested as the shortest time for completing the work, and a definite estimate as to the cost is not yet given out.

The discussion of the Hay-Pauncefote Isthmian Canal Treaty has been under discussion during the week in the Senate, and it is thought that a vote will be reached on Monday the 16th.

A strip of land six miles in width has been leased by the states of Costa Rica and Nicaragua, through which the Isthmian Canal is likely to pass.

Two immense gifts to the cause of education have been announced during the week. One is a proposition made by Andrew Carnegie offering \$10,000,000 to President Roosevelt for the establishment of a national university for higher education. Another is a gift made by Mrs. Stanford, of \$30,000,000 to the Leland Stanford, Jr., University. This gift includes at least 900,000 acres of valuable farming land in the state of California. It makes Stanford University one of the best endowed schools in the world, and the greatest educational institution west of the Missouri. Large gifts for the cause of education have been a prominent feature in the history of the United States, for a number of years past.

The question of open saloons in the City of New York has been brought yet more fully to the front by an announcement, during the past week, from District Attorney Philbin. Mr. Philbin is a prominent Roman Catholic, and his word evidently represents the thought of Archbishop Corrigan upon the question at issue. Mr. Philbin opposes promiscuous opening of the saloons on Sunday, but suggests a more respectable type of beer-gardens "that shall be places where a man could take his wife or his daughter with perfect propriety." The saloon and Sunday question in New York grows apace.

A most satisfactory victory over high class gambling was gained in New York City on the 12th of December. The great "Policy King, Al Adams," and sixteen of his men were arrested. It is said that this man has made \$3,000,000 within the last few years by policy gambling. Every such victory in the interest of honesty is to be rejoiced over.

THE Hebrews have a saying that God takes more delight in adverbs than nouns; 'tis not so much the matter that's done, but the manner how 'tis done that God minds. Not how much, but how well! 'Tis the well-doing that meets with the "Well done". Let us, therefore, serve God not nominally or verbally, but adverbially.—*Jennings*.

HOW TO KNOW THE BIRDS IN WINTER.

BY ESTELLE M. HART.

When the last robins and phoebes and blue birds have disappeared in the fall, then we are apt to think, "No more birds until spring comes again." But is that true? If you keep a sharp lookout, you will be surprised, perhaps, to find, even in the city, especially if you are fortunate enough to own a yard containing a tree or a shrub or two, that a good many birds don't object to cold weather at all, and that we have feathered neighbors in the winter as well as in summer.

There are the chickadees. How they do fluff up their feathers until they look like little gray balls blown about! and how gaily they call, "Chicha-a-dee-dee-dee," when the thermometer is way down to zero! They are the little birds with black caps and throats and white cheeks,—black-capped titmice they are also called. The white-breasted nut-hatches wear black caps too, though theirs resemble hoods, with tiny black lines from the back of the neck toward the front, like strings to the hoods, not tied together. The nut-hatches wear grayish-blue coats, about the color of the postman's, and white vests. How hard they work, flicking off great patches of bark to get at the insects' eggs underneath!

I wonder if you know the brown creepers. They are not a plain brown in color, but their backs are so mottled that they look much like the bark of a tree, to which they cling so closely, as they creep up, that, if it wasn't for their motion, one might not notice them at all. The nut-hatches creep down a branch or on the under side as easily as they creep up, but the creepers always creep up and fly down. Perhaps it makes them dizzy to stand with their heads down as the nut-hatches do! One seldom hears the creeper's note, but the nut-hatches have a quaint little call—"Yank-yank"—that has a sort of muffled sound, as if they had colds in their heads. Poor things! it wouldn't be strange, out in all sorts of weather as they are!

Then there are the downy woodpeckers, dressed in black and white, the male wearing a brilliant patch of red on the back of his head. They rap-rap away at the tree-trunks all winter long. It is possible that some mild morning you may hear sweet spring-like notes, and see, pecking away at a shrub in the yard, quite a flock of little birds of a dull olive-gray color. It would be hard for you to guess their names. Do you remember seeing last summer, when you were away in the country, numbers of gay little yellow birds, with black wings and tails and tiny black caps, hovering over thistle-tops, or bounding over fields of blue chicory? Those were American goldfinches. Here they stay, summer and winter,—some of them; but like most of the rest of us, they change their coats and hats when winter comes on, and these dull-colored little fellows are the same birds that shone so golden in the sun last August.

If you have an evergreen tree or two in sight, you may have a chance to watch the junco,—the slate-colored snow-bird he is called. You may know him by his pinkish bill, and by the white outer feathers in his tail. Perhaps the bluejays will come too—handsome, noisy fellows, with gay blue coats trimmed with black and white, and with fine crests on their heads.

The greatest treat that you may hope for

will be a sight of golden-crowned kinglets. They are the tiniest birds we have except the humming-birds—only a bit over four inches long from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail. The general color is greenish olive, lighter underneath, but the top of the head is bright reddish gold, bordered by stripes of black. No wonder they are called kinglets—little kings—with such gleaming crowns on their royal little heads! They are very friendly with the chickadees and nut-hatches, and will sometimes be seen in company with them all apparently traveling together. I had never seen any kinglets until last winter, though I had often watched for them; but one cold December day, when I was obliged to stay in the house because I was ill, and when I was disconsolately looking out of the window, and wishing something interesting would happen, I suddenly heard a chickadee announcing that it was a right pleasant sort of a day, if the sky was gray, and the thermometer way down below freezing. And he wasn't alone! The old apple-tree outside of the window was all at once the scene of a merry little party—the chickadee, a pair of downy woodpeckers, a pair of brown creepers, and a nut-hatch were evidently traveling together, and had stopped at my apple-tree for a light luncheon at noon!

But what were these that I spied in the branches?—a tiny, fairy-like pair, flitting about incessantly. At first I couldn't see them very well, but, after a minute or two, they hopped right out on the branch nearest my window,—yes, they really were golden-crowned kinglets, the very birds I had hunted for several seasons in vain, and now they had come to me this dismal day, when I couldn't leave my room, and had only the sights from that window to amuse myself with! It was really a princely thing for them to do,—wasn't it? Just what one ought to expect from little kings! The whole company stayed for about half an hour, then there was a sudden flurry of wings, and away they all went. I wondered if the "Chick-a-dee-dee" that I heard just before they started said to them, "Last call! all aboard!" Not one was left, at any rate.

Perhaps you won't see every one of these birds in your dooryard this winter, but you may,—and even others. At any rate, it seems worth while to have one's eyes open, and if you keep a list of winter birds that you see, its length may surprise you before spring.—*S. S. Times*.

BIBLE STUDY INTRODUCTION.

A teacher of Shakespeare says, First read a play rapidly, merely to get a general idea of its contents; then read it with the greatest possible attention; and then read it again, using all the helps to interpretation at one's command.

It is also said that if one is about to study some great field of science or philosophy he ought first to take a general survey of the whole, for the purpose of learning somewhat of its extent and, particularly, of the number and relations of the various branches or departments.

Believing in the wisdom of this principle, and that the systematic reading and analysis of the entire contents of the Scriptures would be a most valuable preparation for further and careful study, the Alfred Theological Seminary offers for correspondence work a course in Bible-study Introduction.

The work required is the reading and analysis of the whole Bible, according to the order and under the divisions of the syllabus given below. The purpose is not to study thoroughly each passage,

dwelling at length upon its difficulty, teaching, or beauty; but to take a brief and orderly survey of the whole Bible's vast and rich stores of history, biography, literature, morals, and religion, with reference to future and more exact study.

The plan of work is as follows: The student will read the Scripture and write analyses of the passages in a manner similar to examples that will be furnished upon application, and send them to the Dean of the Seminary, who will make corrections and suggestions, answer questions, and return them to the student.

It is hoped that many Bible-study Circles will be formed in order that students may pursue the work together, under leaders, and with mutual helpfulness. It is urged that the American Revision of the Holy Bible be owned in every circle, if not by each member. The time necessary to complete this course will be from 150 to 200 hours. There is no tuition, but each student will be charged fifty cents to cover incidental expenses at the Seminary office.

Bible-study movements and the study of denominational history and doctrine, of Bible-school work, and of kindred subjects, are springing up over all the land; and Seventh-day Baptists are not likely to be slow in falling into line with what is so good and profitable.

OLD TESTAMENT SYLLABUS.

- I. The Beginnings of Human History. *Gen. 1-11.*
 1. From Creation to the Flood. *Chapter 1-6.*
 2. From the Flood to the Call of Abraham. *Chapter 7-11.*
- II. The Beginnings of Jewish History. *Gen. 12-50.*
 1. From the call of Abraham to Joseph. *Chapter 12-36.*
 2. The Story of Joseph. *Chapter 37-50.*
- III. Emigration of Israel from Egypt to the Plains of Moab by the Jordan. *Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy.*
 1. Providential preparation for the emigration. *Exod. 1-12; 36.*
 2. From Egypt to Sinai. *Chapter 12: 37-19: 2.*
 3. At Sinai. *Chapter 19: 3-40: 38, Lev. 1-26, Num. 1-10: 10.*
 4. From Sinai to the Wilderness of Paran or Kadesh. *Num. 10: 11-12: 16.*
 5. At Kadesh. *Chapter 13: 1-20: 21.*
 6. From Kadesh to the plains of Moab. *Chapter 20: 22-22: 1.*
 7. In the plains of Moab.
 - (1) Stirring events and sundry laws. *Chapter 22: 2-36: 13.*
 - (2) Moses' farewell discourse. *Deut. 1-34.*
- IV. The Tribes of Israel Becoming a Nation. *Josh. 1-12.*
 1. Conquest of Canaan. *Chapter 1-12.*
 2. Allotment of conquered land. *Chapter 13-22.*
 3. Joshua's last words. *Chapter 23, 24.*
- V. Period of the Judges or of Transition to a Kingdom. *Judges, Ruth, 1 Sam. 1-12.*
 1. Conquest incidents. *Judges 1-2: 5.*
 2. History of the Judges. *Chapter 2: 6-16: 31.*
 3. Two pictures of the times.
 - (1) *Judges 17-21.*
 - (2) *Ruth 1-4.*
 4. History of Samuel to the beginning of the kingdom. *1 Sam. 1-12.*
- VI. From the Establishment of the kingdom to the Babylonian Captivity. *1 Sam. 13-2 Kings 25.*
 1. One kingdom.
 - (1) Reign of Saul. *1 Sam. 13-31.*
 - (2) Reign of David. *2 Sam. 1-24; 1 Kings 1: 31.*
 - (3) Reign of Solomon. *1 Kings 1: 32-11: 43.*
 2. From the division of the kingdom to the downfall of Israel. *1 Kings 12-2 Kings 17: 41.*
 3. Judah alone, to the Captivity. *2 Kings 18-25.*
 - a. Other historical writings relating chiefly to Period VI. *1 and 2 Chron.*
 - b. Prophecies pertaining to this period. *Isaiah 1-39, Jeremiah, excepting some of the later chapters, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadi'ah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah.*
- VII. The Captivity and the Return. *Ezra, Nehemiah.*
 1. From the proclamation of Cyrus to the dedication of the rebuilt temple. *Ezra 1-6.*
 2. Ezra and his reforms. *Chapter 7-10.*
 3. A piece of personal history. *Neh. 1-7.*
 4. Reforms under Nehemiah and Ezra. *Neh. 8-13.*
 - a. Prophecies belonging to Period VII. *Isaiah 40-66, some of the later chapters of Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Daniel, Haggai, Zechariah, Malachi.*
 - b. A poem of the period, *Lamentations.*
 - c. A story of the period, *Esther.*
- VIII. Lyric poems, *Psalms, Song of Songs.*
- IX. Books of Wisdom, *Job, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes.*

For further information, address "Theological Seminary, Alfred, N. Y."

