

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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New Year's Morning.



ONLY a night from old to new!

Only a night and so much wrought!

The old year's heart all weary grew,

But said: "The New Year rest has brought."

The Old Year's heart its hopes laid down,

As in a grave; but, trusting, said:

"The blossoms of the New Year's crown

Bloom from the ashes of the dead."

Only a night from old to new!

Never a night such changes wrought.

The Old Year had its work to do;

No New Year miracles are wrought.

Always a night from old to new!

Night and the healing balm of sleep!

Each morn is New Year's morn come true,

Morn of a festival to keep.

All nights are sacred nights to make

Confession and resolve and prayer;

All days are sacred days to wake

New gladness in the sunny air.

Only a night from old to new;

Only a sleep from night to morn.

The new is but the old come true;

Each sunrise sees a new year born.

—Helen Hunt.

The Sabbath Recorder.

A. H. LEWIS, D. D., LL. D., - - - - - Editor.
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It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll;
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

-Sel.

In some circles it is quite the fashion to deride "New Year's Resolutions." Such deriding is both foolish and unjust. All the best things in life are gained by constant struggle and repeated endeavor. He does nothing worth doing who does not renew good resolutions often. He is foolish and opinionated who does not learn wisdom by his failures. Anniversaries, from birthdays to New Years, have a specific moral value. They are brief resting-places for retrospect and prospect. They are the natural and legitimate times for taking account of life, its successes and failures, its possibilities and promises. He who makes little or no account of New Year's time to inquire after himself, his moral assets, and his place in the world, under the eye of God, is more foolish than the business man who takes no account of stock, year by year, and who, going on thus, is almost sure to find financial ruin. If you are too indifferent or too cowardly to make new resolutions at the New Year, do not add to your folly by deriding others who do make them, nor increase your own delusions by thinking you would be no better for making an honest effort to do and be better. Many logical and cogent reasons exist for renewing good resolutions, and our work for Christ and the world, at this time.

NO ONE of us has done all he hoped to do, or could do. Whatever causes may have produced such results, it is true that comparative failure marks all past years. But comparative failure is final success, if such failure teaches wisdom. Mistakes have a definite value in showing us why they should be avoided, and how that can be done. That we do make failures, compared with our ideals of what we ought to be, and to do, is partly our fault and partly the normal course of our development. Condemn yourself for such failures as you could have avoided, through greater care and greater consecration; but do not condemn yourself for the failures that have come for want of knowledge you could not gain, or for lack of strength you did not possess. A costly mansion, in process of erection, stands in full view from one of our windows. Last spring the architect said, "The owner can eat Christmas dinner in this house." Yesterday the dining-room was filled with scaffolding and workmen, and no Christmas dinner will be eaten there. Among the reasons why the architect must face this comparative failure to keep his promises is the fact that the work grew on his hands. New demands were made and new needs developed as the work went on. But this is not real failure; the mansion will be better in the end, for such momentary failure.

ANOTHER element of failure came in upon the plans of the architect, in that those on whom he depended to supply materials failed to keep their promises. Certain carloads of stone were side-tracked for weeks, somewhere between Ohio and New Jersey, while the contractors and the architect waited and scolded

in vain. It often is that our best efforts for others are rendered nugatory by the attitude they take toward our endeavors to do them good. The work of the world is made up of strange extremes, marvelously mixed, and each choice involved has to do with the seeming or actual success or failure of each worker. Lay nothing to the charge of another which ought to be charged to your negligence; neither wrong yourself by writing against yourself what others are responsible for. We are likely to charge more to others than we ought, but God wants us to be just with ourselves. Make new resolutions now because such resolutions are part of God's plan for your growth and development.

NOT least among the reasons for making new resolutions to-day is the fact that you possess power for good, and for service in the cause of truth and righteousness, which is but partially developed; and much that is not yet uncovered. At a stone quarry we saw yesterday, a force of men is kept busy, uncovering the rock for working. These men do no quarrying, but the work of the quarrymen would soon cease but for those who remove the earth and worthless material. So our lives possess worlds of valuable material for making efficient servants of God and humanity which good resolutions help to uncover. No man knows himself and his powers, at the beginning of any given work, or any given year. One danger with us is the tendency to think that our strength and resources are exhausted. That is never true of a noble and consecrated life. That which we possess by original inheritance, and that which God waits to supply, are greater than we know to-day, often greater than we dream of. With the inspiration of new resolutions and the efforts which follow these, unknown and undeveloped resources are uncovered year by year. He who makes no new resolutions dies in poverty of soul and life, with untold riches a little below where his lazy hands and cowardly soul, have refused to dig.

WHEN the writer was a boy of five years, his mother lost a valuable thimble in the grass near home. The most careful search by members of the family, failed to find it. A neighbor came to aid. He went over the ground already searched, while the family, including the boy of five, looked on. The thimble was not there, so far as "surface indications" showed, but under a tuft of grass which had been lifted, again and again, was a tiny hole, into which the thimble had been pushed by the hands that had sought to find it. All other places having failed to restore the lost, Mr. Burdick probed that hole and restored the thimble. So opportunities pushed aside once are restored by new resolutions and new efforts. Often it seems that no further opportunities for work or attainment can be reached. But God always has one or more awaiting the keen eyes and careful hands of new resolutions, and repeated efforts. Willing workers will find places and chances, tasks and successes. Exhaust the store of new resolves, and efforts, before you complain that opportunity is not. If you do this, opportunity will never be wanting.

DO NOT fail to read what the President and Treasurer of the Tract Society say on next page concerning the financial situation.

You will have more or less cause for regret at this New Year's time. It will be both wise and helpful to note the causes which have produced those results for which regret and repentance are demanded. Probably most of us will find that Indifference has been a prominent one. It is sometimes as difficult to tell why men are indifferent as it is impossible to avoid the sad results of indifference. No one can be indifferent to a question of duty who has not lost, in some degree, the sense of personal responsibility. Indifference is a double evil. It prevents right action and benumbs the soul. It is an anesthetic, which produces pleasant quiet at first, and strangles all better resolutions in the end. Indifference is like nightmare, and he who is conscious of its presence must make extraordinary effort to save himself from death. Often men are not clearly conscious of the reason which prevents right action, when indifference is the main cause. It is an insidious foe, and more to be dreaded than one that is openly hostile. Some years ago, when the writer had preached a sermon upon "Spiritual Indolence," one of the hearers said, "That is my besetting sin." Indifference is closely akin to spiritual indolence. Easy-going repentance at this time will not be a sufficient safeguard against future evil results to your life, through indifference. You must shake yourself vigorously, as to moral questions and spiritual experience, or the year 1902 will add a long list to the hurtful things you will bring upon yourself through indifference.

ANOTHER prominent cause of those results over which you must grieve is carelessness. This implies the idea that you are sometimes careful, and that, as a whole, both your purposes and your life may approach the high standard which all should seek. The form of carelessness we have in mind comes, mainly, through momentary forgetfulness, or some of the sharper impulses that induce action quite opposed to better judgment. One may walk with safety a long distance, and yet suffer injury through a single careless step. Such carelessness may be less reprehensible than continued indifference, but its immediate results are quite as serious. In some respects, he who fails through carelessness is likely to recover sooner than the indifferent man, because he has a keener sense of personal responsibility and higher standards of action. Nevertheless, carelessness is a serious fault, and many excellent people fall not only into evil through it, but cultivate forms of spiritual weakness, which increase the probability of frequent carelessness. Carelessness is closely allied to momentary temptation. Waves of emotion and gusts of passion are prominent causes of such carelessness. Absorption in other things at the moment, when one ought to be careful of his steps, is a fruitful source of carelessness. One ought to cultivate a wholesome and constant dread of carelessness, as the traveler, surrounded by unseen danger, is alert, through dread of unknown evils that may confront him at any moment. Holding one's tongue against hasty words is an excellent safeguard against carelessness.

NOT least among those things which cause regret, as we review life, are the mistakes and evils which arise from ignorance. Ignorance may be a misfortune, rather than a sin, and we are never condemned by the All-Wise

Father for not knowing that which we have had no chance to learn. The danger is that we do not avail ourselves of the opportunity to learn, and so fall into grievous errors. In that case we must be held responsible for that which we might know. Opportunity is duty in the matter of learning, as elsewhere, and he who is not alert constantly, that he may learn what God requires, may not offer ignorance as a ground of excuse. Our knowledge of what is right comes through countless channels, and it is duty to see that no experience fails to leave some permanent teaching for good. It is not just to condemn yourself to-day for any failure through imperfect knowledge, if you have done your best to secure the knowledge requisite to right judgment and right action. The important lesson to learn, under this head, is that the best lessons in life are never completed. However much you learned yesterday, however great the sum of your knowledge to-day, God has some further and better lessons waiting in to-morrow. If you are indifferent, or careless, concerning that lesson, the resulting ignorance must be charged against you.

FIGHT indifference. Overcome carelessness. Study intensely and constantly to know God's will.

JUST A WORD WITH YOU.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society comes to the denomination at the beginning of the year with a statement of the business conditions of the Society, for which it asks careful and earnest consideration, in the belief that such consideration will result in a hearty and generous response from the people.

We do not believe that the people are consciously neglecting this important form of denominational work; but, in some way the deep sense of personal obligation seems to have slipped away, with serious results to the work of the Society, and corresponding loss to the people.

The Treasurer's books show that the amount contributed by the people, during the last fiscal year, July 1900 to July 1901, was but little more than one-half as much as the amount contributed annually a few years ago. During the first half of the current year the receipts have been less, in proportion, than the small amount contributed during the preceding year. As a result, the work of the Society is seriously crippled, at a time when the demands upon it are much increased.

The bills of the Society must be paid promptly, semi-monthly or monthly, as a matter of business honesty and justice, and to maintain a good financial standing. When the treasury is empty, nothing remains but to cut down work or borrow money. But the regular work of the Society cannot be cut down, in honesty, or justice. For example, \$600 must go to Holland each year, in monthly installments, to support the *Boodschapper* and without promptness and regularity on our part, Bro. Velthuysen must be crippled as publisher of that paper. Similar results will come if the Branch Offices in Georgia and Canada are not given their financial support each month. In the case of our home publications, the demand is equally imperative. If the RECORDER, the *Helping Hand*, the *Sabbath Visitor*—after January, 1902—and the new Reform paper, *The Sabbath of Christ*, are a single day behind time, complaints follow in the next mail. Even if sixty per cent of the subscribers are in arrears the complaints for a single failure are not wanting. This is right. But it is equally right that all bills due the Publishing House be paid as promptly as the Publishing House is compelled to pay its bills. If the publishing interests were a private enterprise, the case would be somewhat different. But all the Tract Society has in hand belongs to the denomination, and the officers

of the Society are doing the work committed to their care, gratuitously, even when they are compelled to be personally responsible for accumulating debts. The Society is now \$2,000 in debt.

What the people demand each week cannot be done without increasing this debt, unless the response by way of subscriptions and contributions to the General Fund are promptly and liberally increased. It is difficult to understand just why the situation should be what it is, when the financial conditions of the country and the general prosperity are better than for many years. It is probably due in no small degree to the fact that the people have forgotten their personal responsibility in the matter of supporting the work.

The late Conference gave unusual prominence to the Sabbath question, and hearty commendation to the work of the Board. But the Executive Board cannot achieve the impossible, and unless we all get together as to our hearts, prayers and pocket-books, the work of the Tract Society will be hampered for lack of funds so as to seriously impair the usefulness of the denomination, at a time when so much is demanded.

This work must not stop. The Publishing House should be run to its utmost capacity. More laborers are needed, and the call is unceasing for new lines of work, or the strengthening and extension of present plans; but as things now are, the almost universal reply is, "We have no funds."

This must not be. We have the money; let each give in accordance with his means. As God has blessed us with this world's goods, so let us remember him in the substantial fruits of our labors. Our contributions must be doubled to place them where they were six years ago, and more than doubled if we are to meet the demands crowding upon us at the opening of the New Year. Not for the sake of the Board, but for the sake of the denomination, let us give a hearty and generous response to this appeal. If each one will do this, it will be easy to raise the amount to the old figure, and carry it beyond that until we can see the way clear to put our publications before the world as the times demand.

This is the Christmas time, the giving time. We have all remembered our loved ones with some token; shall we not now, of all times, remember our Heavenly Father and his truth committed to us?

This is God's work and yours. Do not overlook that fact. It is only as you place the means in our hands that we can carry on this work, and, if it goes on, as it surely must, we must look for your generous support.

Make all remittances to the Treasurer at Plainfield, N. J. No matter how small the sum, send it.

J. F. HUBBARD, *President*.

F. J. HUBBARD, *Treasurer*.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., Dec. 24, 1901.

LOOK UPWARD.

It is wise for us to look at the dangers, to be fully aware of the perils, to be tremblingly conscious of our own weakness; but it is folly and faithlessness to look at the danger so exclusively, or to feel our own weakness so keenly, as that either one or the other, or both of them combined, shall obscure to our sight the far greater and confidence-giving truth of the knowledge, the sympathy, and the extended protecting hand of our Brother and our Lord. We belong to him, if we have yielded our hearts to him, and he will not "suffer his holy one to see corruption," here and hereafter.

If you look down from the narrow ledge of the Alpine *arrete* to the thousand feet of precipice on either side of the two or three inches where you have your footing, you will get giddy and fall. If you look up, you will walk steadily. Do not ignore the danger nor presumptuously forget your own weakness; but "when I said my foot slippeth, Thy mercy held me up."—*Alexander Maclaren*.

