

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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

VOLUME 57. No. 9.

MARCH 4, 1901.

WHOLE No. 2923.

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His Prayer.

THE way sometimes is dreary
And the gloom sometimes is deep;
The cup is often bitter,
And the path is often steep;
But there's one who kneels at night,
In his little robe of white,
And asks the Lord to bless me,
Just before he goes to sleep.

The burden oft is heavy,
There is little chance to rest;
Through the day I hear the murmurs
Of the weary and oppressed—
But at night he still is there
To repeat his little prayer,
To appeal to God to bless me—
And I know that I am blessed.

—S. E. Kiser.

If you are toiling up a weary hill,
Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear,
Straining each nerve untiringly, and still
Stumbling and losing foothold here and there;
And each one passing by would do so much
As give one upward lift and go their way,
Would not the slight, reiterated touch
Of help and kindness lighten all the day?
There is no little and there is no much;
We weigh and measure and define in vain;
A look, a word, a light, responsive touch
Can be the minister of joy to pain.
A man can die of hunger, walled in gold,
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath,
And every day we give or we withhold
Some little thing that tells for life or death.

—Unknown.

\$2.00 A YEAR

PLAINFIELD N J

The Sabbath Recorder.

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

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

THE SACREDNESS OF FATHERHOOD.

BY A. H. LEWIS, D. D.

An address delivered in the chapel of the Battle Creek Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Michigan, Feb. 3, 1901, and reported by R. E. Eldred, of that city.

(Concluded from last week.)

LEGAL PROTECTION.

We have the next great foe to fatherhood in a movement which commenced in ancient Rome, where social vice was both punished and protected by a public tax. It came about first in this way: A police officer, an *Edile* went out of the city to where the vicious congregated under the arches of the old Roman wall. (The name of the arch was *fornix*, and from this we have coined the term *fornication* in speaking of one form of social impurity.) The officer sought to quell a disturbance, and these women set upon him and beat the poor fellow nearly to death. In return, as a sort of revenge, he secured the passage of a law by the authorities of the city of Rome, imposing a tax upon social vice. That was the beginning, so far as I am able to learn, of the history of legalized social vice and the consequent greater degradation of manhood. Later, about 1160 A. D., this idea found expression among English-speaking people, in the licensing of social vice, in twelve houses that stood where now Westminster Cathedral and the House of Parliament stand, in the city of London. These licenses were issued by the Mayor of London; the property was first owned by the Bishop of London, and for several years he received the rents. The entire regulation of the houses was determined by civil statute, even to the rents that were to be charged to the women and the fees demanded by them.

The trail of that serpent is felt in our American society to-day, as I will note in a moment. That system continued in England, in one form or another, down to about six years ago. It found expression in the licensing of social vice in many English colonies, and for generations it continued its work in the degradation of manhood. Licensing social vice was common under English rule in China. In many places the regulation of social vice by civil law was so prominent that both foreign manhood and Chinese womanhood were cursed by it, and the registered places were as openly advertised by day and night in the streets of Hong Kong and Canton as any other business. It was only when the women of England rose up and fought this shame that this system finally was abolished.

The license system has not been so successful in the United States, but the double standard of morality for the sexes has wrought constant and widespread evil. There is some improvement in public opinion as compared with earlier times, but it is the shame of our civilization that we yet hold the woman who steps aside from the path of virtue and purity as one to be cast off, scorned, swept into the gutter and sent down, while the man, equally and usually more criminal, is often courted by society. Sin could not invent a better method of degrading the standard of fatherhood and manhood. I am most glad, on

this the opening of a new year and a new century, to speak in the hearing of those as earnest as your faces assure me you are, for I feel that there is promise that something better will come.

AGE OF CONSENT LAWS.

Closely allied to this double standard of morality are our infamous laws touching what is called the "age of consent." I have had considerable experience in the last twenty-five years with legislatures along these lines. I once sat until midnight in the presence of a committee of the legislature of an Eastern state, in company with other men, pleading with that committee to recommend the raising of the law to 18 years. Up to within a brief period there was not a state in the United States in which a girl who had passed 14 or 16 years of age had any legal redress if that choicest of all the prizes of womanhood were taken from her,—her virtue. Only after years of struggling have we secured the passage of a law in the state of New Jersey, raising the age of consent to 16 years. To those who sought to secure a better law for the state of New York, a few years since, an eminent Judge, now dead, himself a noble man, said: "Your plea is right, but a law of that kind would be too hard on the men, and you cannot get it through the legislature," and we did not. Even now there are but few states in which the age-of-consent law has reached 18 years, and most of those are states in which women have the right to vote, and I pray God that that privilege may hasten to the hands of every pure woman in the United States, before the years are many, on every question of social reform.

WHAT HAS THIS TO DO WITH FATHERHOOD?

Everything. When men are trained to believe that they are free from blame for social impurity they are unfit for fatherhood. When the society of men is honeycombed and poisoned, as all you men know it is, with low conceptions of virtue, both for themselves and women; when the lives of men, on the farm and in the shop, and often in higher places, is so poisoned by these low conceptions, and by the language which prevails, that boys listen while older men taint their souls with these low notions—while this is true, noble conceptions of fatherhood are impossible. And every man who listens to me to-night knows that the average life has been strongly and wickedly tainted by these low conceptions. (A voice: "Amen.")

These two false notions have swept over our country, and the generations preceding ours, like the devastating fires of the prairie, and all manhood has been sorely degraded thereby. In social vice it is not usually the woman who is most to blame. It is said that there are thousands of fallen women in the United States, but the statistics of our police courts show that there are at least three fallen men to every fallen woman. These men are as truly fallen, and ought to be known by every name that a fallen woman should bear. Low conceptions of purity and of fatherhood are dragging down the men quite as much as the women.

I make this plea against the double standard of morality, and against the laws which say that after a certain age a girl shall have no legal redress for her lost purity, for the sake of fatherhood as well as for wronged womanhood. I bid you remember that the

Sinless Master, the Perfect Man, met this question of a double standard of morality, when they brought a woman before him, and said, "Master, she is a criminal." With divine instinct he said, "Let the man among you who is pure cast the first stone. Stone her to death if you will, only let the sinless man among you begin the work." They went out, one by one, slinking away as the cowardly coyote does, under the touch of their own consciences.

WHAT SHALL BE THE FUTURE?

Women, wives, mothers, young women, older women—with you, after all, largely is the balance of power in lifting men. Aside from what men can do, from you must come the greater help that shall redeem society. You must teach men higher conceptions of fatherhood, as you yourselves must rise to still higher conceptions of motherhood. Men say, "The women, who are to be the mothers of our children, must be pure and noble." Even tainted men, lust-scarred men, sin-blistered men, after they have run the course of sin, will say, "After all, my wife, the mother of my children, must be a pure woman." So much does impurity respect purity. But women, you can aid us to much higher conceptions of our positions as men, and therefore as fathers. While I have spoken mainly to men, all that I have said touches women, for parenthood is rather co-re-creation. Oh, the matchless beauty of God's plan of complementing human life when, "Male and female created he them." Then homes were possible. Love was possible. Then purity on earth, in the home, was possible. Then pure childhood was possible. I appeal to you men who are already fathers. Have you sons? Teach those sons first of all what it means to be a man! Teach them early. Teach them plainly. Let no false modesty come between you and the duty you owe your son, and let it be that your boy shall come to his manhood, and to the experiences of fatherhood, nobler than those of any generations preceding him.

Young people, I rejoice that you are here to-night. Marriage and parenthood, if rightly comprehended, are the highest, holiest, and most sacred of all experiences earth can bring to you. They will give development to the best of your manhood, the sweetest and noblest of your womanhood, and in time, if it please God that your home shall be blessed by the coming of new lives that will be heart of your heart, bone of your bone, life of your life, love of your love, then the richest crown will be placed upon you.

Young man, you have yet to know that sweetest experience that comes to a noble man, if you are not yet a father, when, under the pure heart of your wife a new heart shall be beating, a life half yours, half hers; born to an inheritance of purity, and therefore to a destiny among the redeemed, by virtue of its inheritance from you and the added blessing of the redeeming love of God. Until you reach that hour your manhood will not attain the high point of its nobility. Young women, until you reach the time when you feel the breath of your first-born upon your cheek, the crowning glory of womanhood will not have been yours! but when that hour comes, and your glad heart beats with a new love while it lulls your babe to sleep, then the angels that guard the records in heaven will write down your name upon the list of the

most sacred names of earth or heaven, the name of Mother.

Oh, the beauty and blessedness of this privilege of being co-creators with God. The beauty and the blessedness of knowing that human life does not end with earth's years, but that, reproduced, it shall go on, adding link to link, until the chain, beginning in Eden, shall end only when the eternities themselves have grown gray. Again I plead, as with unsaddled feet and uncovered head, in the presence of the sacredness of fatherhood and motherhood, of wifehood and husbandhood, of parenthood, and in the name of childhood—helpless childhood, waiting to inherit what other lives shall give, waiting for the impulses that shall lift it upward or drag it downward—I plead, and hope that the Spirit of God in your own hearts will continue the plea, until there shall not come to one of you this sacred relation, in realized parenthood, except it be crowned with all that is pure and noble and consecrated and divine according to God's plan of high, holy, sacred, Parenthood. Amen.

WISCONSIN LETTER.

The greatest industrial achievement of the last half of the nineteenth century is undoubtedly the building and the magnificent equipment of the railroad systems of our country. Wisconsin has just come to the semi-centennial of the beginning of her part in this great work. On Monday, the 25th inst., was celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the first line of railroads in the state. It bore the high-sounding name of the "Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad," which on the 25th day of February, 1851, was opened from Milwaukee to Waukesha, a distance of some miles, now covered by a line of electric cars, running many times a day. The first train out from Milwaukee carried Gov. Tallmadge, Judge Hubbell, Mayor Upham of Milwaukee, Byron Kilbourn, the officer of the day, E. D. Holton, Superintendent of the road, and others, to Waukesha. At every crossroads crowds of people gathered to witness the passing of the train, and shouted themselves hoarse, and accompanied their wild shouts with waiving of hats and bonnets, and the jumping and dancing of young men and maidens. At Waukesha dinner was served in the car-house of the company, and after-dinner speeches were made. One orator talked proudly of this "First link in the great railway chain from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi;" another, not to be outdone by the magnificence of the figure, prophesied that "our iron-horse shall drink in the morning at Lake Michigan and in the evening slake his thirst at the Mississippi." They also talked of "annexing the towns by the way," whatever that may have meant, and prophesied of the good work railroads were to do in developing the resources of the state, under the figure of "enriching our neighbors as well as ourselves." Among the towns by the way which was a little later "annexed" was our own town of Milton, and one of the most enthusiastic promoters of the scheme was our own progressive, spirited founder, Joseph Goodrich, whose name was recorded in that early day with those of Byron Kilbourn, Chief Engineer of the road, Rufus King, of Milwaukee, Joseph Turner, of Waukesha, Rufus Cheeney, of Whitewater, and many others.

The Milwaukee and Mississippi road fell into the hands of the Milwaukee and Prairie du Chien Company in 1861; in 1867 it passed to the Milwaukee and St. Paul Company, and in 1873 it "annexed" the town of Chicago by building a road to that lake port, and the road became known as the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, the name by which it is still known.

At the time of the opening of this road, fifty years ago, the population of Milwaukee was only 20,000, and that of the entire state about 300,000. To-day the population of the city is nearly as great as that of the state at that time, while the population of the state is now something over 2,000,000. There are now forty-five railroads in the state, with a total mileage of about 6,500. These roads have done much, especially in the last few years, in developing the various industries of the state, notably the lumber industry, and the mining of iron, lead and zinc.

Following close upon the lumber industry comes the development of the farm lands, the value of which a few years ago was estimated almost exclusively by the number of feet of lumber that could be cut from them. These same lands, now stripped of the lumber product, are worth two or three times their original price for grain and grass. It has been the province of the railroads of the state to pioneer, and subsequently to greatly aid, in the development of these industries, while all along their lines have sprung up little villages and larger towns, with their mills and factories, giving employment and bringing prosperity and comfort to all the people.

Now, that Chicago has been "annexed," it will be a matter of interest to Wisconsiners to know that an elegant and capacious line of steamers is to be run between that city and Buffalo during the Pan-American Exposition in the latter city next summer. The first steamer is to sail about the last of April, and there is some prospect that the line will become permanent. Chicago is soon to have also an ocean line of steamers to Hamburg and Liverpool. The first of these, to be laden with Chicago products, and manned by a Chicago crew, is to sail April 25 for Hamburg; and the second, similarly laden and manned, is to sail the following day, bound for Liverpool; two other liners will follow in a few days. So, it would seem, the Milwaukee and Mississippi Railroad did a good stroke of business, when it "annexed" Chicago. L. A. PLATTS.

MILTON, Wis., Feb. 26, 1901.

NEW JERSEY LETTER.