A. E. MAIN.

LIFE-TIME HYMNS.

The Committee on Hymn Books, which was appointed at the last General Conference to try and secure orders for the 1,000 necessary to enable us to have a special Seventh-day Baptist edition of Life-Time Hymns, desires to urge upon our churches who are now considering the matter to come to as early a conclusion as possible, and report to the Committee. The following churches have adopted the book: Adams Centre, Brookfield, Dodge Centre, Milton Junction, Nile, New Market, Salem and Shiloh. This leaves about 350 orders yet necessary for this edition. Some of these churches have been waiting a long time, and are sadly in need of books. Pastors, choristers, committeemen in churches where new books are under consideration, will you not push this matter? The Committee is in no sense trying to force this, or any other, book on to any of our people, but they are simply anxious to carry out the wishes of the General Conference.

D. E. TITSWORTH, *Chairman Com.*

WISE WORDS TO YOUNG PREACHERS.

I thank God that I was stuck down in a quiet, little obscure place to begin my ministry. For that is what spoils half of you young fellows; you get pitchforked into prominent positions at once, and then fritter yourselves away in all manner of little engagements that you call duties, going to this tea meeting, and that anniversary, and the other breakfast celebrations, instead of stopping at home and reading your Bibles and getting near to God. I thank God for the early days of struggle and obscurity. I dare not speak about attainments. I may venture to speak about aims, especially because I think I have a number of my younger brethren here this morning, and I would like to give a last dying speech and confession to them. I began my ministry, and, thank God, I have been able to keep to that as my aim—I say nothing about attainments—with the determination of concentrating all my available strength on the work, the proper work of the Christian ministry, the pulpit; and I believe that the secret of success for all our ministers lies very largely in the simple charm of concentrating their intellectual force on the work of preaching. I have tried—and I am thankful to Dr. Angus for his words on that matter—to make my ministry a ministry of exposition of Scripture. I know that it has failed in many respects; but I will say that I have endeavored from the beginning to the end to make that a characteristic of my public work. And I have tried to preach Jesus Christ, and the Jesus Christ, not of the Gospels only, but the Christ of the Gospels and the Epistles. He is the same. Dear young brethren, I believe that the one thing that the world wants is the redemption, the power of that gospel on the individual soul; and that men know they want it. Dr. Johnson once said in his wise way, "Nothing odd lasts, and I believe that, too;" but Christ lasts, and man's sin lasts, and man's need lasts, and we have got to preach Christ and him crucified, the Saviour of mankind. And I have tried to preach Christ as if I believed in him, not as if I had hesitations and peradventures and limitations. And I have tried to preach him as if I lived on him, and that is the bottom of it all, that we ourselves shall feed on the

truth that we proclaim to others. So if my words can reach any of my dear younger brethren, this morning, I do want to say: Concentrate yourselves on the work of your ministry, preach the Bible and its truth, preach Christ the Redeemer, preach him with all your heart, lift up your voice, lift it up with strength, be not afraid. We know that "the Son of God has come; and he has given us an understanding that we may know him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ." Brethren, depend upon it, that if these be the themes and that be the spirit of our ministry, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear, they will know that there has been a prophet among them. — *Alexander Maclaren, D. D.*

DISCOVERY OF A DISAPPEARING RIVER.

F. H. Hitchcock, of Washington, one of the sub-chiefs of the Department of Agriculture, lately returned from a seventeen-thousand-mile trip down the Atlantic coast, into Mexico, up the Pacific coast, and finally home across the northern part of the United States.

He was one of a party from the Department on an investigating tour. They discovered many remarkable things, he says, but the most astonishing was a river which disappears midway in its course during the summer season.

The river is known as the Dry Fork, in Northwestern Utah, a tributary to Ashley Creek. So far as known, his party was the first to have reported the existence of the stream.

About fourteen miles from its source in the Uinta Mountains the stream reaches a large basin or sink, whose walls are from 75 to 100 feet high. The pool is apparently bottomless, and the water in it revolves with a slow, circular motion, caused either by the incoming flood or by suction from below. The only visible outlet to the pool is a narrow rock channel, from which a little water flows, but which is soon lost to sight a few hundred yards below.

A measurement of the main stream, just above the pool, showed a volume of ninety-six cubic feet of water passing each second, but this entire flood disappears in the basin. The stream bed for miles below is perfectly dry.

About seven miles below this interesting pool are several springs, sometimes empty, sometimes full. It is thought that the water which disappears in the upper pool, flows underground deep below in the gravels which form the bed of the stream, and in times of rainfall heavier than usual appears again in part in the large springs below.—*Exchange.*

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

The Nortonville, Kan., Seventh-day Baptist Sabbath-school places on record the following testimonial in memory of Deacon S. P. Griffin, a much-esteemed member of the school for nearly forty years, and an efficient teacher in its early history. Members of the school in its pioneer days will not forget Brother Griffin's earnestly-expressed advice, to do as good work for a small church in the West as we would in the East. He did not fail to impress on others the idea that we had come here not as an experiment, but to stay. That he lived out all these years the advice he gave to others, his life-work bears witness.

Resolved, That the lessons of the life so recently closed may be an example to all, and an inspiration to better work.

Resolved, That we sympathize with those who were dearest to him, for the loss they have sustained; and that they and the Sabbath-school to which our brother belonged may be blessed by the divine presence which guided him; let this be our prayer.

EMILY F. RANDOLPH,
NETTIE L. CRANDALL, } *Com.*
ISAAC MARIS,

Missions.

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

Our people in Northern Alabama were brought first to the Sabbath by Seventh-day Adventists, and organized themselves into a body called the Church of Christ. As they could not accept the doctrinal views of the Adventists, they were reorganized into the Flatwoods Seventh-day Baptist church by Rev. A. E. Main, Feb. 12, 1883. Eld. J. M. Elliott was chosen pastor, who served the church a year or two, and having withdrawn himself from the church he was dismissed. In the visit of Secretaries A. E. Main and L. E. Livermore, on Dec. 10, 1892, the Flatwoods Seventh-day Baptist church was disbanded and the Attalla Seventh-day Baptist church was organized, and R. S. Wilson was ordained to the gospel ministry and installed as its pastor, and has ever since served the church in that capacity. There have been several of our ministers on the Alabama field. Rev. Joshua Clarke preached to our people here from April 28 to May 17, 1893, to the strengthening and building up of the church. Rev. George W. Hills came onto the Alabama and North Carolina field Oct. 9, 1893, locating at Attalla. He carried on gospel tent meetings more or less, and was assisted, as singers and helpers, by E. D. Richmond, of Coloma, Wis., and T. B. Burdick, of Little Genesee, N. Y. Through his labors there were converts to Christ and the Sabbath. Here he buried his beloved wife and able helper in the work. He left the field for Nortonville, Kan., Dec. 31, 1896, having labored on the field a little over three years. Rev. J. N. Belton labored as general missionary on the Alabama field until his untimely and accidental death, and he was succeeded by the Rev. A. P. Ashurst, who remained on the field until he entered into colporteur work in Georgia, under the employment of the American Sabbath Tract Society. Rev. R. S. Wilson is now the missionary pastor of the Attalla church, and general missionary on the Alabama field. Under his labors the church has grown in numbers, and quite a number have come to the Sabbath in Culman county.

THE present membership of the Attalla church numbers 46, of which 27 are resident and 19 non-resident members. There are in Attalla and vicinity ten Seventh-day Baptist families and parts of families, and six in Culman county. These six families in Culman county are from forty to eighty miles from Attalla. There was once a church organized in Culman, but it disbanded and the members joined the Attalla church. Our people being so widely scattered, it makes a wide field for our general missionary, and subjects him to long rides, as it cannot be reached by railroad. Bro. Wilson is the right man in the right place, diligent, a good preacher, social, and by his kind ways wins the respect and love of the people. It would be much better for our people and our cause if they were more centralized. They are looking toward it. One family will move from Culman to Attalla in a few weeks, and others are thinking and talking of it. As a people we have a good interest in Northern Alabama, which must be fostered and built up. Our visit here was greatly appreciated, and we trust an encouragement to them, and a means of strengthening the church and our

cause. On account of the stormy weather and the cold, the meetings were not largely attended. The Southern people do not like cold weather, and couple that with dark, stormy nights, they will not go out to evening meetings. While there was no special interest manifested in the meetings held, yet our people feel that they were thereby more fully confirmed in the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.

WE WERE much interested in reading in the RECORDER of Nov. 25 "Drops from a Doctor's Bottle." How adroitly the Doctor dropped his drops; his weakest medicine first, on "Direct Vision"; then on "A Queer Case"; then on "Women at the Polls," and reserved his strongest and hottest drops for the preachers who preach too long sermons. It rather appears that the "Drops from a Doctor's Bottle" was mainly in purpose for the benefit of the preachers. They ought to be grateful for his medicine so generously given. It is a difficult task for a minister to know just how long his sermon should be. There can be no iron bedstead rule for every sermon. The theme and the occasion will vary the length of a discourse. Again the inspiration from the audience and the movings of the Holy Spirit may lead one sometimes to greater length than at ordinary times. However, a preacher who thoroughly prepares his sermons will know when he is done, and should stop when done. It greatly weakens a sermon, *per se*, to tack on "conditions" and "additions" at the close of it, and almost destroys the effect of an otherwise good and strong discourse. But are not professional and business men getting a little too critical and nervous over the length of preachers' sermons? They are running their own affairs on too high pressure. Do they want everybody else to do the same? The doctor rushes in, views his patient, looks at his tongue, takes his temperature, leaves a prescription and is off about as soon as one can say good morning. I suppose these men enjoy having the preacher work them up to a white heat of interest in a sermon, and if the twenty minutes, the standard length of the sermon in their opinion, is up, have it broken suddenly off, as one would break a pipe-stem. I expect when they are enjoying hugely the sweetest and best stick of candy they ever saw, they really enjoy having someone suddenly wrench it from their mouth. Now, I don't. I say let that preacher finish up his sermon with all his points, with a good, round closing of earnest appeal or application, even if it takes in all thirty minutes. There is no sense in emasculating a good sermon just to suit this nervous, fast age. It is coming to about this pass in religious services. The most of the hour is given to a religious concert of anthem, chants, quartets, solos, interrupted by a short Scripture-reading and a shorter prayer, followed by a hymn, then notices, a sermon of twenty minutes, a hymn and a benediction. The long sermons of the preachers of twenty-five or forty years ago were one extreme; the short sermons and rush in religious services of to-day is another extreme, which, I think, on the whole, is worse in influence than the former. Let us take the golden mean.

TO BELIEVE in Christ is to be like him. All other faith is a mere mist of words dissolving into empty air. To live our human lives as he lived his—purely, lovingly, righteously—is to share his eternity.—Lucy Larcom.

THE MISSIONARY MOTIVE.

The Need of Missions as Illustrated from the Field.

BY DR. GRIFFITH JOHN, OF HANKOW.

Why attempt to unsettle the religious convictions of the Chinese? Why attempt to introduce the Christian religion into a country like China? etc. The replies which might be given to these questions are many; but I can only dwell upon one at this time—namely, that the gospel is China's supreme need.