Prayer-Meeting Column.

TOPIC FOR JANUARY 10, 1902.

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

Theme.—Practical exhortations to holy living.

Col. 3; 1--17.

Since, therefore, you were raised to Life with the Christ, be eager for the things that are above; for it is there that the Christ is, *seated at the right hand of God*. Fix your thoughts upon the things that are above, not upon those that are on earth. For you died, and your Life now lies hidden, with the Christ, in God. When the Christ, who is our Life, appears, then you also will appear with him in glory.

Therefore kill all your animal appetites—immorality, uncleanness, passions, evil desires, and especially greed, for that amounts to idolatry. These are the things on account of which God's judgment is coming; and to them you, like others, once devoted your lives, when you lived under their influence. You, however, must now lay aside all such things—anger, passion, spite, slandering, and bad language. Never tell lies to one another. Get rid of your old self and its habits, and clothe yourselves with that new self, which, as it gains in knowledge, is being constantly renewed *in resemblance to him who made it*. In this new life the distinctions between Greek and Jew, circumcised and uncircumcised, barbarian, Scythian, slave, free man, are impossible. Christ is all and in all.

Therefore, as God's Chosen People, consecrated and dear to him, clothe yourselves with tenderness of heart, kindness, humility, gentleness and forbearance. Bear with one another, and if any of you have grounds for complaint against others, forgive one another freely. The Master freely forgave you; so you must do the same. Over all these put on love; for love, like a girdle, makes all complete. Let the peace that the Christ gives settle all doubts within your hearts; for you were called into possession of it as members of one Body. And show yourselves thankful. Let the message from the Christ dwell in your minds in all its wealth, and make you in every respect wise. Teach and admonish one another by means of psalms, hymns, and sacred songs, full of the grace of God; and sing also to God in your hearts. And whatever you are doing—whether in speech or action—do everything as followers of Jesus, the Master, and through him offer your thanksgiving to God.

Spiritual resurrection is at once a duty and a glorious privilege. If you seek the things which are above, where Christ is, in purpose and with consecrating love, unnumbered blessings will follow. If you do not murder your earthly lusts, they will murder you. Compassion and sympathy are among the highest Christian graces. The peace of Christ rests upon those who seek the things which make for peace and the upbuilding of the church of Christ. "Spiritual songs," sung in the true spirit and with understanding, are a means of grace, and an important part of the prayer-meeting service.

WISCONSIN LETTER.

To the Editor of THE SABBATH RECORDER:

Not long since, there came to my table a copy of the SABBATH RECORDER on the margin of which was written the oft-raised and oft-answered objection to Sabbath-keeping, that time has been lost, or changed, so that we cannot know that we are keeping the Seventh-day. The writer, who, I am informed, is an M. E. clergyman living somewhere in Iowa, has received through a mutual friend the subjoined reply. There is nothing new in either the objection or its answer, and yet its publication may be of help to some of your readers. Do with it as you think best. The objection this time is stated thus:

"If Saturday is the Sabbath now, how has it been when our time became old style, that is, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, etc., days out of the correct time? You cannot have been right when the rest of the world was wrong and you regu-

lated your Sabbath by their wrong Sunday. The fact is, we may be off time a little now, and your persistent observance of our 7th day be in consequence wrong. You strain at a gnat, etc." To which I reply:

"Did it never occur to you, my brother, that no change made in the number of days contained in the civil year could in any way change the order or number of days in the week? As you well know, in order to keep the length of the civil year approximately the same as that of the astronomical year, we add one day every fourth year (except on the centennial year), but we experience no disturbance in the number and order of the days of the week. Whether our year contains 365 days or 366 days, the week has seven days just as it always has had. On the same principle the dropping of any number of days from the year could not disturb the weekly order of days. Such an omission was made by the change from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar, or from Old Style to New Style, to which you refer. The New Style was adopted by different nations at different times, creating some confusion with reference to the day of the year, but none with reference to the days of the week. For example, Great Britain adopted the New Style by an Act of Parliament passed in 1751. The difference between the two styles, which then amounted to eleven days, was removed by ordering the day following the 2d of September, 1752, to be accounted the 14th of September. Let us suppose, for example, that the 2d of September that year was Sunday; the day following would be Monday, but by order of Parliament it would be *not Monday the 3d*, but *Monday the 14th*. The same would be true if the change were made in mid-week; that is, if the 2d of September that year were *Wednesday*, the day following would have been *Thursday* the 14th. In other words, it is just as easy to tell when the Sabbath comes under one style of reckoning as under any other, for the simple reason that the week is a period of seven days, having no reference whatever to the celestial motions—a circumstance to which it owes its unalterable uniformity.

Thus you will see we were never under any necessity for regulating our Sabbath by anybody's wrong Sunday. God took care of that. Sabbath and Sunday alike have come in regular seven-day cycles absolutely independent of all changes in the days of the year. They also continue to stand in the same order with respect to each other that they did in the time of our Saviour, when his disciples "rested the Sabbath-day according to the commandment," and the next day was "the first day of the week." See Luke 23: 56; 24: 1, and parallel passages in Matthew and Mark.

By striving to evade the force of God's commandments by such an argument you are straining at something much smaller than a gnat. You should cease to do so before it harms you. It were far better to take God at his word and joyfully obey him.

L. A. PLATTS.

MILTON, Wis., Dec. 20, 1901.

SOME people live looking within at their failures. Some live looking around at their hindrances. Some live looking at their Saviour—they face the sunny south.—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Christmas was celebrated very widely, and, so far as we can judge by copious reports in the newspapers, much was done to relieve suffering and bring material aid to the needy. Great metropolitan newspapers in various cities, benevolent individuals, churches, and other organizations crowded the day with gifts and good-cheer.

Governor Shaw, of Iowa, is to be the successor of Lyman Gage as Secretary of the Treasury. His appointment is commended from all directions.

Reports from the Taft Commission indicate that the climate of the Philippines is unusually healthful, as compared with other tropical climates.

Dr. Eaton, late President of Beloit College, having investigated educational developments in the great German Universities, reports "that higher education in the United States has improved much more rapidly than in Germany." Germany is the land of specialists, but it seems to be left for America to develop that high form of practical education which is a special need and a prominent characteristic of our times.

Forefathers' Day—in memory of the landing of the Pilgrims, Dec. 22, 1620—has been observed with much prominence during the past week. At the Ninety-sixth Annual Dinner of the New England Society, in the City of New York, on the 23d of December, more than 500 guests sat down. The speeches and discussions were of a high class, giving evidence that the blood of the Puritans, and the principles which inspired their lives and deeds, still hold a high place in the best thought of our times.

During the past week Frederick G. Noby, a bacteriologist of high standing in connection with Michigan University, at Ann Arbor, has announced the discovery of a germicide, which will practically put an end to those virulent intestinal diseases, such as dysentery, cholera, etc. Time must demonstrate the value of these claims, but if they be sustained, even in a moderate degree, the result will mark an epoch in medical science.

The fight, in words, over the Sunday saloon in the City of New York goes on vigorously. Some form of that issue is certain to be prominent during the approaching session of the Legislature.

The Navy Department has taken steps toward the adoption of wireless telegraphy as a means of communication with ships at sea.

As early as 1827, the Spaniards discovered coal on one of the Philippine Islands. Investigation lately made by our Government indicates that both the quality and quantity of the coal which may be secured will become an important feature of the mineral wealth of the islands.

The Zionist Congress was opened at Bassel, Switzerland, on the 26th of December. Expressions made by the Sultan of Turkey during the past year indicate a favorable consideration of this movement for the national colonization of the Jews in Palestine. The discussion at this Congress will be of more than passing interest.

During the week past the announcement has been made that the Methodist Episcopal church of the United States, through the votes of its local Conferences, has adopted the new constitution proposed by the last

General Conference. The vote was 8,196 in favor and 2,513 against. The new constitution grants the right of women to sit as delegates in the General Conference, and increases the power of laymen to vote on constitutional questions.

The Creed Revision Committee of the Presbyterian church in the United States was in session at Washington, D. C., from Dec. 4 to Dec. 14. A general report of progress is made which indicates that the final steps in the revision movement will not be taken until the meeting of the General Assembly in 1903.

A CALL FROM THE GREAT SOUTH-WEST.

As the years go by, more and more importance is being attached to quartet work as an evangelizing force. Some one has said that the efforts bring more gratifying results year by year as the workers gain in experience. We are free to admit that experience is a great factor in the problem of success, but we notice that the lines are being filled by new recruits; those who know but little or nothing of the work by personal contact. To be sure the new ones may and do gain much by the experience of the older workers, but we believe God is working more mightily in the hearts of the people than ever before. The dark places are beginning to yearn for and reach out toward the light. At first the movement was almost an experiment. Now, it is a certainty, and consecrated workers are buoyant with the prospects of victory.

God's grace, as a wonder-working leaven, is pouring into such hearts, and already three young sisters, well known to our leaders in the West, have offered themselves for the work in Arkansas. Why not introduce these to the field and the work by a grand rally of quartets at Gentry for the next summer campaign?

Our beloved secretary, O. U. Whitford, has a good deal to say about "catteration" by our people, and it is, indeed, too sadly true.

Much of this has been going on in the last year, but by the hand of God these restless ones have been led to cluster at Gentry. People from eight states are now located here, and the advisability of centralizing the quartet work in 1902 has been discussed here, both in public and at the fireside. We believe it to be the thing to do, and the hearts and homes of thirty-five families are wide open to welcome the laborers and assist in the work. Field missionaries and evangelists say a more promising field for an effort of this kind can not be found. Make Gentry the home of the quartets where they will be cared for free of charge, and sent out to different parts of the field. Let us hear from others on this subject.

C. C. VAN HORN.

GENTRY, Ark.

CHUCK FULL OF WORK.

A visitor to a farm was especially struck by the great ruggedness and strength of one of the stalwart harvest hands, and said to the farmer:

"That fellow ought to be chuck full of work."

"He is," replied the farmer, "or he ought to be, because I hain't never been able to get none out of him."—*Success.*

You can no more filter your mind into purity than you can compress it into calmness; you must keep it pure if you would have it pure; and throw no stones into it if you would have quiet.—*John Ruskin.*

Missions.

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

STEAMER "BATHURST."

OCTOBER 26, 1901.

Rev. O. U. Whitford:

Dear Brother:—This morning, at about 10 o'clock, the tender left the pier at Riverside Station, Liverpool, for the Bathurst, which commenced to move at about 11 o'clock. The steamer Bathurst is not very large, about 3,000 tons. I do not know just exactly the number of passengers, but there are a fair number for the small accommodations. The steamer scheduled to sail to-day was the Accra, but the Bathurst takes her place.

The weather is fair, the sun was shining when we were at the pier, yet it is getting foggy; the whistle is blowing occasionally, making an agonizing noise. The ship is expected to arrive on the 20th of November at Salt Pond.

OCTOBER 28, 1901.

Yesterday I was not feeling well; I ate but little, and it did not digest altogether. To-day—second day of the week—the weather is fair, and we may be thankful, considering the time of the year. We do not come close enough to the Spanish coast to see it; we are going right for the Canary Islands; we are to stop at Teneriffe and at Grand Canary, not at Madeira.

OCTOBER 31, 1901.

So far I have written but little; I have been *seasick*, not seriously, but over a longer period than other times on the sea. Inside the Bay of Biscay, or perhaps just west of it, off the coast of Spain and Portugal, the swell of the waves was very heavy, compared with the smooth sea we had before. The water came on deck many times, occasionally even on the high promenade deck of the first-class. Yesterday I studied, as also some days previous, in the Tshis (pronounced Chwee) Grammar which I ordered from Basel, in Switzerland, because it could not be had any longer in London, being out of the trade; the dictionary is out of print, and could be had neither in London, nor from the Missionary Publishing House itself.

To-day the sea is calmer; we are rocked more gently, we see, when we look up, a good deal of the blue of the sky, though it is largely overcast with clouds. I have a good deal of room, considering I am on an ocean steamer, in my cabin. I have the whole cabin almost to myself. They had placed three or four of us together in a cabin, very shortly before the steamer left. I called the attention of an officer to this matter, who made a change; then two of us were to occupy one room. Before we left, again a third one was assigned to the same cabin, but during the first day of the voyage they cleared another cabin; this took one passenger from our cabin, and another one who used to be a first mate on this African line of steamers, went to the Captain's apartments, leaving the room all to myself, excepting that he left some things in his berth, and that he comes in two or three times every day. This is, of course, much more comfortable than to be crowded.

While I am writing this, the sun just begins to shed its rays again upon the deck; it is very enjoyable. Right near me sits a cultured negro, Dr. J. T. Williams, with whom I have had some pleasant conversation. He is a

spiritual man and very sociable; he makes many acquaintances. He said he would introduce me to the agents of the Yates and Porterfield Trading Co., of New York, at Sierra Leone, where his destination is. Another gentleman on board is also acquainted with a representative of the Yates and Porterfield Trading Co., who, I was assured, is a very fine man. I intend to get acquainted with the representatives of the company. I may have some dealings with them; as you may know already, the Yates and Porterfield Trading Co. dispatch vessels directly to the West coast of Africa from New York. Going by way of Liverpool the distance is, I think, half as much again to Sierra Leone; accordingly it seems much preferable, if anything is to be sent from America, that it be sent through this American company, directly from New York City. I already mentioned this to the Committee before I left America.

