

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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

VOLUME 57. No. 51.

DECEMBER 23, 1901.

WHOLE No. 2965.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS.	
Paragraphs.....	802
The Wondrous Birth—Poetry.....	802
PRAYER-MEETING COLUMN.	
Topic for Jan. 3, 1902.—Theme, Beginning the Year Right!.....	803
Christmas in a Trunk.....	803
Western New York Letter.....	805
MISSIONS.	
Paragraphs.....	805
WOMAN'S WORK.	
The Song of the Angels—Poetry.....	806
Paragraphs.....	806
Conference of Woman's Boards of Foreign Mis- sions.....	806
Aunt Emmeline's Might-Box.....	806
Christmas Eve in Camp.....	807
YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.	
Dr. Palmberg Sails.....	808
Looking on the Bright Side.....	808
The First Welcome.....	808
Don't Go.....	808
The Christmas Cheer.....	808
C. E. Anniversary at Plainfield, N. J.....	808
Separated Unto the King.....	809
Home Readings for 1902.....	809
Our Mirror.—President's Letter.....	809
Paragraph.....	809
Christmas-Giving and Christmas-Living.....	810
Disappearance of American Game.....	810
Thirteen Kept Him Back.....	810
CHILDREN'S PAGE.	
How the Roy Saw the Baby.....	811
On Conscience.....	812
From Mrs. M. G. Townsend.....	813
Meeting of the Sabbath School Board.....	813
News of the Week.....	813
SABBATH-SCHOOL.	
Lesson for Sabbath-day, Jan. 4, 1902—The Promise of Power.....	814
POPULAR SCIENCE.	
A Marvelous Power.....	814
DEATHS.....	815
SPECIAL NOTICES.....	815

A Christmas Song.



HERE'S a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth.
Ay! the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world.
Every hearth is aflame, and the Beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King!

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in His cradle our Saviour and King!

—J. G. Holland.

The Sabbath Recorder.

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

Entered as Second-Class mail matter at the Plainfield, (N. J.)
Post-Office, March 12, 1895.

THE RECORDER has no special interest in the 25th of December as a day, but it has a deep interest in Christmas time, and in the Christ idea as represented by that day. The birth of Christ represents God's coming into closer touch with the world, permanently. His coming into the world thus means for the world uplifting, purification, redemption from sin, and fashioning according to the divine life. Rightly apprehended, Christmas time draws men nearer to God, in Christ, and helps them, through spiritual influences, toward all that is best and pure. It is for this cause that we prize the Christmas time rather than for the minor features connected with it as a day of gladness and gift-giving.

THE growth of this better sentiment concerning Christmas has brought much of good to the church of Christ, in spite of the imperfect conceptions of earlier years and the rude hilarity which used to prevail. The fact that Paganism had to do with the choice of the 25th of December, and that the rude revelry which prevailed in Germany and in England were the product of Pagan thought, has not destroyed the true Christmas idea. As we get farther away from those years and study our relations to Christ with clearer spiritual vision, better results appear with each succeeding generation. In the matter of Christmas music alone, this improvement is strongly marked. There is much improvement also in the character of Christmas gift-giving, and in the festivities associated with Christmas. Thus it is that the religious experiences of both children and adults are made larger and better through Christmas. The family idea is not least among the good influences which Christmas brings. Motherhood was glorified and babyhood was sanctified by the birth of Christ. No one can read the opening of Luke's Gospel without seeing that it was inspired by a woman and a mother, doubtless by Mary herself. Those lines in the immortal *Te Deum*, which say,

"When Thou tookest upon Thyself to deliver man,
Thou didst humble Thyself to be born of a virgin,"

enshrine one of the deepest, sweetest and most uplifting thoughts connected with Christmas. If the festivities, the teachings, and the gifts which mark the Christmas time are what they ought to be, it becomes a central point in the year, around which countless streams of influence for good gather. The sure way to attain best results connected with Christmas is for each one to secure those results in his own life, and thus foster them in the lives of others.

CHRISTMAS has played a large part in the literature of the world. Christmas literature did not appear prominently until the fifth century or later. The earlier literature was rudely dramatic. Christmas Carols were first sung when Latin, which had been the language of the church for centuries, began to give way to the common language of the people. These Carols were intended to recall the song of the angels at the birth of Christ. They were extremely popular in the Middle Ages, so much so that the priests and bishops often joined with the people in singing them. One of the oldest specimens of the Carols is found

in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, England. Only a single leaf remains, on which we read: "Christmase Carolles printed by Wynkin de Worde in 1521." A poem by the German author Hebel entitled "Christ-Baum"—Christ's tree, preserves a beautiful description of the Christmas-eve festivities among the Germans.

ENGLAND has been the source of the largest part of Christmas literature with which American people are familiar. An early couplet from an old English poem, says:

"Let's dance and sing, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

The power of Christmas-time for good, appears in an ancient English tradition which said that evil spirits leave the world and hide away in their secret places, at the crowing of the cock as Christmas approaches. Shakespeare embodied that tradition in the following lines:

"Ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit stirs abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planet strikes;
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

THE WONDROUS BIRTH.

The radiant morn and noon-day light had swept
In glory through the arch of heaven,
And o'er the golden dome of Mount Moriah crept
The purpling-crimson shades of coming even.
The shadow-horns rest upon the lonely hills,
And in the vale, the flock of sheep,
Slow-driven by the shepherd, and his faithful dog,
In winding paths toward the fold for safety creep.
The rhythmic whirring of some lonely night-bird's wings
Pulsates upon the evening air,
A darker shadow still some wierd creature brings,
From out the deeper dusk of mausoleum there.
No lambent moonbeams play across the dark'ning sky—
Only the dim and distant light
Of stars that keep their vigil—as in years gone by
O'er tents of patriarchs and prophets, through the night.
The quiet air seems teeming with expectancy,
A-tremble with some hidden power:
A strange, unearthly silence seems to fill the sky,
As evening wanes slowly into midnight hour.
When suddenly the rustle of angelic wings,
A-quiver on the midnight air,
Seems radiating all the darkness of the night,
And flooding temple, hill, and vale, with glory there.
The startled shepherd's trembling fingers shade his eyes,
To gaze upon the heavenly band,
The frightened collie creeps, with slow and stealthy tread,
Close up by his beloved master's shielding hand.
A new star bursts o'er Bethlehem and the sleeping world,
O'er th' manger at the noon of night.
With wings a-quiver, and with songs, th' angelic host
Proclaim the birth of Christ, and sing his truth and night.
The mother holds her new-born babe upon her breast:
Earth hears the chorus—and the seas,—
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men," the angels sing,
While those who listen to it fall upon their knees.
—Selected.

THE idea which associated Christmas with the coming of Santa Claus down the chimney was a part of the old Yule-tide traditions, the lighting of the Yule-log in the great open fireplace being another feature from the same ancient Teutonic fire-worship. During the seventeenth century, especially before the time of the Puritans, the English court as well as the more common people, gave way to excesses and dissipation in connection with Christmas.

WHEN the Puritans came into power, about the middle of the seventeenth century, all merry-making at Christmas was abolished by law. The shops in London were kept open for business, the Lord of Misrule was banished, mince pies were forbidden, and general dullness reigned where merriment had formerly rioted. After the restoration of the Royal family in 1660, the observance of Christmas

was revived throughout England, but with less of brilliant ceremonies and less of rioting than before the time of the Puritans. Even down to the present time an old Christmas play, entitled "St. George and the Dragon," is popular in England. A similar play was celebrated in Scotland where, true to the religious notions of the Scotch, characters from Scripture were introduced. The Irish version of the play made St. Patrick the hero, and St. George of England, St. Patrick's boy, who fed the horse of the Irish saint, was his servant.

AMONG American writers, Washington Irving stands first in his appreciation and treatment of Christmas. He had the true English enthusiasm for Christmas, into which he threw an American flavor, as seen in his "Sketch Book." But above all other English-speaking authors, Dickens stands first. In his "Christmas Carol," "The Cricket on the Hearth," the "Chimes," "The Holly-tree Inn," "The Seven Poor Travellers," and "What Christmas is as we Grow Older," he has given Christmas an enduring place in English literature. Few people who have read the story of Tiny Tim have been able to do so with dry eyes, and many a cold-hearted "Scrooge" has been softened and made better by reading it. Hence it has come about and will continue that the Christmas time makes for good, for genuine enjoyment, and brighter happiness to all those who seek the things that are unselfish, and for the bettering of the world.

OFTEN have we stood out of doors in the late evening of a summer night listening to the all-abounding silence. The winds are asleep and the stars breathe softly lest the silence be awakened. At such a time it is easy to picture the scene when the song of the angels burst upon the sleeping hills of Judea, and rolled over Bethlehem, when the newborn Christ nestled in his mother's arms. Our hearts ought to find lessons of wisdom in the silences which come from time to time over our experiences. The world had sobbed itself to sleep that night, crying for the coming of a Deliverer. Judaism had lost much of its ancient spiritual vigor. Paganism, on the moral side, was decrepit with age. Those who longed for better things, sought in vain, and wept because their search was fruitless. Sleep gave brief surcease from sorrow, only to give way to old longing and renewed grief, with the next sunrise. Everywhere men groped, feeling after God and good. To such a world the angelic song came just when the listening silence needed it most. That song was brief as to words, but eternal in the comfort it brought and the hopes it created—Peace, Peace, Peace, not in heaven alone but on a sorrow-stricken earth. Peace, Peace, Peace, not among angels around the throne, but among men longing and striving for fitness to dwell with angels. Wondrous song, that waked the world to new joy and undying hopes.

SCATTERED, or lone Sabbath-keepers, who desire a copy of the Conference Minutes for 1901 will be cheerfully supplied with the same by making their wants known to this office. We would be glad if the calls were many, as this would be an index of interest in denominational matters, and we feel sure that a careful reading of the Minutes would be helpful to all our interests as well as to the reader.

Prayer-Meeting Column.

TOPIC FOR JANUARY 3, 1902.

The quotations given here are from The Twentieth Century New Testament, just published. Those from the Old Testament are from Rabbi Leiser's Translation.

Theme.—Beginning the year right.

The work of our church for Christ. The foundation. Sources of its power. Extending its boundaries. What it owes to this community to fulfill its mission. 1 Cor. 3: 9--23. Eph. 2: 20--22. Matt. 28: 19, 20. What is our church doing to fulfill its mission?

We are God's fellowworkers; you are God's harvest field, God's building. In fulfillment of the charge which God had intrusted to me, I, like a skillful master-builder, laid the foundation. Another is now building upon it. But let every one take care how he builds: for no one can lay any other foundation than the one already laid—Jesus Christ. Whatever is used by those who build upon this foundation, whether gold, silver, costly stones, wood, hay, or straw, the nature of each one's work will become known, for the Day will make it plain, because that Day is to be ushered in with fire, and the fire itself will test the quality of every one's work. If anyone's work, built upon the foundation, survives, he will gain a reward. If anyone's work is burnt up, he will suffer loss; though he himself will escape, but only—so to speak—through the fire.

Do you not know that you are God's Temple, and that God's Spirit has his home in you? If anyone destroys the Temple of God, God will destroy him; for the Temple of God is sacred, and that is what you are.

Let no one deceive himself. If any one imagines that, in regard to the present, he ranks among you as a wise man, he must become a "fool" before he can become a wise man. For in God's sight this world's wisdom is folly. Scripture speaks of *one who catches the wise in their own craftiness*, and it says again—*The Lord sees how fruitless are the deliberations of the wise*. So, then, no one should boast about those who are but men: for everything belongs to you—Paul, Apollos, Peter, the world, life, death, the present, the future—everything belongs to you! But you belong to Christ, and Christ belongs to God."

The interests of the church are greater than those of any individual member. No member of the church will begin the year as he ought who does not feel a deep anxiety for the welfare of the church, its growth, and its work. The power of the church is the combined power of its members. The holiness of the church depends on the holiness of its individual members. The work of the church is being accomplished in proportion as each member is doing his work in and for the church. Indifference and neglect on the part of even one member hinder the work of the church and add burdens to it. Wayward and disobedient members mar its beauty and "Crucify the Son of God anew." Begin the year with repentance and re-consecration.

CHRISTMAS IN A TRUNK.

BY J. L. HARBOUR.

Old Andrew Barlow sat at his desk in his dingy little office, looking over his deeds, mortgages, and other legal papers. The old-fashioned mahogany desk was in such a state of litter and utter disorder that it was a wonder that old Andrew could ever find anything in it; but somehow he could always lay his hand on any note or mortgage or contract that he wanted. There were more notes and mortgages than anything else in the old desk. Most of the notes were signed by poor men and poorer widows living in the little town or on the small and not very productive farms surrounding the town. There were those who called the small, keen-eyed, sallow and shrunken old man Shylock Barlow, and yet no one could prove that he had ever claimed anything that was not legally

his own or that was not "nominated in the bond."

Andrew Barlow was a hard man. He seemed a stranger to sympathy and compassion. His debtors knew that it would be useless to ask for an extension of time if they owed him money. The money must be paid on the day it was due unless old Andrew could "figure out" that it would be to his gain to allow the note or mortgage to run longer. The advent of sickness or death, of loss of work, or of misfortune of any kind, among his debtors never appealed to anything kindly and considerate in Andrew Barlow; and he did not hesitate to take advantage of the extremity of others in the closing of mortgages or in "selling out" any of his debtors. No one did old Andrew Barlow any injustice by calling him a hard man.