Looking at the present religious condition of the Chinese, it appears to me to be about the most deplorable that can well be imagined. The Confucianists, though often called a religious sect, cannot be properly so regarded. Strictly speaking, they have no religious creeds, no priests, no temples, no gods. They may be worshipers of many gods, but it is not as Confucianists they are so. They all worship Confucius, but they do not worship even him as a god actually ruling in the universe. They offer no petitions to him, neither do they expect to receive anything from him. They revere him as the highest manifestation of humanity, the ideal man, the infallible teacher. They worship also their deceased ancestors. This is the most important religious duty a Chinaman can perform. To neglect it is regarded as unfilial, the greatest of moral delinquencies in China. Most of the scholars, however, deny the immortality of the soul. They maintain that it is a compound thing; that death reduces it to its component parts; and that when the decomposition takes place, the soul as a soul disappears and ceases to be. Still they worship the dead as a mark of respect, affection and gratitude. Confucianism is essentially a system of morals, applicable only to this life, and confined to the duties which spring from the various human relations. Do thy duty as a father, as a son, as a husband, as a wife, as a prince, as a subject, as a brother, as a friend. This is the whole duty of man. So much for the scholars.

As to the people, they are prepared to bend the knee and knock the head to every one or every thing that promises to bless them with temporal good, or protect them from temporal harm. But even their religious convictions are extremely shallow. They will often tell us that they are skeptical with regard to the existence of the gods they worship, that they "half believe and half disbelieve," and that the only thing they are quite certain about is that "heaven and earth are great, and that father and mother are to be honored." They have gods many, and temples many, but spiritual worship they have none. The idols are indebted to custom, fear and selfishness for any attention bestowed upon them. A sense of sin, contrition for sin, humble gratitude, spiritual communion with the object of worship, reverence, love—these, and elements such as these, have no place in their religious life.

And this is not all. The Chinese are as devoid of moral earnestness as they are of religious earnestness. I am sometimes asked, Why trouble the Chinese with the Gospel? Are they not a moral people? Are they not as moral as we are? Well, if I were to admit that the Chinese are a moral people, that they are as moral as we are, I should still feel it to be my duty to preach the Gospel to them. Are not the claims of God to the allegiance of the Chinese to be taken into account? Are not the claims of Christ to be taken into ac-

count? Is not the great commission of our Lord to be taken into account? Are the Chinese nothing to God? Is it right that Christ and his cross should do nothing to them? The missionary's main aim in going to China, or to any other part of the heathen world, is not to teach a system of ethics, but to teach Christ and his great salvation.

But the Chinese are not a moral people; and the anti-foreign riots, massacres, and outrages of recent years go far to show that their much-vaunted civilization is little else than veneered barbarism. Morally the nation is rotten through and through. The amount of official corruption brought to light by China's recent conflict with Japan was simply appalling. None of us were fully prepared for such an awful revelation of deceit and wickedness in the highest places. Bribery, corruption and extortion fill the land. From the beggar's hovel to the dragon throne there is an entire absence of truth and honor. I have never known a heathen Chinaman in whose word I could put the least confidence. A Chinaman is never so much in his element as when telling a barefaced falsehood. A lie with him is just what a smart repartee is with us, and any deception he can practice is regarded as legitimate cleverness.

I have no time to dwell on the social condition of the female sex, the utter ignoring of women in the educational system of the country, and the crime of infanticide, which is so rife in some parts and in certain circumstances. Such is the religious and moral condition of the Chinese. I cannot say that there are none among the heathen who are honestly striving to live up to the light which they possess; but I do mean to say that I have met with but few who have appeared to me to possess any claim to this encomium; and I do not hesitate to add that the number of such is so small that it would be misleading to take them into consideration. For my own part I do not believe that moral earnestness is possible to a nation without deep religious convictions.

But I am reminded that wicked men and wickedness abound in Christian lands. True, sadly true! Yet there is a difference. There are in England men as selfish, sensual, and as wicked as you can find in China. But there are in England also Christ-like men who can say with their Divine Master that it is their meat and drink to do the will of their Father in heaven, and to finish his work. In China it is all darkness and corruption, without a ray of light or a particle of salt. In England you have darkness enough and corruption enough; but in England you have also the salt of the earth and the light of the world. And this makes an enormous difference. "It is not necessary," said Macaulay, many years ago, "that man should be a Christian to wish the propagation of Christianity in India. It is sufficient that he be a European, not much below the ordinary European level of good-sense and humanity." These words apply with equal force to all lands in which heathenism reigns. And they apply to China. If it be true that all national greatness depends on the tone of public feeling and manners, and that this again depends on the influence which religion exerts on the life of the people, it is certain that China cannot rise to true greatness without a complete change in the religious life of the nation.

What China needs above all else is a vital religion, the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I believe in the advancement of commerce; I believe in saturating the Chinese mind with a knowledge of the arts and sciences, and of every branch of Western lore; I believe in introducing into China railways, telegraphs and all our mechanical inventions and appliances; but I believe, also, that China can never truly rise without Christ. On this point my mind is perfectly clear; and so is the mind of every one whose mission it is to work for God in this great empire. But this is a momentous fact—if the Gospel is China's *supreme* need, the responsibility which devolves upon the church with regard to the evangelization of China is unspeakably solemn. The task of giving the Gospel to the millions of China has been entrusted to the church, and she cannot neglect it without proving herself disloyal to her King, and unfaithful to her glorious mission in the world.—*The Chronicle*.

A FUNERAL BY THE SEA.

BY M. A. W. COLLINS.

We were on one side of the island that brilliant autumn morning, the tiny chapel on the other. We must walk, for the horses had earned a Sabbath's rest.

Not a living thing along the way, save the mud-turtle that rolled lazily off his log into the lily pond; the sheep that gave one look and fled; the huge cattle that stood their ground, calm in the knowledge of their great strength; the yellow and white setter that, left for the day sole occupant and defender of his master's domain, magnified his office by standing on his hind legs behind the garden wall, and barking at us honest wayfarers till we vanished from his gaze; one little caterpillar, bumping himself anxiously and excitedly across the road, as though, had he but known what a trackless, boundless Sahara it was, that sandy seaside road, he would have stayed forever under the shelter of the wayside weeds; these, and an old sea captain, with a ruddy face and a beard like a blacking-brush grown gray, who stops us to ask if we are "goin' to the fun'ral at two o'clock over t' the chapel," and to explain that the reason he is wandering about in the godless comfort of his shirt-sleeves on the Lord's-day, is that he is "goin' t' the fun'ral" in the afternoon. We ask with suddenly hushed voices, for we had forgotten death and decay in the bright glory of the morning, "Whose funeral?" And he answers us, "Old Cap'n Stant; him that was prayed for in church last Sabbath. He was a good old fellow, poor old Stant was. He got along the best he could. Left a widder, Stant did; widder an' five child'en, one son an' four darters, three thet's merried an' one t'aint."

We reached the chapel on the hill too late for the handshaking that always precedes the morning service; too late for the minister's fervent appeal for a melodeon.

The minister is praying, as we bow our be-lated heads, that the Lord in his mercy will be with those who are sitting with their dead in the little house under the hill; and we know, from our conversation on the way, that they can be no other than "Cap'n Stant's widder," and his four daughters, the "three thet's merried and the one t'aint."

The notices followed the prayer. There would be a religious service in the West Side Life Saving Station that afternoon at three

o'clock, the pastor announced. But a practical sister in the pews, reminding him in a stage whisper that the dinner dishes would not be washed by three, he appointed the service for four, throwing in a warning, as he did so, against making the Lord's-day a day of feasting rather than of fasting and of prayer.

There would be, moreover, on Monday evening, a prayer-meeting at bed-ridden sister Dunn's. Some of the Christians in the church had been saying they wanted to do more for the Lord. Here was a good chance to begin.

The sermon that followed corroborated our impressions. The preacher was far from satisfied with the flock before him; with the sinners he was not, as a matter of course; no more was he with the saints. They would go miles and miles in the roughest weather, these church members of his, to catch one cod, but it only needed a drop of rain to keep them at home on Sabbath morning. Some of them, moreover, who might just as well have been at the covenant meeting on the afternoon before were "hangin' around down at the harbor."

We looked to see the congregation quail under such denunciations; but they departed themselves as merrily as ducks in a thunder storm. One brown old woman, with a work-bent back, talked audibly and cheerily through the service with another wrinkled, shrewd-faced, merry-eyed old body, who did enough hard work in the long week-days, we felt sure, to entitle her to social relaxation wherever she could get it—even under the beetling brows of Sinai.

A middle-aged sister in the seat in front of us, whom we afterward discovered to be a certain "Cousin Lyd," from Prov'dence, drew her husband's head down upon her shoulder and kept it there, while she whispered confidences into his uppermost ear.

The benediction was hardly out of the preacher's mouth before he came rushing down the aisle and grasped us "whited sepulchers" by the hand with the utmost cordiality. It was most reassuring to us to feel that it was only in his official capacity that he disapproved of us so completely.

* * * * *

Long before the time appointed for the "fun'ral," the church was crowded. Long rows of shakily vehicles stood by the fence on either side, while along the sunny road from the house under the hill, to the slow tolling of the solemnized little bell, the hearse and the mourners were wending their way.

The burly sea captain, who had come to see "the remains," sat in a very insufficient chair next the base-burner, and to stay his grief for his old comrade, ate huge peppermints, passing one over now and again to a sunny-faced, sunny-haired little child in the seat in front of him.

The mourners entered the church, but no Cap'n Stant entered with them. Him, either by reason of the narrowness of the aisles or of some requirement of island etiquette, they left all alone, in the rickety hearse that the bony, dispirited horse had drawn up on to the knoll before the door. Even the driver, who by virtue of his office, if nothing else, might have been expected to share the old man's solitude, threw the reins over the dashboard and followed the mourners into the church. The old horse hung his heavy head,

settling down in every joint, as tired old horses will. The sun shone hot on the bare, varnished top of the hearse. There seemed to us an infinite sadness in the poor old captain's isolation, out there in the garish noon-day, deprived, as he was, of the one privilege that we all look upon as our inalienable right, whatever else may be denied us, that of being present at our own funerals.

The preacher arose in his place to read, as he said, "some consoling words from the Scripture"—the preacher of the morning, and yet not he—a gentler, more Christ-like man. All the upbraiding of the morning was gone, all the righteous rancor. A little child had gone from his arms not long ago; his heart was still tender from its grieving.

The grand immortal words rang out through the open windows till they met the sounding of the sea. "I am the Resurrection and the Life. Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. And I saw a new heaven and a new earth. The old heaven and the old earth were passed away."

Then the sweet voices of two sisters in the church rose flute-like in the weird strains of the funeral hymn.

The old sea captain by our side fumbled in his pocket, then, reaching over, laid something small and brown upon our lap. It was a fragrant clove. Meanwhile the voices of the sisters soared on, higher and higher, purer and purer, while, ever and anon, the resonant bass of the pastor plunged in and out of the heavenly strain—never shattering its melody—only seeming to save it, just in time, from dying from its own sweetness.

It was like a pibroch, this funeral hymn, a Christianized pibroch, in its wailing and its lilting:

No more barren, rock-bound shores for poor old Cap'n Stant; no more rocky, wave-washed landings. Green meadows are his portion now, and a pier of shining gold. Long before the hymn dies away we cease to pity him, we that are within the church, we only envy him. If he is left out in the noon-day alone it is because he has entered in, where we have yet no place, into the glories that eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard.

But the widow, under her long, black veil, what are vernal shores and golden landings to her? She cannot see them for her tears! Her sobs break out and fill the church. The preacher bows before the Throne. He wrestles with God, as man with man. He will not be denied that which he seeks for this weak woman in her grief. "Come a little nearer, Jesus," he pleads; "come a little nearer, just a little nearer. Be more real to this woman than her grief."