When I was in Liverpool my luggage was put on board the Oron, instead of the Bathurst. The Oron left on Sixth-day, one day before the Bathurst. My berth trunk, large trunk, both of iron, and a basket with books, etc., are on the other faster steamer, which does not stop at Salt Pond. It was partly my mistake not calling for my luggage sooner at the station, but directly of the employees of the London and Northwestern Railway, who noticed the label, but read so superficially that they took the name of the ship for the destination, as they said, and besides the steamer Oron does not even stop at Bathurst, as they supposed. At first I was told by a gentleman in the offices of Messrs. Elder, Dempster & Co., it would cost me a severign (\$5), because a cablegram to the Captain of the Oron, at Grand Canary, would be necessary, but after I had personally seen the manager at the Elder & Co.'s offices, on Water Street, I was told by the same gentleman, "We will telegraph for you to Grand Canary," and he did not speak any more of any expense to me. The Manager, it appeared, did not think it necessary to send a cablegram, as mail-matter, on faster steamers, would be expected to overtake the Oron before or at Cape Coast Castle. He advised my procuring some necessaries for use on the way. As it was Sabbath when I received this advice, I did not buy anything at Liverpool, but shall use things that I have in my satchel that I kept with me in traveling, and I hope to receive my luggage on the way, I hope at Grand Canary, which we are expected to reach at the end of this week. If not I shall buy some things on the way in some port where we stop. The great hurry on the steamers accounts for the fact that the luggage was accepted on board the Oron.

The trip is enjoyable for me, because I am feeling well now. If I had had more time, I could have gone more economically, by gaining complete information before planning. A fast mail steamer, which was to stop at Cape Coast, left six days after I arrived at Liverpool from America, but the accommodation was so crowded that they decidedly refused to take one single passenger more. A good share of the passengers go now to the Canary Islands to enjoy the healthy climate. Twenty-eight out of forty-four go either to Teneriffe or to Grand Canary.

In the second-class are a musical troupe of one gentleman, with his wife, Mr. and Mrs.

Keene, together with three young men. They have furnished a concert which has met the expectation and general approval of the passengers. The first named, Mr. and Mrs. Keene, have three children with them. Besides these there is only one other second class passenger and myself.

A fast mail steamer left within a week after my arrival at Liverpool. It was to stop at Cape Coast Castle, but the accommodation was too crowded, so I could not get a place in it.

I owe you some explanation why I did not send a letter from Grand Canary. I had written about the voyage before arriving there, but a matter that concerned me very much took my time and attention upon arrival to the neglect of the correspondence which was so desirable. When I was in Liverpool the last time, the employees of the London & Northwestern Railway put my luggage on the steamer Oron, which started one day before the Bathurst. This mistake cost me a great deal of time, first in Liverpool, some inconvenience on the way, and again at Grand Canary, where I landed on purpose and went from Puerto de Luz to Las Palmas to the office of Elder, Dempster & Co. A matter about equally as serious as the other mistake was the fact that the cablegram which Elder, Dempster & Co. had kindly sent from Liverpool to Grand Canary, arrived 12 hours after the steamer Oron left there, owing to a disorder of connection between Teneriffe and Grand Canary, on account of which considerable time was lost. As it was the mistake of the employees of the London & Northwestern fully as much as the mistake of the employees at the steamer to accept it, I did not feel at liberty to require any further cablegram at their expense. Upon my desire they sent a letter instructing the Captain of the Oron to land the luggage at Cape Coast Castle, being the nearest port to Salt Pond, where the Oron is to stop. I, myself, was to blame, inasmuch as I did not call for my luggage as early as I was advised to do so by a porter. I was not the only passenger who had trouble with baggage. There was a lady on board whose baggage was altogether left behind. This steamer, stopping at Salt Pond, is slower than the Oron, which does not stop there and takes only passengers and mail for places this side of Lagos. The letter of instruction to the Captain of the Oron may not reach him before the steamer is homeward bound. A cablegram from Grand Canary to Sekondi, the first place where both the Bathurst and the Oron are to stop, costs a shilling six pence a word, as I understand. This was too expensive for me.

NOVEMBER 6, 1901.

It is nothing but natural that I should be much interested in the negroes, as I am about to work among them. The negro physician, Dr. Williams, of whom I made mention before, is Consul at Sierra Leone. Everybody with whom I have spoken about him seems to respect or admire him. I will frankly say that I admire him. He is a daily Bible-reader, and I think he takes time to digest his spiritual food; he reads for a while, and then stops to think.

A young negro boy, from Sierra Leone, who is much liked by the steward, for whom he works, and whom I have taught a little, would like very much to go with me to Ayan Maim. I think he would be a

very nice attendant and errand boy, and the steward said he is a good cook. He is only fifteen years of age. His mother wanted him to go to school, and he has learned a little. He can read short words, and he writes most letters plainly. But his father did not want him to stay in school any longer, and made him go aboard a steamer of the African Line. This is his second trip, I think. He is quite anxious, if not determined, to go with me that he may go to school and be with me. I should have to provide him clothing and "chop"; he said he did not want money.

"One of the other Kroo boys said: "Why don't the English send a teacher to us? They send missionaries everywhere on the coast except to the Kroos." When I told him I was sent from America, he said: "Why do not the Americans send teachers to the Kroo Coast? You know it is Liberia, it belongs to the Americans."

As they were anxious to have a spelling book I gave them one, and a reader, and to another an arithmetic. They were quite enthusiastic over the books. These Kroo boys are eighteen years of age and upward.

The languages of the different parts of the West Coast differ very much, e. g.

ISHI (FANTI.)	KROO.
ikur.	do.
ebien.	son.
ebiasa.	ta.
anan.	nye.

Wednesday night at 11 o'clock we passed Cape Verde, about 15° North Latitude, perhaps we are now 13° North Latitude; and I am much surprised that it is not uncomfortable at all, with ordinary light clothing; on deck there is a very nice, cool breeze; the wind is northeast, as is generally the case in this part of the ocean, I am told. I am told it will soon be a great deal warmer when we will keep south of coast. Thus far the weather has been very enjoyable. After we left Grand Canary, Mr. Wathen and I, the only second-class passengers left, have been appointed seats in the first-class dining-room, and have not noticed that since any distinction has been made between regular first-class passengers and us in any way on the tables. As far as our cabins are concerned, each of us has a cabin wholly to ourselves; what more could we desire? I have, therefore, the very best treatment on this steamer. I am not sorry so far that I have taken second-class instead of first; the difference in cost was £8, 10 shillings, about \$40 or 100 guilders. The table is good and the improvement in fare above second-class is considerable. Breakfast is at 8.30, lunch at 1, and dinner at 6.30 o'clock; a light lunch is served at 4 o'clock. The menus are not printed, as on the "Cymric."

Just now two brown fishes were seen close to the surface of the water, and occasionally jumping out of the water; it is a treat to see something like this, for it has not happened for many days. We see scarcely any ships, perhaps as many as one a day. We could see the coast the day before yesterday; it was the western extremity of the Great Sahara; it looked bare and rocky from the distance. The great desert is often thought of as an immense sandy plane, but parts of it are decidedly hilly; if not mountainous, and this extremity has certainly that appearance.

The steamer did not stop at Madeira; we

were at Teneriffe on Sabbath-day. I did not buy there, nor leave the ship; so I went ashore at Puerto de Luz, on Grand Canary, first to see about my luggage and to buy what seemed necessary. The shoes and wicker chair, which gives me much comfort now, I bought at Grand Canary, the nearest place to Madeira where I could, since I could not buy in Madeira itself, as Dr. Daland advised me.

I have not yet found pro-Boers among the passengers. I found at least one in England, our Bro. Barber, who, with his wife, showed me so kind hospitality. There is considerable displeasure shown against the writings of William Stead, editor of the *Review of Reviews*, a "little Englander" as anti-imperialists in England are called. One of the passengers, Mr. Wathen, also in the second-class, as I mentioned, has served in the South African war; he is now going, for the English government, to Akassa, as a carpenter to instruct the natives. The progress which some negroes in America have made is a new revelation to him.

Among the passengers there is a young married couple—at least this is the general conjecture—who are going to French territory, to Conakry, they do not speak English—there is scarcely any passenger but myself who ever speaks a word with them. I have never asked them whether the people guessed right. The gentleman is connected with the French Steamship Company, "Messagerie transatlantique." Every four months they despatch a steamer from Boston to the West Coast of Africa. Looking on the map of Africa, I am struck with the immense amount of territory which is marked or colored as French.

While I am sitting in the gentleman's room where the captain is sitting with some passengers at a table, a man of the crew just comes in and announces to the captain, "Nineteen fathoms, sir!" The captain says, playing on, "Just see how that comes in on the map." I am reading in "The Relief of Kumasi," by Captain Harold C. J. Bliss, published by Methuen & Co., 36 Essex Street, W. C., London, 1901, a very recent book accordingly, about the great campaign in the Gold Coast against the Ashantis, by a participant in the battles.

NOVEMBER 8, 1901.

We are about ten degrees north of the equator. It is still delightful weather; if one does not have to do heavy work it is really a delight on the sea in this part of the tropics, having the comforts we enjoy on this steamer. The canvas stretched out above the deck protects us very well against the rays of the burning sun. I can say this, because we enjoy such a strong refreshing breeze, and because we have the privilege of having shady places; if it was not for this I presume it would be very uncomfortable. Yet perhaps the cold weather with you, for it may be, I do not know, that at present you are having snow and ice—is no more uncomfortable than the heat would be here.

We are still going south, and it is expected that we shall reach Konakry after sunset. It is reckoned that the steamer will take six hours for the distance between Konakry and Sierra Leone. The English colonies at Bathurst, Sierra Leone and Accra, the seat of the government of the Gold Coast, are directly connected by cables; the government therefore is not dependent upon foreign nationali-

ties on the Coast for the transmission of their cablegrams between these points.

There was a beautiful golden sunset; an hour or two later the sky in the northeast was lit every half minute or less by lightning; no sound of thunder reached the ear.

It is now Sabbath-day here and it will soon be in America, at least in the eastern part. I am now about 10° North Latitude and 15° West Longitude from Greenwich. May the Lord, by his grace, fill your hearts with peace, and may your minds be strengthened by the bread from heaven.

My mind turns naturally to the church and people at Alfred, and to my people and the church members at Haarlem, and then also to friends at Leonardsville, Westerly, and others here and there, who keep Sabbath-day holy. I send my kind regards to all. With many greetings, specially to yourself and family, dear brother, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

PETER VELTHUYSEN.

A NEW WAVE-QUELLER.

Only within the last few years has the old-fashioned notion about the usefulness of pouring oil upon troubled waters been utilized in a practical way. But vessels nowadays quite often employ this method of stilling the waves in dangerous storms, and, as there is plenty of testimony to show, with marvelous effect. Of course, the oil does not diminish the actual height of the waves, but the merest film of it, spreading over the sea, prevents the billows from breaking into foaming crests, and causes them to assume the harmless aspect of rollers, which pass under the ship instead of dashing over her.

The method usually adopted by mariners has been to breach one or more casks of oil, and permit the contents to leak out slowly in the wake of the vessel. This is a somewhat primitive way of accomplishing the purpose, and quite a number of Yankee inventors have tried to devise some better means for distributing the fluid. The latest patents in this line are for oil-carrying projectiles, designed to be thrown out upon the water and to burst, scattering the oil broadcast.

Most of these shells are supposed to be exploded by gunpowder or chemicals—a plan somewhat objectionable, perhaps, in view of the danger of setting fire to the oil in the vessel's path. It is claimed that such a peril is entirely avoided by a new kind of projectile, just patented by a citizen of Germantown, Pennsylvania, and this device is also said to have the great advantage of distributing the oil gradually, instead of making a single violent scattering of its contents.

In this contrivance the body of the shell is of cedar wood, wound with wire. On striking the water, the cover of the front end is broken, liberating the oil. But the specific gravity of the shell is such that it floats, mouth upward, and, tilting from side to side with the movement of the waves, gradually spills the oil. The water, entering to displace the oil, floats the latter toward the mouth of the projectile until it is all gone. In this manner the utmost possible use is intended to be made of a given quantity of petroleum, with advantage both in economy and effectiveness.—*Exchange*.

In the march of life don't heed the order of "right about" when you know you are about right.—*O. W. Holmes*.

Woman's Work.

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

NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

BY MARY F. BUTTS.

Ring gayly out, glad New Year's bells,
To last year's sorrows say good-by.
We would remember all its joys,
And let its troubles die.

Ring gladly out, sweet New Year's bell;
Since we are children of a King,
Bid us fare bravely on our way
And fear not anything.

Ring gayly out, glad New Year's bells,
Ring merrily, ring loud and fast;
For next year's peace and service shall
Be richer than the last.

AFTER the rush and the hurry and the happiness of the Christmas season, comes a time of quiet, when we stop to take breath, as it were, and cast a glance into the past and the future. The careful housewife, as she puts her house in order, thinks of the year that is gone and plans for the work of the coming months. The shopkeeper takes time for "taking an account of stock." Of what he has, some is valuable and can be turned to good account, but some is only fit to be thrown away. He is wise, who casts aside that which only cumber the shelves and makes his whole place unattractive.

This is a good time for us to take account of stock, too; to look over the months that have passed, to rejoice when we have gained a victory over self, where we have done some kind deed or spoken a cheering word to some one in distress. It is, also, alas, a time to sigh over the kind word unspoken, the helpful act undone, or the heart hurt by a hasty temper. It is good for us to think of our mistakes sometimes, and consider our shortcomings, but we should be careful not to sit too long under the shadow of our wrong-doing. Wrong was never made right by simply thinking about it and feeling sorry. The heights are never gained by sitting in the valley and looking at the mountain-tops. Brooding over a wrong that you may have done may make you very uncomfortable and fill you with regret, but that alone will never make you right with yourself or with others.