Just a list of the principal subjects discussed in sermons, addresses, and papers, at the last New Jersey Baptist Convention, is full of helpful suggestions. The deacon's responsibility for the spiritual life of the church; The deacon's relation to the appointments of the church; The deacon and the new convert; Music as a help to the pastor; The organization of the choir; Our Baptist young people and ministerial education; Loyalty to truth; The right attitude of mind toward newer forms of religious thinking; Study of the Bible at home; Expository preaching; Credentials of modern successors of the apostles; The preacher for our times; The equipment of the preacher; The purpose and meaning of

an educated ministry; Culture for service; The young people and the old, the young people and Christ; and the Bible-school, its place and work.

There were resolutions in favor of arbitration for the settlement of industrial and national difficulties, and recognizing the pulpit's power to create a Christian social sentiment.

Fifty-five ministers or ministers' widows are being helped in the Baptist Ministers' Home.

Evangelistic work is carried on under the auspices of the Convention, with encouraging results; and a most interesting forward movement has been taken in the appointment of a state Sunday-school Superintendent or missionary. "Evangelistic work should be emphasized more than ever," it was said, and "the Bible-school should have the first place in the work of a church."

The following figures were hopeful: Reported church-membership for 1899, 51,427; for 1900, 52,497. Baptisms for 1899, 1,472; for 1900, 1,902. In 1890, 214 churches; in 1900, 314. In 1890, 39,529 members; in 1900, 52,874. At the opening of the century only 30 churches, with 2,080 members.

South Jersey Institute and Peddie Institute are doing good educational work, and the cause of education takes a front rank. The first Baptist schools in America was founded at Hopewell in 1756, and continued for eleven years. Out of it grew Brown University. Three men: Hezekiah Smith, James Manning and Samuel Stillman, went from New Jersey to New England and "revolutionized Baptist thought in the matter of ministerial education; lifted the denomination into favorable recognition; laid the foundation of its growth and prosperity; and gave to it an impulse which multiplied it sixfold within a period of fourteen years."

Steps were taken to bring about greater organized unity among the Young People's Societies, and to give them a larger place in the programs of state and associational meetings.

In earlier years the churches suffered from anti-union and anti-mission teachings, and from consequent divisions and bitterness of spirit. A leading cause of growth has been the attention given to the Bible-school, education, evangelism and missions. Herein may be a lesson for Seventh-day Baptists.

PASTOR MAIN.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.,

CROSSING THE BAR.

BY ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea,—

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.

EAGER clutching at the delights of natural life, and making it one's chief aim, is the sure way to lose all its sweetness and to miss the higher life; while the subordination and, if needful, the sacrifice of "life in this world" leads straight to the possession of "life eternal."—Alexander McLaren.

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID.

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall, instead
Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but love may lift his head;
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet,
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye; by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Saviour bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

THE FOREHANDEDNESS OF LUCINDA SMITH.

BY JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

The fifth visit on our carriage trip wuz made to sbe that wuz Lucinda Tarble, Lucinda Smith that now is. She is my second cousin and I like her, but never liked the way she brung up her children—she had a boy of seven and a girl of six.

Now I believe in lookin' after children, yes indeed I do, and gittin' 'em headed right, and watchin' over 'em. But it stands to reason that they must learn to stand alone or they will fall down; you can't always be right there proppin' 'em up.

But Lucinda felt different; she wouldn't let her children make a move or lift a finger without her standin' over 'em, and tellin' 'em jest how fur to move, and how fur the finger must be wigged.

It was most night when we got to Lucinda's. They live in a handsome house, for they are forehanded folks. And Lucinda acted real pleased to see us. She come out on the piazza, as we driv up the handsome gravel road to the door, with her knittin' in her hand—a long, narrer, queer-lookin' thing—and told us how glad she wuz that we had come, and that we had got there jest in time to see Bizer, for he and the little boy, Julian, wuz a-goin' to start for Michigan in the mornin'.

We had a good supper, and the house was in perfect order, only so many safeguards stood round, built up from the floor and swingin' down from the ceilin', fencin' the children off from the fire, and the lamp and the sullen-way, etc., it made things look queer.

After supper, whilst the girl wuz doin' up the work, Lucinda went to knittin' agin on that queer-lookin' thing as if she wuz in a hurry, and she told me that Bizer had business in Michigan and had to go, and that the rich old bachelor in Detroit that Julian was named for had writ to have him come and see him.

Sez Lucinda: "If it wuzn't for my boy's expectations I wouldn't let him stir a step without me, and," sez she, "I wuz so afraid that Julian would git run over by the cars I am goin' to have 'em go by water."

"But," I sez, "haint you 'fraid he'll fall overboard?"

"Oh, no," sez she, "for I have made Bizer promise that he will put a strap round Julian and fasten it to his belt. I am knittin' the strap now," sez she, and she held up that queer-lookin' concern; it wuz a yard and a half long and three inches wide, knit out of stout linen cord. I see that Julian couldn't git away; it would hold him.

"But," I sez, "wouldn't it be better to learn Julian to be cautious and careful, and go free?"

"Oh, no!" sez she, "he's never gone free a minute in his life; when I take him to 'town I always lead him through the streets, and in meetin' I always have him set between Bizer and me so's nothin' could happen to him."

"There couldn't much happen to him in meetin'," sez I.

"No," sez Lucinda, "I don't spoze so, but I've always wanted to be on the safe side."

"I spoze so," sez I, "but has Julian always been willin' to do as you wanted?"

"Oh, no," sez Lucinda, "he is a very active child naturally, and so venturesome; I don't know what would become of him if I didn't watch him every single minute. He throwed himself and kicked only a few weeks ago right in meetin', because I would lead him up the aisle."

"Well, what hurt would have come to him if you had let him walk alone in the meetin'-house?"

"Well, I don't really know, but I felt safer to have bolt of him; of course children have fell and broke their noses, and they have got into the wrong seat—anyway, I felt safer. Now, nights I never feel safe till I tack him into bed."

"Tack him!" sez I wonderin'ly.

"Yes," sez she, "tack the bedclothes down to the bedstead. I used to pin 'em down, but he's got so strong now he jest kicks and ram-pages round so I have to tack him, I'm so 'fraid he'll git the clothes off and git cold."

"Why," sez I, "if the room is comfortably warm it don't seem as if there is much danger. I spoze you do it after he has said his prayers?"

"Oh," sez she, "I've give up tryin' to make him say 'em, because he uses such voyalent language at me while I'm tackin' him. I felt that I couldn't have him go from prayers to profanity."

"Why," sez I, "Thomas J. never missed his prayers once when he wuz a child, and he keeps it up now, his wife sez. I have thought that wuz one reason that made him such a good man, but I never thought of tackin' him into bed. He went quite free from a child. Why, before he wuz Julian's age we let him go fishin' alone. And we'd let him go horse-back alone for quite a little ways; of course he would promise that he'd only go so fur, and he always did as we told him, and in that way he learnt to be careful. He fell off the horse once or twice at fust, but Josiah was nigh by, and we thought it would be better to let him learn to take care of himself whilst we wuz round. He learnt caution and self-reliance, and before he was as old as Julian he could be trusted to go anywhere."

"Mercy! I wouldn't have Julian on a horse's back for all the world. Supposin' the horse should prance?"

"Why, learn him to hold on; that's what we did."

"Julian would be as likely to start for the village as anywhere; he would run away the minute he wuz let free."

"Well, we learnt Thomas J. to not disobey us, and givin' him so many privileges he didn't have to deceive us to git away; he felt that he wuz on his honor and did as we told him."

"Well, Julian won't," sez Lucinda. "I remember once he got away from me when I wuz leadin' him into meetin', and he run more'n half a mile. Bizer had hard work to ketch him, and after that we both led him.

He's been real hard to manage; he's always wanted his own way."

"Well," sez I, "don't you think that up to a certain extent he ort to have it? We all have bodies and souls of our own, and different minds and wishes. We can't all think alike or act alike, and up to a certain extent we ort to have our freedom."

"Oh, my! I should faint away if I thought Julian had his freedom. Why, I shouldn't sleep a wink while they wuz on their journey if I didn't know he wuz strapped to Bizer. But Bizer has promised on the New Testament to not let him loose a minute till the boat reaches Detroit."

Bizer, a meek lookin' man with a high bald head, spoke up here and sez: "Yes, I promise, Lucinda."

"But," sez I, "Julian has to git along by himself sometime. He can't go through life strapped to his father."

"Oh, well," sez Lucinda, "when he gits of age he will have to go freer."

"But," sez I, "if anything should happen to you and Bizer Julian will have lots of money, and it will be hard on him if he hain't learnt to have any self-reliance."

But I hadn't much time to remonstrate for it wuz most night when we got there, and Bizer and Julian started early in the mornin' for the boat, Julian lookin' cross as a bear settin' between Bizer and the hired man, so's to not fall out of the buggy, and the strap in his Pa's pocket ready to apply it to him the minute they reached the boat.

Well, Lucinda's eyes looked red at breakfast, and she worried some for fear that his Pa wouldn't fasten the strap tight enough and he would slip through. But the thought of Bizer's New Testament oath comforted her some, and she brightened up and begun to control little Luella Lucinda. Why, if she said "Luella Lucinda, don't!" once durin' them two days and nights she said it five hundred and eighty times, and I hain't settin' it too high. Why, good land! I have sometimes thought I had seen a mouse watched clost by a cat, but no mouse wasever watched as that mother watched that child. If Luella bit a' apple on one side it wuz: "Luella, don't; don't bite in so fur; you'll break off your teeth." If she dranked a glass of water it wuz: "Luella, don't swaller such big moufuls of water, or you will fill your little throat too full." If she dranked slower it wuz: "Swaller faster, Luella, or the water will run all over your little chin."

And so it went on until I got so wore out with it one evenin' that I up and told Cousin Lucinda what I thought of it, about the on-reason of her actions, and finally I brought up a deep simely I had hearn my mother use. Sez I: "As it has been said, and well said, 'Watched pot never biles,' which I spoze means that if you watch a kettle too clost, and keep a-movin' it back and forth and pokin' the fire under it, it won't bile. There is such a thing as a wise caution, a' overlook that don't annoy or disturb, sort o' distant and yet near at hand, some as the poem runs, 'Thou art so near and yet so fur,' soothin' and comfortin' like. But this constant taggin' after a child and naggin' is enough to spile any child whatsoever; it spiles its disposition by keepin' it riled up all the time; it teaches it to be dependent on somebody else; it keeps the child from havin' any self-control or judgment of its own."

"But," sez Lucinda, "I don't want my children to have any judgment of their own; I can't let 'em move off independent of me, I can't."

And then I sez with a sort of a deep look: "You'll have to, Lucinda, in the end; you'll have to loosen the reigns and leggo, and the kindest thing you can do now is to help 'em to help themselves; let 'em have their own way a little mite; let 'em learn to walk alone."

"But," sez Lucinda, "I want 'em to go my way always. I don't want to let 'em go alone."

But I shook my head sadly and sez agin: "You'll have to, Lucinda, you'll have to; every human soul can't be helped only jest so fur. Lonely they come into the world, lonely they will go out of it, and all along through life the lonesome soul, though surrounded by watchfulest relatives and friends, yet in a certain sense it has got to live alone, dwells by itself in the deep places where no eye can foller it, no ear hear what it sez; no one but the One who made that soul, made the deep places in which it hides itself."

"Now, that individual, independent life has its rights; it must have 'em, it is a separate bein'. Mothers don't want to think so, but it is. A mother wants to take the hull child, clothes and all, and put it right in the middle of her own heart, and keep it there safe from all evil; but she can't, her heart hain't big enough; or she may want to git right inside her child's heart and fill it full, so full that nothin' else can git in, weighin' as she duz over two hundred; but she can't, she is too big."

"The best love, the truest and the tenderest, has to kinder hang round on the outside; it can't git inside of the beloved heart and soul, it can't. It is a lonesome feelin' to contemplate, but it is true. And so what remains for anybody to do is only to admit the fact, own up that the little soul hain't a part of our own life, but has a separate life of its own, with its own duties, pleasures, cares and rights. It has a right to its own little thoughts and ways, its own little likes and dislikes, and the best we can do is to teach it to stand alone and stand straight. No matter how much we love to have it lean on us; and oh, how passin' sweet it is to have the little fingers cling to ours, and the little form lean on our loving hearts; but we must put self back of us, we must stand in front of ourselves, as it were, and do right, learn the little creeter to walk upright without our help. We must once in a while leggo of the little, dimpled hands, leavin' 'em free to grab holt of duty. A tough lesson for mothers to learn, one of the toughest and hardest, but it is right."

Sez Lucinda dreamily, "He promised not to leggo; promised on the New Testament."