Although he owned several of the best houses in the town of Brenton, old Andrew Barlow lived in a shabby little house of but four or five rooms in the rear of a lot on which he had built a business block that brought him in a large income. There was a large public hall on the second story of the business block, and the only thing that caused Andrew Barlow any dissatisfaction with his home was that it was so near the hall that he could not help hearing the music and laughter and merriment when there were festivals or other merrymakings in the hall. Old Andrew, lying in his bed in his small, dark and not very clean bedroom, would comment almost savagely on this merrymaking.

"The folks who are laughing and singing and feasting had better be at home resting for their work to-morrow or doing something useful instead of fooling away their time and some of their money junketing in my hall. I'll warrant that there's people spending money for cake and ice-cream and candy in that hall who don't know this hour whether they can pay me my interest money the next time it comes due. Folks think too much of being what they call happy and of enjoying themselves in this world. It's my opinion that there's more happiness in a good long bank-account than in anything else in this life, and how folks can be happy without one puzzles me."

How any one could be happy with a bank-account gained as Andrew Barlow had accumulated his own large balance at the bank was something that puzzled some people quite as much as he felt puzzled over their happiness without a bank account. There were many who felt like garrulous old Mrs. Bean when she said: "There's too many tears of widows and orphans, and too much heavy-heartedness among poor men, and too much sadness and sorrow in general, mixed up with Andy Barlow's money for me to ever envy him a dollar of it. I'd ruther sew carpet-rags and braid rugs for a living the way I do than to have all of Andy's money and be shut up alone with an accusing conscience the way he must be shut up with his sometimes. You needn't tell me that his conscience never troubles him any. I don't believe it. I just don't believe that God allows any man to get clear away from his own conscience. It may be partly dead; but the deader it is, the unhappier a body is likely to be; and the livelier it is, the surer it is to make folks do right. I'll just warrant

you that Andy Barlow, with all his long bank account, lies awake many an hour in the dead o' night when men without bank accounts, but with lots of things to their credit on the book of God's remembrance, sleep like children. There's just one thing I pray for in the case of Andy Barlow."

"And what is that?" asked one of the old lady's listeners.

"It is simply that Andy's conscience may git more and more active the longer he lives. I pray stiddy for that for his own good. I knew him when he was a boy, and he was a graspin' little tike even then. He was always ready to take an unfair advantage, and no one ever knew him to give another boy a bite of his apple. He's always been graspin' and selfish and unfeelin'; but he's got a conscience all the same, and it's my prayer that it'll rouse up in a reg'lar flood-tide some day and sweep away a lot of Andy Barlow's meanness."

If there was any time of the year when Andrew Barlow was crosser and harder than at other times, that time was when the Christmas season drew near. He never felt any of the thrill of kindness and generosity and good-will to men that filled the hearts of others when this season of rejoicing came round. It simply irritated him to "see folks foolin' away their money," as he expressed it. He did not give or receive Christmas presents, and he was never more severe on those who owed him money than at Christmas time.

Old Andrew felt a sense of personal injury one day just before Christmas when he saw the Widow Mott in one of the village stores purchasing several cheap and simple toys. Andrew went out of the store grumbling to himself: "She'll be owing me thirty dollars interest money the first day of January; and, if she comes around making a poor mouth and wanting more time to pay it, as she did last January, I'll tell her what I think about her wasting money for Christmas gimcracks. I heard Joe Trimpy, the store-keeper, tell her that the toys she had picked out would cost forty cents; but she took 'em just the same. She'd a sight better bought her four youngsters some yarn for stockings, an' gone to work an' knit it up for 'em. There's other poor folks here in Waverly wastin' money for Christmas things they'd better save to pay me the interest that's comin' due on their notes an' mortgages. The widder Morley ain't goin' to be able to pay her interest next week; and I'll foreclose that mortgage I've got on her place; an' that note of the widow Ember's falls due in ten days. She's already been to me to have the time extended, but I said, 'No,' short an' sharp. She'll pay the day it is due, or I'll sell her out. I know just how I could double my money on that property of hers, and I'll do it."

None of the beautiful Christmas spirit was in the heart of Andrew Barlow as he sat alone in his dreary little house at the close of the day before Christmas. He was even more irritable than usual. Two persons who owed him money had been to him that day to ask for more time. One of them had offered the sorrowful plea that all of his children had had scarlet fever, and that one of them had died, and that other misfortunes had befallen him.

"I can't help that," Andrew had said

coldly. "Business is business. You owe me money, and I expect you to pay me that money. That is all there is to it."

But, when the man had gone, too sorrowful and too broken in spirit to make any angry reply, old Andrew could not rid himself of the look of mute appeal in the tear-dimmed eyes of the shabby man as he left the house. Somehow old Andrew could still see David Minton standing before him in his thin and worn garments, telling his tale of poverty and misfortune and searching sorrow. He could still see him walking slowly away with bowed head, and the old man was vexed because he could not put the unpleasant vision from him.

"I wish people would stop coming to me with their poor mouths," he said angrily as he poked spitefully at a burning log in his fireplace. "Like as not Dave Minton can scare up money for Christmas foolery for his five youngsters, even if he can't pay me. He said he didn't have but sixty cents in the world. A nice tale to come an' tell a man he owes two hundred dollars to! Well, I can fix up the Minton house, an' rent it for eight dollars a month after I have foreclosed the mortgage an' turned the Mintons out next week."

Then Andrew Barlow bethought him of an old letter to which he wanted to refer. He knew that the letter was with other old letters and papers in a small, hair-covered trunk that he had not opened for some time. The trunk was in a small room almost filled with trunks and chests and boxes containing letters, legal papers and all sorts of memoranda. A somewhat curious thing about old Andrew was that he never destroyed anything. He had hundreds of old papers and legal documents and letters that were absolutely valueless, but he kept them all.

There was little of value in the old trunk Andrew opened. It was full to the top with papers and letters tied up with cords. Andrew thought that the letter he wanted was in a bundle marked in a certain way; but when he opened the bundle, he could not find the letter. He looked through other bundles, and opened some old paste-board boxes, and searched through their contents, but without success. He was persistent, however, and at the end of an hour he was sitting on the floor before the trunk half-buried in old papers and letters. The trunk was nearly empty. It had been years since Andrew had gone to the bottom of it. Presently he picked up a small package wrapped in brown paper discolored with age.

"What's this?" said old Andrew to himself. "Somehow I can't remember what is in this package."

He squeezed the package, and even put it to his nose to determine its contents; and finally he untied the brown cord, and unwrapped the paper. Then he held in his hand a small Bible with a faded purple ribbon book-mark hanging from one end of it. Andrew gave a little start when he saw the Bible. He had a candle in his hand, and he held it and the Bible close to his somewhat weak eyes.

"It is the Bible my mother gave me when I left home more than forty years ago," said Andrew to himself.

He opened the book and read on the yellow fly-leaf:

"To my boy from his mother in the hope

that this book may ever be his guide in life, and that he may never do anything this book tells him not to do."

For the first time in years and years, the heart of Andrew Barlow was touched. For the first time in years and years his conscience raised its voice, and would not be still. The hand of the old man trembled until he almost dropped the book. His mind harked back to the day his mother gave him that book. He had never seen her since, and it had been years since he had seen the book. He set the candle down on a chair by his side, and opened the Bible. As he did so, a little curl of shining brown hair tied with a bit of blue ribbon fell from between the yellow pages; and he saw clearly and distinctly his mother's face before him, and the shining brown curls that fell over her white brow. His eyes fell on the printed page before him, and he read at random these words: "He that oppreseth the poor to increase his riches shall surely come to want;" and again he read, "Rob not the poor, because he is poor: neither oppress the afflicted in the gate."

The little old book fell from Andrew Barlow's trembling hand. His arms dropped to his sides; his head was bowed until his chin touched his breast. The conscience of Andrew Barlow had quickened into life. It cried out and would not be silenced. Presently he reached out, and took the little Bible into his hands, and held it there without opening it.

The sun had just gone down when Andrew Barlow went into the little room, but the Christmas stars were shining long before he came forth. The bit of candle burned low and flickered out, and still the old man sat there clasping the little Bible in his bent fingers. The Christmas shoppers and revelers had nearly all gone to their homes and the shopkeepers were putting up their shutters before Andrew Barlow, pale and with traces of tears on his wrinkled cheeks, came out of the room in which his conscience had come to life and cried out as a witness for God.

Andrew Barlow went to a safe in the corner of the room he used as an office. He knelt before the great iron safe, and worked its combination lock until the door opened. Then he took a number of papers and a great roll of bills from the safe, closed the door, and went to a table on which a lamp he had lighted was standing. He looked over the papers, wrote on some of them, and tore up others. He counted the bills, and put them into several different envelopes. There was a look on his face while he did this that no one had ever seen on the face of Andrew Barlow.

The starlit sky had become somewhat overcast, and it had begun to snow when the old man put on his big, fur-lined overcoat and set forth from his home. The streets were entirely deserted by this time, and there were no lights in the windows of the houses.

It was about ten o'clock on Christmas morning when old Mrs. Bean hurried over to her nearest neighbor in a state of pleased excitement. She burst into the kitchen of Ann Doane without the ceremony of knocking.

"Ann Doane!" she exclaimed, "Have you heard the news?"

"About Henry Brent giving his wife a gold watch and chain and a black silk dress for a Christmas gift?"

"La, no! Something of a good deal more consequence than that! It's about a Christmas gift that old Andy Barlow seems to have got!"

"How you talk! What was it?"

"Well, to my way o' thinkin' the Lord give old Andy his conscience back again for a Christmas gift!"

"He needed it the worst way," said Ann grimly, and a little uncharitably.

"Well, I reckon he got it, and in consequence thereof a lot of other folks got Christmas gifts that they're fairly crying for joy over!"

"You don't say!"

"It's so! I'll tell you all about it. It's the talk o' the town! In the first place, when poor Dave Minton, who has had just one misfortin after another come to him of late, got up this morning, he saw an envelope sticking under his door; an' in that envelope was not only the mortgage on his house all cancelled, but a fifty-dollar bill an' a purty little note from Andy Barlow, saying he was sorry Dave had had so much trouble, and he hoped he'd take the fifty dollars an' keep Christmas with it!"

"Nancy Bean! You must be joking!"

"I guess Dave calls it a mighty good joke!"

Well, when the widow Morley got up, what does she find thrust under her door but the very identical thing that Dave found under his door—a fifty-dollar bill and the cancelled mortgage on her place! Yes, and poor widow Mott found the note Andy held against her under her door all receipted, and a twenty-dollar bill with 'Merry Christmas' written on the envelope it came in! And poor old Betsey Ross has a clear title to her place and thirty dollars for her Christmas present, and they say, she has been singin' Psalms all morning!"

"She has cause to!"

"So has Ben Hilton and his folks. You know how poor they are, and how much sickness and trouble they have had. Well, they had a Christmas gift of fifty dollars from Andy Barlow. Why, the old man must of put in most of the night runnin' around playing Santy Claus in the most beautiful way. He has just scattered receipted notes an' mortgages an' money right and left! And of course them he has given them to have been to thank him, an' they say he is like another man, so quiet and kind like. Don't it beat all?"

"I can't understand it."

"I can," replied Nancy. "It simply means that his conscience came to active life for some cause. God made it strong an' accusing in some way. I don't suppose any of us will ever know how it happened. It may be that the prayers of old Andy's mother have been answered at this late day; such things happen. I have heard my mother say that Andrew Barlow's mother was a praying woman, and that she was always praying for Andy. Although she has been dead so many years, I have an idea that Andy Barlow's mother had something to do with his sudden change of heart, and with his conscience getting so active all of a sudden. Anyhow, he has made happiness run rampant here in our little town, an' I'll warrant you it is the Happiest Christmas he ever knew!"

The astute little old woman was right in all of her surmises. Andrew Barlow's mother did have much to do with the awakening of his conscience that Christmas Eve, and it was the happiest Christmas he had ever known in his life, because his heart had been filled with human sympathy and kindness and good-will, and because he had heard the voice of God and had obeyed it.—C. E. World.

WESTERN NEW YORK LETTER.

Elder J. G. Mahoney and his wife are cozily ensconced in their pleasant home at Almond. They are several miles from the nearest Seventh-day Baptist church, but, if anyone is trembling for their loyalty to the Sabbath they don't know the Mahoney's. If all our members were as staunch, aggressive and spiritual, our work would move at a different pace. Your correspondent was sorry to see Bro. Mahoney leave Richburg, and had some misgivings about the advisability of his going into evangelistic work entirely; but it is all right. We are persuaded that he is doing and will do a valuable work. He has held successful meetings in two communities, and goes to another after the holidays. They are First-day communities; but Bro. Mahoney's headlight is not hid under a bushel basket. When he has no other engagements, he plans to go out on independent tours with horse and buggy and "talking machine." The latter renders the gospel hymns in quite an effective manner, and Bro. Mahoney has found it a decided help in drawing an audience. Praise the Lord for preachers whose preaching is not confined to our own communities nor regulated by the amount of salary they receive. There are many others who have as unselfish a spirit as Bro. Mahoney; but Bro. Mahoney's manifestation of it is especially interesting to us all. He is finding great joy in his work, and desires above all things else to win souls for the Master.