We can make good use of our failures by frankly admitting them, and so remembering them that they will not be repeated. We can think of what we have done that seemed good, and strive to improve on that. Never be content with present attainments, but push on to greater attainments in the future.

REPORT OF WOMAN'S BOARD.

The Woman's Executive Board of the Seventh-day Baptist General Conference met in regular session at the home of the treasurer, Mrs. Platts on Tuesday, Dec. 10, 1901, at 2 P. M. Members present Mesdames J. B. Morton, L. A. Platts, Albert Whitford, Nettie West and E. D. Bliss. In the absence of the President, the Vice-President Mrs. J. B. Morton called the meeting to order and read the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. Mrs. Platts offered prayer. Minutes of last meeting were read. The Treasurer presented report for November showing \$20 received; cash on hand \$105.50. Report adopted. Correspondence was received as follows: 1. From Miss Abbie B. Child stating that the plan for maps to accompany mission studies had to be given up. 2. A notice of Interdenominational Conference of Woman's Boards of Foreign Missions of United States and Canada to be held in

Toronto in February. Miss MacMurchy, Cor. Sec., inviting our Board to send delegates. On motion, Mrs. A. B. Prentice, Adams Centre, N. Y., Mrs. W. A. Rogers and Mrs. W. C. Whitford, Alfred, N. Y., were appointed delegates. 3. A notice of a Conference of Sunday School and Young People leaders in Missions to be held the 11th and 12th of Dec. On motion this matter was turned over to Rev. M. B. Kelly of Chicago, President of Young Peoples Permanent Committee. 4. A list of missionary pastors from Missionary Board. Partial arrangements were made to remember them with Christmas gifts.

Mrs. Nettie West reported having written 22 letters to societies, outlining the plans of the Board for the coming year and soliciting their aid. Received letters from Associational Secretaries Anna C. Randolph, Plainfield, N. J., Elsie Bond, Salem, W. Va., Mrs. A. H. Booth, Hammond, La., Agnes Rogers, Belmont, N. Y., and Cora J. Williams, New London, N. Y., acknowledging receipt of Woman's Board stationery recently sent them and expressing appreciation of same. At the request of Mrs. H. M. Maxson, Editor Woman's Page in SABBATH RECORDER, the Board voted to send to her for publication the reports of its meetings. Minutes read and approved. Adjourned to meet with Recording Secretary first Tuesday in January, 1902.

MRS. E. D. BLISS, *Rec. Sec'y.*

CATCHING THE UPPER CURRENTS.

BY J. R. MILLER, D. D.

Dr. Peabody, in one of his inspiring talks to the students at Harvard, draws a picture of a vessel lying becalmed on a glassy sea. There is not a breath of air to fill a sail. While the men wait and watch, however, they notice that all at once the little pennant far up on the masthead begins to stir and lift. There is not a ripple on the water, nor the faintest moving of the air on the deck; but when they see the pennant stirring they know that there is a wind rising in the higher air, and they quickly spread their upper sails. Instantly the vessel begins to move under the power of the higher currents, while on the surface of the water there is only a dead calm.

In life there are lower and higher currents. Too many set only the lower sails and catch only the winds which blow along earthly levels. But there also are winds which come down from the mountains of God. It would be an unspeakable blessing to us all if our life fell under the influence of these upper currents.

Then we should seek ever to bring into the lives of others only the highest, the most uplifting, the most wholesome influences. We should aim always so to live Christ that Christ in us shall become the very breath of God to every one whose life we touch. If we do not, we are living below our possibilities in the character and reach of our influence. There are many ways of helping others. We can bring them bread if they are hungry, garments to wear, and fuel for their fire if they are cold, money to pay their debts if they are in need, or medicines and care if they are sick. We can brighten a dull hour for them by our presence if they are lonely, and warm their hearts by our compassion if they are sorrowing. But there are better ways of helping. George Macdonald says: "If, instead of a gem, or even a flower, we should cast the gift of a lovely thought into

the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels give." There are friendships in which this kind of love is given by one to the other. Great thoughts, sweet, inspiring, uplifting thoughts, have been put into the heart to bless, enrich, and transform the life.

The best and truest help we can give to others is not mere present gratification, but strength, courage and hope, that they may rise into nobler, worthier life, and go on continually with new energy and hope. It may be easier when you find one in need through his own indolence to give him money to supply his wants, than to help him into a position in which he will learn to earn his own bread. It may be easier, but after you have provided for his necessities for a time, short or long, you leave him just where you found him, in penury, with no more power than before to care for himself. But if you have ignored his plea for alms, and, instead, have taught him to work, and inspired him to do it, you have lifted him above the need of asking charity, and have set his feet in the path toward manhood.

It may be easier to walk along low levels with your friend, adapting yourself to his trivial ways of thought and conversation, not trying to lift him up to anything better. But in so doing you are not true to him. Try to lead his steps upward, toward the rugged hills, whence he shall get wider visions. Tempt him with the sweets of nobler life, and seek to woo him to enter with you into its enjoyment. It takes tact and patience to get one who has never learned to read good books, to begin to read, but it is worth while to do it at whatever cost. It is not easy to teach one used only to a life of earthly commonplaces to care for things that are unseen and eternal; but in no other way can we do men such real, enduring good, as by seeking to lift them.

That is the kind of friendship Christ shows to us. He came from heaven down into earth's lowest places, to exalt us to worthy life and eternal blessedness. We begin to be Christlike friends to others only when we do for them what Christ has done and is ever doing for us.—*S. S. Times.*

A GOOD PRESCRIPTION FOR DAILY USE IN THE NEW YEAR.

Don't worry. Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardily as too slow." Sleep and rest abundantly. Spend less nervous energy each day than you make. Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long." Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." "Seek peace and pursue it." "Work like a man, and don't be worked to death." Amid passion and excitement, a moment's anger may be fatal. Associate with healthy people; health is contagious as well as disease. Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe; trust the good Lord. Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease." Trust the Master, and go forward.—*The Christian Work.*

ANOTHER year is but another call of God
To do some deed undone and duty we forgot;
To think some wider thought of man and good;
To see and love with kindlier eye and warmer heart,
Until acquainted more with him, and keener eyed
To sense the need of man, we serve
With larger sacrifice and readier hand our kind.

BE glad to find out one grain of being in fault, rather than an hundred-weight of being right.—*E. B. Pusey.*

CHRIST THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE BIBLE.

(Rev. K. B. Tupper, in Brooklyn Eagle.)

Christ crucified is pre-eminently and gloriously a Bible theme. The whole word of God finds its central doctrine and reaches its most glorious culmination in the person and work of an atoning Redeemer. It is a noted saying of the great French preacher, Massillon, that all the lines of past history converge in Jesus, and all the lines of history to come diverge from him. With equal truth we may say that all the revelation of God gathers in and about the crucified Christ. All the older revelation points to him and centers in him; all the newer revelation proceeds from him. The lines of God's eternal truth cross and recross in him. Here, emphatically,

"The Old Testament is the New Testament concealed,
The New Testament is the Old Testament revealed."

He reads this grand old Book amiss who fails to see running, like a thread of gold, through all its warp and woof, through genealogy, type, prophecy, psalm and history, both national and individual, the glorious doctrine of redemption through a future Messiah, slain from the foundation of the world. The former revelation is the shadow of that of which the latter is the substance, the illustration of that of which it is the reality. At the heart of the Old dwells the glory of the New, "as a rich jewel may flash from the center of a curious, antique setting."

And the grand climax of all this Christ teaching in the older Revelation is contained in the magnificent and wondrous language of the fifth evangelist: "He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon him and by his stripes we are healed." Christ, the Redeemer, not in the Old Testament! As well tear out this heart from my breast and call my body a living being as extract Jesus crucified from the pages of this old writing and call it the Word of God. Beautifully has Bushnell said: "Christ is the sun to hold all the minor orbs of revelation in their places and power—a Sovereign, self-evidencing light into all religion."

Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find,
The sacred just and awful Three
Are terrors to my mind.

But when Immanuel's face appears,
My hopes, my joys begin,
His grace relieves my slavish fears,
His blood doth cleanse my sin.

Let Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love the Incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

Believe me, friends, there is no peradventure here. The cross is no experiment. As sure as Jesus was crucified, and as sure as the oath of God is true, so true is there redemption on Calvary. The wisdom which conceived the plan of the satisfaction of the divine government by the sacrifice of the Son of God himself in the place of the sinner is unerring wisdom. The authority which commanded the execution and promised redemption is as unquestioned as the right of the Almighty to the throne of the universe. The power which is arranged for the accomplishment of the purpose is the power able to bring under contribution to this end the whole machinery of nature and grace—even the power of the Lord God omnipotent. And the love which inspired the wisdom to conceive and the authority to command and the power to execute is the unchangeable nature of Jehovah himself:

"O glorious cross! Faith trusts the day to see,
When hope shall turn all eyes, love draw all hearts to thee."

Well then may Christ and him crucified be the central theme of the Christian ministry. Dr. Payson realized this when, addressing a body of ministers, he earnestly said: "I beseech you, brethren, paint Jesus Christ upon your canvas and then hold it up for the applause of an admiring world." The great French preacher, Bourdaloue, realized this. When told by Louis XIV that all the world was moved by his eloquence and learning, he humbly expressed the wish that all the human praise which his eloquence and learning evoked might be hung as a garland on the cross of Calvary. The consecrated father of the early Christian church realized this when, full of the Spirit of God, he exclaimed: "Were the highest heaven my pulpit, and the whole host of the redeemed my audience, and eternity my day, Jesus alone would be my theme." Ah! well do they speak thus.

The message of the pulpit should be characteristically and invariably Christo-centric—Christ the God, Christ the man, Christ the God-man, the dying Christ, the risen Christ, the reigning Christ, Christ the end of the law to every one that believeth. Of all the themes that inspire human hearts and fire human lips, this alone is sufficient to magnify the name of God, exalt the divine Son, convict and convert human souls and transform a Paradise Lost, with all its blight and woe, into a Paradise Regained, with its celestial songs and eternal triumphs. And prompted by this conviction—nay, held by it as yon planet is held in its orbit by the law of gravity—each ambassador of Christ should with his face turned to his Master lift the prayer:

"In offering thy salvation free,
Let all absorbing thoughts of thee
My mind and soul engross!
And when all hearts are moved and stirred
Beneath the influence of Thy word
Hide me behind Thy cross."

Christ! Christ! Not ethics nor moral philosophy, not astronomy nor geology, nor history, nor political economy, but Christ on Calvary's summit, the center of humanity's highest hopes, noblest aspirations and divinest life."

WILD ANIMALS IN WINTER.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

The devices of animal life to bridge over the winter season, and their ways and habits during this time, present an interesting, indeed fascinating, page of nature. Why certain forms should defy the elements and roam abroad, seeking a precarious livelihood, while others, much stronger and apparently better equipped by nature to survive the struggle, enter the strange and remarkable winter sleep with all their functions in abeyance, and sleep away the winter, is one of the problems that is of more or less interest. The fox well illustrates the former with its winter habit of prowling over the snow.

At the approach of winter, animals are affected in various ways. In the North all the reptiles—snakes, lizards, frogs and toads, a vast concourse—disappear in a most miraculous manner. The snakes enter holes and crevices, projecting themselves as far into the earth as possible, and coiled tightly, assume a condition, a state of coma, in which they remain until the heat of the sun comes to waken them the following spring, when they appear voracious, and eager for prey to re-

habilitate them physically after months of fasting. The frogs plunge down into the mud of the ponds where they have made music during the long summer; and the same is true of turtles. Lizards affect the same places as snakes, and when taken out at this time are apparently lifeless. In some marvelous manner the functions of life are arrested. There appears to be a minimum consumption of tissue. Nature apparently making an exact calculation, the functions of life being so almost completely arrested that they are enabled to lie in this quiescent state without food or water, or until the food supply comes again and the conditions are favorable to outdoor life.

This is the case with the reptiles of the Eastern and Middle States, or wherever there is a cold winter, ice and snow; but on the Pacific slope, in Southern California, in the same latitude as the above, a different condition holds. Here—and the San Gabriel Valley may be taken as an example—the lizards are subjected to a winter and summer every twenty-four hours. There is no snow, the days are bright and beautiful, resembling a cool Eastern summer, and insect life does not disappear. All winter I have found lizards basking in the sun on these bright days, but as the winter day wears on and four o'clock approaches, there is a very material change—a strange chill that affects reptilian life at once. It is their winter, and just as the Eastern lizard creeps down into the earth for shelter and enters its winter sleep, so this California lizard crawls out of sight beneath rocks, into crevices or under the bark of trees, and enters what is the equivalent of a state of coma. It seems to shrivel, becomes seemingly intensely cold, often stretches out its entire length, and lies, to all intents and purposes, dead and lifeless, in this way passing the night until nine or ten o'clock in the morning, when the rays of the sun slowly bring it back to life.