And then I see that her thoughts had wandered to little Julian, little voyager on the deep, strapped to his Pa, but I continued: "Good land! talk about educatin' a child; why, if a mother is a true woman, a true mother, the child educates her more than she educates the child, enough sight. She learns a divine patience through bearin' with the childish faults. She learns a divine courage from her love that will face all dangers, and for its sake smile at Satan's rage and face a frounin' world. She mounts up on the hite of self-abnegation and martyrdom when she learns it to git along with-

out her, like a' old bird pushin' her young one out of the nest so it may learn to fly. Oh, how that old bird would love to keep it in the warm, sweet nest; how her love wants to brood over it always; how she yearns to keep it close to her own jealous, beatin' heart. How doubly lonesome the old nest is when the little one is gone; how happily sad and joyously mournful is the thought that it is learnin' to fly alone, learnin' to be happy away from her, away from the old nest—that the home nest can never again, as of old, be the bound of its joy and content. No, the wide horizon has dawned on it, the clear fields of ether, and it must soar away and sing its own songs, build its nest, live its life in its own world."

Agin sez Lucinda: "If the strap don't break, Julian is safe."

And then I see that it wuz no use to eppisode any more at that time, and I wound up my knittin' and eppisodin' and went to bed. But ever and anon, as I found opportunity, I advised Cousin Lucinda for her good, but don't know as it did much good; you can't give good advice three times a day in a little sweetened water like pikery. No, you have to hang round and administer it the best you can, and where you can, and when you can; and then you ain't sure that it is swallered.

I felt considerable sad as we driv away, Luella and her Ma standin' on the piazza, for I hearn Cousin Lucinda say: "Don't set down on your little new gown, Luella, or you will muss it all up;" and a minute after, jest as we went round a corner of the house, I hearn her say: "Don't stand up so much, little Luella Lucinda, or you will break off your little ankles."

I felt deprested and sithed hard, and I should have sithed harder had I known of the dark shadder that wuz a-hangin' over Lucinda, so soon to fall. But the news come to us in a few days. Bizer had kep' his oath strict, had strapped Julian to him, and all the voyage he had had only the length of the strap to careen round in, and bein' a' active child he had rebelled and made his Pa's trip a sad and queer one.

But jest as they reached the pier Bizer, honest man, had to let Julian loose a minute to tend to his baggage, and that one minute of liberty Julian used, nobody knows how, or ever will. 'Tennyrate from that day to this he has never been hearn from; he disappeared from the face of the earth as if he had never been—he and the strap. It wuz spozed that never havin' been allowed to go nigh the edge of the vessel, and not knowin' how fur he could lean over safely, he leaned over too fur and went under the boat, and wuz carried off by some under current that always flows for the onprepared and oncautious.

"Poor little creeter!" I sez as I read it, and the tears jest flowed down my face. And then in a minute after I sez, "Poor little Luella Lucinda!" thinkses I, "what will your freedom move be if you ever do break loose." And I felt dubersome about her, dretful dubersome.—*Woman's Home Journal.*

THE CHANCES FOR AN AFRICAN REPUBLIC.

As a result of the present war, South Africa may become an independent republic. This seems like an impossibility, but it is not. In spite of her victories, in spite of territories conquered, and soldiers killed and captured, there is still a chance of final defeat for Great Britain. And there is as much chance—per-

haps more—that all South Africa shall be free as that the immediate territory of the Boers shall retain its independence.

England put practically her entire strength into the war with the Boers. For this conflict she drew upon her resources in every quarter of the globe. Should she find that not only the Boers, but also a large portion of the people of Cape Colony, are to be fought, it is probable that she would recoil from the conflict after a few serious defeats. There is a limit to the capacity of England for carrying on a land war, and especially at points distant from her own shores.

Not satisfied with possessing the greatest and best part of South Africa, England pushed her armies into the lands to which the Boers had retreated. Nothing short of control from the Cape to Cairo was her aim, and at length she captured Pretoria.

But the taking of capital cities as part of a vast plan of extension of territory is not always productive of the desired results. Napoleon, planning the conquest of India, took Cairo. He would far better have left Egypt alone. All of Europe, at least, must be his—and, thus resolving, he entered Russia and seized Moscow. Had he not taken Moscow he need never have seen St. Helena. The reaching out for more, after much has been gained, is often productive of the loss of even that which one hath.

After all, the historical illustration in such a case as this is the best of arguments. It seemed time and time again that Holland was lost—but dogged perseverance won in spite of hosts slaughtered and cities destroyed. Never did a nation seem more strongly intrenched than were the Moors in Spain. Yet a little band of Spaniards never gave up the contest, and foot by foot the peninsula was gained. It took a long time; but those were the good old days when a soldier could strike his enemy as far away as his sword arm could reach, and when an army could march just as fast as it could walk. These are the times when a railroad carries troops hundreds of miles in a day and when shells fall into camps from batteries stationed miles distant.

The best parallel with South African conditions may be found in certain conditions of our Revolutionary War. The Boer cause is not more desperate than was that of the Americans during the awful times at Valley Forge. When New York and Philadelphia were in the hands of the British—when rich families were vying with each other in doing honor to British officers—when Burgoyne was driving his great wedge southward to cut in twain the Colonies—when Cornwallis was sweeping unchecked up the coast—those were some of the times when the American cause seemed hopelessly lost.

In North America, England once planned to control the entire continent. Instead, there arose here a mighty republic. In Africa, she is planning to control, first from the Cape to the Mediterranean, and, this much gained, she would gradually dominate all Africa. It would be but history repeating itself if, instead, a republic should arise, with its shores laved by the waters of two oceans.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

In our theological seminaries we must not only educate the occasional candidate for the field, but arouse every man who enters the doors.—*Charles Cuthbert Hall.*

Missions.

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

THE great and supreme need in the Christian church to-day is consecration. This means an absolute surrender of self to Christ and his service. The seeking of the lost and the advancement of Christ's kingdom in the world must be first in one's heart and life, and all other things must be secondary and means to that end. Such a consecration is essential to a true and growing spiritual life and an efficient service for Christ. It means to *be* as Christ would have us be; to *do* as he would have us do; to *endure* and *suffer* as he would have us endure and suffer; to *give* of our time and substance as he would have us give them. This will make a good and enthusiastic worker for the Master. This will make us good stewards of God. Such a consecration is not a mere sentiment, or some imaginative thing, but can be and should be a definite act of the soul. It is something real that can be and should be attained.

THE most devout wish and prayer of a true pastor must be for his church to be a spiritual church, that the members of his church shall be spiritually minded. He will most earnestly desire this for the spiritual life, growth and happiness of the individual member. He will desire and pray for it for the highest spiritual good and activity of the church which he serves. He will most earnestly desire it that the people to whom he belongs may have the power to accomplish the mission to which it is called in the world. Now how can a pastor bring up his church to the standard of spirituality which he most devoutly desires?

1. He must be spiritually minded himself. He should seek to be spirit-filled. As is the pastor, so largely will be the people. If he is worldly and time-serving, he will lead and mold the people like unto himself. If he is spiritual and consecrated, he will, the Holy Spirit helping him, bring his people up eventually to a high degree of spirituality.

2. He must preach spiritual, helpful sermons. He must be a good pastor, know his people, their personal make-up, their spiritual needs, their spiritual difficulties, that he in his messages may be inspiring and helpful. It is not rhetoric, argument and oratory the church needs, but spiritual food, served palatable and warm. People know a spiritual sermon when they hear it. People know when a pastor is dead in earnest. They know when his messages are full of love and have the fire of the Spirit. The truth of the matter is, that preaching, for the past decade or more, has been too much from the head and to the head, rather than from the heart and to the heart. Pulpit services have been and are to-day too much for entertainment rather than for conviction of sin, salvation of souls, and growth in grace.

3. The pastor must faithfully and courageously work to eradicate evils and overcome practices in his church that are sapping the spiritual life and power of his people. A wise pastor and true leader will see deeper and broader than his people in regard to such evils and practices. His people will be blinded by them whereas he sees. He must help them to see. These evils and practices creep in through business affairs and social life. The standard for such evils and practices is

not what Christ would approve and do, but Christian people think they are justified in doing them, because good, intelligent refined and leading people in business and society do them. It takes tact, wisdom and courage for a pastor to take a stand against such things and lead his people out of them into better and truer ways. But he must do it in faithfulness and in love. It is his duty to do it. The pastor is a watchman unto the house of Israel. He should be able to say with Paul: "I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have showed you and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, wherefore I take you to record this day that I am free from the blood of all men; for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God."

A pastor may lose his pastorate in his effort to eradicate the evils and practices that are destroying the spiritual life and strength of his church. He can better afford to lose his place in an honest, conscientious effort to save his church from spiritual decay and death, than to abet it by his silence in regard to those things which he sees are doing it, or consent to them. It is better to have the approval of conscience and Christ in a right thing than to have the approval of men in a wrong thing. If your church is losing spiritual life and power, what are the causes and what are you doing to overcome them?

SUMMARY OF PROTESTANT FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The annual statistical tables of Protestant missions, prepared for the "Missionary Review of the World," give the following summary for America: income, \$6,114,759; ordained missionaries, 1,442; laymen, 373; wives, 1,419; unmarried women, 1,220; total missionaries, 4,454; ordained natives, 2,725; total native helpers, 16,100; stations and out-stations, 9,787; communicants, 400,496; added last year, 31,681; schools, 6,252; scholars, 240,263. For Europe: income, \$9,365,816; ordained missionaries, 3,296; laymen, 3,036; wives, 3,231; total missionaries, 11,765; ordained natives, 2,538; total native helpers, 56,266; stations and out-stations, 15,321; communicants, 969,929; added last year, 62,881; schools, 13,944; scholars, 794,461.

Totals: income, \$15,479,575; ordained missionaries, 4,738; laymen, 3,409; wives, 4,650; unmarried women, 3,422; total missionaries, 16,219; ordained natives, 5,263; total native helpers, 72,366; total working force, 88,675; stations and out-stations, 25,108; communicants, 1,369,425; added last year, 94,562; schools, 20,196; scholars, 1,035,724.—*Baptist Missionary Magazine*.

ZAMBESI INDUSTRIAL MISSION.

The chief object of the mission is to evangelize the natives of British Central Africa; all else is a means to this end. During the past 18 months about 200 natives have been baptized on profession of their faith in Christ. There are at present associated with the mission 34 schools with an average attendance of more than 2,400 children. In many villages the people are willing to build schools themselves, and only ask the mission to supply teachers and books. The superintendent, Mr. W. W. Miller, writes: "One encouraging feature of the school work is that the women now seem to have more desire to be educated and are not so satisfied to remain in the background as they were. There are sewing

classes held by several of the ladies, which are very well attended by the women. Scriptural teaching is imparted at every opportunity in the schools, at the dispensaries, in the sewing-classes and workshops, and on the plantations. Last year we had a good coffee crop, and this year we expect 80 tons. I feel sure that the existing work can be comfortably supported by the coffee, except perhaps in very bad years. However, we do not intend to depend entirely upon coffee, but intend to grow wheat," etc.—*The Missionary Review*.

TERMS OF PEACE FOR CHINA.

Not every one realizes the importance of the negotiations which are now going on in China relating to the terms of peace and the future of the Chinese Empire. A false step now will require years to remedy. On the one hand it is necessary that justice shall characterize the demands of this international court. Vengeance may well be left in the hands of God, but "the powers that be are ordained of God," and are for the punishment and restraint of evil-doers and for the protection and encouragement of those who do well; this work must not in any sense be a farce. The crime against God and man for which the Chinese officials are responsible, must not go unpunished or fail to be dealt with according to its heinousness, and every precaution must be taken to prevent a repetition of the recent tragedies. On the other hand, justice should be tempered with mercy. Only the principal leaders who are responsible for these fiendish cruelties need suffer the severest penalties; others may be pardoned or let off with less punishment.

There is now an opportunity to impress the Chinese nation—especially the officials—with the wisdom, justice, forbearance, and firmness of so-called Christian nations. The future of China, and of Christian missions in China, seems to hang in the balances. Missionaries are not the forerunners of Western armies or the proteges of Western governments, but as long as foreign nations are to have intercourse with China, that intercourse must be regulated according to civilized principles of justice.

The Powers have at last agreed on their preliminary demands, and they have been accepted by the Chinese government. These include as the principal features:

1. An embassy to Berlin headed by a Chinese Imperial Prince, and a statue in Peking to express regret for the murder of the German Ambassador.

2. Adequate punishment for Prince Tuan, Prince Chung, Duke Lan, and other ringleaders who are responsible for the growth of the Boxer movement, for the persecution of Chinese Christians, and for the edict of extermination.

3. The prohibition of the importation into China, for a number of years, of arms, ammunition, and war materials.

4. An indemnity for destruction of life and property of foreigners, and the cost of the war.

5. Destruction of the Taku forts, and the right of the Powers to occupy certain points between Peking and the coast, so that free communication may be maintained between the capital and the sea.

We earnestly hope that peace may soon be established on a basis of righteousness, and with a view to future reform and progress toward true civilization. What Chinese statesmen need, however, is to make their peace with God.—*The Missionary Review*.