And then, when the prayer is ended and the sobs not yet stilled, the preacher leans far over the pulpit and pleads with the mourner as though he were alone with her in the chamber of death. "My dear sister! my dear sister! The Lord will be thine husband, kinder to thee than ever yet man was kind to woman. Lean hard on him, my sister—lean hard!"

"My dear friends! What are we going to do with the promise that all things shall work together for good to them that love God, unless we believe it now? What shall I do to comfort you if you will not let me pour upon your hearts the Balm of Gilead from the medicine chest of the

Lord? Your hold on this earth may be lighter after this sorrow, but" (with a most winning smile) "that's no matter. We're all Shylocks wanting our pound of happiness, but God won't give it to us, not even when its love for our dear ones. You'll love earth less; but you'll love heaven more."

The closing hymn was sung. With lingering farewell looks at the sad equipage before the door, the congregation passed, in silence, down the sunny roads.

Two old sea captains joined us with offers of their guidance along a path "cross lots" that would be shorter and pleasanter than the sandy road.

By way of making conversation suited to the sad scene we had left, one old captain told us that he had a pious father and a brother and a sister up in heaven, and they'd told him to come along after 'em, an' he was a-tryin'.

Upon our heartfelt inquiry as to the worldly circumstances of the "widder Stant," they told us she hadn't no property whatsoever. Come pretty hard on her now she'd got ter go "afoot an' alone." She was pretty consid'able smart of a woman, though. They guessed she'd get along. She'd got a son an' a daughter left to home, anyway. They didn't know, though, but what Elviry was a courtin'. "Was Elviry courtin'?" one asked of the other, and the other replied that he didn't know. Lem was waitin' on her las' winter, but whether he kep' it up or not, he didn't know. He thought consid'able likely he did.

We asked whether the "Cap'n" had not been an able-bodied man, that he had not laid up something against the present contingency. They grinned most kindly lenient grins. Stant had been able-bodied enough, but somehow he'd never seemed to get the knack o'things till 'bout five years ago. Then, somehow, he seemed to sorter take a start an' ketch on to things. They thought mebbe he'd done fust-rate if he'd lived right along. It struck us, also, as the very hardest sort of a dispensation that he should have been called hence in the first flush of his "ketchin' on" to the art of living.

Such is the rebound of poor human nature from the spiritual, that we were not half-way home before we had dropped poor "Cap'n Stant" and the "widder Stant" entirely from our conversation; and the two old captains were gossiping cheerily of anything and everything along the way.

The big house on the hill, with the fady green shutters all closed, and the chimneys falling, and the whitewash crumbling from the sides, and the sheltering poplars growing leafless with age, that was where a rich old man had lived who married a young wife, an' he went crazy, an' she took care of him there alone. 'Twas an awful job, they guessed; but he was dead now, and he'd left her a sight of money, as much as five thousand dollars, they guessed, and she was cavortin' aroun' somewhere, now, on the mainland, a-enjoyin' of herself.

That windmill was what ground all the island corn. Leastway she (that is the windmill) could grind it all if she was put to't; but she didn' have to now, there was such a sight of it brought over on the boats from the mainland.

When we struck into the main road again,

the old captains bade us adieu. We were on familiar ground again.

At least, we are at home after the long day's experience, at home in a cultured, complicated world so different from that of simple "Cap'n Stant."

"He stopped catchin' cod,"

that it almost seems to us we must have fallen asleep on the cliffs after breakfast, and have dreamed of his death and burial.

It is only at midnight, when we throw the shutters open for a good-night look at the sleeping world, that the spell of this island sorrow again lays hold upon us. Poor old "Cap'n Stant," sleeping for the first time in his lonely grave on the moorland by the sea! Poor "Elviry and the widder" waking in the darkened cottage under the hill! If it were not for the "vernal shores and the golden landings"—who that goes or who that stays could brave life's ending?"—*The Independent*.

A LITTLE EPISODE.

It was the noon hour. A wet snow was falling, and I was hurrying homeward from the North Side, when just at a street corner I heard a wail and a sob, which had the power to stop me, and I turned to see from whence it came, with the inquiry as to what was the cause of the trouble. It was a boy of eight or nine years, who said he had lost a ten-cent piece.

"Where did you lose it?" I asked.

He came nearer to the place where I stood by the curbing, and, moving the dirty, mealy snow with his foot, said:

"It was somewhere here."

In an instant I detected the missing dime, which his over-anxious and tear-dimmed eyes had failed to discover, and pointed it out to him. Can I picture the joy of that moment? The sobs were hushed, his tears dried, hope and assurance regained their sway in his heart, and he rejoined his companions who were waiting for him, and walked away.

I said, I am so glad I stopped. I was detained a few minutes. I did not receive so much as a "Thank you," but I had dried up the tears and lifted the burden from the heart of the poor lad. I had saved him, perhaps, from unjust criticism and censure; perhaps, from unkind and cruel treatment. Who knows? I know not what that dime signified to him. Perhaps it was carefully treasured toward some Christmas gift for mother, sister, or the baby-brother. Perhaps, the vision of skates, all his very own, or some cherished plan was dependent on that dime for its fulfillment. Perhaps—perhaps, it meant bread to satisfy the physical needs.

Was I recompensed? Aye, verily. I think I know that I was remembered as an angel of mercy by one, at least, that day. My heart was light and filled with gladness, and the realizing sense that I had helped some one lifted me to a higher plane of thought and living. And, anon, down through the misty twilight of the ages the joy-bells rang out softly the sweet refrain, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

O scatter seeds of loving deeds
Along the fertile field,
For grain will grow from what you sow,
And fruitful harvest yield.
Then, day by day, along your way,
The seeds of kindness cast,
That ripened grain from hill and plain
Be gathered home at last.

Woman's Work.

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

WE CANNOT TELL.

BY E. W. CHAPMAN.

The seed we have sown with an earnest will,
Though among the thorns it fell,
A harvest may bring for the reaper's hand:
The result we cannot tell.

A song we have sung with a happy heart,
Though unheeded at the time,
May be on some tablet of memory writ,
And its power may be sublime.

* * * * *

A word we have spoken in tenderness,
Or a deed performed in love,
Prolific may be in the future years,
When the author rests above.

We never may know while we labor here
What the fruits of toil may be,
But when we shall stand on the golden heights
We'll the gathered harvest see.

"SHE has passed her usefulness." Did you ever hear that said of one of your dear friends, or did you ever say that about someone? Did you ever stop to think about it, and just what it meant? Have you ever considered the meaning of that word usefulness? Full of use, full of service, not some service or a little use, but full, important. Now, that the once active hands are idly folded and the eyes are dim, you thoughtlessly say, "She has passed her usefulness."

What is the tale of the years that are gone? If you will take time for a backward look, you will probably see that at the foundation of her whole life was service, something for others. Many a sleepless night has she spent in caring for the sick, not only in her own household, but in that of her neighbor's. Many an one has been helped over hard places by her cheery words or more material assistance. Care not only for her own, but also for the motherless child beneath her roof, have made for her long and weary days. Then, later on, it was usually the mother who thought and planned and went without many a comfort, that her child might receive the education so much desired. These things, and many more, have helped to make the home-maker old.

Do you know one of these mothers who is living in the past and looking forward to a future of rest and reunion with dear ones gone on before? Ask her children if she has ever been of service to them, and they will tell you of the lessons learned from mother. Lessons of truth and uprightness, of thought for man and love for God; lessons that have made them what they are. Ask the neighbors, who have been helped in untold ways so that they have learned how to help someone else. On every side, wherever a life has touched hers, some good has gone out, so that instead of one person who is trying to live a life of quiet usefulness, you have a score of people working out in their lives the lessons that were received from her, who, you say, has passed her usefulness. "Passed her usefulness." Yes, passed it on into other lives and future years. The good one conscientiously tries to do goes on and on in the lives of those about us. Shakespeare must have had an attack of dyspepsia when he told us that "The good is interred with a man's bones." You cannot bury it. Good must live, and it does. Coleridge came nearer the truth when he said: "The good man never dies."

THERE is no excellence without great labor.
—William Wirt.

LETTER FROM MRS. DAVIS.

WEST GATE, Shanghai, China, Oct. 13, 1901.

My dear friend:—We are living in different times from what we were in those days, and there is much, very much, for which to praise God, yet the condition of this land is far from what we then hoped would be the development after those terrible experiences. One can hardly credit the fact that the foreign troops have been recalled and the Empress Dowager is still left in power. As we hear repeatedly remarked, "Christian nations have lost a great opportunity to help China out of the dark in throwing off the Manchu power." You in America and people in England and Germany cannot realize this as we do here—hence they feel so self-satisfied with their success in settling the difficulties in this land. On the 6th of October the court with its numerous followers left the famine-stricken province of Shensi, which they have doubtless not found a very desirable place of residence, and where there were few attractions for the Reactionary advisers. It is stated that the departure is being made to take the form of an Imperial progress, involving an immense expenditure, so that no suspicion may exist in the minds of China's millions that the hated foreigners had in any way caused the flight from Peking; the residence for a time at Hsian, and now the departure for Kaifeng, Honan province. As our editor of the *North China Daily News* remarks, "Whether the Empress Dowager means to take up her abode permanently in Honan, and to abandon Peking, remains to be seen. She is insisting on thousands and thousands of dollars being spent for the preparations for their entertainment at the different places where they will stop on their journey. Toong Foo Ziang, the great Boxer general, and his forces are accompanying them. The foreign governments are protesting against the return of these forces to Peking.

You see China is not yet "out of the woods." Yet in many places the officials are starting new schools for the teaching of Western science, and seem to realize somewhat of the nation's weakness. Japan is doing all in her power to help China to advance along these lines, especially military. Quite a number of military students have gone to Japan for thorough training. Next time China wants to drive out the hated foreigners she hopes to be better prepared. But we know a higher power rules over the destinies of all nations, and His will concerning them will ultimately triumph. This must be the hope and inspiration of every one who is laboring for the salvation of this or any other people. Be sure we are following our leader, and then go forward.

You say in your letter "it is difficult for people in America to realize that there is a difference in the Chinese, that because some are guilty all are not." It is equally difficult for them to realize that all Americans are not alike. We need good common-sense Christianity, do we not? that will look on all sides of a question.

Ever your loving friend,

SARA G. DAVIS.

"I EXPECT to pass this way but once; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do, to my fellow human beings, let me do it now, let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

NOTHING TO COMPLAIN OF.

Nuthin' to complain of goin' 'long the way—
Jest a little winter, mixed with dreams of May;
Fields with heavy harvests smilin' to the day—
Nuthin' to complain of goin' 'long the way.

Bluest skies aroun' us—all the storm an' strife
Sprinkled with the sunshine glorifyin' life;
Sweet songs fer the singin'—an' only this to say,
"Nuthin' to complain of goin' 'long the way!"

Set yer soul ter singin' till the chorus swells;
Till the worl' is ringin' joy with all the bells!
Darkest storms a-breakin', but still a rainbow's ray—
Nuthin' to complain of goin' 'long the way.

—The Atlanta Constitution.

THE PREACHER'S LACK.

"I want to tell you a good one," and Dr. George H. Ide's eyes sparkled and the muscles of his anatomy gathered and relaxed, gathered and relaxed again.

"In a church not a thousand miles from Milwaukee a railroad conductor attended services recently. It was the first time he had ever been seen in a church, and his presence caused quite a stir. The preacher preached his sermon, and then, reluctant to lose the opportunity to make a lasting impression, he traveled over the same ground in language more impressive, and spun his discourse out into unwarranted length.