This curious night coma is, so far as appearances go, identical with the winter sleep of Eastern lizards. The functions are in abeyance for the time and life is at its lowest ebb. In observing these sleepers I have found them by turning over the piles of stones early in the morning, and have often found a row of them, limp, cold and apparently dead, lying in the sun, to watch the gradual return to life. It came very gradually; those lizards placed on their backs first showing signs of life by a quivering of the limbs, which were then drawn up; then the long tail would move, and finally the little sleeper would clumsily roll over into an upright position; and as the direct rays of the sun struck and warmed it into life its eyes would grow lighter, and suddenly, as though touched by some magic wand, its head would be lifted high, the blue breastplate gleamed in the light, and with an air of astonishment and alarm, this sleeper awakened would dash over the ground and escape, once more a living creature, a type of activity, a menace to insect life. Every night in the Californian winter this occurs, and the condition can easily be superinduced by subjecting the animals to artificial cold. The bears in Southern California are found abroad at all times, while in the northern part of the State and in the East they enter into a complete state of hibernation, going into their winter sleep well conditioned and fat, evidently living on the lat-

ter until spring, when they emerge lean and ugly.

The change in color of animals at the approach of the winter season is one of the remarkable features of life. The ermine as an example and several others assume a white coat, the change being a protective feature. The ptarmigan has a similar habit, a change which renders it inconspicuous to its various enemies.

At the approach of winter the birds perhaps present the most remarkable spectacle. With some few exceptions they move away from the conditions which threatened them; and in what is popularly called the departure and return of the birds we contemplate a wonderful migration, in which the highest instinct of self-preservation appears to have been developed. The birds of the coast have a definite line of migration; the shore-line at this time constitutes a bird highway, over which tens of thousands are passing—in the autumn to the South, where there is a food supply; in the spring to the North, to the fields they know so well, and the nesting places where the young are to be raised. Much of this migration is carried on at night high in air, and during storms myriads of birds are often confused and killed by dashing blindly into the lighthouses that mark the highway. At Heligoland Light the ground in the morning is frequently strewn with birds, from ducks and geese to the smallest songsters. In the interior the birds follow valleys and the mountain ranges.

On the Pacific coast the Coast Range and Sierra Nevada Mountains constitute a well-defined line of travel. In Southern California the flight of cranes and geese along this pathway is a remarkable sight. The birds, especially the cranes, cover long distances by soaring, gradually reaching within rifle shot from the ground; then they stop and begin a spiral movement, turning in graceful curves, flashing like silver dollars in the sunlight as they turn and disappear, rising ever higher until they are a mile or more above the valley, or above the summit of the Sierra Madre; then, as though at the command of the leader, they turn, and in long lines soar away with remarkable velocity, literally sliding down hill, covering six or seven miles or more before the maneuver is repeated.

The winter finds the trees, groves and gardens deserted except for the few forms which defy the cold. The birds are in the South—Florida, Cuba and even South America; the reptiles are housed under ground; insect life has been destroyed or is hibernating, and will spring into life in the spring. The only animals abroad are the mammals; the deer, elk, caribou, fox, cougar, wild rat, lynx and other forms, which wander over the barren wastes and in the deep snows of the woodlands, finding a precarious living until the spring comes, the wanderers return and all life takes on a new meaning.—*Scientific American.*

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:

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CHOOSING TOYS WISELY.

BY MARY G. TRASK.

[The subject of the following article from the *Congregationalist* is worthy of repeated study by parents and others. Playing and things used therewith have much to do with the characters and lives of children.—Ed.]

Play is the natural employment of children and their great pleasure, but it has important uses which are quite unknown to the children themselves, and which it is well to bear in mind when selecting toys. Long ago Froebel perceived that through play the child is prepared for later life, and from this perception he developed the kindergartensystem. Lately, Professor Groos, in two interesting books, *The Play of Animals* and *The Play of Man*, has discussed the whole subject of play from the scientific standpoint and comes to the same conclusion that Froebel reached through his observation of children. Through play, he says, physical development is attained, and the child gains control over his own body. He learns how to use his limbs, his senses are perfected and his brain is developed.

But this is not all, for through play the child may gain mental power and strength of character. He may learn to overcome difficulties, he can experience that "joy in being a cause" (that is, joy in *doing* or *making* something) which is so important an element of our human nature, and he can come to understand life and learn to be a good member of Society. When we think then, of choosing toys or play materials, we want to keep in mind the uses of play, and to inquire what toys will really help our children.

Considering first their physical development—what toys will be useful in this? Evidently the ball suggests itself at once. From babyhood on, the child wants a ball of one kind or another, and it is, I think, the only plaything that we do not "put away" with our other "childish things," for we go on playing with croquet, tennis or golf balls long after we have given up other active games. Through play with the ball children exercise their muscles, and they also gain skill and precision, control over their movements and power of seeing accurately and of judging correctly of distance. Other playthings that are useful in much the same way are marbles, beanbags, battledoors and shuttlecocks, bows and arrows and target games, of which there are several—also the hoops for rolling.

But we must pass on to think of toys which help to satisfy the child's desire to make things. This desire is sometimes forgotten and too many elaborate toys are given, with the result that the little one soon wearies of them and breaks them up, trying to devise new combinations; and then, perhaps, he is scolded for spoiling his toys, or else he gets bad habits of carelessness and destructiveness. Blocks supply this need, and happily few children are without them, but other things have their place, too, though some of them may be better called play-materials than toys. Dissected pictures and maps come under this head for, though they do not give scope to inventiveness, they present difficulties to be overcome, and this seems one of the essentials of interest in play, as in life. They help also to develop habits of carefulness and observation.

Paper dolls and paper toys of various kinds, to be cut out and put together, give occupation and pleasure to children who are old

enough to use scissors and paste, while for the very little ones there are beads for stringing, and colored papers for folding and pasting and for making paper chains. Drawing and painting materials must not be forgotten, for they fill with pleasure many an hour that might otherwise be spent in idleness or mischief, and free-hand drawing is a wonderful help to correct seeing, and therefore to clear thinking, while illustrating stories stimulates the child's inventiveness. A small black-board is a great delight to the little inmates of the nursery.

But of all the gifts that can be bestowed upon a boy, a knife is usually the most appreciated, and can often be used with safety at an earlier age than the friends of the small boy imagine to be the case. It is well to give some pieces of thin wood at the same time, however, so that there may not be too much temptation to cut up articles not intended for that purpose.

I can only say a few words about toys that help in the understanding of life. Such are dolls, toy animals, trains, rocking-horses, tea-sets and others used in imitative plays. These are the tempting things in the toy stores, and it is in selecting too elaborate and complicated gifts that mistakes are most often made.

No doubt some of these toys fill a real need in the child's life. They are the symbols of the things that are to come later, or the copies in miniature of the articles in daily use in the home or in the town, and through play with them the child is prepared to understand and enter into experiences that are not yet really his.

Stevenson, in his essay on *Children's Play*, insists that in certain ways children have less imagination than adults. They have not had the experiences which supply materials for imagination. For this reason they act out stories that they read or hear, because in so doing they come to fully understand the situations described. Some of these materials for experience are undoubtedly given by toys—dolls, dolls' houses, dishes, toy soldiers, trains, fire-engines and farms. These seem to be legitimate, but the simpler and less expensive toys are almost always the most satisfactory to children. Mechanical toys really give much more pleasure to grown-up persons than to little people. They are amusing for a short time, but a toy with which you can do nothing—except to wind it up—soon palls upon the child, and then it is either laid aside and forgotten, or broken, and made to serve some new purpose.

In choosing toys, then, let us keep these questions in mind: Will our purchases really help the child in any way? Will they aid his physical or mental development, or stimulate his curiosity or his inventiveness or his powers of expression, or will they help him to understand life? I do not say that we should never give a child some little toy that is simply amusing, or that playthings should always, or usually, be instructive, in the ordinary sense of the term; but they certainly should not hinder development, and as a rule they should be helpful in some way. After all, the children themselves are our best teachers in these matters, for, if we watch them carefully, we shall learn what things are both pleasing and useful in their lives.

SIN may be clasped so close we cannot see its face.—*R. C. Trench.*

Children's Page.

MAKE UP, OR SMOOTH OVER.

BY MRS. A. H. BRONSON.

"Why, what is the matter with you, Ernest," said mamma, as he came into the house after school one day, and instead of his usual pleasant salutation and merry whistle, and the careful putting away of books, he threw them into the first chair, himself into another, and his cap into the further corner of the room, without a word of explanation. "Oh, nothing much, mamma," he said at last, "only Joe and I have quarreled, and are never, never going to speak to each other again."

To this astonishing announcement Mrs. Barton made no reply, but kept on with the sewing she was doing when Ernest came in. After a time, it seemed like a week to the troubled boy, she asked: "And how are you going to get along without each other?"

"Oh, I guess we can manage; he can go his way, I mine, and—"

"But you both go the same way, not only to school, but to town, and the ball game and everything; it will seem very queer, won't it, to walk along so near each other and never say a word or have a race or help each other?"

"Yes, I suppose it will," said Ernest, his color, which had been unnaturally high, cooling down, and his voice, which had been high and rasping, becoming almost gentle. "But, mamma, a fellow can't stand everything, you know, and—"

"Well," said mamma, after a pause, "well, what?"

"Oh, I don't know; I guess I was a little bit too hasty in saying 'never,' but not for so long. Joe's got to 'pologize first."

"Sure of that?" said mamma, and as Ernest did not reply, she began singing; singing when her boy was so unhappy—why, it seemed cruel to him; why didn't she enquire what Joe had said or done? But no, she just threaded her needle and sang, "There is a happy land, far, far away." Very far, indeed, it seemed to poor Ernest, sitting there, tired, hungry and so miserable. His mother's voice soothed him, however, in spite of its cruelty, and so after a few minutes he got up, picked up his cap and books and went to his room. There he sank down on the floor beside the open window and went to sleep.

It was not a long nap, for Mousie crept in and sat down beside him, purring so loudly that she woke him up. But he felt better, and patting his faithful friend, got up, just as the dinner-bell rang. Hastily bathing his face and hands, and giving his disarranged hair a hasty brush, he took kitty in his arms and went down stairs. His father and mother and little sister Bess were at the table, and as he took his seat he felt somehow as if a partition were between himself and the rest of the family. His father was very polite, however, and asked, "And what will you have, my son?" And mamma looked kindly at him and said, "Would you like this jelly, Ernest?" Yet somehow the voice and the look did not seem like hers, and everything seemed to choke him.

He managed to get through the meal somehow, before the rest, quite unlike the usual custom, and asked to be excused. "Certainly," said mamma, very politely, but Ernest felt hurt by it. "She feels glad to

have me go," he thought, "and didn't seem a bit worried 'cause I didn't want any desert." He went out very unhappy, and sat down on the piazza steps. Always after dinner he and Joe used to meet on the open space near their houses, and there was Joe now sitting on the steps and looking as if he didn't know what to do with himself either.

When the buggy was driven up, his father, who was a doctor, came out and stepped in, and started the horse, but then stopped it, saying, "Want to take a ride, my son?" Oh, how glad Ernest was to get away from his own thoughts and the sight of Joe, perhaps, but oh, dear, when they came near Joe's cottage, where he and his widowed mother lived, the doctor stopped his horse an instant, but then quickly started him again, saying, "Excuse me; I forgot."

They were both very quiet; there did not seem to be as much as usual to talk about. After the doctor's calls, only two, being second calls on very sick patients, they turned toward home. Just as they passed the post-office, Joe came out with the mail, and two big bundles, for his mother was obliged to eke out their income by taking in sewing. Ernest looked at his father, who did not seem to take any notice; he seemed to be looking way off somewhere.

"Papa," said Ernest, putting his hand on the reins as he spoke, "please stop. I can run home as well as not, and then you know you can pick up Joe and his big bundles." And in an instant he was out, running ahead at a good pace.

"Jump in, my boy," said the doctor kindly. "Those bundles are too heavy for such small arms, and for a long walk, too."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said Joe, climbing in; "I'm sorry though." "Oh, never mind that, said the doctor, laughing, "it won't hurt him to have a run." To himself he said: "The little rascal, he thinks he's doing something big, but I am glad that has he some conscience left."

The doctor talked with Joe about his studies, and how his garden was coming on, for Joe was very anxious to help his mother and did a good deal of work for so young a boy; but not a word about the quarrel. When Ernest got home he found his mother alone, his father being in his office. "So you walked," said she, "I'm glad, for it was too far for Joe, with those heavy bundles."

"Yes, mamma; and besides I thought it would be a good way to smooth things over, you know."

"Oh, said mamma; "smooth over or make up; which is the best way, do you think?"

"Why, what is the difference, mamma?" said Ernest slowly. "What is it?"

"I will let you find out for yourself, my dear," said his mamma. "I think that there is a great difference."

All the next day Ernest kept thinking about it. For his part he thought that Joe should be very grateful to him for getting out of the carriage and so letting him ride, and he expected that he would at least look at him as if he felt so. But he did nothing of the kind; he kept right on at his work; even when Ernest came in and took his seat, he did not raise his eyes. At recess, though Ernest lingered a little, Joe was busy putting his desk in order, and then calling "Tim," a new boy just moved into town, they went out together and played ball. That night, feeling

very sad, and as if he had been really abused by Joe, Ernest went to get into his nice little bed; throwing down the white spread as usual, he uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Why, mamma," he called, "just come here and see my bed! Mary must have forgotten to make it up!"

"No," said mamma, coming into the room, "I told her that I would attend to it myself. It looked all right when I left it." Ernest stood quite still, regarding first her then the disordered bed. All at once it dawned upon him. He saw what she had intended him to, the difference between smoothing over and making up."

"Oh, mamma," he sobbed, "I have been a real wicked boy. May I tell you all about it?"