Richburg is yet without a pastor, but D. H. Jones, "the Welchman," has visited the church twice and found the people very appreciative. Eli Looftoro is expected to be with the church through the three weeks of the holiday vacation. The latter is in the last year of the divinity school. The former will be remembered as a recent convert to the Sabbath, who became acquainted with our people first at the Adams Centre Conference. He is preparing to take a full College course.

Death came under very unusual circumstances at Alfred Station last week to Mrs. Nancy Frank. On retiring at night, she had evidently forgotten to replace the top on her stove after putting in coal, and, the drafts being turned, the gas did its deadly work while the mistress of the home was peacefully asleep. She was seventy-nine years of age. Her generous heart had been shown in the gift of the land for the parsonage and in other practical ways.

Some people of this Association, as well as some outside of it, are becoming properly urgent for the Seventh-day Baptist edition of Life-time Hymns; 360 more subscriptions are needed to make up the 1,000.

J. G. Burdick is assisting the pastor at Alfred in revival meetings. Bro. Burdick is a tender preacher, and effective leader in meeting, and a wise personal worker. The meetings have opened with excellent spirit and there is promise of a good work.

The Ladies' Aid Society is preparing a plan for providing church parlors, Sabbath-school rooms, etc., either in a separate building on the vacant lot south of the church, or in the basement of the church, the building being raised first. Tradition has it that anything which the ladies of Alfred undertake succeeds.

WHAT makes life dreary is want of motive.
George Eliot.

Missions.

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

ON our return from the South we had better opportunity to see the country, as we traveled more in the day time. In Georgia, South Carolina and North Carolina there is not seen, along the way, much change in the architecture of the houses and the mode of farming. It is apparent that the Southern people, especially the old stock, do not take rapidly to modern home and agricultural ways and methods. They do not seem to know how to make their houses as convenient and comfortable as Northern people do. A great change for the better in these respects could be seen in Virginia, especially as we came nearer to Washington. The style of house-building was more modern, and probably if the inside of the house could have been seen, modern improvements would have been found. From the fields it could be observed that more hay and corn were harvested, and more cattle raised, and there were dairy farms. Cotton was not the staple, and not the raising of hogs, but the raising of cattle and the making of butter and cheese, or the selling of milk seemed to dominate. It is a wonder to us that in the warm climate of the South the people should eat so much heat-producing food. Corn-bread and pork, hot biscuits and strong coffee are the chief diet. They eat more heat-producing food than we Northerners, who live in a much colder climate. It is not because they need it, but it has become the habit of living. What they have is good, but a change to less heat-producing foods, we believe, would be better for their health and would be very much more enjoyed. The Southern people are very kind and hospitable. They take great pains in entertaining their guests, to make their stay pleasant and enjoyable.

THE South is forging ahead in manufactories, and they are building up the South in every way. There are large cotton mills in various parts of the South, built and run by Northern manufacturers, and Southern capitalists are doing the same. There is a large and prosperous cotton mill near Attalla, built and carried on by a Massachusetts firm. It has built up a fine cotton-mill town, called Alabama City, of nearly 2,000 inhabitants, having a neat meeting-house and a good, large school-building. When we were here, nearly seven years ago, they were laying the foundation of this mill. Now the business is so prosperous they are going to enlarge it and double its producing capacity. We think now, as we did then, that some of our people should have gone to this cotton-growing place, where they have such fine climate and scenery, and good water, and colonized, built up a cotton-mill and industrial interest for Seventh-day Baptists, where they could have had a town of their own, carried on business of their own and furnished employment for our own people. We must come to this way of doing, go into colonization and build up industrial interests, either in agriculture or manufacturing, if we want to grow to a larger people in this country.

THE Southern people are a religious people. They attend church, but church-going is not as large as it used to be. There is a general lament that there is a falling off in church attendance. Young people do not at-

tend church as did their parents when they were young. Family pews are not filled as in the days of yore. There is a decay in spirituality and spiritual power in the churches. There are revivals, but there are not loyalty and enduring grace in the converts; they soon go back into the world and its pleasures. The causes of this condition of things are attributed to the prevailing and growing Sunday desecration and holidayism; to the intense worldly age in which we are living, and devotism to worldly pleasures. There is an earnest desire and prayer on the part of those who are not at ease in Zion and have the prosperity of Christ's kingdom and the salvation of souls at heart, that the Holy Spirit shall visit the churches with mighty power, and a lasting change shall come for better things in the Christian world.

IN Philadelphia a telegram was received informing us of the death of our dear aged mother. It was providential that the telegram was received, and in time to reach the dear old home almost a day before the funeral services. Mother was sick only two hours, and passed away quietly and peacefully like one going sweetly to sleep. She was in the ninetieth year of her age, and had retained her faculties remarkably well. Mother was both in age and length of membership the oldest member of the First Brookfield, N. Y., Seventh-day Baptist church. She was baptized by Eld. William B. Maxson, and joined the church Nov. 26, 1831. Her maiden name was Harriet Clarke, and she was a direct descendant of Joseph Clarke, one of the constituent members of the Newport, R. I., Seventh-day Baptist church, the first Sabbatarian church organized in this country. Her funeral was held in the home where she began house-keeping, and had always lived, and was largely attended. She was the last of her father's family, and of her contemporaries in the neighborhood and community. Mother will be greatly missed by her surviving children, and especially by the son and his wife who have so carefully and lovingly cared for her in her old age, and the sixteen years of her widowhood. There is no earthly love like a mother's love. No more are we to enter the door of the dear old home and find mother there to give the mother's kiss and the loving home-greeting. She is in the heavenly home with Jesus whom she loved and served, with beloved husband and children who passed on before her. It is ours who survive her to so live in Christ and for him and his cause as to be accepted worthy to be at last an unbroken family in heaven.

THE salt in Judea was a native salt mingled with various earthy substances. When exposed to the atmosphere and rain, the saline particles in due time wasted away, and what was left was an insipid earthy mass, looking like salt, but entirely destitute of a conserving element; and absolutely good for nothing. It was not only good for nothing, but absolutely destructive of all fertility wherever it might be thrown; therefore it was cast into the streets to be trodden under foot of men. The carcass of a sheep or bullock might be buried deep in this worthless mass, and the process of corruption not be delayed a moment. What an illustration is this of the absolute worthlessness of the form of godliness when the power is utterly lacking!—*D. D. Demarest.*

Woman's Work.

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

THE SONG OF THE ANGELS.

BY FRANK L. PHALEN.

Far off in the dawn of the ages,
When the world and its people were young,
One night o'er the plains of Judea
A wonderful anthem was sung.

It was sung by the angels of glory
To shepherds who watched through the night
Their flocks as they patiently waited
The advent of morning's glad light.

Flashing out through the shadows of midnight
There burst forth a vision so bright
That amid the strange splendor and singing
The shepherds stood trembling with fright.

Lowly listening, they heard the good tidings
Of glory and peace and good-will,
And the birth of the Babe in the manger,
The world's deepest hopes to fulfill.

Never more shall the star and the vision
To the shepherds or wise men appear,
But the song of the angels forever
Sings on through the world far and near.

Sing on, holy anthem of heaven,
Sing on to our sorrow and tears;
Sing peace to the heart of the nations,
Sing joy to our swift flying years!

— Worcester Spy.

THAT the most cheerful givers are from the so-called poorer classes is a saying that bears with it no mark of novelty. From the time when the poor widow was commended by our Saviour, because from her poverty she had given all that she had, to the beginning of the twentieth century, is it true that the poor are ever ready to extend aid to a friend in need? Perhaps each one of you can recall from her own experience some incident that will prove the truth of this saying. Is it because those poor in this world's goods possess more of the spirit of the Master, that they are so ready to share the scanty meal, or that the already crowded home can so readily adapt itself to take in one more unfortunate?

Some years ago, the Children's Aid Society, in New York, opened a school for Italian children. These little ones from their wretched homes were gathered into a school where they were cared for and taught useful and practical lessons of right living, and given in new surroundings an uplift toward a better life. This was years ago, and during the last year this same group of Italian boys and girls, now grown to men and women, have raised among themselves and given to the Society the sum of \$1,300, hoping that it might be used to establish another school for the children of Italian emigrants, that they, in turn, might become useful men and women.

We are not prone to associate generosity and the Chinese, but Mrs. Davis tells us that all Chinamen are not alike, and we are sure that not all Chinamen are bad, any more than all Americans are good. In a Chinese mission school in Massachusetts, some years ago, we had a chance to see the generosity of "the boys" put to the proof. With the teaching of English in this school was taught also the greater truth of love for Christ and service for others. The contributions were always generous, and when the teachers suggested that the money raised should be used to carry the message of salvation to their brethren in China, the proposition was received with as much enthusiasm as a Chinaman is capable of showing. There was enough enthusiasm to reach their pockets. From the money raised by these boys a mission boat was built, and a man employed to go with it up and down the rivers of China, and wherever he could get an audience to

preach to them the gospel of Christ. So long as the school was in existence, this work was carried on; and when by change of residence and other natural causes, the school was discontinued, there was still enough money in the treasury to carry on the work of the mission boat for some time longer.

CONFERENCE OF WOMAN'S BOARDS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The Fifth Interdenominational Conference of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions in the United States and Canada will be held in Toronto, Canada, at the Metropolitan Church, Corner Church and Queen Street East, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 25 and 26, 1902, the Conference opening at 2 P. M. on Tuesday and closing at 5 P. M. on Wednesday. The executive officers and two delegates from each Board are invited to take part in the deliberations of the Conference.

The main theme will be Interdenominational Policy—How to develop the mission spirit in the home church. Educational work, and work amongst the lepers and blind in its relation to general mission work, will be discussed in relation to it.

The Committee of Arrangements are making every effort that this Conference will be of practical value to the Boards represented.

Our Board has requested Mrs. A. B. Prentice of Adams Centre, N. Y., and Mrs. R. T. Rogers and Mrs. W. C. Whitford of Alfred, to represent us as Delegates at this Conference.

Mrs. ALBERT WHITFORD, *Cor. Sec.*

AUNT EMMELINE'S MIGHT-BOX.

BY JESSIE BROWN POUNDS.

So you're the new preacher's wife. Well, now, it was real good of you to come right over to see an old blind woman, the very first thing you did. Hain't even got the parlor carpet down yet? Well, now, it was good of you! People are wonderful mindful of me, somehow, considering I aint able to get out to church none, or do anything for other folks.

Put your things on the bureau. If the flower pots are in the way jest move 'em a little. They clutter a good deal, but I'm fond of 'em. That lily the Endeavorers give me. Good of 'em, wasn't it? Jist see how it's growing. It's going to blossom before Easter.

How do I know how things look and how they grow, when I'm blind? La, Sister Truesdale, seeing comes to the ends of your fingers when its driven out of the eyes. If it wasn't for the rheumatism doubling up my back the way it does, I could get around and be of some use in the world yet, in spite of my blind old eyes.

That little box on the bureau? That's my might-box. It's been worth its weight in gold to me, though I suppose it's only worth its weight in copper to the heathen. Tell you all about it? Of course I will. It was one day early in the winter that Bessie Turner came dancing into the room with that little box. I was terrible down that day, some how, for Malindy, the little girl that chores for me, had said the wood was 'most all gone, and I knew there wasn't more'n potatoes enough for one more mess. I'd been thinkin' all morning about Job, and trying to get some comfort out of him. I always think about Job when I have them down spells.

"I brought you a missionary mite-box," says Bessie, in her higglety-gigglety way.

Bessie's real good, but she never could stand on both feet at the same time. "One of the missionary ladies gave me two—one for myself and one to give to somebody else. I thought you'd like to have it, because you're always so taken up with missions and things."

"But what is it for, Bessie?" I says.

"Oh," says she, dancing along toward the door, it's to put little bits of missionary money in—money you save from other things, you know."

Then I knew why it's called a "might-box." It's for money you *might* spend for this or that little thing, you see, but that you can possibly save for missions, if you care enough. I suppose it's an old story to you, but it was all new to me, and it set me to thinking.

When had there ever been any "might" about my spending money? It was always a matter of "must," it seemed to me. There's nothing but my pension money, you see, and \$12 a month don't seem to reach 'round, when \$4 of it must go for rent the very first thing. But I was wrong about that. It kind of seems to me that we never any of us have any "might" money until we begin to look around for it.

I began to reckon up other people's "might" money. There was Sister Sanders. She's a dear, good soul, and many's the time she's sent me a turkey dinner at Thanksgiving or a warm wrapper at Christmas. I ought to have been ashamed to fault her, but it's easy to think what your neighbors ought to do, when you start out to look after their duty instead of your own. I'd heard somebody say that Sister Sander's new seal-skin coat cost \$250, and that was what started me off.

"There," I says to myself, "that was a clear case of 'might.' A good shawl or cape would have kept Sister Sanders comfortable, and there would have been \$225 that she might have sent to the missionaries." Sister Sanders had told me herself that she thought the seal-skin coat was the savingest thing she could buy, on account of its lasting so long, but I didn't count much on that. Maybe I'd ought to, but Sister Sanders aint the kind of woman that would wear a ten-year-old coat jest to be saving. She's a dear, good woman, as I've said before, but when you know her well you'll understand what I mean.

Then there is Mary Goodwin. Mary never has any seal-skin coats—she hasn't money enough for that. She's a school teacher, and a good one, and earns a good salary—that's all. She's President of the Endeavor Society, too, and she's jest as good at that as she is at her school teaching. It happened she'd dropped in to read to me just the day before, and after she'd read a while she stopped and pushed a paper bag into my hand.