UPWARDS of one hundred international, national and state conventions will be held in Buffalo and Niagara Falls during the Pan-American Exposition the coming summer.

Woman's Work.

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

TEMPERANCE CRUSADES.

Mrs. Anna B. Kellar has recently died in Ohio at the age of ninety-one. She was connected with the famous Temperance Crusade of 1873-74. The women composing this band used for their weapons, prayer, pleading and song. From saloon to saloon they went, holding a prayer-meeting in front of the bar, when they could get permission to enter, or in the street when the doors were closed upon them. Sometimes they raised money among their friends and bought out the saloon keeper, having first extracted a promise from him not to go into the business again. Once in possession of the goods, they poured the liquor into the street. From town to town these women went, winning the respect of men and women, and working great good in the temperance cause.

The energetic career of Mrs. Nation with her band of hatchet bearers, is a tale that is not yet told. We trust the results will be all she hopes for.

We hear of another Temperance Crusade in a New England town. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has offered to the boys and girls in the Public Schools, a prize of five dollars for the best written essay on the subject, "Why is our town better off without saloons?" They believe that in educating the child they educate the parent.

A TRIBUTE.

In the death of our sister, Lucetta Coon Hunting, we, the members of the Woman's Evangelical Society of Alfred, N. Y., have lost an earnest and faithful member. She was in sympathy with every good word and work, and gave freely of her time, strength and means. She was a devout Christian. Her unassuming and unselfish life was an inspiration to all who knew her, and will ever be held in sweet remembrance. To her husband and family we give our prayerful sympathy, and commend them to our Father, who alone, has power to uphold and comfort in times of deepest sorrow and affliction.

We recommend that a copy of this tribute be sent to the family, be published in the Woman's Page of the SABBATH RECORDER, and be recorded in the minutes of our Society.

MRS. J. B. CLARKE.

MRS. W. C. WHITFORD.

LETTER FROM MRS. BOOTH.

SABBATH INDUSTRIAL MISSION,
Plainfield Station, Cholo. B. C. A.,
December 27, 1900.

Mrs. Geo. H. Babcock:

Dear Sister:—Your last long and welcome letter reached me about two weeks ago on our return from Chinde. You will have heard before this reaches you, all about my husband's illness, which seemed to make a thorough change necessary, and of our intention of going as far as the Cape, for the rest and change which we were all needing at that time so much. Although the journey to Chinde from Cholo is not altogether an enjoyable one, owing to the great heat on the river at this season of the year, still, our short stay there where the fresh sea breezes could reach us, coupled with the entire rest from talk about coffee, hoeing and payment of wages, etc., etc., not to speak of the daily babel of voices endeavoring to master the mysteries of A B C, or 2 and 2 make 4, or the words and mean-

ing of a new hymn; the absence of all this, and instead new sights and new faces appear to have done us a good deal of good. Mr. Booth is certainly very much better than when we left our Station. It is the wet season now, and though we managed to keep the rain fairly well out of the machilas, still the rain found its way into most of our boxes, bags, etc., and spoiled many things. But these are only some of the delights of traveling in Africa in the rainy season, and is nothing more than we could expect.

About an hour's journey from here is the river Swaize. This on the particular day that we returned to Cholo was breast-high, and so strong that every minute I almost feared that my machila men would be carried off their feet. Mr. Booth was behind us (Mary and me). Before my carriers would venture to take us across at all they held a long consultation among themselves, and at length appealed to me to decide it for them. Having come two day's journey, and knowing that after crossing the stream we should be home in about one hour, and the fact that it was simply pouring in torrents at the time, decided me to give the word to go forward. I wish you could have heard the shout they gave when they had safely reached the further bank. Dear wee Mary who is very fond of the water, saw no danger in it whatever. But I do not think that I ever prayed more earnestly than when those twelve men were bravely trying to keep the machila above the water as it rushed along in its mighty strength.

Last night we had a terrible thunder storm, the lightening was simply beautiful, but as the rain fell in torrents we were thankful for the shelter of a well-built and comfortable house.

I must try to tell you a little as to our doings on Christmas Day here. Owing to the fact that we were expecting to have been away, and for other reasons, our school and other educational work is just now rather disorganized, and we had thought it almost impossible to do anything but perhaps give the children and other workers a holiday from work, but Stephen (who you will remember besides being one of the two chief captoas, is also our native pastor and head teacher) finding that Mr. Booth said nothing about any festivities suitable to the occasion, wrote me a little note, asking if I wished them all to come over to Natande (for we are living there still) as he, Stephen, put it, "to play." I had actually taken up my pen and had even written No; they were free to do as each wished, and enjoy their Christmas in their own way, when the thought came to us that it was Christmas morning. Our first and their first Christmas at Plainfield, and we decided that though it was rather late to arrange anything, yet we would try to make it bright for them. So I told Stephen to bring them all over, and Mr. Booth arranged a program for all manner of simple sports, and prizes were given to the winner of the various races, etc. We had the egg and spoon race, threading the needle, and carrying water, for the women; long jumps, high jumps, sack race, three leg, one leg, potato and various other races for the men and boys. One special feature for the boys only, I wish to tell you of. I set to work and made a number of little bright print bags; these we filled with salt, a great prize to both old and young.

These bags of salt were tied with thread to a rope like a clothesline. The boys had their hands tied behind them, and prizes were given to the first three who succeeded in bringing one of these bags to the man at the other end of the course. This was not by any means an easy task, as the line was hung so as to make it impossible to reach it without jumping up, and as they had to grasp the bag (which was filled as full and as hard as I could make it) with their mouths, their vain attempts to secure the prize brought forth peals of laughter from the many onlookers. This no doubt sounds a little childish as you read it, but it pleased them all, and that is a great thing. The eating part of the entertainment was not forgotten, of course. They were regaled with boiled rice and pumpkin pie, goat flesh, and a plain plum-pudding, which unfortunately had to be helped, very sparingly to each in order to go round. We had a beautiful day, bright and sunny, the rain only coming in the evening. After the feast was ended, a short service was held, singing and prayer by some of the young men, and a simple address as to the meaning of Christmas, in which all were directed to Him who as on that day was born that He might be the Saviour of all men. So ended a very happy day, a day which I believe most of them will remember, as having been a bright spot in their lives.

When the evening came, and we sat down to our simple dinner, which as on most other days consisted of roast fowl and vegetables, with a plain pudding to follow, though feeling rather tired, we were glad that those who had gathered round the Sabbath Mission at Cholo had had this their first Christmastide with us made bright and happy.

Every effort of this kind in this land has had to pass through its period of financial stress, but each and all have come out all right in the end, and for myself I cannot feel but that this last effort will do the same. The Lord often takes his children through deep waters where their faith is sorely tried, but if only our "faith fail not," we shall yet have to thank God for the storm time, and methinks that we shall all be better and stronger for the testing.

Mr. Titsworth, in a letter to Mr. Booth, speaks of the sending off of the three boxes. We have heard no tidings of them at this end yet. In order to insure the arrival of cases here in time for Christmas, they should be sent not later than the second week in August. It seems a long while beforehand, but we usually allow rather longer than that, as there are so many delays by the way, more particularly on this side of Durban. By the time this reaches you we shall no doubt have had the pleasure of *unpacking* these boxes. I sometimes wonder which is the greater pleasure, that of the givers and packers of all good things, or of those who receive them. I must thank you all in anticipation for all the kind thought and labors which filled them, and when they come to hand, I shall hope to write and tell you how each and all the different articles were brought into use. By this mail I am going to write to the A. L. C. agent at Chinde, to see if by this time, the things have reached that point, for of course now that we know they are coming we are in a hurry to receive, and turn out all the good things, some of which Mrs. VanHorn has already written to tell me about as coming from

Brookfield. Perhaps you will like to know what are the things we give as presents, etc., as on the occasion of the sports, and which we hope to award to those who do well in school and class.

For the women, first prizes, loin cloths, or as we call them now, handkerchiefs; these are large squares of bright colored, generally large pattern goods; blouses, nipangos. (those red sashes made by the ladies); these they like very much. Smaller prizes, spools of cotton, needles, thimbles, cakes of soap, bags of salt, cheap scissors, blue or grey calico, etc.

For the men and boys, shirts, jackets, caps, waist belts, pocket knives, scissors for cutting twine, pens, pencils, writing papers (ruled), note books, English Testaments, good sized pocket handkerchiefs, with colored borders; many of the captaos are learning to use them, and they make a useful present. We could sell these things too if we had a good supply.

While I think of it, do please send us plenty of vegetable seeds; please specify very carefully on *outside of package* as to the contents, and state where procured. I believe New York state is not one of the prohibited places.

Though this will reach you a little late, still I want to send our kind greetings to all, with sincere wishes for a happy New Year and all the blessing and prosperity that the heavenly Father sees well to bestow.

As our thoughts went back to you all in America on Christmas morning, we pictured you looking out upon snow-covered trees and stepping forth upon slippery sidewalks, with your warm coats wrapped closely around you, while we here in Africa could scarcely bear a sheet over us while sleeping, and in the morning attired ourselves in our coolest garments.

As I write, we are all feeling well; father has to be careful not to do too much at a time, or he soon gets tired, but after the extreme weakness following upon his illness, he is surprisingly strong, I think; at that time I almost felt that Mary and I would be left here alone. But God has been very good to us, and I believe that he has still an important work for his servant to do yet. Dear little Mary is well, though it is the wet season, and we are very thankful indeed.

I must tell you that my maize garden is in good form so far. I must tell you more about it later on. Now as I have some copying to do for Mr. Booth before the mail goes out, I really must close this rambling epistle.

Yours affectionately,

ANNIE S. BOOTH.

AN HONEST LOOK AT OURSELVES.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

At the beginning of each year, merchants are accustomed to take an account of their stock of goods on hand, and all prudent men of business make an examination of their affairs, asking, "Am I a richer or a poorer man?" If it is wise for the tradesman to face his own financial condition, how much more is it the duty of every one of us to take an honest searching inlook of our own hearts, and the condition of our immortal souls? "Examine yourselves" is the plain, yet kind, commandment in God's Word.

One might suppose that the person we live with every day, and who inhabits our own body, would be thoroughly known to us. Yet how pitifully ignorant we often prove to be, and how many chambers in our own heart-house are seldom explored at all!

Happy is the man who acts the Columbus to his own soul! Our greatest spiritual danger lies in the direction of unsuspected or undeveloped qualities. No one knows what is in him until he is tried. This truth cuts both ways; it applies to the good qualities as well as to latent weaknesses or vices. For example, Abraham could not have known how much faith he had in God until he flashed the bare blade over the bosom of his beloved son. Daniel may not have fairly measured his own courage until the threat of the den of lions stared him in the face. One of the purposes of God's dealings and discipline of his people is not only to put his grace into them, but to bring his grace out of them.

On the other hand, David had seen the cover lifted off a very horrible pit in his own character when he wrote, with a pen dipped in tears, that penitential Fifty-first Psalm. Judas may have passed for an average specimen of honesty till the bag was intrusted to him, and the chief priests held up the shekels before his greedy eyes. Peter boasted of his own constancy until his Master let him know what a flaw there was in his iron; just there the iron snapped. It is the undetected flaw that lets the axle break when the locomotive is spinning over the track at forty miles an hour—with frightful wreck of cars and passengers! Christians are never in greater spiritual peril than when dashing along at a high speed of prosperity amid the envy of many beholders. At such time look out for the axle! Secret traits of character often lie dormant and unsuspected in the hidden recesses of the heart. "Search me, oh God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way of everlasting." We cannot utter this prayer too often or too fervently.

Sometimes we hear of the commercial failure of men who have stood high in the business community. They were not rogues or swindlers. But they were lamentably ignorant of the true state of their own affairs. They either overestimated their own assets, or were afraid to probe their own losses to the bottom. Surely we ought to "take heed to ourselves" and to know just how we stand toward God. Not only our peace of mind, but our character and our eternal welfare are at stake. We ought to search ourselves honestly—dig down under professions of religion and transient emotions to the very roots of things.

We might well prove ourselves with such questions as these: Do I hate sin—even the sins I used to love, and do I fight against them, and pray to be delivered from them? Do I submit my will to Christ, and let him rule me and guide me? Do I give to my Master the key to my purse, my time and my influence? Do I feel a solid satisfaction in doing right, and a great joy in laboring for the welfare of my fellow-men? Am I striving honestly to live every day as I pray? If we can find in our daily experience and conduct a satisfactory answer to such questions, we may believe that we are sincere followers of Christ.

While careful and prayerful self-examination is a vital duty, yet it is sometimes so conducted as to be hurtful. Some good people overdo it. They become too self-conscious, and think too much about themselves. They

are perpetually feeling their own pulses, and worrying about their spiritual health until they grow morbid and wretched. Bunyan describes such unhappy Christians in his "Mr. Fearing," who lay out in the cold all night because he was afraid to knock at the wicket gate, and went all the way to the Celestial City with his head bowed down like a bulrush. Weak nerves and dyspepsia often add to the sufferings of despondent Christians.