"Certainly," said mamma, "I hoped that you would. Perhaps I can help you."

"You have, mamma, I see now, and I will begin 'making up' by telling you, though I'm ashamed to. You see it was in the spelling class, and little Tim, the new boy I told you about, he is an awful good speller, though he can't speak very plain, something is the matter with his mouth, I guess. It was his turn, he was at the head and I next, he spelled the word all right, Joe and I both heard him, but the master didn't, and called out 'next,' and I spelled it, just as Tim had only out loud you know, and so I got above him.

"Well, after school Joe looked real mad, and said what did you do that for, Ernest?"

"I did as master told me to," I said. "But," said Joe, "you might have held up your hand and explained to master how it was. I should." That made me mad, and I said, "You've no business to talk to me, Joe." "Yes, I have," said he, "and I don't want any boy for my friend who can take advantage of a poor boy like Tim."

"So I said, 'very well, you can take Tim for your friend, and we won't speak to each other any more.' 'All right,' said he, and then he called to Tim and they went off together."

"And now," said mamma, very slowly, as if it hurt her, "what will you do about it?"

"Why, *make up*, I suppose," said Ernest, "tell Joe that he was right, and ask him to forgive me."

"Yes," said mamma, "but there are others besides Joe to be considered, I should think."

"Do you mean God, mamma?" said the boy, in a heavy, low voice.

"Yes, *first*, and then?"

"Oh, do you mean Tim, mamma?"

"Yes, and yet another."

"Teacher? Oh, mamma, seems as if I could not do that, and he would have to put me back in the class, and tell all the school, too!"

"Just like making up a bed," said mamma—"everything must be taken off and put on right again."

The next day Ernest came home with a bright face. "Mamma," he said, "it was pretty hard, but I did it."

"And they all forgave you?"

"Yes, indeed, Joe almost cried for joy. He had felt awful lonesome he said, and little Tim, he said it was no matter, nobody hardly ever heard him right, and teacher shook my hand real kind, and said, 'I'm glad, my boy, that you have taken the only manly course in atoning for a wrong.' Is that the same as making up, I wonder? And then he called

Tim up, and they talked awhile, and teacher is going to have him come to his house two or three times a week to show him how to talk straight, and so it's all come out first-rate. But," he added, "I guess it will be some time before I get into such a scrape again, it takes such a lot of making up afterwards."—*The Standard*.

SALEM'S AWFUL CALAMITY.

The friends whose eyes have been turned toward Salem for years will undoubtedly see the reports of the awful fire that swept away nearly fifty buildings, and wiped from the face of the earth nearly all the business portion of the town, and they will be anxious to know more about it. First of all, the college and public school and all three churches escaped unhurt; and while many roomers in boarding houses, and families in tenements over stores, were burned out of home, there were but few dwelling houses burned.

Salem has probably doubled her population every year for two or three years, and every available building spot had been made use of in the heart of the town, until the houses were packed together in solid blocks between the hills, and streets made on both hillsides for dwellings. These were also well built up. The Salem of three days ago bore no resemblance to the Salem of three years ago.

About 10.30 o'clock on the evening after the Sabbath, Dec. 14, the fire was discovered in the printing office near the western end of the business portion of town. There had been a deluge of rain all day long, which turned to snow at night-fall, as the first frosty breath of the famous blizzard struck us. The gale had increased from the northwest, which made certain that everything from the Showalter stores to the depot was doomed if the fire could not be confined to the building in which it started. Desperate efforts were made for this, but the flood had filled the pump-pit at the mill so as to make it impossible to start the pumps. This necessitated the sending of a man to the tanks on the hilltop in order to turn on the surplus water in storage. When the stream did start, the bursting of the hose delayed a few moments until the fire had gained immense headway, and it was then apparent to all that no human hands could save the town. By desperate fighting, the three-story building on the west was saved, and the fire in that direction was stopped; but three rows of closely-built blocks on both sides of Main street and across the railroad, two or three stories high, lay straight before the wind, and furnished fuel for one of the most appalling conflagrations ever witnessed in West Virginia.

The roaring, crackling, booming fury of that mad ocean of fire was beyond the power of tongue or pen to describe. The buildings were of wood, excepting two, and many were built of pitch-pine, which burned like a tinder box. The awful fight on the north was to save the Baptist church and parsonage. If these caught fire then every home in the hillside row east of them would be doomed.

With the seething sea of fire from ten saloons and several business houses close below it, with an out-house containing several barrels of oil burning near at hand, and with drunken men squabbling over the hose nozzle greatly to the hindrance of level-headed ones, while the church, charred and smoking, seemed ready to burst into flame, hope gave place to despair, and all hands were helpless.

But just at this most critical moment the snow squall from the northwest veered a little to the northward and seemed for a little time to double its force. This blew the flames flat down and away from the church, whence they flew straight as an arrow for the Brewing Company's cold storage building, which was the last one of the saloon buildings to go. The next hard fight was to save the Furbée House, which was successful. Had this building burned, nothing could have saved the long row of dwellings stretching away to the Methodist and Seventh-day churches. Heroic fighting among the oil-well supply buildings saved the last two out of this long row across the street, which ensured the safety of the depot and cars on switch.

Across the railroad stood a solid row of houses, every one of which was burned, and the fire stopped for want of fuel near the depot.

From 10.30 until after 3 o'clock in the morning this fearful fire raged, destroying something over 50 places of business and offices. The loss has been estimated all the way from \$250,000 to \$500,000.

Several insurance policies had been cancelled by the companies, who refused to carry them longer at reasonable rates among so many saloons.

Added to the horrors of fire were the horrors of robbers and plunderers. Crowds of drunks, filled up with whisky stolen from the liquor houses, were bent on plunder, and thousands of dollars worth of goods were carried away, even while the owners plead and protested. With all this, no special police were appointed so far as we know, and the people were at the mercy of the plunderers. The seeds of Anarchy have been thoroughly sown and carefully cultivated in Salem for two years, and the incendiary's torch has been the harvest. The printing office had been purchased by a company of more than forty of Salem's best citizens, of all denominations, who proposed to form a stock company and run a clean newspaper that should no longer be a comfort to outlaws, but should have at heart all the good interests of our town. It was to be a paper every tendency of which should educate in favor of law and order. When this purchase, made by their manager, who had been engaged to edit it, became known, there was wrath among the outlaw element, and many hard threats were made. The manager was a stranger, and the connection of the Citizen Stock Company with the movement was not made public until the sale was contracted for. On the night in question, all papers were signed, and \$2,500 including \$100 previously paid, were handed over about 8 o'clock at night. Three hours later the plant was in ashes.

It was an excellent equipment, with a fine press nearly new. The next morning, early, two men were seen nailing up a square pen around a torch where the gas-pipe had been broken. Over this a tent was stretched, and by middle of the forenoon a speakeasy and gambling place was running on the smoldering embers of ruined Salem. This was quickly destroyed by the citizens. Now, as I write, two or three shanty speakeasies, built upon the ashes of the town they destroyed, are running, and the drayman, loaded with barrels of liquor from the ice-plant, is hustling his load along to fill them up. The Stock Company unanimously decided to go on with

their paper, and to-morrow the first issue will appear one-half size, delivered from one of the Clarkesburg publishing houses. This plan will hold until they can secure a press and a room in which to use it. The bank's papers and books were uninjured in the excellent vault, and Monday by 9.30 A. M., the bank was ready for business. Several temporary stores are already built, and goods are going in to-morrow. It is enough to put new life into any man to see the hustle of these Salemites in their efforts to arise out of the ashes.

A call for public meeting is now being signed by many, for to-night, to make united effort for law and order.

THEO. L. GARDINER.

DEC. 18, 1901.

THE ANSWER.

"I wouldn't so much mind being poor if it wasn't so mighty inconvenient." And a lusty carrier from a publishing house in a Southern city wearily set down his huge basket of unfolded sheets, taking them out by handfuls of five hundred, and placed them on a small table before an invalid woman whose next duty was to turn these freshly printed pages of the then popular *Semi-Tropical*. "Place the upper right-hand corner squarely upon the upper left-hand corner—page figures upon page figures," had been the rapid instructions given the day previous, and the toiler hastened to learn a new art to eke out the daily bread. As she worked she caught glimpses of the treasures she coveted. Yes, there was an article from the pen of Solon Robinson, whose well-filled library on the same street was a feast to look upon through panes of glass, and from the shelves of which he had once handed her a translation of one of Fredrika Bremer's finest works. There, too, were accurate descriptions of the Yucca plant, one bloom of which had been known to fill a small barrel; and she, born lover of nature and of literature, must sit and turn these sheets and bear the pain the remainder of that sultry summer day.

"Fresh and cool! Ice-cream. Ice-cream." The very words were refreshing, and the imaginary snow-white delicacy was quickly contrasted with the black wheeler of the old brown barrow, who was halting before the door, and, indeed, upon the veranda, saying in addition to his well-known proclamation, "Getting acclammated, are you?" "Been here long?" When the over-salted "experiment" was laid aside uneaten, and this second fellow toiler passed on his way, the white folder on the wide, white margin moved no more rapidly than the thoughts of its wielder, and "mighty inconvenient" and "Been here long?" rang themselves over and over again through a weary brain.

Twenty years before, the same words and tones might have been unheeded, if not unheard. Twenty years before, the "experiencing" street vender would not have been recognized. But now, was not the whole world akin? Was not this path of burden and of pain the path of a long line that she had clearly and yet so dimly seen in those far-off days? And had she not even in the time of self-enjoyment and of leisure asked the All-Father to give her some share in doing his will among the needy of his world? And was this a part of the answer? A.

Don't blame others for not seeing in the dark.—*Anon.*

Our Reading Room.

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

NEW MARKET, N. J.—Once this department in the SABBATH RECORDER was headed "Home News," and many times, writers would wait a long time for something to occur that might properly come under that heading; but that necessity no longer exists. Since people generally are glad to hear from the different churches, it would be well if items of interest were more frequently written.

We are glad to welcome to our church and society the family of Mr. Iseus F. Randolph, formerly of New Milton, West Virginia, but for fifteen years a resident of Ohio, near Jackson Centre. There is still room for others who wish to avail themselves of the advantages our locality offers for business, schools, churches, good markets, etc.

We are glad to read the Editor's promise to publish weekly topics for the prayer-meeting service. There is, in this plan, ample opportunity for infusing new life in this important part of Christian work and worship. The "Week of Prayer" will soon be here, and we are looking forward to that time with hope that it may bring to all of our churches occasions of special awakening. Our people will unite with the First-day Baptists in this service for the week commencing January 5. This has long been our custom, and many precious and profitable seasons have been enjoyed.

Many of the friends of Dr. M. J. Whitford, of our church, will be glad to know of his increasing popularity, not only as a physician, but also as a citizen. At the November election he was chosen, by a very complimentary vote, as a member of the New Jersey Legislature, which will convene in January.

L. E. L.

DECEMBER 22, 1901.

SHILOH, N. J.—On the night of Nov. 28 we commenced holding evening meetings at Shiloh. The Yearly Meeting at Marlboro closed the night before. Though storms prevented many from attending, and only two ministers, Elders Livermore and Shaw, from other churches could be with us, that was a great meeting. Bro. Shaw remained with us three nights. The old Shiloh church was well filled and the interest was good. On Thanksgiving morning I stood trying to keep the tears back from my eyes while Bro. Shaw mounted the stage for home. I had not long to grieve, for we were to have a Thanksgiving dinner, carrying our baskets full of good things to the church. Before the dinner came a Thanksgiving sermon; this was too rare done. By 3 o'clock in the afternoon both the dinner and the sermon were digested, and a wedding was in progress. That night, at 7 o'clock a good congregation gathered for a gospel meeting, and when the invitation was given to arise for prayers many stood and "came forward". For two weeks the interest has grown steadily. On last Sabbath evening, fifteen made their offering to the church and were baptized. More are waiting baptism next Sabbath evening. We have been praying and talking and preaching of "love" for two years, but no sermons are like the love itself, which we now see manifested. We have been trying to ex-

plain what faith is, but now we see what it is. It is wonderfully on the increase. We are thanking God for answers to prayer. We hope every member, resident and non-resident, of the Shiloh church will receive a shock of love and faith 20,000 volts strong. Pray for us at Shiloh and we will remember others of our churches where special meetings are in progress.

E. B. SAUNDERS.

SALEM, W. VA.—Since no one else has done it, we want to tell you that our new church is now in good comfortable condition. The furnace keeps us warm, the gas light dispels the darkness, and the portierre partitions give a beautiful, though soft and refined, tone to the comfortable and pleasant audience room. Our meetings are all well attended despite the wet and unpleasant weather we have been having. The pastor held some extra meetings at Buckeye, in which he was greatly encouraged because of the growing interest. Conditions not being favorable, only six meetings were held. The college started in the winter term with a larger enrollment than that of any winter term during its history. The college is an honor to the town, and a conservator of true manhood and womanhood to the young people of a large section of the surrounding country. We believe the founders were moved by the Divine hand in the accomplishment of that work which means so much to this place, now and in the future. Our interest in all parts of our beloved Zion is not diminished. We rejoice in every favorable report and lift our hearts in grateful praise to Him who has said he will be with us even to the end.

After writing the above, our town was visited by the fire fiend, and sixty places of business, with some dwellings, were burned to ashes. Now, Dec. 16, new places of business are rising from the ruins.