"Have some candy," she says. "O, Aunt Emmeline, don't take such a little bit! Why, I eat pounds of it every week of my life."

"Bad for your teeth," I says—though the candy was real good and I helped myself the second time.

"And for my pocket-book," she says. And then she picked up the book again.

But I thought about it, as I looked at the might-box. She *might* do without that candy—even be better off without it—and maybe put fifty cents or a dollar every week into the little box.

Then, all at once, I sat up straight, never so much as thinking about the rheumatism.

"How about your coffee, Emmeline Parsons?" I says to myself. "You know it aint good for rheumatic joints, and the doctor's told you more 'n once you'd be better off without it. There's a quarter every month that is one of your 'mights.' Why not save it for the missionaries?"

Well, that was the beginning. I'd never supposed that I really had any money to do as I pleased with, but the box soon showed me I had. Money? Why, I used to say everybody that had anything to give away was rich, and now I knew it, for I'd found riches of my own. There was the apples I got of Bessie Turner's pa, and he wouldn't take pay for. I might have paid for 'em, you see, or I wouldn't have got 'em. And there was the bag of potatoes that Brother Sanders sent me unexpected. I might put the price of 'em into the box. And there was the six blue cups and saucers I'd laid out to buy to go with my plates. There was only two tea cups left, for Malindy is awful hard on dishes. I hardly ever need more 'n one, but I always thought 'twould be an awful comfort to know I had 'em. I couldn't see 'em, but I could feel 'em over once or twice a year, and make sure they was all right.

But after all it was just a matter of "might." I didn't need 'm any more 'n you need spectacles. They'd cost 60 cents—I'd made Malindy price 'em again so's to be sure—and the 60 cents should go into the might-box.

I don't know how the Eudeavorers found out about the box. Bessie must have told 'em about bringing it, and they must have kind of guessed out the rest. But Malindy let it out at last that whenever one of 'em come to read to me or to bring me flowers they'd find some excuse for going past the bureau and dropping something into the little box. I scolded 'em for it when I found it out and told 'em they ought to have boxes of their own; but they said it seemed to mean more somehow, to put their pennies into mine.

One day Sister Sanders come to see me. She had on her fine seal-skin coat, for I felt it against my cheek when she stooped over to shake hands. She's real mindful of my rheumatism, and never lets me get up when she comes.

"Aunt Emmeline," she says, "I want to give you a little bit of a present. I didn't know what you needed most, so I just brought this. Please use it in the way you will enjoy most."

She put a piece of paper money into my hand. I'd never had any paper "might" money before. It had all been coppers and silver. I wasn't real sure that this was the "might" kind, but I jest thought I'd ask Sister Sanders and be sure. So I told her all about the little box and how proud and happy I'd feel to have her gift go into it. I aint good at talking, but I says just about what I've said to you, and, somehow, I made her understand.

"It is to do as you please with, dear Aunt Emmeline," she says, and her voice sounded kind of queer and chokey. So I reached out for my box and put the bill in. I kind of wished I knew how much it was, but I didn't like to ask. Besides, it wasn't necessary that I should know as long as the Lord did.

"I was going down town," says Sister Sanders—and her voice still had that chokey sound. "I was going to buy a new belt buckle. I

have three or four already, so I think it is a clear question of 'might.' I want to put the money into your box instead."

"La, dear," says I—you wouldn't suppose I'd say "dear" to Sister Sanders when she has her seal-skin coat on, but she's so good I can't help it—"La, dear," says I, "hain't you got a box of your own?"

"Yes," she says, "but it's not that kind at all. It's not a 'might-box,' but only a box of left-overs. It wouldn't mean the same if I should put it in there."

That was most the same as what the Eudeavorers had said. I didn't know jest what it meant, but it sounded friendly and I was glad of it anyway.

"Aunt Emmeline," says Sister Sanders, "I'm coming around to take you to the mite-box opening. You needn't say your rheumatism is too bad, for I shall whisk you into the carriage so quickly that you'll never know the air has touched you."

And sure enough, Sister Truesdale, she did. I set up on the front seat and heard the sweet singing and all them good women had to say about the poor heathen. And, though I couldn't see, I could feel the heaven-like look on their faces as they asked us to help these needy ones for the sake of Him who died for us all.

The box? Of course, I meant to tell you about that. It was what I started out for. They emptied it careful and gave it back to me, because it's been such company for me, and such a blessing that I never want to be without it again. And will you believe it, my box had more in it than the President's, more even than Sister Sanders—\$11 55. I've never known whether it was Sister Sanders' present or the belt-buckle that did the biggest part, and I suppose I never shall.

But I've found out that 'most any woman might if she only would.—*Missionary Tidings.*

"Ah, Mr. Weareighsum," said Miss Gabbeigh, "you make one feel that it is spring all the year round whenever you call."

"Now, that's nice," said Mr. Weareighsum, while the rich redness of his blush crept athwart his countenance.

"Yes, you do," continued the young lady. "You know that spring always gives us that tired feeling."—*Baltimore American.*

CHRISTMAS EVE IN CAMP.

BY CURTIS GOULD, JR.

Late Lieutenant-Colonel and Inspector-General 7th Army Corps.

Not the sort of Christmas the American boy knows was this one. There were no fragrant cone of winter-green tufted with cotton wool and tinsel in cheerful mimicry of the snow and ice outside. There was neither snow nor ice nor cold.

The Seventh Army Corps, on the evening of December 24, 1898, was encamped on the long lines of hills at Quemados, Cuba, a bare half-score of miles from Havana. The men were American volunteers, neither the demigods drawn by the newspaper correspondents nor the demons depicted by those ignorant persons who from their imaginations create a Sodom and Gomorrah in every army post.

I sat in front of my quarters, an old brown tent in a sweet-potato field, with my best friend, Major Robert E. Lee Michie. Major Michie was our assistant Adjutant-General,—a superb specimen of West Point education and American manhood. Virginia has, and has had, many like him; and in this war, thank God! Virginia and Massachusetts stood as they did when Morgan's riflemen came with Washington to aid the minute-men of Massachusetts against a common enemy at the siege of Boston.

It was a beautiful tropical night, with the clear, star-light sky and soft air of a New England June. From a great garden near by "the scent of roses was wafted abroad," and above our heads another Sharon waved

"In solemn praise
Her silent groves of palm."

We talked on and on in the starlight long past taps—talked of the things a fellow does talk about when he's hundred's of miles away from home, and it's Christmas Eve.

Suddenly, "clear upon the midnight air," there rang from the camp of the Forty-ninth Iowa the challenge of a sentinel, "Number ten; twelve o'clock, and all's well!"

It was Christmas morning.

Scarcely had the cry of the sentinel died away, when from the bandsmen's tents of that same regiment there rose the music of an old, familiar hymn, and one clear baritone voice led the chorus that quickly ran along those moon-lit fields:

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord!"

Another voice joined in, and another and another, and in a moment the whole regiment was singing, and then the Sixth Missouri joined in, with the Fourth Virginia and all the rest, till there on the long ridges above the great city whence Spanish tyranny once went forth to enslave the New World, a whole American army corps was singing:

"Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed,
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid!
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand."

Then they sang "Nearer, my God, to thee," and "Coronation," and, of course, "America."

There may be those who think that it was by accident that the first hymn happened to be what it was. There are those who believe that all things happen by accident. Yet there are some of us who do not shout our creed from the house-tops, some of us who believe that even bloodshed is at times a necessary, if awful, evil, yet who do not believe that this is altogether a world of chance and accident.

The hymn the bandsmen played that Christmas Eve at the close of the first war since the days when Americans fought no foreign foe, but each other, is almost the oldest Christmas music known to the Roman Catholic church—the Portuguese Hymn, whose familiar Latin words begin, "Adeste fideles, lacti triumphantes." The English words the boys sang to that ancient music will be found in well-nigh every Protestant hymn-book of the old New England days.

The Northern soldier knew the hymn as one he had learned beside his mother's knee. To the Southern soldier it was that and something more; it was the favorite hymn of General Robert E. Lee, and was sung at the great commander's funeral.

Protestant and Catholic, South and North, singing together on Christmas-day in the morning—that's an American army!

The American soldier is no saint. He is no better, but no worse, than other Americans. Yet at least this may be said,—that, since Oliver Cromwell led his Ironsides to war, there has never been a nation whose victorious soldiers, like ours, have celebrated the dawn of the first Christian year on new and foreign soil, not with debauchery and drunkenness, not even with sports and games, but with a voluntary, almost an involuntary, Christian service of prayer and praise.—*S. S. Times.*

Young People's Work.

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

Dr. Palmborg Sails.

Dr. Rosa Palmborg—known to many of us as Rose—sails from San Francisco for China January 4. Her acquaintance among the young people has been widely extended during the past year. Our love for her and our interest in her work has been greatly deepened. Write her a letter to be read on board the steamer. Address it, Steamer American Maru, Toyo Kisen Kaisha, San Francisco, Cal. And let us all with one accord lift up prayers to our gracious God for rich blessings upon her and upon the great work to which she goes.

Looking on the Bright Side.

Someone asked Ella Eaton Kellogg whether her deafness was not a great cross to her. "Well," she said, "it keeps me from hearing many disagreeable sounds on the street and elsewhere. And I enjoy my family life just as much as anyone can." That is looking on the bright side of life.

The First Welcome.

In prayer-meeting the other night one brother thought we Christians make a great mistake in allowing the bad people to get the start of them in gaining the friendship of newcomers in a community. He said it is the rough folks who are likely to give the first welcome. The Christian seems sort of shy, and so the devil gets the first start. Is that so where you live? If so, appoint yourself a committee of one to get up a reform.

Don't Go.

F. B. Meyer says of the theatre: "Don't go—because the atmosphere is essentially materialistic and sensuous and indisposes to prayer and faith. Don't go—because the majority of theatre-goers are not Christians, and it cannot be expected that those finer shades of morality will be observed with which Christ has made us familiar. Don't go—because even if you do not suffer moral taint, your influence and example may lead others to follow in your steps who will not be able to resist the evil influences of the average theatre-goer's life, but will drift into the sensational and sensuous, to the ruin of the nobler qualities of the soul."

All of which might be said of some other things which some Christians find along the border line of their lives.

The Christmas Cheer.

This is the kind of weather (supposing that it remains crisp and frosty for Christmas-day) which stirs the blood, and makes good, vigorous fiber. On the first Christmas day there were shepherds abiding in the field at night, so the air must have been somewhat soft and balmy. I cannot help being glad that our celebration falls in on these sharp, white days when the sunshine is reflected from a million crystals, and the cheer of the fireside has the frost for a contrasting background. But whether in the frozen North or the sunny South, the dreamy Orient or the quick, nervous Occident, God grant a benediction on all hearts and homes this Christmas day. And may all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity find "peace in believing" and joy in service.

C. E. ANNIVERSARY AT PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Since its organization, ten years ago, the Christian Endeavor Society of the church at Plainfield has conducted the morning service on the Sabbath nearest its anniversary. This year the service came on Sabbath, the 7th of December. Dr. Martha Rose Stillman, President of the Society, conducted the service, and Dr. A. H. Lewis made the address on "The Power of Unconscious Influence." The work of the Society for the year is shown by the reports given below:

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Another year has rolled by in the history of this Society. During this year, much the same work has been accomplished as in former years, and while there have been some discouragements, there has also been much to encourage us. Among our regrets is the loss of our pastor, Dr. Main, whom we had learned to love and whom we miss so much in our Society. Of the ten years since our Society was formed, Dr. Main has been with us five, an interested and helpful member, ready to encourage, comfort, and advise us at all times.

During the past year, three members have been added to our Active list, of whom two were transferred from the list of Associate Members, and one came from another Society. Five Active Members have been transferred to the Honorary Roll, and three dropped from the Society. Thus the number of our Active Members is the same as last year, 73, the number of our Associate Members is 3, and of our Honorary Members 34.

From our Treasurer's report we learn that \$251.85 have been received during the year from dues, sociables, the annual musicale, and various collections and contributions. Also that \$216.52 have been paid out as follows: \$100 divided equally between the Missionary and Tract Societies; \$15 to the S. E. and I. A.; \$10 to Mr. Lester C. Randolph for the Student Campaign work; \$13.65 for the Westfield Fresh Air Camp; \$6 to the Plainfield Fresh Air work; \$4 to the State and Local C. E. Unions; and \$67.87 for other expenses.

The work done by our various committees has been efficient and helpful.

The Prayer Meeting Committee has furnished leaders for all the meetings, and has several times provided special features, among which was an address by Miss Rachel Mair, a returned missionary from Africa, and one by Mr. Pierson on the work and needs of the Westfield Fresh Air Camp.

The Literature Committee has sent boxes containing books, papers, and magazines to Rev. G. H. F. Randolph, our home missionary in Arkansas, to Rev. R. S. Wilson in Alabama, and to the city missionary, Mrs. Taylor, for her work among the children.

The Social Committee has arranged several pleasant and entertaining programs for sociables, which have not only aided us financially, but have helped increase the social spirit among our members.

Under the direction of the Missionary Committee, two missionary meetings have been held on Friday evenings; aid has been given to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor in their cottage prayer-meetings; several Fresh Air children have been cared for; money sent to the Committee of One Hundred for the India Famine Relief Fund; and assistance given in taking

the religious canvass of the city, under the direction of the Ministers' Association.