The way to be healthy and happy is to take both the inlook and the uplook. We should look into ourselves to discover our own weaknesses and wants. We should look up to the Source of all strength and peace and joy. Yes, and we may well take a frequent outlook also, to see how our work progresses, and what our fellow-Christians are doing, and how our fellow creatures are suffering and what we can do to help and to save them. While we "look to ourselves," let us also be looking after others. Above all, let us be looking unto Jesus, the author and perfecter of our faith, the model for our lives and the guide into all truth. Beholding him, we may be changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.—*The Standard*.

HOW TO BELONG TO THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

Citizenship in the kingdom of heaven is not merely a feature of the future life or an ideal for this life. It is as real and present a fact as citizenship in the United States or Great Britain. Doubtless we shall become much better acquainted with its duties and much more appreciative of its privileges in the life to come than we are here. But if we belong to God we are as truly citizens of the divine kingdom here and now as we shall be there.

There are citizens of that kingdom here, then, in our streets and our homes. Who are they? Think over the list of Christian professors well known to you, and ask yourself who best deserves to be called citizens of that kingdom of purity, holiness, and peace. Does zeal in controversy commend itself to you, as you reflect upon the question? There are times when controversy cannot be avoided righteously. But even then you can tell the difference between those who fight for the sake of divine truth and those who fight for the love of fighting. Combativeness is one of the least and poorest qualifications for the kingdom.

Is a clear, firm, logical, intellectual acceptance of the gospel a proof of true citizenship? It is, truly, and every believer should try to qualify himself to explain intelligently and convincingly why he is one. Yet you may have mastered the whole system of Park or Edwards or Calvin himself without having become one of Christ's own. You even may have accepted him not only with a clear understanding, but with a measure of faith, yet, unless your faith have vitality enough to express itself in life and service, you are not what a citizen of the kingdom ought to be.

What is the key, the mainspring, of citizenship in heaven, then? It is active love for Christ and his children. He who does God's will in humility, fidelity, and love—he is the one who belongs to the kingdom of God. No matter what else he may possess or lack, if he have the ruling purpose to do this, his citizenship in heaven has become a fact, and can be counted upon as truly as any other.—*The Congregationalist*.

POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHT.

The electric searchlight that is to be installed on the Electric Tower of the Pan-American Exposition is destined to attract much attention. Visitors to the World's Fair may remember the great searchlight operated there. If they do, and desire to make comparison, they may know that the searchlight of the Pan-American Exposition will far surpass this World's Fair light in every particular. The Chicago searchlight was known as a 36 inch projector, while the Pan-American searchlight for the Electric Tower will be a 30-inch projector. There is six inches difference in the size of these projectors, and the first thought is that the Pan-American light is the smaller. In one sense it is, but to this must be added the fact that the 30-inch projector of to-day is a far more wonderful machine than was the 36 inch projector of World's Fair days. This 30-inch projector of the Pan-American will be the most wonderful light of its kind ever erected, and it will be operated on the 360 foot level of the Electric Tower. In order to more definitely locate this 360-foot level, it may be further pointed out that it is the level at which the Tower makes the last contraction, and this is only 31 feet below the extreme apex or highest point of the Tower and statue of the Goddess of Light that will surmount it.

The beam from this searchlight will flash through the sky with a brilliancy that will cause it to be seen for many miles. It has been said that the searchlight used to light up the whirlpool rapids of the Niagara gorge at night has been seen at Wilson, which is 12 or 14 miles away. The power of the Pan-American searchlight will be much greater than the Niagara light, and it will cast its rays from a point 360 feet above the ground. With these facts known, one can imagine the many miles from which it can be seen. No doubt some nights will be more favorable than others, but it is safe to say that at a distance of at least 50 miles, the searchlight of the Electric Tower of the Pan-American Exposition will be visible. This is more than twice the distance between the Exposition grounds and the Falls of Niagara, and one can picture, in fancy, the magnificent, ever-ascending, spray cloud of the great cataract illumined by the rays from the searchlight, given life and brilliancy by the transmitted electric energy developed by a diverted portion of the very water that plunges over the mighty precipice.

ORRIN E. DUNLAP.

NO PLACE AT HOME.

I met him on a street corner—a bright black-eyed lad of perhaps fourteen summers. I had seen him there evening after evening, and wondered whether there was no one who knew the temptations he encountered. I made friends with him, and won his confidence. Then I questioned him kindly in regard to his spending so much time in the streets.

"I know," he said, looking up at me in such a frank, winning way, that I could not help thinking what a noble man he might make, "the street is not the place for a boy, but you see there's no place for me at home."

I was surprised and pained at the answer.

"How is that?" I asked.

"Well, I have two grown-up sisters, and they entertain company in the parlor every evening. They give me to understand that I

am 'a third party,' and not wanted. Then papa is always tired, and he dozes in the sitting-room, and does not like to be disturbed. It's pretty lonesome, you see; so I come down here. It was not always so," he went on. "Before grandma died I always went up to her room, and had a jolly time. Grandma liked boys."

There was a quaver in the voice that told of a sorrow time had not yet healed.

"But your mother?" I suggested.

"Oh, mamma!—she is only a reformer, and has no time to spend with me. She is always visiting the prisons and workhouses, trying to reform men, or writing articles on how to save the boys."

"And her own boy in danger?"

"Yes, I am not half as good as I was before grandma died. I am getting rough I am afraid. There does not seem to be any one to take an interest in me, so it does not much matter."

It was hard, bitter truth; and yet I knew that this was not the only boy who needed a wise, gentle hand to guide him through the dangerous period.

Mothers! make home the brightest spot on earth for your children. Take an interest in their sports; make yourself young for their sakes.

I think the saddest, most hopeless thing I ever heard from a boy's lips was that sentence: "There is no place for me at home."

—The Household.

THE POOR WHO BECAME GREAT.

The story of the ancestry of Lincoln, of the revolting hardships and privations of his childhood and youth, of his squalid environment, almost shock the sense of natural justice, says Ex-Senator John J. Ingalls in the *Saturday Evening Post*. We feel instinctively that destiny was unnecessarily cruel, harsh and severe. His great spirit bore the deep scars of those early struggles to the grave. Scarcely any man in the country had a past more depressing, or a future more hopelessly gloomily, desperate and unpromising than Grant at the outbreak of the Civil War. Henry Wilson, the "Shoemaker of Natick," Senator and Vice-President, was born in a vagrant community of basket-makers and tinkers, of unknown paternity. His real name was Jeremiah Colbath, and he took the patronymic of his patron, General Wilson, who, discerning the waif's powers, set him in the pathway of preferment and renown. Morton, the war Governor and Senator from Indiana, told me the proudest moment of his life, up to the age of twenty-one, was when he marched into his native village at the head of a band, playing a key bugle, while he was a hatter's apprentice. Garfield and Sheridan, the bare-foot boys upon the towpaths of the Ohio canals; Andrew Johnson, the tailor; Blain, the country school teacher; McKinley and Bryan, of humble origin—these and many others of smaller fame refute the instruction that the ambitious youth must put money in his purse before entering public life.

Another remarkable illustration is afforded by the life and career of Samuel Jackson Randall, of Pennsylvania, whose extraordinary qualities and achievements should have given him more conspicuous renown, but whose fading fame gives new pathos to Jefferson's mournful ejaculation, "So soon forgotten when we are gone!" He died in pos-

session of an estate valued at less than \$1,000 after thirty years spent in legislation. No tainted breath dimmed the bright mirror of Randall's reputation. Twice Speaker, acknowledged leader of the House, and chairman of the most important committee, he had opportunities for illicit gains beyond the dreams of avarice.

CHASED BY A PRESIDENT.

Mrs. McKinley is exceedingly fond of children. At Canton, before and after the election of 1896, the young boys and girls of the town, knowing the reception which they would find at the famous little house on Market Street, had a way of running in quite informally to see the wife of the future President. One day during a rain-storm a ragged little fellow walked up the yard to the porch and tried to get in the door. In some way he had heard that Mrs. McKinley liked little boys, and he, too, wanted the honor of her caresses. And perhaps he should see and speak with the President himself—who could tell? So he marched bravely up, all by himself. But he didn't know how to ring the bell, and his little knockings brought no response. No one happened to hear him; he waited and waited, his heart sinking lower and lower under his torn, dingy jacket. After a time hope and courage failed him, and he started mournfully away, the tears gathering in his big brown eyes. Some one in the household saw him as he walked sadly down to the gate and called the attention of Mr. McKinley to him.

Quick as a flash the President elect ran out of the house hatless in the rain and brought the lad back with him where Mrs. McKinley's kindness and a big plate of ice cream rewarded him for all his trials.

It is not every poor boy that has had a President of the United States chasing him bare-headed in a rain-storm.—*Utica Observer*.

EXPLANATORY.

On the 20th of February, the Editor of the RECORDER was summoned by telegram to Berlin, Wis., from where his mother, Tacy W. Lewis, had just passed to heaven. There was no opportunity to consult with Mr. Mosher before leaving, nor to arrange editorials for this issue; hence their absence. The Editor was detained in Chicago on his return, because of illness, and the first side of the present number was printed when he reached home. This explanation is due.

My mother died on the evening of the 19th of February, and her dust was buried on Sabbath, the 23d, which was the 68th anniversary of her marriage, which occurred in 1833, two days before she was nineteen years old, and the burial was two days before her 87th birthday. Her life was rich in all spiritual graces and her death was like the falling of petals from a ripened rose. The farewell service was conducted by her grandson, Edwin H. Lewis, Ph. D., of Chicago. His sermon will be preserved in permanent form for her friends. A suitable biographical sketch will appear in the next issue of the RECORDER.

WHEN you have done a kindness, and your neighbor is the better for it, why need you be so foolish as to look any further and gape for reputation and requital?—*Marcus Aurelius*.

Young People's Work.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People:

It must be a matter of deep concern to every Christian worker who keeps himself posted as to religious conditions, to know that this winter, which marks the close of the old century and the beginning of the new, is conspicuous in the fact that there is no important religious awakening to be noted anywhere.

As stated last week, there must be reasons for this unusual condition, one of the most obvious of which is that modern religious awakenings have become unpopular. It is generally argued that this is due to the evolution of religious thought and methods, that advancing civilization, and the refinement of thought will no longer tolerate "the anxious seat" and the style of sermons of fifty years ago. But the human heart is essentially the same to-day that it has been for centuries; it possesses the same passions and emotions, and is just as capable of being moved by the power of impassioned eloquence; and when the man appears who is possessed of this power, and at the same time is so completely consecrated to the service of God as not to be abashed by popular opinion, or established custom, the world will again see the powerful working of the Holy Spirit upon the hearts of men.

The prevailing indifference to religious interests, instead of being only apparent, as some would make us think, is one of the sternest facts confronting us, and is due in a large degree to the sensational, degenerated methods of evangelism so much employed during the last twenty-five years. The most thoughtful and substantial people look beyond appearances to results; and when they discover, as they so often do, that the product of revival meetings is apt to be a type of professed Christian whose "last state is worse than the first," we need not wonder that many have become tired of it.

Let me give you a good illustration of my thought: A few years ago the services of quite a noted evangelist were secured by the united effort of the Protestant churches of the city of Hornellsville, N. Y. The Opera House was well-filled every night, and the people were highly entertained by the "funny" stories of which the preacher seemed to have an exhaustless supply. He soon became the most popular man in the city. Printed cards were distributed among the people for them to sign, thereby indicating a desire to, at some time, become a Christian. There were also places to indicate their church preference. The evangelist sent a report every morning to the city papers, and at the close of the meetings sent the glowing report that they had resulted in the conversion of eight hundred people (so many signatures to these cards).

The effort cost the churches hundreds of dollars, and a few months after the meetings closed, the pastor of the First Baptist church of the city told the writer that they had been a great curse. The pastor of the South Side Baptist church said that sixty-two signed cards were handed to him, indicating a preference on the part of the signers for his church. He began looking the parties up at once, and was greatly surprised to find that they had no inclination to join his church.

He stated that out of the sixty-two names, they received only two accessions to the church, and those were under conviction in his own meetings before the evangelist came. Such work has been a great detriment to the cause of Christ, and has been an important factor in bringing about present conditions.

M. B. KELLY.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 25, 1901.

THE Plainfield Christian Endeavor Society, on the last Sabbath that our Bro. Jacob Bakker was to be with us, Feb. 16, held a most interesting service consisting of prayer and Scripture reading. Some fifty passages of Scripture were read, to which the names of the giver were signed, and at the close of the service these were collected and placed in a scrap-book for our brother to take with him as a source of help in his new field of labor.

God has richly blessed us, and we are glad that one of our number is permitted to go in the Master's name to help Mr. and Mrs. Booth.