E. A. WITTER.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.—On last Sabbath the ordinance of baptism was administered by the pastor of the Cumberland church to the two young men mentioned by Dr. Whitford in the RECORDER of the 2d inst. About fifteen persons witnessed the immersion. The day was rainy, with light gusts of wind, but the air was warm and pleasant.

The recent visit of Dr. Whitford to us was encouraging, and his excellent sermons were helpful and instructive. Laying aside learned and high-sounding words and phrases, he eached the love of God and the faith of Jesus in language easy to be understood. He leaves a warm place in our hearts, and our love, prayers and good wishes follow him in all of his toilsome labors. We thank the Board and all of the friends who have thus contributed to our consolation and encouragement.

D. N. NEWTON.

DEC. 18, 1901.

ALFRED, N. Y.—The first course of lectures under the auspices of our Theological Seminary, by the Rev. Dr. Wilbor, of Hornellsville, has fulfilled our highest expectations. The lectures have been practical, scholarly, edifying, and inspiring; and the delivery worthy of the sacred and splendid general theme, The English Bible. In the first lecture, "The Story of the English Bible," we were given a history and description of English translations and told the story of the self-sacrificing labors of learned and pious men to place the Bible within reach of the common people. In

"The Bible in Education" it was shown how Bible history, biography, geography, language and literature, oratory, ethics, and religion, deserve a place in the curricula of our schools, at least by the side of similar subjects from heathen sources. In the third lecture we were taught the nature, need, and profit of careful and systematic Bible-reading and study. By description, illustrative examples, and many witnesses, the speaker set forth "The Literary Charms of the Bible." In "The Bible-school as an Educational Institution," high standards of excellence in organization, management, and instruction were placed before us, which if observed, would more and more make this leading department of church work a real *school* of a high order.

More appropriate subjects could not have been chosen for the first lectures; and a fresh impetus to Bible-study and teaching cannot but be among the results; for they have been well attended by appreciative audiences of students, teachers, and people from the village.

It is of course expected that most of our lecturers will be persons of our own denomination, and it is hoped that they will render this service without charge excepting for expenses; not because they will not deserve remuneration, but because the Seminary has, as yet, no funds with which to pay. But that three of the leading pastors of the city of Hornellsville, not of our denomination, should voluntarily offer to fall into line with such a movement, is an act of generous and Christian courtesy worthy of this public and grateful mention.

That the first lecturers are Sunday men is simply due to the fact that, months ago, one of them worked up the plan, and on behalf of all made the offer to President Davis, who could not and did not wish to do otherwise than accept it as cordially as it was made; and to the added fact that another of them was prepared to begin his lectures at once.

A. E. MAIN.

DECEMBER 24, 1901.

PETITCODIAC, New Brunswick, Canada.—Rev. George Seeley, Manager of the Canadian Branch of the American Sabbath Tract Society, finds some sharp opposition in his work as a representative of Sabbath truth. A copy of the *Queen's County Gazette*, of Gagetown, New Brunswick, contains an article in which one Silas S. Clark—not a Seventh-day Baptist—voluntarily defends Mr. Seeley from the words of a correspondent of that paper who wrote of him as a Seventh-day Adventist, and condemned his efforts to spread Sabbath truth. Mr. Clark says:

The Rev. Mr. Seeley is not a Seventh-day Advent, but a Seventh-day Baptist. He withdrew from the Baptist body and joined the Seventh-day Baptist. Any one who will take the trouble to inform himself will find that the Seventh-day Baptists are an old Christian denomination, it being over two hundred and thirty years since they were established. Their doctrine and views are much the same as the Calvinist Baptists; with the exception of keeping the Sabbath, they differ in the day that should be observed; neither has Mr. Seeley circulated any tracts, only those that teach gospel truth and point sinners to Christ.

It is a common thing for those who oppose truth, and who ought to be well-informed before speaking, to misrepresent the position of those who preach the truth, thus hoping to awaken prejudice which is a more potent force than argument in closing the eyes of the public against the truth presented. Our readers know Mr. Seeley too well to believe that his

efforts will be lessened or his influence injured by any such form of misrepresentation.

NORTH LOUP, NEB.—It has been a long time since we have seen anything in the Reading Room items from North Loup, and a longer time since the readers of the RECORDER have seen anything in its columns over the signature of the writer, not because the writer has lost interest in the cause which the RECORDER espouses, but because his business interests have called his attention in other directions. The reader will please pardon me if I make a few personal allusions. During these years of silence in our denominational organ, I do not wish it understood that I have been indifferent to denominational matters nor those matters that have reference to the upbuilding of Christ's kingdom in the hearts of men; on the contrary, what time I have had to spare from other duties has been spent in local Sabbath-school work and in county and district Bible School Institute work. Now, after eight year's residence in the North Loup church, I feel that it is a compliment which touches my heart deeply to receive from the church a unanimous call to act as "supply" for six months, the interim between the outgoing and the incoming pastorate. Three months of the time has gone by, and only too quickly, as these duties have tended to revive the old-time love for the work of the ministry, and every week's service for the church has caused increased interest in the cause and revived memories of other days—days that were the happiest in my life, namely, the five years pastorate in the old Scott church. Now the question may arise in the mind of the reader, "Why did you leave the work of the ministry if you enjoyed it so much?" I am glad that this affords me an opportunity to answer the oft-repeated question, "Why did you leave the ministry?" especially as it may have created a suspicion in the minds of some that "he is a turn coat," or "was tired of his profession," or "wanted to try new fields," or "couldn't make a living," etc., etc. Far from it. When I left the pastorate of the Scott church, after five years of very pleasant and, I trust, profitable service, and entered the Hahnemann Medical College of Chicago, it was with no intention of leaving the ministry, but with the thought that a medical education would be helpful in the work of the ministry, in the first place; and, in the second place, as many of our churches were small and not self-supporting, a pastor having a knowledge of medicine might combine the work of the two and relieve the Missionary Board of such financial burden, especially as it seemed to me these two professions go so nearly hand in hand. But when I completed my medical education the impression had gone out that I had left the ministry, and as no call came in from any of the churches I naturally drifted into the medical work. This may have been a mistake on my part, nevertheless it was done, and I have spent 10 or 12 years in quite active service in this added profession; and while I have not, nor have I had any thought of changing my work, still it gives me great pleasure to engage in the ministerial work again. I think now, as I always have, that the work of the ministry is a noble calling, second to no other, and I did not leave it because I was tired of it or had lost my interest in it. Bro. Witter has been gone

from this field nearly three months. The first of April Bro. A. B. Prentice of the Adams Centre church takes up the pastorate here.

The religious interest in the North Loup church is fairly well maintained. With the thermometer registering 28° below, Sabbath morning, there were 25 or more in attendance at the Friday evening prayer-meeting, and at least 75 present at church service Sabbath morning, and when the weather is pleasant our large and commodious church room is pretty well filled up. We greatly miss the attendance and helpfulness of the young people who have gone to Milton College and the families that have gone to Wisconsin and Arkansas to live. Their going, however, should make us who remain to feel added responsibility and spur us to double diligence in the Master's service.

We are looking forward to the coming of the new pastor with prayerful hearts. Brethren, send up a prayer for the North Loup church, that it may faithfully hold up the gospel banner on these far Western prairies.

F. O. BURDICK.

DEC. 15, 1901.

NORTONVILLE, KAN.—We have been enjoying a very interesting and profitable series of gospel meetings. They began November 16 and closed December 16. The pastor conducted them for three weeks, then Brother Kelly, of Chicago, came to our assistance by invitation. His spiritual earnestness and his power from the Lord made his work very telling, and a good climax to the meetings was enjoyed.

The church has been greatly refreshed from the Lord, wanderers have returned to their "Father's house," and to his loving service, and souls have been born into the heavenly kingdom. We are to have baptism soon. Verily God has richly blessed us.

We had hoped that still others would be reached and touched with the finger of God's saving love; but still there are fathers and mothers who are weighed down with heavy burdens of heart for dear ones that are unsaved. The pastor still has longings of heart for others who have had rich opportunities and have failed to accept them. What pastor can feel free from such longings while there are those in his society who seem so near to the kingdom, and yet are so far from it as to be unsaved?

On the day that Brother Kelly returned to his home, Sister Rosa Palmberg came to spend a couple of days with us. Her brief call was greatly enjoyed, indeed. On the afternoon of December 18, an informal reception was given her at the parsonage; in the evening was one at the church, which was more largely attended. Her stay with us was during our term of zero weather, which hindered some from meeting her who otherwise would. She went on her way to her work in China with our prayers and most hearty good wishes.

We are having delightful weather at present.

GEO. W. HILLS.

TONS OF HONEY IN A GIGANTIC BEEHIVE.

Texas is a state of such magnitude and of so many wonders, that one is scarcely surprised to read in *St. Nicholas* of a natural beehive there, in which tons of honey are stored. One of the most wonderful spots in the world, in its way, says Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron, is the famous "Devil's Punch

Bowl," as the natives prefer to call it, in Valverde County, Texas, which borders on the Rio Grande. Its discoverers noticed, as they came within a couple of miles of it, what appeared to be a cloud of smoke constantly rising from a spot in the valley below them, and when they came nearer they heard a rushing sound as of a great waterfall. It proved to be nothing more or less than a gigantic beehive, a hole in the ground forty feet in diameter, from which were rising and into which were descending innumerable swarms of bees. This, then, was the cause of the distant appearing of rising smoke, accompanied by the loud hum of countless insects' wings.

Those who have ventured to visit this curious cave since its discovery, protecting themselves from the stings of the bees by mosquito-netting, or otherwise, as they look down into the yawning cavity, observe, clinging to its sides, great festoons of honey-comb. Opening into the large cavity can be seen many smaller ones which it is reasonable to suppose contain additional stores of honey in their dark recesses, for bees love darkness. If a method could be devised to secure the contents of this great treasure house of honey, several tons of the sweet product would be the probable outcome. But this cave, large and well filled as it is, contains but a small part of the honeyed treasures with which those valleys abound.

In that far southern latitude the winters are so mild that the bees can gather honey through the whole year. In the summer they obtain it from the endless variety of flowers which bloom in those fertile valleys, and in the winter from sweet cactus pears and berries of many sorts. The bees store the honey thus gathered in hollow trees and small clefts of rock, but chiefly in caves, some of which are easily accessible, while others can be reached only by means of ropes let down from heights above. The country is so rough that the hunter must leave his pack pony or burro at a long distance, and must find his toilsome way on foot to the cave whence he hopes to obtain his honey. For this and other reasons, our bee farmers will have little cause to fear competition from the wild honey of that wonderful region, at least for many years to come. It might be supposed that these bees of the Rio Grande could cease from their toil and feast themselves and their grubs on the stores collected in former years. But a blind instinct prompts them to continue their labor as steadily as if they were entirely destitute. How much in this respect they resemble men, who go on piling up wealth long after they have laid by enough to support themselves and their families in comfort. So, though no fable, our story ends with a moral.—*Exchange*.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

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

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

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Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

The Sun's Motion.

The sun's motion, which unquestionably and indisputably is extremely quick, causes some perplexity; nevertheless it does not appear to change in the least the relative position of the solar system to the fixed stars and the constellations much more than it actually does. There are some astronomers who, on this account, are inclined to doubt the actual motion of the sun in space.

The investigations of astronomers have, nevertheless, established one thing as certain, namely, that the sun does move through space at great speed, estimated by some scientists at sixteen miles a second, carrying all the planets, satellites and other cosmical bodies along with it; but the motion of the vast luminary, while affecting the real motion of the planets in space, does not in the slightest degree affect the relative motion of sun and planets. Even under the supposition of so great a rate of speed as sixteen miles in one second of time, this relative position to the fixed stars would, so astronomers declare, be hardly perceptible in a century, on account of the almost inconceivable distance of the latter.

We are brought to the conclusion, therefore, that many thousands of years must pass before the sun's proper motion in space can change the relative position of the sun to the fixed stars. The Maker of heaven and earth "doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number." Job. 9: 10.

Power of Terrestrial Heat.

Professor Mendenhall estimated that the stored energy of the heat of the earth's interior is beyond the power of calculation, and a few not entirely unsuccessful attempts to utilize this power have already been made.

From a short distance below the surface, the temperature increases downward at an average rate which indicates that at a depth of fifty miles it is not less than 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and there is abundant reason for believing that the earth is an intensely hot body, having only a thin layer of poorly-conducting matter as an outside crust.

These are the essential conditions of a heat engine of enormous capacity; and, as in many parts of the world comparatively high temperatures are found very near the surface, the interior heat of the earth—which has an origin more remote than the sun—is worthy of most serious consideration as a possible and reasonable source of power.

The importance of this power will be greatly enhanced when we are able to transform heat energy directly into electricity, on a large scale and with economy, avoiding this great waste which necessarily accompanies the use of the steam engine; this, we think, will soon be brought about. We are constantly looking for strange things to happen.

Do Good Work.—It is said that Napoleon once ordered the execution of a difficult and important work in bridging the canal of Languedoc. When the Emperor inspected the completed work, he found it admirably done, but the engineer answered his many questions in so confused and hesitating a manner that he sent for the Prefect, and said to him: "I am not correctly informed. The bridge was not made by that man. Such a work is beyond his capacity." The Prefect confessed that the engineer neither originated the plan nor supervised the work. It was done by a young man, a subordinate, unknown to fame. He was sent for at once, was appointed chief engineer, and returned to Paris with Napoleon. Good work never escapes the eye of our Leader, and sooner or later receives his approving word, "Well done," and his appointment to a larger sphere of service.

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 II.—THE PROMISE OF POWER FULFILLED.