The usual work of the Flower Committee has been well performed, and many sick rooms have been brightened by the flowers sent by its members.

On the evening of April 16, 1901, the annual musicale of the Society was given under the auspices of the Music Committee. An excellent program was provided, and the proceeds were large, amounting to \$98.

In addition to the work done by the regular committees, the special committee appointed for that purpose has provided for the education of a Southern girl at Alfred.

These are the main facts of our work during the past year, and although we may not have grown in numbers, we trust that we have grown in the knowledge of God's love and wisdom, and we pray that the year to come may be full of blessings, not only for our Society, but for the church of which we are a part.

MILDRED GREENE, *Rec. Sec.*

THE JUNIOR SOCIETY.

The Junior Christian Endeavor Society was organized eight years ago this month, and up to the present time the meetings have been held regularly, and the children have been trained in the work that will be a help to them as they go from this to the older society.

For a few months past they have had charge of the services, and have led the meetings in a very praiseworthy manner.

In November, 1900, the Society was divided, the older ones going to form the Intermediate.

The number remaining as Juniors was eleven, and we have had one new member. The average attendance has been seven.

February 3 was "Endeavor day," and was also observed as Parents' Day, a number of the mothers responding to the invitation to be present. The organizer of this Junior Society, Mrs. H. M. Maxson gave a very interesting talk to the Juniors upon the organization of the first Junior C. E.

The girls of the Society met at the home of the Superintendent and dressed several dolls to be sent to the Day Nurseries in New York at Christmas time. The members have also made several scrap-books for the Fresh Air Camp and Christmas box. Children's Day, Rev. Mr. Smith, from Somerville, gave a very pleasing talk, and the children sang several selections, and in other ways took part in the service.

The collections for the year have amounted to \$6.83, including Children's Day collection, which was \$4.13. The pledges have been paid—Dr. Palmborg's salary \$1.00 and African Mission \$1.00.

The Juniors are greatly interested in the African Mission, and last month wrote a budget letter to Jacob Bakker.

As we are nearing the close of the year, our hearts are full of gratitude to the Father of all, for all our past mercies not alone for personal blessings, temporal and spiritual, but as teachers and co-workers we are especially grateful for all the blessings he has given us in our work with his little ones.

MRS. I. N. WEST, *Supt.*

THE INTERMEDIATE SOCIETY.

At the Anniversary of the Christian Endeavor Society one year ago mention was made of the formation of a new branch of work, the Intermediate Society of Christian

Endeavor, and now it is with gratification that we present a report of the first year's work.

We started with a membership of fourteen; two of the members have moved away, one joined another church, therefore identifying herself with that Society, while one has been added to our Society, leaving the roll at present numbering twelve. From that number there is an average weekly attendance of nine.

The meetings at first were held on Friday afternoon, but this fall, by vote of the members, the day of meeting was changed to Sunday. These meetings are in charge of a member of the Intermediate Society, the leader being appointed by the Prayer-meeting Committee. It is the duty of the leader to conduct the general exercises, which consist of prayer, singing and Scripture reading, and to give some thought in his own words concerning the topic. It has been our pleasure to have with us from time to time members of the church, aside from the assistant superintendents, Mrs. W. C. Hubbard and Miss Mitchel, who have all given us very helpful talks. Aside from the topics studied, each week there is a study and review of the Bible conducted.

On May 18 was held a joint meeting of the three Societies.

Under the direction of the Missionary Committee the members have studied about the China Mission, the African Mission, and the Home Field, aside from other branches of the foreign work. This Committee also arranged the work for sewing, when bags were made and sent to the Sunshine Society of New York, and bandages sent to our City Hospital; envelopes filled with stories have also been sent to the hospital.

Special Social Committees are formed occasionally to arrange for entertainment and social gatherings.

This Society assumed half the pledge, amounting to \$1.00, made by the Junior Society to the African Mission. During the summer \$2 00 were sent to the Westfield Fresh Air Camp, and \$3 00 to the China Mission.

The aim of the Society, then, has been to help these young people to become self-reliant and to think for themselves and give expression in their own words, and generally to prepare them for the broader work of the Senior Society and that to which they are so rapidly coming, work in this church.

MRS. F. J. HUBBARD, Supt.

SEPARATED UNTO THE KING.

A Message to the Christian Endeavorers of the World.

BY LORD RADSTOCK.

The war was tremendous—on one side a little handful with the true king; on the other the great army of Saul with its magnificent array of trained warriors under the captains over thousands and under the orders of one who had not long before won signal victories over powerful enemies. To all appearance the little band in the stronghold in the wilderness must evidently be crushed by the hosts by which they were surrounded.

But there was one personality which had an irresistible attraction for some. It was true that his circumstances seemed desperate. The difficulty of getting adequate food seemed almost insurmountable. The band that was with him were mostly there only because of failure elsewhere. But, spite of all, "of the

Gadites there separated themselves unto David into the hold to the wilderness men of might, and men of war fit for the battle." True, they had to leave their homes, their families, their property; they had to incur the odium of joining the hated and despised little band who seemed so likely soon to be annihilated by Saul's forces. But there was one attraction that outweighed all these considerations—David; with him the hold in the wilderness seemed to be the best place of all. Under such a leader ultimate victory seemed assured.

They were right. The tide of battle turned. David led them to victory, and after the "little while" he came to the throne. The very armies that fought against him became his, and the "crowning day" came, and the glory of the kingdom was seen. Tens of thousands of warriors passed in review, and gave their homage, flushed with pride if they could only get an approving glance from their sovereign. But they saw the king afar off in his splendor. But there was the little handful who had been with him in his day of sorrow and trial, who had "suffered with him," who had had unbroken intercourse with him in the hold in the wilderness—they had not only the joy of the triumph and the glory of the kingdom, but the closest personal intimacy with the king.

"Now these things happened unto them for an ensample." For a little while He who was laid in the manger and crucified is still "despised and rejected of men". He is still saying to a fisherman or a tax-gatherer, "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." The Real Presence stays with us "all the days," the kingdom of "the increase" of which "there will be no end" among us, the King saying when giving the marching orders: "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore," and "Lo, I am with you all the days."

It is true He says, "In the world ye shall have tribulation"; but he says, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." "The world seeth me no more; but ye see me," and we see Jesus for a little while "lower than the angels" "crowned with glory and honor." The inspired messenger who came fresh from a personal interview with the King says, "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him"; and the voice of God through the seer, the lonely martyr on Patmos, is heard leading the chorus of the myriads of His redeemed. "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father, to him be glory and dominion forever." Wherefore "awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead." "The day is at hand." —C. E. World.

HOME READINGS FOR 1902.

C. E. Topics and Home Readings have been prepared by the Permanent Committee, and the same have been printed, and are now ready for all who will send in their orders to the Publishing House. They will be supplied at the following prices, postage paid:

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

WORK touches the key of endless activity, opens the infinite, and stands awestruck before the immensity of what there is to do.—Phillips Brooks.

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People:

Being suddenly called to Nortonville to assist Eld. Hills in revival meetings, it escaped my mind, until too late, that Nortonville is about one day farther from the RECORDER office than Chicago, hence the delay of one week in writing, as promised, of increased duties and opportunities before us as young people on account of the prevailing religious indifference, and the increasing disregard for the Sabbath.

1. It is our duty to sedulously guard our lives against the loose religious spirit of our times. When Christianity is lowered to the level of mere morality, it loses its vitality and power. The unconverted man may manifest a very high grade of morality, but the Christian life, in addition to this, includes faith, and a loving submission of the human to the Divine will. This is manifest in the recognition and joyful observance of God's commandments; as the beloved disciple declared: "This is the love of God, that we keep his commandments, and his commandments are not grievous."

2. We should guard against the teaching of no-lawism, and "a seventh part of time," as we would guard against the plague.

3. Inasmuch as the controversy arising from these theories centers around the Sabbath question, it is our duty to make that question a subject of the most thorough study; not a narrow-minded or one-sided study, but let us go into it in detail. Let us carefully scrutinize and thoroughly study the arguments for Sunday-observance from the Bible standpoint, and no less carefully investigate the practice of the early church in respect to Sabbath-observance as indicated by the writings of the church Fathers. It would be very profitable if all of our societies would set apart certain evenings for such study; have certain ones appointed, from time to time, to carefully prepare papers upon one or more of these early writers, presenting everything they say upon the subject. For instance, the writings of Justin Martyr upon the Sabbath question would furnish a very instructive and interesting study for one evening.

A character sketch of the writer should always precede the study of his writings, as most of the Church Fathers were converts from Paganism, and it is very essential to ascertain, as far as possible, to what extent they still adhered to Pagan ideas. We should by all means take up this study, for many are making their strongest arguments for Sunday-observance from the early Christian writings, and we should know what these writers say. More later. M. B. KELLY.

NORTONVILLE, KAN., Dec. 15, 1901.

WESTERLY, R. I.—The Pawcatuck Society now meets at 4 o'clock each Sabbath afternoon, and the attendance is increasing. Our President, Miss Grace E. Clawson, is attending school in Boston, but was home for the Thanksgiving recess, and led the meeting November 30. The Thanksgiving meeting the week previous was led by Miss Emma S. Langworthy, who had asked some of the members to give reasons why we should be thankful for certain things. One of our members, Miss Mabel Burdick, formerly of Rockville, was married, in October, to Charles P. Palmer, and they have begun house-keeping in a recently-

purchased home on the Pawcatuck side of our village. Mr. and Mrs. Lavern Langworthy, new members with us this fall, have recently welcomed a baby daughter to their home. The Society is arranging a C. E. supper and sale of Christmas articles for Dec. 10, the Social Committee having the matter in charge.

The last meeting of the Local Union of this vicinity was held with the Ashaway Seventh-day Baptist Society, and a few of our members attended. The address was given by Rev. E. J. Klock, of North Stonington, on the Duty of Obedience to God and the powers that be. The banner was a tie between Potter Hill and Niantic, and the former Society gave the latter the honor. W.

DECEMBER 4, 1901.

CHRISTMAS-GIVING AND CHRISTMAS-LIVING.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE, D. D.

The first Christmas gift was a life: and the motive of the gift was love.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son."

Here is the true test and standard of Christmas giving. This is the keynote of the music, and every air and variation must be in tune with this, else the harmony is broken.

I.

The custom of giving or exchanging presents on a certain day in the year is very much older than Christmas, and means very much less. It has obtained in almost all ages of the world and among many different nations. It is a fine thing or a foolish thing, as the case may be; an encouragement to friendliness, or a tribute to fashion; an expression of good nature, or a bid for favor; an outlet of generosity, or a disguise of greed; a cheerful old custom, or a futile old farce, according to the spirit which animates it and the form which it takes.

But when this ancient, almost universal, and variously interpreted, tradition of a day of gifts was transferred to the Christmas season, it was brought into vital contact with an idea which must transform it, and with an example which must lift it up to a higher plane. The example is the life of Jesus. The idea is unselfish interest in the joy of others.

The great gift of Jesus to the world was himself. He lived with and for men. He kept back nothing. In every particular and concrete gift that he made to certain persons there was something of himself that made it precious. For example, at the wedding in Cana of Galilee, it was his thought for the feelings of the giver of the feast, and his wish that every guest should find due entertainment, that lent the flavor of a heavenly hospitality to the wine which he provided. When he gave bread and fish to the hungry multitude who had followed him out among the hills by the Lake of Gennesaret, the people were refreshed and strengthened by the sense of the personal care of Jesus for their welfare, as much as by the food which he bestowed upon them. It was another illustration of the sweetness of "a dinner of herbs, where love is." The gifts of healing which he conferred upon many different kinds of sufferers were, in every case, evidences that Jesus was willing to give something of himself, his thought, his sympathy, his vital power, to the men and women among whom he lived. Once, when a paralytic was brought to him on a bed, he surprised everybody, and offend-

ed a good many, by giving the poor wretch the pardon of his sins, before he gave new life to his body. That was just because Jesus thought before he gave; because he desired to satisfy the deepest need; because in fact he gave something of himself in every gift. All true Christmas giving ought to be after this pattern.

Not that it must all be solemn and serious. For the most part it deals with little wants, little joys, little tokens of friendly feeling. But the feeling must be more than the token; else the gift does not really belong to Christmas.

It takes time and effort and unselfish expenditure of strength to make gifts in this way. But it is the only way that fits the season. Women, and especially mothers, seem to follow this way more closely, and succeed in it better than men. Perhaps that is the reason why women enjoy Christmas more than men do.

The finest Christmas gift is not the one that costs the most money, but the one that carries the most love.

II.

But how seldom Christmas comes—only once a year; and how soon it is over—a night and a day! If that is the whole of it, it seems not much more durable than the little toys that one buys of a fakir on the street-corner. They run for an hour, and then the spring breaks, and the legs come off, and nothing remains but a contribution to the dust heap.

But surely that need not be, and ought not to be, the whole of Christmas—only a single day of generosity, ransomed from the dull servitude of a selfish year—only a single night of merry-making, celebrated in the slave-quarters of a selfish race. If every gift is the token of a personal thought, a friendly feeling, an unselfish interest in the joy of others, then the thought, the feeling, the interest, may remain after the gift is made.