"When the service ended one of my deacons—that is, one of the deacons of the church—waited for the railroader and, accosting him, inquired:

"How did you like the sermon?"

"It was all right."

"You enjoyed it, did you?"

"Yes; it was a very good sermon."

"I suppose we shall have the pleasure of seeing you at church again?"

"I don't know; I may come. There's only one trouble with that parson of yours."

"And pray, what is that?"

"He doesn't seem to have very good terminal facilities."

"The deacon had nothing further to say."

LITTLE PRISCILLA is the daughter of a Congregational clergyman in the northern part of New York. She is only four and a half years old, but, like the children in all families of Puritan extraction, she has been taken to church since she was old enough to walk, and has learned to sit sweetly through her father's longest sermons. Yet little Priscilla, like other children, has her weaknesses, and the greatest of these is bananas. Not long ago she asked her father to get her some, but he was busy and put her off. So the little one started out toward the village, where two summer hotels, like Scylla and Charybdis, stand on opposite sides of the roads to catch travelers from the railroad station between May and November. It was late in the afternoon, and she found crowds on the verandas. She did not hesitate a moment, but turned fearlessly on Scylla. She mounted the horse-block and cried out in a clear, high voice: "My people, you must be good if you wants to go to the good place; if you bad, you go to the bad place." Calvin himself could have said no more. She paused for a minute and then pronounced her benediction. But Priscilla was years ahead of Calvin this time. "Now, I've pweached to you," said she, "I must take a collection." Priscilla gave the same sermon under an apple tree at Charybdis, and after her itinerant preaching was finished it took two of the young men and maddens from Scylla to carry her bananas home for her.

Young People's Work.

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

CHRISTIANITY AND EDUCATION,

Do They Go Hand in Hand?

BY E. D. ORMSBY.

Delivered at Young People's Hour of the Western Association, Alfred, N. Y., 1901.

The geometrician proves his propositions and problems of construction by means of definitions, maxims and previous propositions, without which he could prove nothing. Accordingly, let us imitate this prudence by having a general meaning of the terms, "Christianity" and "Education," and of the phrase "to go hand in hand," that we may arrive at a general conclusion. We understand Christianity to be the religion of Jesus Christ; and this religion is itself a relation, a living and true connection of Christ and man. Education is the *harmonious* development of all the faculties of mankind, the physical, the mental, and the moral. Let the significance of the phrase, "to go hand in hand," be that the two related things, Christianity and education, go together, so that the one without the other is poor, and the other without the one is endangered.

There are many different views of an education, especially among those who have not had an opportunity to pursue a course of study in some High School, College, or University. I believe that I can safely say that this class, the uneducated, is more inclined to view an education as simply the completion of a course of study in some High School, or seminary, than those who are really educated. There might arise the question, is it absolutely necessary for a person to complete some course of study in College or University that he may be educated? I, for one, think not. Was Abraham Lincoln educated? Some one says, no; he never attended a High School. But another has thoughtfully said that Abraham Lincoln was educated by God. Surely he was endowed by God with power and wisdom that he might be able to do the great work which he did. Nevertheless man knows of no better way of obtaining an education than the pursuance of a course of study under able and competent teachers. Please understand the term *man* (in speaking of the education of man) to mean mankind, men and women. I call your attention to this point, for I wish to emphasize the fact that the education of the women is just as important and necessary as that of the men.

The cultivation of our fields may be compared to the cultivation of our minds. A field that is not cultivated or cared for brings forth thorns, thistles, weeds of many kinds, brush and perhaps some grasses. On the other hand the cultivated or cared-for field brings forth its valuable grasses, grains or vegetables. The thorns and weeds are nearly, if not wholly, choked or killed out. There is little or no chance for them to take root and grow. It is the same with the mind. The mind is bound to bring forth some kind of fruit, whether good or bad, for it is its nature to be active. If good seeds are sown, they will take root and bring forth good fruit, at the same time choking out the thorns and weeds; for how can a man harbor in the mind evil and good thoughts at one time, or do evil and good deeds at the same time? Christ said, "No man can serve two masters; for

either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." The good seeds sown are the pure, noble and elevating thoughts given to the mind; their taking root is the beginning of the development of the body, mind and soul; the bringing forth of the good fruit, at the same time choking out the thorns and weeds, is the serving of God rather than mammon. This giving of noble and elevating thoughts to the mind; this development of the body, mind and soul, and this serving of God, constitute the true education of man.

The aims of Christianity are many. It aims to bring out the best that there is in man; to lift humanity to higher plains of living; to give light and happiness to the world; to develop the human soul, and not only to fit man for life, but to prepare him for death. Without Christianity we should be marching into total darkness. It is a light to our feet, a comfort to our minds and a blessing to our souls. In times of trouble, failure and grief, it gives peace and rest to the body, mind and soul.

The aims of education are numerous also. When it is spoken of, we are more apt to think only of the development of the mind than we are of the body, mind and soul. Today this is one of the greatest mistakes of the student and teacher. Education is a development of the body, a learning how to keep it in harmony with the laws of nature, how to preserve and gain one's health, and "what sculpture is to the block of marble," says Addison, "education is to the human soul"—it is all these just as much as it is a development, a disciplining, an awakening up, and an inspiring of the mind with a thirst for knowledge, just as much as it is an awakening of its powers to observe, to remember, to reflect, to judge, to discriminate, to combine and to invent. Among all these if there is one thing that is more important than any other, it is the learning how to keep the soul and mind in harmony with God. "For the Lord giveth wisdom; out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding." The aims of Christianity and education are interwoven as the warp and woof of a piece of fabric. The existence of the one calls forth the existence of the other. After the Pilgrims came to America, they soon felt the need of schools to educate their ministers and to advance Christianity.

Only through God can we call forth all the faculties of mankind into harmonious action. "For every good gift and every perfect gift is from above." How can a man be truly educated without being in harmony with his Creator? There is as much difference between the wisdom and knowledge acquired through one's own strength and that acquired with the help and guidance of God as there is between the water found in the muddy pool and that found in the living spring on the hill-side, for God is the source of all power, wisdom and knowledge. When man seeks the source of wisdom and understanding, he enters into this true and living connection of God and man, which is Christianity. There are many young men and women who have come to Christ while they were pursuing their college course.

The education of the minister is very essential, because through his training under able and competent teachers, he receives light as to

his duty to himself, to his fellowmen, and to his Creator, and this training not only fosters within him a high purpose, but gives him power to accomplish it. We question not the advantages which he receives from a true education, and do we doubt that his light and ability to understand the Scriptures is enhanced by this training? We do not. The better the ministers of the gospel are educated, and the greater their abilities, not only the more widely will they be able to announce and spread the glad tidings found in the Word of God, but also the more will they be admired and imitated in the lives of others, for it is the law of influence that we become like those whom we habitually admire. This is shown in every home, when the little son imitates his father in many, many ways, and likewise the daughter the mother. Abraham Lincoln, while reading the Life of Washington, resolves to imitate his life, and there are numerous instances of this kind which might be mentioned.

The education of the missionary is just as essential as that of the home minister. That the missionary may be able to do effective work, he establishes schools and teaches branches of study, as well as teaching and spreading the religion of Jesus Christ. Thus we see from the work of the missionary that education is needed to bring about the existence of Christianity among the heathens.

In any country where churches are thickly established there is also established a good school system; and where there are no churches there are no schools. (If there are any exceptions to these two statements, they are very rare). Where there are no schools, rarely do we find churches. The annihilation of our churches would mean the destruction of our schools, sooner or later; and the annihilation of our schools and no re-establishment would mean an immense loss and destitution to Christianity.

Christianity and education are the two most valuable things of this world, most valuable to all nations, to all societies, to all families, to every man, woman, and child; they are the two most valuable agencies in the hands of God. They are the foundation of every good thing in the world—the foundation of all righteousness in all nations, the foundation of all freedom and liberty, of all just laws, of all societies whose object is the uplifting of humanity.

Imagine that you are standing on the shore of a great sea, gazing at two magnificent ships which possess all modern improvements and which are weighing anchor for a long and stormy voyage. All looks bright before them. They both sail on and on upon unknown routes of the sea. The one is being guided by its pilot for the opposite, bright and beautiful shore; the other is sailing into darkness, believing there is no shore; the pilot is earnestly striving to guide it, but all in vain; it responds not. A most violent storm arises, the ships are dashed and blown to and fro upon the splashing waves of the sea; it seems as though they both are on the point of destruction. But look! the one is being guided by its pilot, the other is not; it responds not, it is sinking, why—it has been dashed against a great rock, it sinks beneath the waves of the sea, it is seen no more, it is lost! The one responding to its pilot barely escapes destruction and reaches the opposite shore. These two magnificent ships are two young

men who have just graduated at some college or university; the weighing anchor of the ships is their entering upon life's duties; the sea is their profession or occupation; the mighty storm is their besetting temptation; the inharmoniousness of the ships and pilot is the distrusting in God for strength and wisdom to meet the daily duties of life; the harmony is the trusting; the depths of the sea are the losing of his good name, of his position in life, and of his training, and the falling into dishonor, shame and disgrace; the opposite shore is the achieving success in this world in the sight of God, the honorably holding of his life's position, the receiving of wisdom from on high, the uplifting of humanity and the success in doing God's work. God is pilot for both; to the obedient he gives wisdom, knowledge, and joy; but to the disobedient he gives "travail to gather and to heap up." The truly educated man is in harmony with his Creator.

A few years ago, in one of our neighboring towns, not many miles away, I knew a noble-looking and well-trained man, who was principal of the school at that place. He was admired by all his friends, associates, pupils and even by those who knew him only by sight. His influence was great. But, dear friends, he lacked the greatest qualification, he was not a Christian. Some time passed, he was found to be dishonest and immoral; lost his high position, and to-day he is not teaching; he is without that great influence; he is living in dishonor, shame and disgrace. Apparently and evidently, he is on the road of degeneration, that is, he is not gaining wisdom and knowledge, but his self-acquired training is leaving. Did this man's education need its beloved friend, Christianity? A so-called educated man without religion is like a splendid house built without a roof to protect it from the storms and to keep it from decaying. Thus, Christianity is education's brother keeper.

Whatever lessens crime helps the cause of Christianity. The statistics of our own country show that 1,000 illiterate persons will furnish eight times as many occupants for our jails as a thousand who can read and write. Dear friends, what does this fact mean to us? It means that even the ability to read and write helps a man to do right. Again, in England and Wales, in 1870, which is about the time of the establishment of the Common Schools, there were 128 persons in 100,000 in jail. In 1890, only twenty years afterwards, there were only 68 persons in 100,000 in jail, a decrease of almost 50 per cent in the number in jail. There are many of these facts which might be quoted in this connection. Thus we see that education is Christianity's brother helper.

From what has been said we conclude that true education is from God; that Christianity and education are God's agents among men; that men need an education to spread Christianity; that the aims of Christianity and education are interwoven as the warp and woof of a piece of fabric; both seek to call forth the best that there is in man; that where Christianity prevails education prevails, and where education, Christianity; that education helps the cause of Christianity by uplifting humanity and lessening crime; that Christianity is education's brother keeper, and education is Christianity's brother helper.

Lastly, dear friends, what is our duty in

regard to these things? It is not only our duty to make the most of ourselves in every possible way, but also to support Christianity and education, for only through both will the world receive the greatest blessing. It has truly and wisely been said: "Every young man is now a sower of seed on the field of life. The bright days of youth are the seed-time. Every thought of your intellect, every emotion of your heart, every word of your tongue, every principle you adopt, every act you perform, is a seed, whose good or evil fruit will prove bliss or bane of your after life."