For Sabbath-day, Jan. 11, 1902.

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 2: 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The promise is unto you and to your children.—Acts 2: 39.

INTRODUCTION.

The disciples had not long to wait before our Lord's parting promise was fulfilled for them. After ten days spent in prayer, the Spirit came upon them. They were baptized anew and thus equipped for the great work before them.

While the disciples were waiting they chose, under the leadership of Peter, one of their number to take the place of Judas, and thus fill up the ranks of the twelve. To them eleven was an incomplete number which could not be endured. That we hear nothing further of Matthias is no proof that the Holy Spirit did not approve of their choice; for we are told nothing of the work of any of the twelve except Peter and John.

TIME.—Upon the day of Pentecost, fifty days after the Passover. In the latter part of May of the year 30, probably upon a Sabbath-day.

PLACE.—In a private house in Jerusalem, possibly the same place of meeting as mentioned in ch. 1: 13; and afterwards in a more public place—perhaps in the streets, and possibly in the courts of the temple.

PERSONS.—The disciples and the multitudes.

OUTLINE:

1. The Coming of the Holy Spirit with Outward Signs. v. 1-4.
2. The Wonder of the Multitudes. v. 5-11.

NOTES.

1. **The day of Pentecost.** The word means literally "fiftieth," and is used to designate the Feast of First-fruits, or Feast of Weeks, which occurred on the fiftieth day after Passover. This was the second of three great feasts of the Jews. From its character as a feast of thanksgiving for the first-fruits of the earliest harvest, it was a most appropriate occasion for Gift of the Holy Spirit. **Was fully come.** Better as in the Revised Version, "was now come". The emphatic form of the verb in the original is not to suggest that the day was past, but rather that the time of waiting had been completed. **All.** That is, the hundred and twenty disciples mentioned in the first chapter—not the Apostles only. **With one accord.** Rather, "together," following the better manuscripts. **In one place.** Very likely the upper room mentioned in Acts 1: 13, which was possibly the same one in which Jesus and his disciples ate the passover.

2. **A sound from heaven,** etc. The coming of the Holy Spirit was signalized by three striking signs: the first appealing to the ear, the second to the eye, and the third to the ear. The sound which filled the house was not really caused by the wind, but as near as our author could describe it, it was like the sound of "a violent wind borne along."

3. **Cloven tongues, like as of fire.** The word cloven is unfortunate. Better, parted tongues as of fire." The meaning is not that there was a forked tongue of fire upon each one; but rather that the whole fire-like appearance was separated so that a part of it rested upon each like a tongue. It was not fire, but like fire.

4. **And they were all filled with Holy Ghost.** Better "Holy Spirit" in every case. This is the important statement of our lesson;

all else is the mere outward testimony to this great truth. The speaking with tongues was of no practical importance except as it was a testimony to this most extraordinary endowment. Not the Apostles alone, but all the disciples were thus filled with Holy Spirit. **And began to speak with other tongues.** This statement compared with verse 11 can mean nothing else than that the disciples began to speak in foreign languages. The miracle was in their mouths and not in the ears of their hearers, for they began to speak thus even before the crowd assembled. We are not to understand that all spoke in fifteen languages at once, but that some spoke in one language and some in another. This speaking with tongues differs from the speaking with tongues referred to in 1 Corinthians and elsewhere, for that was unintelligible. It is most probable that all of the people present could have understood one of the three languages, Aramaic, Greek or Latin. The speaking of tongues was not, therefore, for the practical purpose of preaching the Gospel, but rather was a third very striking symbol of the presence of the Holy Spirit. **Utterance:** A word not used of ordinary conversation, but of the profound sayings of prophets and wise men.

5. **And there were dwelling,** etc. Better, "Now there were dwelling," etc. beginning a new paragraph stating the immediate effect of what was thus seen and heard. The word "dwelling" probably refers more especially to permanent residence, although some of the people referred to may have come to Jerusalem just for this feast. Of the thousands and perhaps millions of Jews scattered over the Roman Empire, many of the more religiously inclined would make their way back to the Holy City to spend their declining years. There would be thus gathered together in this city companies of people having for their mother tongues all the various languages of the Empire.

6. **Now when this was noised abroad.** Better as in the Revised Version, "When this sound was heard." That is, the sound mentioned in verse 2, and not a rumor that there had been such a sound, as the Authorized Version seems to imply. **Were confounded.** They were bewildered by these wonders. **Language.** This word is used as equivalent to tongue in v. 5. It means either language or dialect. Some of the distinctions mentioned in the following verses are not of different languages, but rather of dialects.

7. **Galileans.** This word is not used as equivalent to Christians nor as a term of reproach, but rather as referring to one definite locality. If the disciples had come from all parts of the world, then no wonder if they spoke in all languages.

8. **Wherein we were born.** Although these men were all Jews by race, they had been born in various parts of the world and so spoke the languages of the peoples among whom they had been, as their own mother tongues.

9-11. Our author mentions fifteen countries following in general a geographical order: Parthia, Media, Elam, and Mesopotamia in the East; Cappadocia, Pontus, Asia, Phrygia, and Pamphylia, in what we call Asia Minor; Egypt and Libya in Africa; Rome in the West. Judea is mentioned in its place and is doubtless meant to include all Palestine. Crete and Arabia are added at the end as if the author had forgotten them in their order, or was uncertain where best to group them.

10. **Strangers of Rome.** Rather "sojourners," that is, temporary residents. The Revised Version is probably right in suggesting that they were Jews who had been temporarily residing in Rome, but they may have been Roman Jews temporarily residing in Jerusalem. **Jews and proselytes.** It is possible that this explanation simply refers to the Romans, but more likely to all. Our author wishes us to note that along with those who were Jews by birth there were many who had adopted the leading principles of the Jewish religion.

11. **The wonderful works of God.** They were probably telling about the life, death, resurrection and ascension of the Messiah Jesus.

10-21. Peter answers the mocking charge of some of the bystanders, and shows that he and his companions cannot be drunken. He explains that the speaking with tongues is really a fulfillment of the passage of the prophecy of Joel, which refers to the wonders of the Messianic age.

MARRIAGES.

DAVIS—DAVIS.—At the home of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. A. Bond Davis, Nov. 28, 1901, by Rev. E. B. Saunders, B. Fred Davis and Ida F. Davis, both of Shiloh, N. J.

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.

RANDOLPH.—Enely J., daughter of Reuben D. and Drucilla Sutton was born in Dodridge Co., W. Va., near Green Brier, July 2, 1850, and died in Salem, W. Va., Dec. 7, 1901.

She was converted and united with the Salem Seventh-day Baptist church, March 6, 1869. She was married to James F. Randolph, April 15, 1870. Nine children were born to this sister, four of whom are left with the husband and father to mourn their loss. Sister Randolph has always retained her membership in the Salem, W. Va., church. Burial was had at Green Brier, conducted by the writer. Text, John 13: 7. E. A. W.

PERRY.—Mrs. Phebe Witter Perry, wife of John G. Perry, was born in Alfred, N. Y., Feb. 9, 1828, and died at her late home, near East Valley, Dec. 18, 1901.

She was the daughter of Weeden and Phebe Johnson Witter. On the 24th day of September, 1846, she was united in marriage with John G. Perry. There were born to them four sons, of whom Syrenus Perry, of Shingle House, Pa., and J. Fones Perry, of Alfred Station, survive her. Mr. and Mrs. Perry have shared together the cares, trials, sorrows and joys of life for more than fifty-five years. When about sixteen years of age, she became a sincere believer in Christ, was baptized by Eld. J. R. Irish, and received into the First Seventh-day Baptist church of Alfred, N. Y. After the organization of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Andover, N. Y., she transferred her membership to that church, where she has ever been esteemed as a worthy Christian sister and a devout disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. Perhaps no better expression of her religious life and joyful sense of personal victory through Christ can be given than in the following passage of Scripture which she herself selected to be used in connection with her funeral services: "I sought the Lord and he heard me, and delivered me from all my foes." Psa. 34: 4. S. B.

GREENE.—Andrew J. Greene, son of Paris and Polly Sweet Greene, was born in Alfred, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1828, and died at his late residence in Andover, N. Y., Dec. 16, 1901.

He was united in marriage with Catherine A. Witter Jan. 19, 1867. To them were born five children of whom Mrs. Elnora L. Matthews of Alfred, Mrs. Ida F. Williams of Andover, and Mr. Melvin A. Green of Hornellsville, survive him. In early life, 1847, he accepted by faith the Lord Jesus as his Redeemer, and united with the Second Seventh-day Baptist church of Alfred, and continued in covenant relations with that church as a consistent and worthy member until removed by death. He was quiet, thoughtful, just, upright and kind in his relations to his fellowmen. As a husband, father and friend he was considerate, helpful and loving, and will be sincerely mourned by those with whom his life has been so intimately associated. In his religious experience and methods of life, he thought and felt more than he expressed in words, and was never self-assuming or ostentatious, and always seemed to walk humbly before God. He leaves to his friends the sustaining hope that through death he has passed into the rest and inheritance of God's redeemed people. S. B.

Literary Notes.

Familiar Studies of Great Europeans.

In the January *McClure's*, Mr. George Washburn Smalley gives us the first of his delightfully intimate portraits of some of the great men and women of Europe. Mr. Smalley speaks with the authority of close acquaintance. For years he was the chief American newspaper correspondent in Europe, and was received everywhere, and made friendships with the best men and women of the day. This time he writes of a number of the men who are making British history—Lord Rosebery, Arthur Balfour, Sir Edward Grey, H. H. Asquith—men whose names we see almost every day in the papers, but of whose personal and social qualities we know very little. Mr. Smalley shows them to us as they appear to their own countrymen; he shows them

to us as men of rare personal charm and popularity, independent of politics. *McClure's* offers a fine list of cash prizes to individual canvassers. 141-155 East 25th Street, New York City.

A Diplomatic Game for an Empire

Commenting editorially on the articles by Senator Beveridge, now appearing in *The Saturday Evening Post*, the *December Review of Reviews* says:

"Any American who wishes to understand what the Russians are doing in Manchuria, and to grasp the matter so firmly and understandingly that he can shut his eyes and see it all, must read a series of papers from the pen of Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, now appearing in *The Saturday Evening Post*, of Philadelphia. Mr. Beveridge's first article in this series appeared on November 16. This energetic and brilliant young statesman, who took his seat in the Senate two years ago with a remarkable knowledge of the Philippine situation based upon several months of travel and study on the ground, has now been spending the half year since Congress adjourned in revisiting the far East, going this time by way of Europe, and crossing Siberia and Manchuria under circumstances which gave him an intimate acquaintance with the newest aspects of the expansion movements of the Russian Empire. Hardly any other man in public life has Mr. Beveridge's power of vivid statement."

Senator Beveridge's next article in this series, *A Diplomatic Game for an Empire*, is an inside chapter of international negotiations, and tells how Russia outwitted England, made an ally of France and took from Japan the fruits of her victory over China.

The *International Monthly* for December contains a number of essays that combine a sufficient lightness of touch with genuine interest and power. "The Middle West," by Professor Frederick J. Turner, of the University of Wisconsin, is a comprehensive study of the main features in the development of the vast area under discussion; the incident of settlement, the two currents of emigration, Northern and Southern, especially in their relations to the Civil War, and, finally, the enormous industrial expansion of comparatively recent years. The paper is one of rare interest, and brings clearly before us the almost unlimited resources and prospects of but a single department or "province" in our marvelous country, whose magnitude is already so great that we can scarcely see the curvature of the scale. What will it be a hundred years hence, if the earth lasts? Sereno E. Payne, of Auburn, N. Y., contributes an essay on "Tarriff and the Trusts," which also has a distinctly home flavor, and is thoroughly optimistic in its tone. Mr. Payne is not in the least afraid of the Trusts. "The most immediate danger from them," he declares, "is to the holders of the stock which they have issued." Much more than is noticed here makes the *International Monthly* solid, instructive and interesting. Burlington, Vt.

TOO STRICT WITH THE CHILDREN.

"You are too strict with your children," said a good Christian woman whose bright-eyed, active little boy was playing about the streets to another mother who held her own mischievous son under strict, yet kind, control, and would not allow him to associate with rough boys, or enjoy the advantages of the "street school."

Twenty years have passed away. The boy whose mother was too strict with him is in college,—sober, temperate and respected; the other squandered his parents' property, contracted habits of intemperance, became an inmate of a prison, and at last has gone to an untimely grave, though not, we trust, without penitence or hope.

"You are too strict with your daughter. Young folks must enjoy themselves," said a kind mother. But the daughter that was guarded and watched over has grown up in safety, while those who had their liberty brought bitter sorrow to their mother's heart.

Where love tempers authority, there is little danger of being "too strict." "The world is very evil." Times are perilous; snares are many; parents are responsible for the training of children; and, "A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." Prov. 29: 15.—*The Christian*.

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.

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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.

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Manila, formerly and incorrectly spelled Manilla, as a Spanish city dates from the foundation by Legazpi, in 1571, or half a century after the discovery of Magellan. But long before that time the name was applied to a certain portion of the country about what is now called the Bay of Manila, and sultans of Manilla are often mentioned in the old Spanish records. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the name is of Filipino origin, and its etymology must be sought out in the native tongues of the country. . . . According to this etymology, which seems the correct one, Manila is derived from nila, the name of the indigo tree of the East Indies (indigofera tinctoria), and the prefix ma, the whole word signifying "place of nila," where there are indigo trees."—*The American Antiquarian*.

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