The little present, or the rare and long-wished-for gift (it matters not whether the vessel be of gold, or silver, or iron, or wood, or clay, or just a small bit of birch-bark folded into a cup), may carry a message something like this:

"I am thinking of you to-day, because it is Christmas, and I wish you happiness. And to-morrow, because it will be the day after Christmas, I shall still wish you happiness; and so on, clear through the year. I may not be able to tell you about it every day, because I may be far away, or because both of us may be very busy, or perhaps because I cannot even afford to pay the postage on so many letters or find the time to write them. But that makes no difference. The thought and the wish will be here, just the same. In my work and in the business of life, I mean to try not to be unfair to you or injure you in any way. In my pleasure, if we can be together, I would like to share the fun with you. Whatever joy or success comes to you will make me glad. Without pretense, and in plain words, good-will to you is what I mean."

It is not necessary to put a message like this into high-flown language, to swear absolute devotion and deathless consecration. In love and friendship, small, steady payments on a gold basis are better than immense promissory notes. Nor, indeed, is it necessary to put the message into words at all, nor even to convey it by a tangible token.

To feel it and to act it out—that is the main thing.

There are a great many people in the world whom we know more or less, but to whom for various reasons we cannot very well send Christmas gifts. But there is hardly one, in all the circles of our acquaintance, with whom we may not exchange the touch of Christmas life.

In the outer circles, cheerful greetings, courtesy, consideration; in the inner circle, sympathetic interest, hearty congratulations, honest encouragement; in the inmost circle, comradeship, helpfulness, tenderness,—

"Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind,
Durable from the daily dust of life."

After all, Christmas living is the best kind of Christmas giving.—*Interior.*

DISAPPEARANCE OF AMERICAN GAME.

Over vast sections of our land game of many kinds has been altogether exterminated or sadly decimated. Yet it is surprising to note the tenacity with which the beasts and birds still linger about the spots which were their favorite haunts before the white man came to disturb them. When John Smith made his map of Virginia in 1607, he ornamented it with deer on the south side of the James River, about where the counties of Surrey and Sussex are now situated, and with turkey on the peninsula between the James and the York Rivers, to show where these were most abundant. Three hundred years have passed since then, and a great many people have settled there, but deer and turkey most abound in Virginia still at the places designated by John Smith as their favorite haunts in his day. The Great South Bay and Barnegat were famous ducking grounds of old. One would think that the millions of people now collected about them would have frightened the wild fowl away. But with half a chance, they still assemble there in spite of the thousand sail that disturb them and the never-ending fusillade of the gunners. When Frank Forrester wrote, the Warwick Woodlands were the home of the ruffed grouse and the woodcock. To-day, notwithstanding the Oranges and Montclair and Tuxedo, and many other thickly populated communities that have sprung up in the territory, population has not altogether driven away the ancient occupants, and a few still linger, reluctant to abandon their charming natural habitat.—*Review of Reviews.*

THIRTEEN KEPT HIM BACK.

Some people carry their superstitions to ridiculous extremes. A fussy little man crowded into the elevator car on the ground floor of the Real Estate Trust Building yesterday morning and hastily ran his eye over the other passengers. He was counting them, and he heaved a sigh of satisfaction when he found that there were twelve. The elevator man was just about to close the door when another man, who seemed in a great hurry, crowded in. The fussy little fellow who had been counting noses cried out: "Wait a minute! Let me off!" He squeezed his way out, and the car started upward. "He makes me tired," remarked the elevator man. "I've seen him do that more than once. He's afraid something will happen if there are thirteen passengers on at one time."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Children's Page.

HOW THE BOY SAW THE BABY.

BY Z. GRENEILL.

A great many years ago there lived in a far-away Eastern land a little boy whose name was Joseph. At the time of this story he was about seven years old, and as bright and hearty and lively a little lad as you would wish to see.

Joseph's father was a shepherd, and they lived in a small house at the edge of the town. Sometimes his father took him to see the sheep, and those were happy days for the boy, for he was very fond of the gentle creatures. And they seemed to like him almost as much as he liked them. They would let him run his chubby fingers through their soft wool and put his arms around their necks, as he often did, for he was a loving little fellow and never did anything to hurt them nor even to make them afraid. But the cunning little lambs pleased him most, though they were not quite as trustful as the older sheep. And it was the great wish of his heart to have a lamb for his very own, and to have it at home for a playmate. And, indeed, his father had promised to give him a lamb some day.

Joseph did not let his father forget that promise. Almost every morning it was, "Are you going to bring me the lamb to-day, father?" until his father grew tired of saying "Not to-day, Joseph," and told him he must not ask that question any more, for he would bring him a lamb when the lambs should come, and he could not do it sooner.

But Joseph did not forget the promise, though he said nothing more about it, and one night, after he had gone to bed and before he had fallen asleep, he pricked up his ears as he heard his father say to his mother, "I must help watch to-night; we have to be very careful just now, for the lambs are beginning to come."

"The lambs are beginning to come," the boy repeated to himself; "then father will give me one soon." And he lay and thought it over, until he could hardly keep from leaping out of bed and running to his father with the old forbidden question. First he was so happy to think that he might have a lamb to-morrow, and then he was so afraid that his father might forget it, that between his hopes and his fears he tumbled about in his bed so much that his mother called out, "lie still, Joseph, and go to sleep."

"Yes, lamb," he answered, instead of "Yes, mother," for his mind was on the lamb, you see.

But before he went to sleep he made up his mind that he would rise very early in the morning and go to meet his father, and so make sure of the lamb.

When the boy awoke and looked through the small window over his bed, he thought it must be morning. The stars were still shining in the sky, but it was so light and clear that it seemed as if the sun must soon rise. In fact, it was about midnight, but many older persons have made the same mistake.

Then, to do as he had made up his mind to do before he went to sleep, that is, to go and meet his father early and make sure of the lamb, he dressed himself, very quietly, so as not to disturb his mother sleeping in the next room, and slipped out of the house and made his way along the road that led toward the fields of the shepherds.

As he went on he noticed how quiet the world was, and how much darker it seemed out of doors than when he was looking out of his little window. He said to himself: "It must be earlier than I thought it was." It was a long distance he had to go—long, at least, for such a little fellow, nearly two miles; but he had plenty of courage, and he remembered one of his father's sayings, "Too early is better than too late," and he trudged steadily on.

After awhile he came to where the path turned away from the road toward the fields, and he began to walk faster, for he knew he would soon be at the place. As he was following the path around the rocks and over the hillocks he thought, all at once, that he heard music. About the same time he saw before him a light in the sky, which he supposed was the coming sunrise. He quickened his steps, and running up a slight ascent he saw from the top a strange and beautiful sight.

Down below him, not far away, the shepherds were standing together perfectly still in the midst of the flocks, and in front of them and reaching away up into the sky was a great company of the loveliest beings you can imagine. There they were, right in the air, all in white, with silvery wings, rising above each other so that all their shining faces could be seen; and it was their bright forms that made the light that was like sunrise. There they were, right in the air, their bodies waving gently from side to side, like happy children who cannot keep quite still. And they were all singing—not so very loud, but oh, so sweetly! And the shepherds were listening to them as attentively as possible.

Joseph knew, from what his mother had told him of Bible stories, that these beautiful singers were angels. He was not quite near enough to make out all the words of their song. Indeed, they were just finishing their song when he came; for very soon they all turned and flew slowly and easily up toward heaven, and he could hear them singing as they went, their voices growing fainter and fainter as they flew farther and farther away, until they passed out of sight. And how dark and cold and empty and cheerless it seemed in all the fields after the angels were gone!

The shepherds were still standing in the same place, looking up into the sky, when it suddenly came into Joseph's mind that perhaps his father might not like it if he knew that he was there. He had never heard his father say anything about angels coming to sing to the shepherds, and perhaps it was a secret. So Joseph was sorry that he had come. Then he sat down behind a rock to keep out of sight, and wished he were at home.

Pretty soon he peeped out from behind his hiding place and saw that the shepherds had stopped looking up into the sky and were talking very earnestly together. Then they started toward the road. He crouched down behind the rock, and as they passed near him he heard them say that they were going to see this thing which had come to pass, which the Lord had made known to them.

Joseph did not like to be left there all alone. He thought at first that he would go down among the sheep and play that he was their shepherd. Then he thought that the angels might come back, and he would not know what to say to them. And then, what was it

the men were going to see? Perhaps it was something that he would like to see, too.

So between his fear and his curiosity the little fellow made up his mind to follow the shepherds, not close enough to be seen by them, but at a safe distance. So after they had passed by he came out from behind the rock and walked along behind them, just keeping them well in sight, though there was really no danger of their noticing him, for they were all taken up with talking about what they had seen and heard.

As they were going along he heard one of them say, "How did that music go? Was it not something like this?" and he hummed a strain or two in imitation of the angel's song. And the others, laughing gently, answered, "No, no, Joshua; it wasn't much like that. Don't be trying it. You only spoil even our faint recollection of it."

So the shepherds went on, Joseph following at a distance. They came to the town and passed almost through it, coming at last to the inn where travelers stopped and caravans were lodged. There at the gate they made inquiries of the porter who directed them to the cattle shed. Joseph went in through the gate behind the shepherds, and followed them to the sheds.

There the shepherds entered. The boy remained outside. But he peeped through the cracks, and he heard the exclamations of admiration over a little baby there, and heard the man tell how they had been sent to find the child by a company of singing angels.

"A baby!" said Joseph to himself in a whisper. If there was one thing in this wide world that he wanted more than a lamb it was a baby. And this must be wonderfully nice if the angels had come down from heaven to sing about it, and the shepherds would leave their flocks and come so far to see it. Joseph could not see the baby from where he stood, although he hunted for a crevice that would give him a sight of it. Then the thought flashed into his mind, "Perhaps my father will take the baby home with him to be my little sister," and he was half a mind to go into the shed and ask his father to do so, when the men began to move toward the door. The fear of being seen by his father came back to him, and he crouched down and made himself as small as he could.

As soon as the shepherds had passed out into the street, Joseph walked quietly in at the open doorway. There he saw a young woman with such a sweet face half reclining upon a mass of nice clean straw, and in her arms there was a soft little bundle that must be the baby.

As the boy stood there, not knowing what to do next and feeling a little bashful, the young woman looked up and saw him, and said, "Would you like to see the baby?"

"Oh yes," said Joseph, and came up close to her.

Then she turned down a corner of the wrappings, and there he saw the little round face of the tiniest baby, and it was fast asleep.

"Is it your baby?" asked the boy.

"Yes," said the young woman, with such a happy smile.

"May I kiss it?" asked the boy.

And the young mother nodded pleasantly, and Joseph gave the baby a gentle kiss on the soft cheek.

"It's a little girl, isn't it?" said he.

But the mother shook her head for no, and said, "Unto us a son is given."

Joseph was disappointed, and was silent for a moment. Then he asked what is his name?"

"We shall call him Jesus," the mother replied.

"That's a pretty name," said the boy; "what does it mean?"

"It means Saviour," answered the mother; "because when he is grown up he is going to save men."

"Once I was a little baby, just like him," said the boy.

"Not just like this baby," said the mother.

"How do you know I wasn't?" asked the boy.

"Because this baby is never going to do anything naughty."

"I'm not a naughty boy, either," said Joseph.

"Do you always obey your father and mother?"

"Yes, except—except when I forget."

"And is it not naughty to forget?" asked the young mother, smiling.

Joseph looked a little ashamed, and said, "I'm afraid it is."

"Well, this little boy will never even forget."

"How do you know?" asked the boy.

"Because," said the mother, softly and slowly, "he is a holy child."

"I must go home now," said Joseph, for he was beginning to feel a little strange.

So giving the baby another kiss, he hastened out and through the streets, and reached his home just as the day was breaking.

Outside the door the boy paused, for he heard within the sound of many voices. Looking in he saw the house was full of neighbors, and his father was telling them of the wonderful things that had happened that night. The exclamations and questions that interrupted the speaker made it hard work for him to tell the story straight.

The shepherd was describing the appearance of the beautiful babe and its sweet young mother, and the hearers were lifting up their hands in astonishment and saying, one, "What did you say? in a stable?" and another, "In a manger?" and another, "All the way from Galilee!" And so the questions and exclamations were flying about, when Joseph's mother came running into the room, crying out so loudly that hers could be heard above all the other voices. "Oh, husband, while you are looking after other people's children your own is gone!"

"What do you mean?" cried the father. "Gone? gone where?"

And she answered with a wail, "I have just been in to call Joseph, and he is not there; and his bed is cold, and he has been gone a long while, and no one has seen him."

"Has no one seen him?" asked the father, looking anxiously around.

"Here I am," cried Joseph, pushing through the crowd that made way. "Here I am, and I've heard the angels sing and seen the baby, too."—*The Standard*.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

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

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

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

Sold by Druggists, 75 c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

ON CONSCIENCE.

BY REV. C. S. SAYRE.

In the RECORDER for March 25, 1901, was an article entitled, "Conscience—But the Others," which has moved the writer so strongly that he offers this article to the RECORDER as a study of the scripture then cited, more than for any other purpose.

The eighth and tenth chapters of Paul's First Letters to the Corinthians were cited as proof that conscience, founded on falsehood, must not be broken down. Here is the scripture. 1 Cor. 8:4-13:

As concerning, therefore, the eating of those things that are offered in sacrifice unto idols, we know that an idol is nothing in the world, and that there is none other God but one.

For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth, (as there be gods many and lords many,)

But to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things and we in him; and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him.

Howbeit there is not in every man that knowledge: for some with conscience of the idol unto this hour eat it as a thing offered unto an idol; and their conscience being weak is defiled.