THE PASSING OF THE SPARE CHAMBER.

We have no spare chamber. I have been troubled about it for a long while. Yesterday it occurred to me that the Browns have no spare chamber either, nor the Robinsons, nor the Stuyvesands, and I am more troubled than ever.

The decadence of the spare chamber strikes deep. It is the concrete difference between past and present. The spare chamber meant a room in the house set apart from common life, dedicated to the higher nature. The family might have only three chambers—one of these was sacred. The feather bed rose plump and impregnable in its recesses. The green paper shades shut out all but a chink of light, the cane-seat chairs stood stiff against the wall, and clean straw rustled under the taut "store carpet." The stimulus to the imagination alone was worth three times the amount of cubic space the spare chamber occupied. You tiptoed in. Mother's best bonnet lay on the middle of the bed. Sometimes a huge loaf of fruit cake sat elegantly in one of the chairs.

There was always something reserved in the days of the spare chamber—fruit-cakes and bonnets. People had best clothes. They wore them on spare days. Sunday was a spare day. You knew that it was Sunday. Grandfather shaved, (When grandfathers shave every day, what is left for the seventh?) There was a hush about the house. As the day wore on it deepened; the whole farm lay under its warm, sleepy spell—all but the irrepressible hen. The cheerful cackle lingers still, the most irreverent thing in memory. She worked seven days in the week and talked about it. The very silence waited to hear and condemn. Amid trolley cars and bicycle bells and children playing and the Salvation Army drum, the cackle dies away into a harmless whisper.

There was spare time then. People made visits—not anxious, crowded, hurried calls, but good old-fashioned visits. The carryall was washed and oiled. Old Flora was carefully combed and brushed by Grandfather, and then grandfather was brushed and combed by grandmother. Aunt Clara packed the luncheon in a big basket. There was always a spare cricket to fit in front for small folks, with a good view of Flora's haunches going uphill, and the wide sweep of country going down. The journey was leisurely, but full of wild excitements. There were the dangerous railroad crossings, where grandfather always got out rods ahead and walked cautiously across, looking two ways at once. The rest of us rode boldly over, with a fine feeling of risk. Grandfather used to crack the whip in defiance of danger. There were the covered bridges, too. Old Flora's hoofs echoed on them, and repeated the trampling

of armies. The loose boards rattling underneath held the child on the cricket breathless. Times have changed. Now we speed swiftly over gaudy open bridges, and the legend, "No faster than a walk," looks grimly down from either end.

We had a spare chamber at first. When the baby came we turned it into a nursery. We cleared out a storeroom for the nurse, and used the little back room for a drying room. Grandmother, when her first baby came, took it into her own bed. When another baby came to crowd it out, there was the trundle bed that stood under the big bed all day, and rolled out at night with a sleepy rumble. And when more babies still came to crowd the trundle bed, the first baby, a big boy, six years old now, had a bed made for him at the head of the back stairs, or up garret under the sloping eaves. The rain lulled him to sleep, and the snow drifted in sometimes. In the spare chamber the big bed loomed untouched. It hovered in his dreams, a presence not to be put by. The snow, the rain, the stars, and the spare chamber made a poet of him. We have no poets now.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

A LIZARD THAT FLIES.

The name "flying dragon" has been bestowed, quite appropriately, upon a very peculiar reptile that was discovered recently in Borneo. It is a lizard, and has wings which it uses in flitting about from bough to bough of the trees in which it lives.

The National Museum has secured two specimens, but they are in alcohol, and afford no notion of the beauty of the creatures in life, for these strange reptiles, which are about nine inches long, are adorned with all the colors of the rainbow. Naturalists who have seen them in their native habitat declare that no butterflies surpass them in gorgeousness.

It was formerly supposed that the last of the flying reptiles had departed with the passing of the pterodactyls, which ruled the domain of the air during the mesozoic epoch, ages ago, and long before the first birds made their appearance on the earth. Some of those great winged lizards had a spread of twenty feet or more, though most of them were much smaller.

Many scientists accept the opinion that the first attempts at flight made by animals on the earth were efforts, by certain reptiles, to leap from tree-branch to tree-branch. That birds are descended from reptiles is also believed by many; indeed, the anatomical likeness is so striking that the saying, "Pluck a bird and you have a reptile," has almost passed into a proverb.

But it is certainly very curious to find, in these modern days, a winged reptile still surviving. In form the flying dragon somewhat suggests the vanished pterodactyl, though it is really constructed on quite different principles. Its wings are spread on a frame that is made of the outwardly extended ribs of the animal—certainly a most curious arrangement—and they are not provided with any muscular apparatus for flapping.

It is obvious that this strange lizard can use its wings only in kite fashion, as it were, spreading them out as it flits gracefully from bough to bough. In reality, it does not fly, but only soars, after a manner. When a number of living specimens are seen together they must, with their beautiful colors, produce a very pretty and striking effect.—*Saturday Evening Post*.

Children's Page.

THE QUEST OF LAZY-LAD.

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Have you heard the tale of Lazy-Lad
Who dearly loved to shirk,
For he "hated" his lessons and "hated" his tasks,
And he "hated" to have to work?
So he sailed away on a summer day
Over the ocean blue;
Said Lazy-Lad, "I'll seek till I find
The Land of Nothing-to-do."

"For that is a jolly land I know,
With never a lesson to learn,
And never an errand to bother a fellow
Till he doesn't know where to turn.
And I'm told the folks in that splendid place
May frolic the whole year through,
So everybody good by—I'm off
For the Land of Nothing-to-do!"

So Lazy-Lad he sailed to the west
And then to the east sailed he,
And he sailed north and he sailed south
Over many a league of sea,
And many a country fair and bright
And busy came into view;
But never, alas, could he find the coast
Of the Land of Nothing-to-do.

Then Lazy-Lad sailed back again,
And a wiser lad was he,
For he said, "I've wandered to every land
That is in the geography,
And in each and all I've found that folks
Are busy the whole year through,
And everybody in every place
Seemed to have something to do."

"So it must be the best way after all,
And I mean to stay on shore
And learn my lessons and do my tasks
And be Lazy-Lad no more.
The busiest folks are the happiest,
And what mother said was true,
For I've found out there is no such place
As the Land of Nothing-to-do."

—The Congregationalist.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY AND THE EGGS.

BY REV. JAMES CHALMERS, ELGIN, ILL.

John Robinson's circus was coming to town, and William wanted to go, but the money was not forthcoming to pay his admission. The McKinleys kept hens, so did their neighbors. The hens were hiding their nests. William's mother told him that by finding a hen's nest and bringing her the eggs day by day, he could get together enough to pay his way into the circus. And the boy did find a hidden nest just inside the line fence. Day by day he gathered the eggs. But the day before the circus was to come, being over anxious and going to collect his treasures too early in the morning, he startled and drove from the nest the hen that was laying for him the golden eggs. When lo and behold, she crossed the line fence and rejoined the neighbor's flock of hens, where she belonged.

Poor William, downcast and crestfallen, hastened to his mother, and with not a moment's hesitation, but with tears in his eyes, said: "Mother, I cannot go to the circus." And then he told her of the discovery that the eggs were not their own, but must be returned to their neighbors. But when the boy came back after delivering to the neighbor the eggs he had collected, his mother, with a swelling pride which she had never before experienced, quietly said to him: "You have proved once more, my son, that honesty is the best policy, and you shall go to the circus, William, besides."

This little incident, related by his mother, I repeated to Mr. McKinley one day at my own dinner table in my Columbus home, when he was Governor of Ohio, and asked him if it was authentic. "Yes," he said, "and it was the lesson of my life. From that day forth I made it the motto of my life never to appropriate my neighbors' eggs; and," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "it has

never kept me from going to the circus either."

All through William McKinley's career, military, political and private, honesty has been his watchword. That has been the essential element of his character. Upon that rock foundation he built his house.

This explains why at a great Republican National Convention, when McKinley headed the Ohio delegation, which was pledged to John Sherman, and it was found that Sherman could not be nominated, but that if Ohio would cast her votes for McKinley he could have the nomination, this honest man, in the face of tremendous temptation, stood up like a wall of stone in his firmness, and absolutely forbade his friends to cast for him the votes that his state had pledged to John Sherman. He would not appropriate his neighbor's eggs.

When his state was pledged to Benjamin Harrison, at the Minneapolis Convention, he even went so far as to demand, upon the floor of the Convention, that no friend of his should vote for him and thus fasten upon him the suspicion of dishonesty.

That little incident of the eggs is characteristic of his entire career. Honesty is written all over the acts of his boyhood, it is written all over his school and college course, all over his army life, all over his Congressional career, all over his public life as Governor of Ohio, all over his actions as the most beloved Executive of a great nation.—*The Advance.*

BABY TROUT'S NARROW ESCAPE.

BY ETHEL J. ARCHIBALD.

The morning sunbeams danced lightly on the clear waters of a silvery brook. It was a jolly, happy brook, as it tinkled merrily over the stones, and sparkled in and out amongst the grassy crooks and curves in the banks. It was quite a deep brook, too, for such a narrow one, and it had several deep holes where sometimes people came to fish.

In one of these holes there lived a family of trout. One of them was such a pretty little fellow—all gray and white, and speckled with pink and brown and blue. He was a young trout, too, and didn't know much about the ways of the world, although he thought he knew a great deal. His mother had taught him not to go very near the surface of the water in the daytime, so all the morning he played near bottom with his brother and sister, or amused himself by exploring the big rock, which was all covered with moss.

But he was a very changeable little trout, and by and by became tired of playing hide-and-seek with his brother and sister, so he said to himself: "Dear me! I wonder what there is to do next? After all, this hole of ours is very dull. I wonder what it is like in other holes. When I get big, I must certainly go and find out. Ah! What's that I see? My, what a beautiful big fly! Right over my head, too. He'd make a good dinner. I must have him. And, forgetting that his mother told him to stay near the bottom of the hole, he made a quick turn upward, and went after Mr. Fly.

But the fly began to move quite quickly, and the little trout had to take many turns before he came near it. One time, just as he thought he was sure of it, the fly seemed to give a big jump to one side, and so was farther away than ever. This made the

little trout very angry, so he made a dart, and gave a great snap at the fly.

All of a sudden he felt a jerk, and a dreadful pain in one of his gills. The next minute he was pulled right out of the water. My, what a dreadful feeling that was! At first, he was quite faint, but soon revived a little, and began to wiggle. Presently he felt something take hold of him, and then that dreadful pain in his gills came again. "Oh! what is to become of me?" he said to himself. "I am sure I shall die!"

But just at that moment he felt himself falling, and opened his eyes to find himself back in the hole. As quickly as he could he swam to his mother, and said:

"O mother! I have had the most dreadful thing happen to me, and I am so frightened!"

Then he told her all about it. When she had heard it, she said:

"My dear! my dear! You have had a most marvelous escape. You must have been caught on one of those dreadful iron things. Just see your poor gill now, all bleeding and sore.

"Oh, it hurts dreadfully!" interrupted the little fellow.

"I must put a bit of green-water sage on it at once," said his mother. "One of those awful great creatures they call boys must have been around. It is a blessing that you are so small, or they never would have thrown you back. Why didn't you stay down at the bottom as I told you?"

The little trout wriggled very guiltily.

"Then," his mother continued, "it would never have happened. This will be a lesson to you, my dear, to mind what I say, and not to go near the top in the daytime again."

"O mother! I never will!" said the little fellow. "My, how my gill does hurt!"