M. L. C.

THE PROBLEM NOT YET SOLVED.

It is likely that no plans for entertaining General Conference—using the term Conference in the large sense of Conference and Societies—can be devised that will be absolutely perfect or satisfactory to everybody; although it is pretty generally agreed that existing plans ought to be changed.

If some improved and fairly good plans shall be adopted, and with practical unanimity, as ought certainly to be the case, there will have to be considerable yielding of opinion and preferences by many of us.

Let me state directly some of the opinions that are held, and held with intensity of conviction as to their wisdom:

Delegates and visitors should be charged a good, round price for every meal; only a moderate price should be asked; it would be calamitous to fix any price upon the meals; the Association within whose bounds the Conference meets and the entertaining church should meet all entertainment expenses; the churches of the whole denomination should pay these expenses, excepting lodging and breakfasts; Conference should be strictly a delegated body, the delegates being sent by the appointment and at the expense of the churches, for business, something after the manner of the Chicago Council; the present combined business and denominational family or mass-meeting feature should be both preserved and increased; the denomination at large, the entertaining church, and delegates and visitors, should share in the payment of expenses; and so on, and so on!

As to the correctness of the following statements, there will not be, I think, any very widely or essentially diverging judgment:

The churches and the denomination receive, directly and indirectly, real benefit from our annual Conferences, and might receive a great deal more; their usefulness and power increase and their discontinuance would be disastrous; delegates and visitors may and do receive great good in mind and heart; some people go, largely, to visit; many go as a matter of principle and privilege, and, frequently, at no small cost in time and money; the printed reports of Conference are of growing value, and ought to be more widely distributed both within and outside the denomination; and we never needed more than now to avail ourselves wisely and

faithfully of all possible ways and means of increasing information, fellowship, and enthusiasm.

In view, then, of existing facts and varying opinions, it is hereby suggested:

1. That the entertaining church provide lodging and breakfast for all persons holding tickets, as explained below.

2. That the funds needed for all other duly authorized expenses, and not provided for in the manner hereinafter described, shall be furnished by the churches of the whole denomination, the amount to be apportioned on the basis of entire membership.

3. That the local committee be authorized to expend, under the approval of the Conference Executive Committee, such sums as will best fulfill the spirit and purpose of these recommendations, which are to lighten as much as possible the cares and labors of the entertaining church.

4. Inasmuch as there are known to be persons who would greatly prefer to go to a hotel at their own charges, it is suggested that no objection be made to one's acting according to his choice in this regard.

5. That every delegate and visitor, whether entertained at the expense of Conference or not, be expected to procure a ticket of the form herewith shown, the receipts for which shall be turned into the Conference treasury:

(Form of Ticket.)

Seventh-day Baptist Conference and Societies.

(Place and time of meeting.)

This ticket, for which the receipt of one dollar and twenty-five cents is hereby acknowledged, entitles the holder

M..... to entertainment; to all the rights and privileges of the Conference, except voting; and, upon request made within two weeks, to a copy of the Conference Report sent by mail to any address.

Your host is.....

Pres. of Conference.

Sec'y of Conference.

Countersigned by.....

Chairman of local Executive Committee.

The Committee on Ways and Means consists, besides the chairman, of Theo. L. Gardiner, Ira B. Crandall, L. R. Swinney, Will H. Crandall, L. A. Platts, A. P. Ashurst, Geo. B. Carpenter, Stephen Babcock, and Frank J. Hubbard.

Every member of this committee, and everybody else, is invited and urged to send to the undersigned, the chairman, at an early day, any information, suggestion, counsel, and opinion, that relates to this important subject. The safety of a multitude of counsels is needed.

ARTHUR E. MAIN.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

SURELY, surely, America will unite to blot out the foul outrage of the liquor traffic in the islands of the sea.—*John G. Paton.*

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY, }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL

A. W. GLEASON,

Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Children's Page.

SOMETHING FOR CHILDREN.

There's enough for you children to do in the house
To keep you as busy as any old mouse.

There are errands to run,
Little tasks to be done
That will do much to lighten your mother's hard work,
So, children, don't shirk,
But do what you can;
You'll be glad when you're grown
To a woman or man.

There's enough for you children to do all about;
If you try you will very soon find some work out.

There are chickens to tend,
Little tasks without end,
You will find you can do if you just take a start.
So, children, be smart,
And do what you can;
You'll be glad when you're grown
To a woman or man.

There's enough for you children to do anywhere,
So hurry around, and each do your full share.

And just see how bright
You will feel when at night
You can think you have done what is honest and fair.
So, children, take care
To do what you can;
You'll be glad when you're grown
To a woman or man.

And, children, whatever you do, do it well.
People always in looking it over, can tell

If you hurry it through,
Whatever you do.

Not caring at all if it's done ill or well;
So whatever you do,
Do the best that you can;
You'll be glad when you're grown
To a woman or man.

—The Young Herald.

WHAT HE WAS GOOD FOR.

BY MRS. VICTORIA ALEXANDRA STONE.

"There's that dustpan on the stairs again!" and Mrs. Caleb Dunning slid rapidly down the stairs, with the dustpan between her feet, a basket of crockery on one arm and a pan of fruit-cans on the other. Of course she made a noise; how could she do otherwise? All the near neighbors rushed to their doors under the impression that the strikers had come. She was not much hurt, but was overflowing with wrath as she picked herself up.

"It's that boy!" she cried, "that miserable, worthless scamp of a boy! Here, Silas—Silas Dunning!" she cried, "did you hear me fall down stairs?"

The boy did not reply, but removed his tattered straw hat and stood respectfully before her. He was barefooted, although it was cold weather in April; his pantaloons were rolled up to his knees, and his coat was in tatters.

"What are you good for, Silas Dunning? You are good-for-nothing. You will never be good for anything. What did you leave that dustpan on the stairs for? Wanted to kill me did you?"

The boy did not reply, but replaced his tattered hat upon his head, crowded his hands into the pockets of his ragged coat, and walked jauntily away, singing "Daisy Dean" at the top of his voice. He walked slowly along, musing bitterly over his aunt's cruel words. "I didn't leave the dustpan on the stairs," he said; "'twas Maude; but that is always the way; Aunt always blames me. I get nothing but blame since father and mother died. I believe I'll go a fishing;" and, suiting the action to the word, he started for the creek.

Now, the long-continued rains had swollen the creek so that it was like a torrent. "Oh dear!" he said, "how the waters do tumble along! Guess the fishes are all drowned out. Ho! what was that?" A sweet voice sounded across the waters: "Silas Dunning!" "It's Mabel Clemmer!" cried Silas, dropping his pole.

If there was anything on earth that Silas loved, it was Mabel Clemmer. She was Judge Clemmer's daughter, but she had always been kind to Silas. He was sixteen, and she barely eleven, but she had championed him in school and elsewhere. She was a beautiful child, and Silas, notwithstanding his rags, was a noble-looking boy; and Mabel pitied him his hard lot. It was like a ray of sunshine, now, to see her standing on the other side of the creek.

"Hello, Mabel!" Silas cried, "want to come over here?" "Yes," said Mabel; "can't you help me over?" "Why don't you go round by the bridge?" "Caut," said Mabel; "there's a big load of hemlock bark on it. 'Can't you carry me over?' "I will," said Silas, and he waded fearlessly into the icy water.

He reached the bank, and taking Mabel in his arms started to carry her over, but it was not such an easy task. "Oh, dear!" he said, "I cannot get over here. I must go farther down the stream; the stones are so slippery." But farther down the stream the water was deeper, and twice Silas was nearly swept off his feet.

He stopped at last, panting. "Mabel," he said, "I shall have to put you in that tree for the present, and we must call for help. Who ever thought the water would be so deep?" "Papa said this morning that it was rising all the time," said Mabel. "It is the snow melting on the mountains."

The tree was a slender sapling that stood on a little knoll near the middle of the creek. Silas lifted Mabel to the nearest limb, which was about three feet above the water. "There," he said, "now you are safe for the present." "But what shall we do?" said Mabel. "We must call for help," said Silas; "the road is just over there, you know; we must keep watch and wait for some one to help us."

But the moments dragged on wearily, and help did not come. One old gentleman passed by in a sulky, and although they shouted with might and main, he just glanced round and passed on. "Don't leave me, Silas," said Mabel, clinging to the arm with which he steadied her on the tree. "My aunt says I am good for nothing; that I will never be good for anything," Silas said, a little bitterly. "But I think you are good for something. I think you are nice, and I like you," said Mabel. "And I like you," said Silas. "I think I could die for you," he said, looking up into the sweet face above him. "But I don't want you to die for me, Silas; I want you to live for me."

Half an hour passed by and help did not come. At last Silas took a cord from his pocket and with it tied Mabel to the tree. "What are you going to do, Silas?" "Tie you so you won't fall off. I must go for help." "Poor boy," she said compassionately; "you are standing in the cold water all this time." Silas spoke suddenly: "Say, Mabel, did you ever hear of a man who died for the world?" "Who died to save the world?" said Mabel. "Oh yes, I hear about him in Sabbath-school. It was Jesus. Do men ever die to save each other?" "I think they do, sometimes." "Mabel, I must go and get help, and maybe something will happen; if there should, will you remember that it was for your sake?" "Yes, Silas." "Can you sing? Sing, 'Rock of Ages.'" Sweetly

the child-voice sounded across the water, until it seemed to die away in an echo among the distant hills.

"Oh dear," said Silas, "how the water is rising; will help never come? Can you say a prayer?" Mabel bowed her head and Silas could just distinguish the words: "Oh, God, help this poor boy; he is cold and tired, and we cannot get out of the water; help us, please, and bring us safe home. Amen." "That's it," said Silas, "bring us safe home!" He lifted his hands and drew the sweet face down and kissed it; then, turning resolutely away, with a groan of renunciation, he plunged into the seething waters.

A few moments afterwards, Mabel, looking over to the highway which ran a few rods south of the creek, saw a buggy approaching, and, oh joy! it was her father. "Oh, papa!" she cried, "come and help me!" "Well, I declare," said Judge Clemmer, "if there isn't Mabel there in the creek, tied to a tree! What are you doing up there, you little witch?" "Oh, papa, come and get me, and I will tell you all about it."

In a few moments she was safe on the shore, and her father had learned all. Soon a sympathetic crowd were searching for the brave boy. He was not found until late in the afternoon, when his body was discovered in a tiny cave, a few rods below the mill-dam. He was quite dead.

Well, of course there was a funeral, and everybody suddenly discovered that they had suffered a personal loss in the death of the lad. He had always been a good boy, they said; always ready to run on errands or to do a good turn; always bright and cheerful, with a kind word or a smile for everybody. The teacher, who had mercilessly snubbed him, dismissed her school at noon the day before the funeral, and they dispersed in a body to the woods to search for flowers; and so well did they succeed that the coffin of the dead boy was nearly hidden under a pyramid of yellow flowering-current and sweet-scented arbutus; and the preacher twisted and distorted the Scripture text, "Who gave himself a ransom," to meet the occasion, and the organ pealed and the choir wailed a suitable funeral dirge. But we venture to allege that the only real mourner in that assembly was Mabel Clemmer. Although a child, strange thoughts surged and burned in her soul. She recalled Silas's strange words: "Do men ever die for others?" and again and again the thought passed through her brain, "He died to save me! That's just what he did? He died to save me!" And the heart of the poor child ached like the heart of a woman.

Mabel did not forget. She grew to womanhood and became a missionary; and many times, in after years, in her home in Sunrise Land, she told this story to the "dark-browed children of the sun," who gathered around her and listened with breathless interest to the pathetic tale of the heroic lad who gave his life to save hers; and she always closed the story with the words: "And the poor boy wondered, even to the last day of his life, what he was good for."—*The Christian Cynosure.*

FREE TO EVERYBODY.

Dr. J. M. Willis, a specialist of Crawfordsville, Indiana, will send free by mail to all who send him their address, a package of Pansy Compound, which is two week's treatment with printed instructions, and is a positive cure for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous or sick headache, lagrippe, and blood poison.

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.

[The following relating to the new church building which is being erected by our people at Hornellsville, N. Y., is taken from the *Tribune* of that city.—Ed.]

Work on the new Seventh-day Baptist church, which is in the process of erection at the corner of West Genesee Street and Preston Avenue, is being pushed as rapidly as possible. The foundation wall is all finished and the framework up, ready for the roof. The brick veneering, which will complete the side walls, will be finished as soon as the weather becomes favorable. In the meantime the roof will be completed and the edifice made ready for occupancy as soon as possible the coming season.

The new church while not large will be an imposing and handsome structure, comfortable and plenty large for the needs of the congregation. The audience room is 33x40 feet in size and can be enlarged by opening the sliding doors which divide it from the lecture room, 18x31 in size. The tower vestibule which gives entrance to both these rooms is 12 feet square. This tower is on the West Genesee Street front. Back of the large rooms are two smaller rooms occupying a space 12x32 feet, and affording entrances from that side. These rooms will be used as a pastor's study and for other purposes.