These Corinthians were recent converts from heathenism, where they had been taught that when they ate meat that had been offered to an idol it should be done with fear and reverence for that idol. Their consciences were built on such opinions and teachings, and were necessarily strong and controlling. But under their new faith, so recently adopted, their judgment and convictions were not so strong and clear, and hence their consciences were weak.

The human mind operates by comparison in reaching a decision. A judgment is formed thus as a basis for conscience. These people whose minds had been cultivated along the lines of idolatrous worship, and whose judgments had been based upon its claims, had become very conscientious idolators. But when their minds were directed to the first commandment of God's law, a new line of thought began, and upon that came new judgments, and therefore a new conscience, so that the thoughts which made them conscientious idolators were directly opposed to the thoughts which made them conscientious Christians. Therefore, the conscience built up in idolatry was not a conscience fit for Christians, because it emanated from different thoughts and different judgments. If we follow the Authorized Version, we must conclude that Paul had in mind two distinct consciences when he wrote the words in the seventh verse. The Revised Version leads to the same conclusion, although it uses the word conscience only once, and then it is beyond cavil that he had in mind a conscience built on the Bible, the only conscience that Paul had any regard for, as we shall see farther.

The seventh verse ends by saying that their conscience being weak is defiled. That is, the conscience newly formed on the first commandment, so new and different from what they had been used to, was defiled because they yielded to the stronger conscience built on falsehood.

Paul also says (eighth verse):

But meat commendeth us not to God: for neither if we eat, are we the better; neither, if we eat not, are we the worse.

But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumblingblock to them that are weak.

For if any man see thee which hath knowledge sit at meat in the idol's temple, shall not the conscience

[founded on idolatry] of him which is weak [in conscience as to the first commandment] be emboldened to eat those things which are offered to idols.

And through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish, for whom Christ died?

But when ye sin so against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, [founded on the first commandment] ye sin against Christ.

Wherefore, if meat make thy brother to offend, [God by breaking his law] I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.

It is evident that Paul here gives no sign of regard for a conscience founded on the falsehoods of idolatry, but it is evident that he guards with zealous care the weak conscience newly built on God's law, and, in doing this, he would be foolish indeed to strive to preserve that conscience which was stronger and directly opposed to the conscience he sought to build and strengthen. There can be no reformation at the bottom of such a policy. By that course Paul would build a scaffold and tie a rope around his own neck.

No doubt Paul realized that he, himself, was weaker for having followed a conscience founded on falsehood.

"The bird with a broken pinion never soared so high again."

It is the height of folly to say that Paul was a better man for having followed a conscience founded on wrong judgments, because the stronger such conscience became the more difficult it was to destroy it, and make way for a new one built on right judgments. In Paul's experience, the Lord had to knock him down, and almost kill him, before the right kind of a conscience could be developed. Paul was an earnest and an active sinner; but because he afterward became earnest and active as a Christian is no evidence that it was right for him to persecute Christ's followers. The Lord Almighty did not blunder when he overcame Paul, plowed out the weeds of a false conscience, and planted the seeds of gospel-born conscience in their place. Some of us hesitate to deal thus with conscience, as if it were the highest tribunal of appeal; but that was God's method, and he made no apology for it.

It is natural for us to conciliate people by telling them, "It is alright if you are only conscientious." But we know that sinners never change their course when sin is made easy for them. They must be made uncomfortable before they will repent. Few would be converted if they were told that they are alright as long as they are sincere and conscientious.

People who discard the Sabbath are sinners, in some sense of the term, or else we, as Seventh-day Baptists, are foolish in a greater sense. If we put them at ease by saying, "Do this as long as you think it is right," we kill Sabbath Reform and lessen regard for God's law. Christ declares that obedience is the greatest evidence of love.

Now let us look at 1 Cor. 10:27-29:

If any of them that believe bid you to a feast, and ye be disposed to go, whatsoever is set before you eat, asking no questions for conscience sake,

But if any man say unto you, This is offered in sacrifice unto idols, eat not for his sake that showed it, and for conscience sake: for the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof:

Conscience, I say, not of thine own, but of the other: for why is my liberty judged of another man's conscience?

Paul is supposing a case, and giving directions too, for it. One of Pagan faith invites a Christian to a feast, evidently an idolatrous

one; among the guests are those lately converted by the Gospel. Paul says to the Christian having a strong conscience, while you may be able to eat this meat without sin, your brother cannot eat it without violating his new-born and weak conscience. "Your example in eating it may lead him astray and destroy one for whom Christ died; therefore, for your brother's sake, if not your own, refrain from eating such meat." There is no intimation in these passages that we ought to regard a conscience founded on idolatry, or on anything opposed to God's law. The Greek text of Wescott and Hort supports this thought. Paul's teaching in all these passages is that a conscience founded on truth must be preserved to the immediate and complete destruction of a conscience founded on falsehood.

HAMMOND, La.

FROM MRS. M. G. TOWNSEND.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

Another month has passed since writing you, and so swiftly that it seems but a few days since. The King's work is pleasant; each day revealing new phases of his gracious love and guidance, unfolding his divine plans, and developing them through the power that worketh in those who receive him and his truths into their lives. This is a promising field, and the work which begun here three months ago, in the name of the Master, meets with hearty co-operation.

The regular church services, the Sabbath-school and the work of the Senior and Junior Christian Endeavor Societies are increasing in interest, and we are now to begin a series of special meetings. Two persons have expressed a desire for baptism, and the spirit of consecration and humility prevails, and we have great faith that the children of God will be strengthened and quickened into greater activity, and that others will be redeemed from the bondage of sin and unbelief. The church is awake to its need of a settled pastor; correspondence has been held regarding that matter, and by the time the parsonage is ready—first of March—we hope an under-shepherd will be caring for the flock.

The Catholic church has been holding a "Mission Meeting" here for a week, with crowded audiences, including many Protestants. The priest has said, emphatically, that the only consistent Protestants in the place are those who keep the Seventh-day Sabbath, and all Protestants who keep the first day are, that far, Catholics; for they changed it from the seventh to the first day, and it is good enough for them. These wholesome facts, from an authentic source, have given some very good people something to think about.

The year is gone, and truth is patient, knowing each cycle will bring to souls who are ready to receive it the clearer vision of life's attainments, greater power and wisdom to battle with prejudice and unbelief, and enlarged capacity for enjoyment in victories won in the name of the Lord. May the number of such be greatly multiplied during the present year, especially of young men and women who are saying, "Here am I, send me, on errands of love, sympathy and helpfulness; into homes of want and sorrow caused by sin and vice; to bedsides of sickness and death; to responsibilities in the home and in the church." Such lives bring the balm of Gilead for the invigorating of faith unto

holy living, and reflect the divine light burning within, lighted and fed by the precious Spirit of Christ. Earnest young men and women, whose devotion to the principles and teachings of God's Word are dearer than popularity or the emoluments of a changing world, are in demand; and they need not fear but that they will find their right place. The world is realizing its helplessness, and it turns to the sincere and honest Christian who knows and does the will of God and to whom he vouchsafes the blessed privilege of being a savor of life unto life, for help and guidance. May God intensify our desires and quicken our energies to stand firm for an unbroken Decalogue and all that it means for us and ours, and to be an inspiration to those whose lives may come in touch with ours, by tender ties of friendship, or in the common intercourse of life's duties. If God be in us, and with us, we cannot fail.

M. G. TOWNSEND.

GARWIN, Iowa, Dec. 15, 1901.

MEETING OF THE SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD.

The Sabbath School Board of the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference met in regular session, at 220 Broadway, New York City, Dec. 15, 1901, at 10 o'clock A. M., with the President, Rev. George B. Shaw, in the chair. The following members were present: Rev. George B. Shaw, Frank L. Green, John B. Cottrell, and Corliss F. Randolph. Prayer was offered by John B. Cottrell.

The minutes of the last two meetings were read.

The President presented a bill for printing and stationery, amounting to \$5.82, the payment of which was approved. The President also presented a bill for postage and railroad fare to the amount of \$4.16, which was approved and ordered paid.

The President of the Board, as a Committee to arrange for the editorial work on *Our Sabbath Visitor* when it shall pass into our hands, reported that Miss Ernestine C. Smith, of Plainfield, N. J., had been secured as editor, and Mrs. Henry M. Maxson, of Plainfield, N. J., as consulting editor. The report was adopted.

Voted that when *Our Sabbath Visitor* passes into our hands we change its name to *The Sabbath Visitor*.

The committee to prepare a series of tracts on subjects of denominational history and doctrine reported progress.

Minutes read and approved.

Adjourned.

CORLISS F. RANDOLPH, *Rec. Sec.*

One in a Hundred.

The first year of the new century is gone; there are ninety-nine years left for improvement. Messrs. N. W. Ayer & Son, the Philadelphia promoters of advertising, have begun early in their efforts to make the second year better than the first. Their Twentieth Century Calendar, issued about this time last year, it was thought, approached near the limits of the art preservative and the demands of utility—but the 1902 calendar is better. As usual, the background and main sheet of this calendar is an art work, enhanced in beauty by the tasteful colors of the printer. The twelve sheets containing the dates of the months have a restful dark green background, the large figures in white catching the eye at a great distance. In each sheet are epigrammatic sentences bearing on the possibilities of business during the year. Though this calendar marks the passing of one year in a hundred, it is in itself one calendar in a thousand for artistic beauty and real usefulness. The demand is always great, and whoever would have a copy should send 25c. before the edition runs low. This is a merely nominal price to cover the cost of printing, handling and postage. Address N. W. Ayer & Son, Chestnut and Eighth Streets, Philadelphia.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Severe floods swept over Western New York and Northern Pennsylvania on the 14th and 15th of Dec. Much damage to railroads and other property resulted. This was followed by a cold wave which checked the flood but brought much suffering. Ithaca and Binghamton in the north, and Pittsburg farther south, also Eastern Pennsylvania and Western New Jersey, suffered much from high waters. Maine suffered much from floods about the same time.

On the 14th of December a disastrous fire occurred in Salem, W. Va., by which the main business portion of the place was destroyed. The loss is estimated at \$200,000, with little insurance. The RECORDER has advice from its correspondent at that place showing that the places destroyed included "every saloon and gambling house in the city." Salem is the railroad center for a large oil district, and there was much inflammable material in town.

On the 15th of December it was reported that the great electrician, Marconi, had received definite response by wireless telegraphy from England to his plant in Newfoundland. If subsequent experiments confirm this report the wildest hopes of fancy will be more than realized within the next 25 years. The distance between the places is about 1,800 miles. That his experiments are feared is shown by the fact that he has been served with legal documents from the Anglo-American Telegraphy Company denying him the right to continue experiments in wireless telegraphy from Newfoundland.

The Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was ratified by the Senate on the 16th of December by a vote of 72 to 6. The six Senators opposing it explain that they did not oppose the canal, but that they desire minor changes in the form of the treaty. England is pleased with the ratification. On the same day Secretary Hay and the Danish Minister at Washington completed a treaty for the sale of the Danish West Indies to the United States.

The long trial of Admiral Schley has resulted in his condemnation by a majority of the court, for disobedience of orders in the battle of Santiago, but his course is justified by the President of the Court, Admiral Dewey. Admiral Schley has entered a protest against the finding by the court.

On the 16th of December a Committee of Arbitration, appointed by the National Civil Federation, was announced, for the purpose of considering all questions touching differences between labor and capital; the purpose being to end the era of "strikes" and make permanent arrangements for arbitration.

On the 18th of December it was announced that John D. Rockefeller had given another \$1,000,000 for the general Endowment Fund of the University of Chicago, and \$250,000 for the general needs of the school during the current year. Additional gifts of \$375,000, from other sources, were announced at the same time.

The agitation concerning the opening of the saloons on Sunday, in New York City, has been increased during the week by a speech of Justice Jerome, at Rochester, and before the Brewers at New York City, who have pledged themselves to labor for the law desired by Justice Jerome—opening the saloons in the cities of the state from 1 to 11 P. M. on Sunday.

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1902.

FIRST QUARTER.

Jan. 4.	The Promise of Power.	Acts 1: 1-11
Jan. 11.	The Promise of Power Fulfilled.	Acts 2: 1-11
Jan. 18.	The Early Christian Church.	Acts 2: 37-47
Jan. 25.	The Lame Man Healed.	Acts 3: 1-10
Feb. 1.	The First Persecution.	Acts 4: 1-12
Feb. 8.	The Sin of Lying.	Acts 5: 1-11
Feb. 15.	The Second Persecution.	Acts 5: 32-42
Feb. 22.	The Arrest of Stephen.	Acts 6: 7-15
Mar. 1.	The Stoning of Stephen.	Acts 7: 54-8: 2
Mar. 8.	The Disciples Scattered.	Acts 8: 3-13
Mar. 15.	The Ethiopian Converted.	Acts 8: 29-39
Mar. 22.	Temperance Lesson.	Eph. 5: 11-21
Mar. 29.	Review.	

LESSON I.—THE PROMISE OF POWER.

For Sabbath-day, Jan. 4, 1902.

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 1: 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Spirit is come upon you.—Acts 1: 8.

INTRODUCTION.

The Book of Acts was written by Luke and was evidently intended as a continuation or supplement of the Gospel by that evangelist. Some writers have thought that Luke intended to add a third book to this series, and that the abrupt close of the Book of Acts is one proof for this theory; but the evidence is hardly sufficient to establish this supposition.