His mouth got well after a while, however, and the little trout was happy again, and I never heard of his disobeying his mother after that.—*S. S. Times.*

THE STORY OF LITTLE AGOONACK.

Agoonack lives in a cold country away in the North. She has a mamma and papa and little baby brother. It is dark six months, and is never light like the sunshine we have. Little Agoonack has fur clothes, and her stocking are made of bird's feathers, over which she wears sealskin boots.

When she was six years old her papa made her a sled out of the bones of the walrus, and fastened it together with dried skins. She has two little brown dogs to draw her, and she does have such good fun as they go skimming over the frozen snow. They are afraid of the bear, and when Agoonack tells them the bear is coming they go as fast as they can.

The houses are made of snow and ice, and look very much like half of an orange on the outside; there is a little door near the ground to go in at. Inside there is a bench or shelf running all the way around the room; this serves as chairs and tables in the day, and at night for beds. They have little stoves in the center of the room. They are not made like our stoves; they are more like bowls of oil with wicks coming up in the center.—*Child-Garden.*

CLERICAL-LOOKING gentleman to small boy—Why is that bell tolling, young man?
Small Boy—Because somebody's pulling the rope.

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.

PRESTON, N. Y.—Bro. W. D. Wilcox and wife go there the first Sabbath in the month and hold meetings two or three days each time. The attendance is large, the interest increasing, and blessings will follow.

L. R. S.

DEC. 5, 1901.

CUYLER HILL, N. Y.—There are a few families of Sabbath-keepers left near the church, and as they have not had meetings for a long time, Eld. L. M. Cottrell began holding meetings from house to house. This is a good way to increase the interest, and Bro. Cottrell is working heroically to do it.

L. R. S.

DEC. 5, 1901.

DERUYTER, N. Y.—The snow fell early, and we have had quite good sleighing for some weeks, hurrying the farmers in their fall work and preparations for winter. Our meetings are well attended, and we are especially pleased to have Dea. J. B. Hoffman and wife spend a few weeks here, on their way from Alfred to Shiloh. They are visiting her oldest brother, Alonzo Crandall, who is quite feeble, her brother Jerome's family, and many others. Union revival meetings have been held in the Baptist church, and we expect to hold special meetings later.

L. R. S.

DEC. 5, 1901.

WEST EDMESTON, N. Y.—Since the death of Dea. Halsey H. Williams, one year ago last August, this church has had but one deacon, consequently two brethren, Laurentine Stephens and Frederick H. White, were chosen to fill that office.

The ordination of these brethren was held in the church of West Edmeston, November 14, at 2 o'clock P. M. Dr. W. C. Daland and Rev. T. J. Van Horn, members of the Ordination Committee, were present, and the former conducted the examination, which was satisfactory to all. Then the following program was carried out:

T. T. Burdick read the 3d chapter of 1st Timothy, and prayer was offered by Dea. Wm. H. Burdick of the First Brookfield church. Dr. Daland preached a very instructive ordination sermon from the scripture found in Mark 10: 43-45. Rev. T. J. Van Horn gave the charge to the candidates, and Pastor Davis made the consecrating prayer accompanied with the laying on of hands of the pastors and deacons present. The services were interesting and impressive throughout.

No doubt it will be of interest to all, to say of these brethren that Bro. White was revived in his spiritual life, and Bro. Stephens was not only converted to Christ, but also to the Bible Sabbath, two years ago when Evangelist J. G. Burdick was with us.

T. T. BURDICK, *Church Clerk.*

MILTON JUNCTION, Wis. — Thanksgiving week was a profitable and enjoyable one to us here. The children of the Junior C. E. Society struck the first note of praise in a special service on Sabbath afternoon, Nov. 23, the parents and older people having been invited. It was an occasion of deep interest. On the evening before Thanksgiving the C. E. Society held a special service, to

which the neighboring C. E. and Epworth League Societies were invited, and had parts assigned upon the program. This also was a pleasant and profitable meeting. On Thanksgiving morning, at the usual hour for worship, a good audience assembled at the church for the regular Thanksgiving service, the two churches, Seventh-day Baptist and Methodist Episcopal, uniting in the worship. During the excessive hot weather of the summer many thought there could not be much to harvest; but the farmers have been greatly surprised by the amount and quality of their crops. Because of blessings from the harvest, from the government, from our schools and colleges, from the influence of society lifted up, and in some degree Christianized, and from the grace of God in individual hearts, we found abundant reasons for hearty and fervent praise to God, the gracious Giver. Prices for all the productions of the earth are good, wages good and work plenty, and the health of the people fair, so that all classes could well praise God.

The appointments of the church are sustained with good attendance and interest. Ten of the members of the Utica church, which was disbanded in the latter part of summer, have united with us, and, with several others who have come to reside here and have changed their membership to our church, gives added strength and vigor. A few families have left us to go South, whom we miss, yet we hope they will be greatly benefited by the change. Preparations are now going forward for the Christmas entertainment to be given by our Sabbath-school. A large addition is being made to our school building, to accommodate the students. It will probably be dedicated on the evening of Dec. 14.

G. J. C.

DEC. 5, 1901.

POOR LO'S TEXT BOOK.

One of the most interesting books published by the government has just been issued by the Indian Bureau. It is a course of study for the Indian schools of the United States, prepared by Miss Estelle Reel, Superintendent of Indian Schools. Its most prominent characteristic is strict common sense and practical treatment of educational methods and almost entire absence of theory. One cannot read a page of this work without being struck with the determination to make the training such that, while developing the intellect and character of the pupil, it is also endowing him with the ability to do something useful.

Self-help, self-reliance and individualism are the key-notes of the work. Every sentence contains something that will add to the acquirements of the student and enable him to attain the largest measure of usefulness in practical life, and to meet its emergencies. For example, nature study is directed so as to treat of the products of the farm and garden, their cultivation, growth, propagation, etc.; of the animals of the farm, their care and breeding; of the insects and birds, and in what ways they are beneficial and otherwise.

This plan is carried out in all the other studies, the literary branches being so arranged as to correlate with the industrial subjects. Instruction in arithmetic is so arranged that while the boy is learning the fundamental mathematical rules he is at the

same time being taught their practical application to useful occupations. In carpentry, in laying out, measuring and building floors in houses, and other constructive work, he has the actual demonstration of the principles of the arithmetic class; in blacksmithing he takes measurements in the making of articles, and computes the cost of materials; in engineering he makes estimates on the setting up of plants, and figures the amount of fuel needed and the amount of steam necessary to do certain work.

Harness and shoe-making necessitate frequent measurements, computing cost of materials, and learning the care of leathers and where they are produced; in painting there is the measuring of surfaces of buildings, and the amount of paint required for certain pieces of work; tailoring, requiring measurements and drafting; in printing it is necessary to estimate cost of specific jobs, price of ink, paper and value of work; upholstering demands careful, exact measurements, calculation of cost, etc.

The knowledge acquired in all the literary branches is brought into play in this industrial work. Writing, spelling, reading and grammar are in constant use; geography is taught by learning where the markets are located and of the places from which materials come, and in history through learning of their development.

The course of study is strongly endorsed by the Indian Bureau, and the President of the National Educational Association, and its introduction into the Indian schools will unquestionably produce good results.—*Washington Star.*

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

If you are so fortunate as to have the "old people" in the house, see to it that they have the warmest and sunniest corner, and a goodly portion of the best that can be afforded of comfort, convenience and beauty; that aged blood may be kept warm and cheerful; that failing limbs may have restful repose, and that the dim eyes that have watched over you and yours through so many toilsome years, may see around them the ever-present evidences of faithful and grateful care.

There is nothing in the world more pathetic than the meek, timorous, shrinking ways of certain old people—we have all seen them—who have given up their old home into younger hands and subsided into some out-of-the-way corner of it, to sit by fireside and table henceforth as if they were mere pensioners—afraid of "making trouble," afraid of being "in the way," afraid of accepting half that is their due, and going down to their graves with a pitiful, depreciating air, as if constantly apologizing for staying so long. There is no scorn too deep and sharp for the sons and daughters who will accept this attitude on the part of those to whom they owe so much.

Sometimes, to be sure, people grow old with a bad grace. They become embittered by misfortune or affliction; or are peevish and unreasonable under the goadings of ill health. All the more do they appeal to great gentleness and faithfulness. Let it be borne in mind that we, too, are hastening on toward the sunset of life, and that it is possible that we may ripen into very uncomfortable old people, to demand much more of patience and devotion than we, as children, yield—*Woman's World.*

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. 21: 1-17
Dec. 21.	The Passage of the Red Sea.....	Exod. 14: 13-27
Dec. 28.	Review.....	

LESSON XIII.—REVIEW.

For Sabbath-day, Dec. 28, 1901.

GOLDEN TEXT.—If God be for us, who can be against us?—Rom. 8: 31.

NOTES.

It is a significant fact that much of the knowledge of God, and of his instruction to us, as revealed to us in the Bible, comes through the narratives which concern individual men. God teaches us through concrete examples.

We have in this quarter, besides the temperance lesson, five lessons in regard to Joseph, and five in regard to Moses, and these two groups are connected by a lesson that tells of the pitiable conditions of Israel after they had lost Joseph and before Moses had come to deliver them.

Although the passages for our study are thus intimately connected with the names and deeds of these two great men, it is manifest that God had some other purpose in his dealings with them aside from their own deliverance and exaltation. They possessed sterling elements of character, and should be remembered for their faithfulness and integrity; but they were particularly illustrious because of their services to their brethren.

In Lesson I. we see Joseph, the victim of the envy of his brothers, sold into Egypt. In Lesson II. we see him after a number of years of servitude interpreting a dream through the favor of God. This interpretation was the stepping-stone to his deliverance from prison two years later. He was then (Lesson III.) made the chief ruler of Egypt next to Pharaoh. In this position he was able to help his father's family (Lesson IV.) in time of famine. He rendered good for evil, and (Lesson V.) after a useful life left evidence of his faith in the inheritance of the promised land by requiring that his body should be embalmed and carried to Canaan when the people went.

In Lesson VII. we are told how Moses was saved through the faith of his parents. God appeared to him when (Lesson IX.) he was eighty years old, and sent him to accomplish the most difficult task of delivering the people of Israel from bondage. He boldly stood before Pharaoh (Lesson X.), and demanded the release of the oppressed people, calling upon those who resisted God's purpose grievous plagues. The most terrible of these plagues was the destruction of the first-born of all Egypt. This plague served also (Lesson XI.) as a special sign of God's favor to Israel, through the Passover Feast and the sprinkling of the blood of the Passover Lamb.

Israel's departure from Egypt was not a flight in which the fugitives barely escaped. It was a triumphal exodus, signalized by a wonderful deliverance when they were shut in on every hand. Israel marched through the Red Sea upon dry land (Lesson XI.) and the Egyptian host was overthrown in the Sea.

God is not less powerful to-day, and can accomplish just as great results for spiritual Israel. Let us trust in him without wavering, and be ready to do his bidding without faltering.

May thy kingdom come, Lord Jesus.

SUNLIGHT AND COLOR.

All color comes from light. In the dark things are all of one color; and the fixing of colors and tints in nature depends largely upon exposure to the sun. The dwellers in sunless caves, prisons and dark parlors become colorless. Fruits growing on the sunny side of trees excel in beauty as well as in flavor the dingy and colorless specimens which grow in the shade.

It is said that the same principle holds good in the fixing of the dyers' colors.