The foundation is built of Warsaw sawed blue-stone, the walls will be veneered with brick and the roof covered, probably, with Alfred tile. There will be an airy basement room beneath the whole structure. The audience room will be finished in native woods, the side-walls, twenty feet in height, and the ceiling being handsomely paneled. It will be neatly furnished and will be at once commodious and convenient.

The plans for the church were drawn by C. C. Chipman, a well-known New York architect, and the building is being constructed by contractor Wm. Spink, of this city.

When the new edifice is completed it will be a credit to the society and an ornament to the city. The Board of Trustees, the pastor and all members of the church are working earnestly that it may be free from debt when completed, and it is hoped that they may be successful in this commendable effort.

WEST HALLOCK, Ill.—The absence of West Hallock items from the columns of the RECORDER does not indicate inactivity on the part of its people. The church here is nearing the semi-centennial of its birth, and its membership, though small, consists of strong, earnest young people and of older pillars of the church who have been associated with it in its growth and development. Some plans have already been made for a suitable celebration of the fiftieth year of the life of the church. As a prelude the following changes have taken place: The church building has been thoroughly cleaned and re-roofed. On the interior it has been freshly oiled, painted, papered and carpeted throughout, fitted with new gas lamps, and a platform for the choir, and the furnace has been repaired. These and minor improvements have been accomplished with the usual dispatch and thoroughness characteristic of our people here.

Early in the new year a reception was ten-

dered the pastor and his bride, which was a very pleasant social event, and expressed in strong terms the harmonious feeling of the church toward their co-worker and his wife. A substantial remembrance from the friends was given in the form of additions to the pastor's larder, which was duly appreciated.

On Seventh-day night, Feb. 16, a large reception was given in the church to our returned missionary, Dr. Rosa Palmborg. The evening was a very enjoyable one, and equally profitable, from an interesting address by Dr. Palmborg and a large display of Chinese curios, which she explained in her pleasing manner. On a previous occasion, also, Miss Palmborg gave us a stirring talk upon the people of Shanghai and her work among them.

In closing, we ask the prayers of Christians that this church may extend its spiritual power, that God may bless it to the extension of his kingdom. R. B. T.

EDUCATION AS AN INVESTMENT.

Europe is anxiously inquiring for information as to the sources of the late exhibitions of prodigious force in the commercial battles of the world, by the Americans. They are alarmed by them and talk of a league for organized resistance—which would only be furnishing more water for the American mills. The foreign economists are going wide of the mark in regard to the cause. Primarily it was the passion of the Americans for education, which found early expression in the free schools. It was the universal extension of intelligence. This intelligence enlightening the whole mass of young minds, was sure to enkindle genius wherever it lay dormant. It was sure to give to the whole people the benefit of their hidden mental and moral resources. That was what it did, and the result is this astonishing outflame of intelligent energy.

So long as education was regarded as useful only to the "learned professions," and was confined to preparation for them, that long the Americans showed little superiority over other nations. But technical education had already appeared half a century ago. It was in a small and inefficient way, it is true, but a beginning had been made. A few years earlier than that agriculture was treated theoretically and scientifically at a few centers. There began then a long debate between the utilitarians and idealists in regard to education. The latter held their own for two or three decades, when, without displacing the classics, room was made for technical instruction. Then came manual training, and, the idealists regretfully say, an age of practical materialism. Now there are hundreds of manual training schools, and every university and a large number of the colleges have instituted departments of applied science—so that the Americans are only in the beginnings of their productive powers. The Germans were the first to follow the American lead and they have made a large advance—but it requires time to educate a new generation, and it will take it to bring the Europeans to a level with the Americans, and enable them to compete on equal terms.

The principle applies to every kind of activity, production and successful effort. The universities and technological schools are compelled by competition to be alert for every new fact and for every new and useful

method. When the students in a class graduate now, they are better equipped than the class of last year. They have been given the advantage of the year's progress. The theological schools would like to be, but cannot be, an exception. The law of progress presses upon them as upon all else, both human and divine; and they must yield to it or be crushed by it. He who resists the progress of God's truth will be ground to powder, not willingly, but because the great purpose can not be stayed. The sands that are tossed by the wind record the history of the glacier. Education is not that we may not recall and reconsider the problems of the past, but that we may be qualified to deal with those of the present.—*The Interior*.

THE COMFORTER.

The God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob is the God and Father of Jesus Christ. The Almighty of the Old Testament becomes the All Father of the New Testament. Christ came to manifest God, to give an exegesis of him as the Father. Before returning to the Father Christ promised another comforter, the Holy Spirit, the Spirit of truth. The Spirit is given to lead into all truth, to glorify Jesus, to bring to remembrance all things that Christ had taught. He was given to Christ without measure. He is given to each of us within measure, because our limitations set the measure. He is poured out upon all flesh as the rain is poured out from the full cloud, but each dish set out in the rain sets the limit given to each.

A man is a person, a being who wills, thinks, plans and knows himself apart from all others. The Spirit is a person, not an influence. A thinking, planning, willing, self-conscious being. The Spirit communes as a person with persons. The word Paraclete, translated Comforter in John's Gospel, is translated Advocate in John's Epistle. "If any man sin we have an Advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous." An advocate, or lawyer, communes with the criminal, the witnesses, the judge and the jury. Christ, our advocate, communes with us and with God. The Spirit is the advocate on earth. He is in constant communion with the Christian, pleading Christ's cause, quickening the memory, glorifying the Master, leading into all truth.

When Christ was on earth he was a Comforter, an Advocate. Men went to him for advice, counsel, guidance. He made God real. Now the Spirit is the Comforter, Advocate; he abides in us, making Christ real as the light makes the landscape real. His coming to the soul is like the coming of day to the eye. He does not create. He makes real what is already near but unseen. He glorifies Christ as the sun glorifies sea and land. He fits the soul as light fits the eye, and brings Christ to the soul as the light brings the world to the eye. He floods the soul as light floods the body, bringing health.

If you would understand the Spirit, ponder the books. He has written: "All Scripture is God-breathed, and is profitable." Commune with him in prayer, obey him in service, and thou shalt find him nearer than thinking, and through him Christ as near the soul as oxygen is to the blood, when both meet in the lungs.—*O. P. Gifford*.

HEALTH and cheerfulness mutually beget each other.—*Joseph Addison*.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Submarine Signals.

Prof. Elisha Gray, of Chicago, and Mr. A. J. Mundy, of Boston, have, after many experiments, completed an apparatus by which messages have been transmitted to and received on board a steamboat for a distance of twelve miles, and returned in like manner.

It has long been known, especially by young bathers, that when two stones were struck together under water, the report could be heard many times the distance than when struck in the air.

This simple fact suggested the idea that, if a suitable apparatus was constructed to make the sound under water, and another to catch or receive the result, it might become of great value to ships or vessels in case of fog, thereby preventing collisions, or mistaking lights, or running on reefs; also with ships of war from being approached by torpedo boats, either night or day, should they be well submerged, as by whatever power they might be propelled, it could be heard some miles away, and the direction from which it came indicated, thus giving ample time to prepare for defense.

These gentlemen commenced operations in Boston in 1898, and have continued steadily at their work since that date. After making many experiments with whistles and explosives, it was found, as in the air, so in the water, that a bell was the best instrument for sending forth the wave-sound. Accordingly, an eight-hundred-pound bell, such as is being used in fogs, was selected, and a boat prepared for a shore station. The boat being anchored, the bell was suspended directly under the center, and about twenty feet below the surface of the water. The clapper of the bell was connected with the shore by a submarine cable, and operated by a six-horse-power dynamo.

The arrangement was such that the bell could be struck one stroke, or as many times as desired, so that by having the letters of the alphabet numbered any letter thereof could be designated by simply noting the number of strokes on the bell, thus communicating a message.

To receive the sound on board the ship for short distances, as a mile, or thereabouts, you have only to go below, as near the keel as possible, and listen, when the strokes from the bell can be distinctly heard; by placing the ear against the side of the ship, the strokes become very distinct.

It is stated that by taking a common ear-trumpet and sealing the mouth of it with a diaphragm, and attaching to it a gaspipe, and submerging it six feet under water, the gaspipe extending even to the pilot-house on the steamer, the strokes from the shore-bell could be distinctly heard three miles.

The inventors have constructed a receiver, by means of which the strokes of the bell can be distinctly heard at a distance of twelve miles; and, what is passing strange, a gong placed in any part of the ship will sound at every stroke of the shore-bell, which ring must be produced by the sound-wave, as there is no other connection between them. This indicates that the sound-wave in traveling through the water loses but little of its force, and also that it has an active force on the atmosphere above of sufficient strength to sound a gong.

On the last day of the year, and of the century, these gentlemen made a practical test of their invention in the waters of the ocean, and in the presence of quite a large number of invited guests, among whom were Arthur P. Nazro, U. S. N.; A. P. Bartow, Master U. S. N., ship *Mayflower*; Prof. W. C. Sabine, of Harvard; Prof. William Y. Allen, and others, ten of whom certified the record of the proceedings.

Heretofore experiments in acoustics have been

Continued on page 142.

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1901.

FIRST QUARTER.

Jan. 5.	Jesus Anointed at Bethany.....	Matt. 26: 6-16
Jan. 12.	The Triumphal Entry.....	Matt. 21: 1-17
Jan. 19.	Greeks Seeking Jesus.....	John 12: 20-33
Jan. 26.	Christ Silences the Pharisees.....	Matt. 22: 34-46
Feb. 2.	Parable of the Ten Virgins.....	Matt. 25: 1-13
Feb. 9.	Parable of the Talents.....	Matt. 25: 14-30
Feb. 16.	The Lord's Supper.....	Matt. 26: 17-30
Feb. 23.	Jesus in Gethsemane.....	Matt. 26: 36-46
Mar. 2.	Jesus Betrayed.....	John 18: 1-14
Mar. 9.	Jesus and Caiaphas.....	Matt. 26: 57-68
Mar. 16.	Jesus and Pilate.....	Luke 23: 13-26
Mar. 23.	Jesus Crucified and Buried.....	Luke 23: 35-53
Mar. 30.	Review.....	Isa. 52: 13-63: 12

LESSON XI.—JESUS AND PILATE.

For Sabbath-day, March 16, 1901.

LESSON TEXT.—Luke 23: 13-26.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I find no fault in this man.—Luke 23: 4.

INTRODUCTION.

In spite of their intention to condemn Jesus anyway, by fair means or by foul, the chief priests and elders had still a respect for the forms of legal procedure. Accordingly the Sanhedrin, a few hours after their informal meeting in the night, assembled at daybreak and passed sentence upon Jesus. If we had only the narrative of Luke we might infer that the examination concerning which we studied last week took place after sunrise and after the mocking by the Jewish guard; but the order of Matthew and Mark is more natural.

Immediately after the formal condemnation at dawn, the chief priests and elders hasten with their prisoner to Pilate, the Roman procurator, to obtain the execution of their decree; for it must be remembered that the Romans, although according to the Sanhedrin jurisdiction in all ordinary cases had taken from them authority to inflict the death penalty.

Pilate had some sense of justice and of the dignity of the Roman law, but he was weak and vacillating, and preferred to choose for his own interests rather than for the right.

The chief priests and elders thought that Pilate would order the execution of Jesus at their request, but he proposed to investigate the case. Forced to present some charge, they said nothing of the crime of blasphemy which would mean little to the procurator, but brought forward a political accusation, namely, that Jesus was claiming to be king, a rival of Cæsar. Pilate, by a private examination, ascertained how baseless this charge was, and declared Jesus innocent. Here he made his great mistake in not immediately setting the accused at liberty. He attempted to shift his responsibility by sending Jesus to be tried by Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee and Perea, since he understood from the cries of the people that Jesus had been making his kingly claims in Galilee. This makeshift of Pilate's was unsuccessful. After a fruitless examination, Herod sent Jesus back to Pilate with the howling mob of his accusers.

TIME.—In the early morning of the Crucifixion day.

PLACE.—Before the Judgment Hall of Pilate. It is not certain whether this was in the palace built by Herod the Great, or in the castle of Antonia.

PERSONS.—Jesus; his accusers, the members of the Sanhedrin; a great crowd of people; Pilate, the Roman procurator; soldiers; Simon of Cyrene.

OUTLINE:

1. Pilate Seeks to Release Jesus. v. 13-22.
2. The People Demand the Crucifixion. v. 23.
3. Pilate Orders the Crucifixion. v. 24, 25.
4. Simon of Cyrene Bears the Cross. v. 26.

NOTES.

13. Called together the chief priests and the rulers of the people. That is, the members of the Sanhedrin. When Herod Antipas sent Jesus back, Pilate again summoned his accusers that the case might now be disposed of.