The purpose of the Book of Acts is to picture the activity of Christ after his ascension as shown in the deeds of his followers when they were filled with the Holy Spirit. It is worthy of note, however, that this book gives information in regard to a few only of the Apostles: John is mentioned only as the companion of Peter, and we are told nothing of Peter after the work of Paul comes into prominence. The accurate translation of the title of the book as given in the best manuscripts is not "The Acts of the Apostles," but rather, "Acts of Apostles"—an expression which might mean some of the acts of some of the Apostles.

We have not, however, a few random sketches of some of the deeds of Christ's followers in the Apostolic Age, but rather a beautifully-arranged and well-written treatise upon the spread of the Gospel from Jerusalem to Rome—from the city in which the Lord was put to shame and crucified unto the metropolis of the world, the city which was the seat of the most powerful government that had been known up to that time.

Some writers have noted that in the Book of Acts Christianity is never represented as in conflict with the Roman government, and that the early missionaries were often on friendly terms with those high in authority. It may be that the author expected that others than Christians would be readers of this book, and that he hoped to impress them with the fact that Christianity was not in any sort of antagonism with the government.

The first chapter of this book serves as an introduction to the narrative of the doings of the Apostles under the direction of the Spirit. The Ascension, the culmination of Jesus' ministry while in the flesh, is the event which introduces the new era.*

OUTLINE:

1. The Work of Jesus is to Continue. v. 1-5.
2. The Promise of the Holy Spirit. v. 6-8.
3. The Ascension of Jesus. v. 9-11.

NOTES.

1. **The former treatise.** The reference is apparently to the Gospel according to Luke. The proof of this inference is not only from the fact that both are dedicated to Theophilus but also from the many similarities of words in the two books. We know nothing of Theophilus except that his name suggests that he may be a Greek, and that the words "most excellent" in Luke 1: 3 suggests that he may have been an officer of high rank in the government. **Began.** This word is probably to be emphasized. Jesus began a work in his lifetime which he continued after his resurrection.

2. **Taken up.** That is, at his ascension. Our author regards the physical life of Jesus as closing, not at his crucifixion, but at the ascension. **Through the Holy Ghost.** Much better as in the American Revision,

* See lesson for May 19, 1900.

Holy Spirit. **Had given commandments.** The Revised Version has "commandment" in the singular; but even with that rendering we are not to think simply of the one command to tarry at Jerusalem but rather of many commandments and teachings. **The Apostles, etc.** That is, the Eleven. The word is used in a broader sense in Acts 14: 14 and elsewhere.

3. **He shewed himself.** Better, he presented himself; literally, he set himself near them. **His passion.** That is, his suffering—the suffering in the garden and upon the cross. A writer commenting upon the Revised Version excuses the retention of this uncommon word by saying that it is "too sacred a word to be expunged from this the only place where it occurs in the Bible." **Many infallible proofs.** The Revised Version omits the word infallible, and thus is more accurate, although not as vivid. **Being seen of them.** Rather in the active voice, appearing to them. It is worthy of notice that Jesus appeared to none but his disciples. **The kingdom of God.** This was the general subject of Jesus' teaching while upon earth. He came to establish a kingdom of purity and holiness—a kingdom whose citizens should render devoted allegiance to God—a kingdom of the present and of the glorious future.

4. **Commanded them.** Better as in the Revised Version, "he charged them." The verb is different from that in v. 2 and is very emphatic. **The promise of the Father.** The reference is to John 14: 16; 15: 26; 16: 14; perhaps also to Joel 2: 28 and similar prophecies.

5. **Truly.** This translation is altogether too emphatic; for the emphasis of the sentence is not upon the certainty of the fact of John's baptism, but rather upon the contrast between the two baptisms. **With water . . . with the Holy Ghost.** The preposition used in the second expression is omitted in the first. It is better to translate it "in" instead of with. The contrast is not simply between water-baptism and spirit-baptism. In the one case an external element, 'water,' is used and left behind; in the other case the candidate enters into the sphere of the Spirit's influence and abides there.

6. **When they therefore were come together.** This is probably at the time of the ascension, and doubtless at a later time than that in v. 4. **Lord.** We may not be sure whether they used this as a title of respect equivalent to *sir* or *master*, or as a title of divinity. **Wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?** They still had the crude ideas of national prosperity as the culmination of the Messianic blessings. Even with this lack of perception as to the true character of the kingdom of God, it is a mistake to say that they had no spiritual ideals.

7. **It is not for you to know, etc.** A very mild rebuke. Some have wondered that our Lord did not then explain the true character of his kingdom. Their ideals were so nearly a part of themselves that they could not have comprehended an explanation which contradicted these ideals.

8. **Power.** Indwelling ability. Not the same word as at the end of the preceding verse (which should be translated "authority"). **After that.** Much better "when"; for there is no implication of any interval of time between the coming of the Holy Spirit and the endowment with power. **The Holy Ghost is come upon you.** See next lesson. **Witnesses unto me.** In the better manuscripts, "my witnesses." They were to be his and to testify for him, proclaiming the truth of the kingdom. **In Jerusalem, etc.** Note the places and the order in which they are mentioned. **Uttermost part of the earth.** Rome is therefore included.

9. **A cloud.** Probably the symbol of the divine glory.

10. **Two men.** Evidently angels.

11. **Ye men of Galilee.** Even if they were of the despised section of the country, they were to be the privileged recipients of this most glorious promise. **So come in like manner.** The return is certain, and is to be just as real as the departure.

13. It is interesting to compare this list of the Apostles with Matt. 10: 2-4, Mark 3: 16-19 and Luke 6: 14-16.

14. Women who had an inferior place in Judaism are directly associated with their brothers in the service of Christ. This verse contains the last mention in the Bible of Mary the mother of our Lord.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

A Marvelous Power.

An electrical plant of wonderful dimensions is now being completed between Seventy-fourth and Seventy-fifth streets, New York City, along the shore of the East River. The building wherein a tremendous electrical force is to be collected is 580 feet in length and 204 feet in width, built of brick. It has four chimneys, each 278 feet in height. Connected by flues with each of these chimneys are 24 furnaces, and on each furnace is placed a boiler, making 96 boilers in all; each boiler is independent, but the connections are such that the steam can be used in any one of the sections throughout the whole system.

There are eight dynamos, each weighing about nine thousand pounds. Their combined weight is about thirty-six tons. These dynamos, when connected, will gather an electrical force equaling one hundred thousand horse-power, or twice the power of any other plant in the world.

On the top floor of this immense building are located the coal bunkers, having a capacity of fifteen thousand tons. The bunkers are so arranged that coals are fed to each of the sixty furnaces automatically, thus saving the labor of at least three hundred and fifty men, as the labor has to be continuous. In the basement under these furnaces is a railway on which cars are run to receive the ashes, which are dropped automatically from the furnaces, and convey them to barges for removal.

This immense power plant being located at the riverside affords great advantages. The coals are brought in barges, and machinery working automatically takes the coals from the barges to the top floor, and deposits them in the bunkers. The same barges receive and carry away the ashes.

It is not only astonishing, but bewildering, to see and comprehend the great amount of manual labor which can be performed automatically by scientific arrangements in a plant like this, and have it better done than by individuals. For instance, here are thousands of journals, and moveable bearings, some of them moving with great velocity, which require almost constant lubrication, thus using many gallons of oil daily. Here is found an automatic oiler, which takes the oil in quantity, distributes and carries it to every bearing and applies it as needed, doing the work of from seventy-five to a hundred men.

In constructing this mammoth power plant, the Manhattan Railway Company, we are informed, used about six thousand tons of iron and steel. As far as possible, all manual labor has been handed over to be performed by that unseen and unknown power called electricity.

Our first recollection of seeing what might possibly be called electric or galvanic force was about seventy years ago, in a small shop in Canal Street, New York, occupied by a Quaker gentleman. It was contained in a little box, perhaps 8x12 inches. As the old gentleman evidently saw we were interested, he seemed to take extra pains to explain, as far as possible, how the mysterious movement was produced. It was not a rotary motion, only vibratory, like what now can be seen in any telegraph office, but it was wonderful to look and not see how a little bar, having a tiny spring over it to hold it up, was pulled down until the bar just touched a point, and then let go and allowed the little spring to pull it up again. Had a fiber of silk been hitched around a mosquito's neck, we doubt whether the power would have yanked him off his feet. Here, to-day, we are describing a plant that collects and utilizes a hundred thousand horse-power. Could we have made this statement then, what a reputation we would have made as being an unaccountable liar.

PRAYER pulls the rope below, and the great bell rings above in the ears of God. Some scarcely stir the bell, for they pray so languidly; others give an occasional pluck at the rope; but he who wins with heaven is the man who grasps the rope boldly and pulls continuously with all his might.—Spurgeon.

ROYAL Baking Powder



Makes Clean Bread

With Royal Baking Powder there is no mixing with the hands, no sweat of the brow. Perfect cleanliness, greatest facility, sweet, clean, healthful food.

The "Royal Baker any Pastry Cook"—containing over 800 most practical and valuable cooking receipts—free to every patron. Send postal card with your full address.

Alum is used in some baking powders and in most of the so-called phosphate powders because it is cheap, and makes a cheaper powder. But alum is a corrosive poison which, taken in food, acts injuriously upon the stomach, liver and kidneys.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

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.

WHITFORD.—At her home near Leonardsville, N. Y., Dec. 9, 1901, of acute indigestion and senile weakness, Mrs. Harriet Whitford, in the 90th year of her age.

Mrs. Whitford was the daughter of Joseph and Hannah Clarke, and was born in the town of Plainfield, N. Y., July 15, 1812. Her parents had eight children, of whom Harriet was the fifth and last surviving child. In her youth she gave her heart to Christ and was baptized Nov. 26, 1831, by the late Rev. William B. Maxson, and joined the First Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist church, of which she remained a faithful member till her death. She was thus over seventy years a member of this church, being at the time of her death not only the oldest living member but the one whose membership was over the longest period of time. She was married to Clark Whitford Feb. 9, 1836, by Eld. John Greene, in Plainfield, Otsego Co., N. Y., and there began house-keeping, where she lived and died. There were born to them seven children, of whom four are living, namely, the Rev. Oscar U. Whitford, D. D., of Westery, R. I.; Delos C. Whitford, of Wolcott, N. Y.; Mrs. Harriet Adaline Hall, of Shiloh, N. J.; and Cyrus B. Whitford, who lives in the old home. Mrs. Whitford was always a sincerely devoted Christian, and died suddenly and peacefully, having been in her usual health up to the day before she died. Funeral services were held at her late home, December 12, conducted by the pastor of the First Brookfield church. Interment at Unadilla Forks, N. Y. W. C. D.

CLARKE.—At Edgerton, Wis., Dec. 9, 1901, of consumption, Miss Lena Belle Clarke, daughter of the late Francis M. Clarke, of Leonardsville, N. Y., in the 24th year of her age.

Miss Clarke was born at Unadilla Forks, N. Y., June 20, 1878, and lived near Leonardsville until after the

death of her father. Later, her mother, Mrs. Emogene Mason Clarke, married the late Ambrose Phillips, of Wisconsin, and her home was thereafter in the West. Although Miss Lena never made a public profession of religion, she evinced the beauty of a Christian life, and won many friends by her gentle ways. For a long time the approach and progress of the insidious disease which ended her life more tenderly endeared her to all who knew her, who felt sad to think that one so young must pass away. Her last hours were triumphant in faith, and it seemed to her in her dying moments that she was granted the beautiful vision of her Lord. Funeral services were held at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Desire Mason, near Leonardsville, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1901, conducted by the pastor of the First Brookfield church. Interment at Unadilla Forks, N. Y. W. C. D.

HARDIN.—At his home, in Leonardsville, N. Y., Dec. 11, 1901, of senile debility, Daniel Hardin, in the 82d year of his age.

Mr. Hardin was the son of Nathan and Philena Clark Hardin, and was born in the town of Plainfield, Otsego Co., N. Y., May 7, 1820. His parents came from Connecticut in 1798, and settled near Leonardsville, N. Y. His life was that of a pioneer settler and early he acquired the habits of industry, prudence and honesty. He was at first engaged in business in Leonardsville, but in 1865 removed to Saginaw, Mich., where he was concerned in the salt and lumber business, and later that of flour and planing mills. He has ever since been identified with Saginaw business affairs, commercial and financial. He was married to Miss Lucy Brown in 1840, and they had four children, the only surviving one being Mrs. J. F. Brand, of Saginaw. Mr. Hardin had positive views on the subject of religion, and although never uniting with any religious body, was always interested in the welfare of churches and in particular of the Seventh-day Baptist church in Leonardsville, his old home. Two years ago he built a house on the site of the old family place where he passed his last days under the tender ministry of his daughter and devoted grandchildren. Funeral services were held from his home, Dec. 14, 1901, conducted by the pastor of the First Brookfield church. Interment at Leonardsville. W. C. D.

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. P. 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.

MINUTES PUBLISHING SOCIETY.

1853, 3 copies.
1856, 5 copies.
1857, 2 copies.

THE ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

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

HELPING HANDS.

Vol.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
I.	1	1	1	1
II.		5		
VIII.		5		
IX.		2		
X.	4	1		
XIII.	1	3		1
XIV.				3

Send to SABBATH RECORDER,
Plainfield, N. J.