Some one relates that years ago an English manufacturer of carmine, who was aware of the superiority of the French color, went to Lyons for the purpose of improving his process, and bargained with the most celebrated manufacturer in that city for the acquisition of his secret, for which he was to pay \$5,000. He was shown all of the process, and saw a most beautiful color produced, but he found not the least difference in the French mode of fabrication and that which had been constantly adopted by himself. He minutely examined the water and the materials, which were in every respect similar to his own, and then, very much surprised, said:

"I have lost both my labor and my money, for the air of England does not permit us to make good carmine."

"Stay!" said the Frenchman, "don't deceive yourself; what kind of weather is it now?"

"A bright, sunny day," replied the Englishman.

"And such are the days," said the Frenchman, "on which I make my color; were I to attempt to manufacture it on a *dark and cloudy day* my results would be the same as yours. Let me advise you, my friend, only to make your carmine on bright, sunny days."

This will apply quite as well to the making of many other colors used in manufactures, and also in the fine arts, for it illustrates in a practical way the *chemical influence of sunlight* upon certain coloring compounds or mixtures.

And there is a hint here concerning the brightness and beauty which the human life may be made to wear by walking in the light. Walking in darkness or in shadow, everything seems robed in gloom, and life loses its freshness, fragrance and beauty, and becomes somber and shadowy, stale and dull, calling for stimulants, excitements and sensationalism to relieve its monotony. But if we live and walk in the light of God and in the sunshine of his love and grace, life is full of radiant beams and beautiful tints, full of freshness, gladness, brightness and beauty. The dismal gloom which overhangs heathen lands and heathen homes contrasts strangely with the sunshine and gladness which is the portion of the saints of God, in whose tabernacles the voice of rejoicing is heard, and to whom God their maker giveth songs even in the night.—*Ex.*

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

The Great Gun a Failure.

We are pleased to inform the readers of the RECORDER that the great and terrible gun, of which we spoke a short time since, as being at the Proving Grounds near Sandy Hook, N. Y., has turned out to be a complete failure. Here is an experiment, occupying the time of at least twenty mechanics for at least one year or more, and using up at least eighty thousand dollars of the people's money, all for what? To kill four hundred and forty-four men and drown five hundred and fifty-six more, and rip to pieces a ship and send it to the bottom, which cost years of toil and over a million of money, and accomplish all within the space of five seconds.

We have, more than once, tried quite expensive experiments to relieve severe toil, both of man and beast, having high hopes of fortune and fame; through failure, we got neither. We know how to sympathize with others in like circumstances; but when the invention for the purpose of murdering them fails, for special reasons, our sympathy for failures changes to joy. We, therefore, rejoice that our comrade inventor, Mr. Cashman, has met defeat, and that his high hopes of fortune and fame have been smashed. The board appointed by Congress smashed them in the following language: "The Gathman system is not effective as a means of attacking armored vessels; there is nothing in it to recommend its adoption in the public service of the United States, or to warrant further experiments."

Adulteration of Fruit.

The Departments of State, Treasury and Agriculture, at Washington, have recently been receiving reports from Consuls respecting the use of acids by fruit-canning factories in France. It has been discovered that in preparing various kinds of fruit for preserving, the fumes of burning sulphur are allowed to permeate the fruit to a very dangerous extent. The use of acids is to lighten the color, to prevent fermentation, and preserve the natural appearance of the fruit.

It has been decided to warn the French exporters that if any more of their sulphurized fruit is sent to the United States, the officials will be instructed not to receive or admit it for storage.

By an Act of Congress, passed August, 1890, the President may issue a proclamation prohibiting the importation of adulterated food at United States ports of entry. We are informed that if at the end of three months the French people do not stop, the President will take action in the matter.

What do the French people want to do? Do they desire to kill us by slowly-acting poison? That way of doing will never become as popular as shooting.

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.

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The Sabbath Recorder,

PLAINFIELD, N. J.



In every receipt that calls for baking powder use "Royal." It will make the food of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

MARRIAGES.

KENYON—SEARLE.—At Leonardsville, N. Y., Dec. 4, 1901, by the Rev. W. C. Daland, Miss Mary Ethelyn Searle and Mr. Henry Thomas Kenyon.

JOHNSON—ENGEN.—At the residence of the bride's father, in Dodge Centre, Minn., Dec. 4, 1901, by Rev. H. D. Clarke, Mr. Antor O. Johnson and Miss Effie M. Engen, both of Dodge Centre.

ROUSE—RAMSDEN.—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, Scott, N. Y., Nov. 13, 1901, by Rev. J. T. Davis, Mr. Wm. H. Rouse, of Marietta, N. Y., and Miss Hattie B. Ramsden, of Navarino, N. Y.

BRAND—AYERS.—In West Hallock, Ill., Dec. 4, 1901, at the home of the bride's mother, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Mr. Frank B. Brand and Miss Alma F. Ayers.

BARBER—BOOTH.—At the Seventh-day Baptist parsonage, Scott, N. Y., Dec. 2, 1901, by the Rev. J. T. Davis, Mr. Fenn J. Barber and Miss Alice Booth, both of Scott.

POTTER—UNCKLES.—At the home of the bride's parents, Scott, N. Y., Dec. 5, 1901, by the Rev. J. T. Davis, Mr. Chester A. Potter and Miss Clara L. Unckles, both of Scott.

LOVELL—SARGENT.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., Oct. 12, 1901, by Rev. L. R. Swinney, Mr. George R. Lovell, of Cortland, and Miss Satie A. Sargent, of Cazenovia.

BURDICK—JOHNSON.—In Lincklaen, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1901, by Rev. L. R. Swinney, Mr. Jesse P. Burdick and Miss Clara C. Johnson, both of Lincklaen.

BALDWIN—SAUNDERS.—In Lincklaen, N. Y., Nov. 6, 1901, by Rev. L. R. Swinney, Mr. Edwin E. Baldwin, of North Pitcher, and Miss Hattie A. Saunders, of Lincklaen.

MCMANUS—JONES.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., Nov. 27, 1901, by Rev. L. R. Swinney, Robert D. McManus, of Pompey, and Miss Nettie R. Jones, of Sheds Corners.

VOORHEES—CAMPBELL.—In Independence, N. Y., Dec. 1, 1901, by Eld. J. Kenyon, at his home, Otto M. Voorhees, of Wellsville, N. Y., and Miss Nancy J. Campbell, of Stannard, N. Y.

TITSWORTH—RUNNER.—In Philadelphia, Pa., on Thursday, December 12, 1901, by the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Thomas, Mr. Arthur L. Titsworth, of Plainfield, N. J., and Miss Nellie S. Runner, of Philadelphia, Pa.

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.

GREEN.—John Silas Green was born June 19, 1821, and died Nov. 17, 1901.

He was the fifth of a family of six children born to John and Sarah Green, of Berlin, N. Y. He resided there until the years of manhood, and Oct. 31, 1847, was married to Miss Caroline Saunders. Six children blessed this union, all of whom are married and live near the old homestead. In the autumn of 1854, Bro. Green emigrated from Jefferson County, N. Y., to the then Far West, and settled on the farm where he has ever since lived and where he died. He was a member of the Farmington Seventh-day Baptist church, only two living members of which remain, Mrs. Surrilla Saunders and Irvin Bumpus. Funeral services were held at the house, three and a half miles west of Farmington, conducted by Rev. Elsa Anderson, of the Free-will Baptist church. I. B.

WILLIAMS.—In Hornellsville, N. Y., Nov. 30, 1901, Mrs. Nancy Matilda Williams, aged 70 years, 4 months and 7 days.

Sister Williams was the daughter of Joseph and Johanna Lawton, and was born in Verona, N. Y., where most of her life has been passed. About twelve years ago she came to Hornellsville. Soon after she removed her membership to the Seventh-day Baptist church there and in this fellowship remained until death a loved and honored member. Sept. 21, 1854, she was married to Edward C. Williams. To them were given seven children, five of whom are living. She was a woman of quiet, unobtrusive manners, but ambitious that her children should have the advantage of a liberal education. She loved her church and was much interested in the denomination. Her last thoughts seemed to be on her Redeemer, in whom she fell asleep. Funeral services, at the house of her eldest son, were conducted by her pastor, assisted by Rev. Herman Lang of the First Baptist church, and Dr. E. M. Deems, of the First Presbyterian church. Text, Rev. 14: 13. I. L. C.

STILLMAN.—Rev. Halsey Stillman was born in Petersburg, N. Y., Dec. 8, 1811, and died in DeRuyter, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1901, aged 89 years.

He was the son of Jesse and Esther Maxson Stillman. When he was twelve years old his parents moved to Lincklaen and settled on Stillman Hill. At the age of twenty he married Miss Amelia Irish. A few months later they both made a profession of religion and joined the Lincklaen Seventh-day Baptist church. Being able in exhortation, he was encouraged to improve his gifts, and did so with much acceptance. At one time, assisted by the M. E. minister in Cuyler, he held a revival meeting at which over seventy-five professed conversion. By the advice of Eld. J. R. Irish and the co-operation of Elders Thomas Fisher and D. P. Curtis, he was ordained at Otselic, Feb. 20, 1859, and preached there as pastor, and later, at Watson. For many years he followed blacksmithing, and this helped him to support a large family, one of whom, Ai, fought in the Civil War, and died in 1863. With his family he moved to Farina, Ill., and was one of the constituent members of that church. Afterward he returned to DeRuyter and lived with his son Jessie. L. R. S.

CROSS.—Hiram Cross, son of Shubal and Phebe Wilcox Cross, was born at Seneca Lake, Aug. 25, 1834, and died in DeRuyter, Nov. 21, 1901.

He was married to M. Rosalie Burdick, of Lincklaen, July 4, 1855. God blessed them with a large family of children, who have been exceeding kind to them in their advancing years and many infirmities. L. R. S.

BABCOCK.—In Riverside, Cal., Nov. 24, 1901, B. T. Babcock, aged 53 years, 9 months and 19 days.

He was a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church at Colony Heights, Cal. He had been a partial invalid for a few years, but his final illness was brief. B. F. T.

FRINK.—Frances Harvey, wife of Eli Frink, died in DeRuyter, N. Y., Sept. 23, 1901, aged 58 years.

In early life she made a profession of religion and joined the Lincklaen Seventh-day Baptist church, and, amid many cares and labors and much sickness, endeavored to maintain her Christian profession. L. R. S.

DORAN.—In Cortland, N. Y., Oct. 5, 1901, Hiram Doran, aged 63 years. He was a faithful soldier in the Civil War. L. R. S.

PICKETT.—At Cuyler Hill, N. Y., Nov. 4, 1901, Henry S., oldest son of Henry H. and Addie A. Potter, aged 12 years. L. R. S.

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. B. 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.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS in Syracuse and others who may be in the city over the Sabbath are cordially invited to attend the Bible Class, held every Sabbath afternoon at 4 o'clock, with some 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 next regular Covenant and Communion service of the Albion Seventh-day Baptist church will occur the first Sabbath in January, 1902, at which time we desire to hear from every member of the church, either verbally or by letter. Non-resident members are especially requested to respond. We are anxious to keep in touch with all the members of our family, giving and receiving help to and from each other. S. H. BABCOCK, Pastor.

ALBION, Wis., Dec. 3, 1902.

WANTED!

MILTON COLLEGE JOURNAL.

Vol. II, No. 6 (September, 1879).
Vol. VI, No. 1 (March, 1883).
Vol. VI, No. 2 (April, 1883).

MILTON COLLEGE REVIEW.

Vol. I., No. 3 (November, 1899).
Vol. I., No. 4 (December, 1899), 2 copies.

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1853, 3 copies.
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Vol. I., No. 1 (August, 1888), 4 copies.

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