14. I have found no fault in this man, etc. Pilate thus declares Jesus innocent of the charges brought against him. Compare verse 4.

15. No, nor yet Herod. As a corroboration of his own opinion in regard to Jesus, Pilate cites the fact that Herod Antipas had sent Jesus back without expressing the opinion that he was guilty. For I sent you to him. This is the reading of the Received Text. The true reading is as in the Revised Version, "For he sent him back to us." This shows why Pilate inferred that Herod thought Jesus innocent. Nothing worthy of death is done unto him. Much better "by him," as in the Revised Version.

16. I will therefore chastise him and release him. This was a fatal concession on the part of Pilate. He offered to scourge Jesus that the high priests might be satisfied with this cruel punishment inflicted upon the one they envied. But from this very offer of compromise the accusers took courage. Pilate was willing to depart a long way from the path of justice for the sake of pleasing them: would he not go yet further?

17. (For of necessity he must release one unto them at the feast.) This verse is an explanatory gloss and is omitted by the best authorities.

18. And they cried out all at once, etc. The account of the trial before Pilate in this gospel is condensed. Compare the fuller statements of Mark and Matthew. Away with this man. This is a demand for the death of Jesus. Compare Acts 21: 32 and 22: 22. And release unto us Barabbas. It seems to have been the custom of the Roman procurator to release a prisoner at the Passover, whomsoever the populace might choose. It matters little whether upon this particular Passover morning, Pilate [as Matthew and John] or the people [as Mark and Luke] first spoke of this custom. We are to condemn the people, not for asking for the release of Barabbas, but for failing to ask for Jesus.

19. Who for a certain sedition, etc. Or rather, insurrection. Matthew tells us that Barabbas was a noted man. He is not mentioned except in this connection, and nothing further is known of him.

20. Willing to release Jesus. This translation is hardly strong enough to express the sense. It is better to render, "desiring to release Jesus." It is interesting to notice the different ways in which Pilate sought to effect the dismissal of our Lord.

21. Crucify him, crucify him. They were not so eager for the release of Barabbas as for the destruction of Jesus. Matthew tells us that the chief priests stirred up the people, not only to choose Barabbas, but also to ask for the death of Jesus. We may hope that these were not the same people who listened to Jesus in the temple, or cried Hosanna, as he entered the city from the Mount of Olives a few days previous to this time. They were a mob without conscience, molded in the hands of the cunning priests and elders.

22. The third time. Counting verse 14 and verse 20 as first and second. This does not number the times that Pilate sought the release of Jesus; but rather the times that he sought to do so by explaining to his accusers that the evidence presented did not substantiate any charge.

23. They were instant with loud voices, etc. In modern English we would translate, "They were urgent," etc. And the voices of them and of the chief priests prevailed. The Revised Version following better manuscript authority has a briefer reading. Luke does not take time to mention the other futile attempts of Pilate to effect the release of Jesus, or that the crowd finally succeeded in forcing Pilate to acquiesce to their demand by threatening to report him as acting contrary to the interests of the Emperor.

24. And Pilate gave sentence that it should be done as they required. What a travesty of justice! Pilate's decision is made not in accordance with what he knows to be the right, but simply in accordance with the wishes of the accusers. There was no more justice before the judgment seat of Pilate than in the high court of the Jews.

25. And he released unto them him that for sedition and murder, etc. Thus does the evangelist call our attention to the fact that Pilate acts in direct opposition to equity—releasing the guilty and sending to execution the innocent. But he delivered Jesus to their will. This does not mean that

Jesus was handed over to the chief priests with the privilege of inflicting capital punishment in his case. Pilate ordered that Jesus should be executed by the Roman soldiers.

26. **And as they led him away.** That is, after the mocking by the soldiers, as recorded by the other evangelists. This verse belongs in a separate paragraph from the preceding verses of our lesson. **Simon a Cyrenian.** Almost nothing is known of this man; but there are many conjectures about him. The better manuscripts read, "Simon a certain Cyrenian." From the fact that the name of this man is mentioned at all, it seems probable that he was then a follower of Christ, or subsequently became a Christian. Mark tells us that he was the father of Alexander and Rufus, a statement from which it may be inferred that these two were Christians known to some of the early readers of Mark's Gospel. Compare Rom. 16: 13. **Coming out of the country.** It is absurd to argue from this expression that Simon had been at work in the fields, and that this day must have been the day before the Passover. **And on him they laid the cross.** It was customary for the prisoner to bear his own cross [or at least the crosspiece to be nailed to the upright post], and in the case of Jesus there was no exception to the rule. Compare John 19: 17. It is probable that Jesus fell under the burden of the cross and was unable to carry it farther, and that for this reason the soldiers impressed this Cyrenian whom they met to carry the cross the remainder of the distance to Calvary.

Submarine Signals.

(Continued from page 141.)

chiefly confined to the atmosphere. We do not now recall a more thorough and scientific test ever having been made in water.

The purposes and uses to which this invention can be applied certainly must be of incalculable value, both in saving lives and property. Since the time-table of the departure and arrival of ships has been completed all over the world, and the record made of every arrival in hours and minutes (especially of ocean steamers), there appears to have been no storm so severe as to cause one to lay-to, or a fog so thick as to cause them to cast anchor and wait for it to clear, or make due allowance for wind, tide or currents to deviate from their course.

Now, if all these dangers can be avoided by automatic movements, driven by steam on ship or shore, then may many lives be saved, and many a fine ship saved from utter destruction.

Had a gong been ringing in the ears of the pilot on the Rio Janeiro, warning him in that thick fog of that dangerous reef, at the entrance of the Golden Gate, on the morning of the 22d, there might have been over a hundred persons at home to-day, and among their friends, instead of being in a watery grave, and the ship ready to sail on another voyage.

"LIFE-TIME HYMNS."

The church hymn book question has been—not exactly a burning one, perhaps I might say smouldering—with the deponent for several years. The average singing in the average church on the average Sabbath morning is far below the level of what it should be. Dear hymn books, without bearing malice toward you, I have several things against you.

You are bulky, therefore expensive, therefore few. Now, if you contain 1,200 hymns, it will take, at the rate of three hymns a Sabbath, eight years to sing each hymn once. As a matter of fact there are about 150 hymns which are actually used—less rather than more. Count them up, brethren, and see if it is not so. The best pieces we like to sing often. We have not time for the others. Nine times out of ten, where the large, expen-

sive books are used, there are not enough copies to go around. Why must we be made to pay for a lot of material that we never use? Why may there not be a book compiled large enough to contain the best, small and inexpensive enough to enable the church to provide abundance of books for all who come to worship?

Again, dear hymn books, why will you insist on having the music at the top of the page, and the words at the bottom? Is it because your fathers and grandfathers did thus? Why do you so often have small notes and cramp them close together? How is a man to have his eyes on both ends of the page at once and retain a devotional state of mind? Do you wonder that so many people get out of the habit of trying to sing?

These are serious questions to the pastor who is trying to make the Sabbath services just as helpful and attractive as possible. One of the most powerful means of bringing people to meeting and making spiritual impressions is hearty congregational singing. The Evangelist understands this. The great revivals are always revivals of song. This is not saying that the Moody and Sankey hymns should be made the staple of Sabbath morning worship. The best composers have written hymns which the common people will never let die. A sifted selection of hymns great enough to reach all hearts, printed in effective and attractive form, is what is needed.

The First and Second Alfred churches being about to purchase new books, the pastors have made a thorough investigation of this question so vital to church welfare. A dozen different books have been examined, and many letters of inquiry sent out. The book whose title heads this article has been settled on as the best for this purpose that we have ever seen. "Life-time Hymns" is edited by H. R. Palmer, C. C. McCabe and M. R. Brouse. The idea of the book is set forth in the preface: "There is not a hymn in this book that is not worthy to live in our memories for a life time. There are some hymns that go with us from childhood to manhood and womanhood, and are still with us when we reach the gates of heaven. They never lose their power over us, and their charm is never broken. Other hymns come and go, but these abide. Such hymns have been gathered from all possible sources for the enrichment of these pages. The music is of a high order. Much of it is classical. Many of the best pieces have been thoroughly tested by trained choirs and large congregations. There is need of a book which will aid in elevating the poetical and musical taste of the people. Life-time Hymns will contribute largely to this desired result." The book contains 335 hymns, is bound in cloth, has large, clear type, words written with the music, each syllable of each verse being under its corresponding note, and the price is \$35 per hundred. The publication of Laudes Domini a few years ago wrought something of a revolution in the character of church hymns, lifting the standard of excellence. Such a book as this ought to work a revolution in the typographical form of hymns and the price of books.

The five books brought most prominently to our notice for comparison are Laudes Domini, In Excelsis, Church Hymnary, Service of Song, Church Hymns and Gospel Songs. They all have the same almost fatal

defect: words and music are written separately, and in many cases the type is crowded close together. The first four are expensive and rather bulky. The best, typographically, is In Excelsis, but the music is rather above the average congregation. Church Hymns and Gospel Songs is the cheapest and closest to common tastes. It has fewer tunes than Life-time Hymns, is not so well selected, and costs more. Perhaps the best collection of the five is Laudes Domini. At my request, Wardner Williams, Director of Music in the University of Chicago, sent me a list of ninety hymns which, from his experience in our church and in the University, he found to be the best and most practical. To this we added fifty-seven more. Of these 147 best hymns covering the choice of a director of music, two pastor and the usage of, the Chicago church for many years, 106 are in Life-time Hymns, nine more are familiar to almost everyone without the music, and many excellent numbers in Life-time Hymns are not in Laudes Domini. There are 1,234 hymns in Laudes Domini, but only 761 tunes. Now I believe that Laudes Domini has the largest number of masterpiece hymns that is contained in any hymn book extant. It is a magnificent collection, but the form in which it presents its hymns to the singer is far inferior to that used in Life-time Hymns. The latter will produce the best congregational singing, and that is the most practical test. In four lists of the best pieces in the Church Hymnary, made by as many different choristers, there were 26 which were agreed upon by any two of them. Of these 26 the best two-thirds are in our book. The Service of Song has been a great favorite in Alfred for twenty years. If there had been books enough in good repair, there probably would have been no movement to change. I was astonished to find that, although there are 672 hymns in the book, there are only 318 tunes. As with the other books, the words and music are written separately. I have been interested in placing a hymn selected at random in Life-time Hymns beside the same hymn in any of the other books. In adaptation for popular use, Life-time Hymns out-classes them all. Singing from such a book is a luxury.

Mrs. G. W. Rosebush, recognized by hundreds of people as an authority on sacred music, says: "There are no useless or poor hymns in the book. There is a larger proportion of hymns arranged from classical writers than you often find. If the book could have a stronger binding and also contain a small collection of old favorite hymns with tunes, in my opinion it would be an ideal hymn book."

The publishers have promised to see to it that there is an inner cloth binding and "guarantee it as strong as any in the market." They agree to give special reductions on 200 copies and over. The smallest church in the denomination may get them on the same terms by ordering with us. The book has not been adopted formally by either church here, but if it is, they will probably use four or five hundred copies. Word just comes from Shiloh that they are looking for a new book. It seems not unreasonable to me that we might start out with a Seventh-day Baptist edition of one thousand copies.

I am now in correspondence with the firm regarding their making us a special edition

and including about sixteen pages of the words of old hymns and responsive readings.

If you have any thought of new hymn books, write at once. We can get confidential reductions that will surprise you, and all the churches shall share alike.

L. C. RANDOLPH.

If ever you get light it will be in this way: Christ must be a great light to you. Nobody ever found light by raking in his own inward darkness—that is, indeed, seeking the living among the dead.—C. H. Spurgeon.

MARRIAGES.

PALMER—STUKEY.—At the residence of W. L. Wilson, Attalla, Ala., Jan. 12, 1901, by Rev. R. S. Wilson, Mr. Chas. H. Palmer, of Lavender, Ga., and Miss Angie L. Stuke, of Alfred, N. Y.

VARS—STILLMAN.—At the home of the bride's parents, at Nortonville, Kan., on February 20, 1901, by Rev. Geo. W. Hills, Mr. M. B. Vars, of West Hallock, Ill., and Miss Ruth A. Stillman.

CROSBY—CHAMPLIN.—At the home of the bride's mother and stepfather, Mr. and Mrs. C. Taylor, on Feb. 20, 1901, by Rev. Geo. W. Hills, Mr. John W. Crosby and Miss Myra Champlin, all of Nortonville, Kansas.

TREMME—CRANDALL.—At Leonardsville, N. Y., Feb. 27, 1901, by the Rev. William C. Daland, Mr. Leonard Tremmel and Mrs. Olivia E. Crandall, all of Leonardsville.

DEATHS.

Not upon us or ours the solemn angels
Have evil wrought.
The funeral anthem is a glad evangel,
The good die not.

God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
What He has given.
They live on earth in thought and deed as truly
As in His heaven. —Whittier.

GREEN.—Emeline R. Green, daughter of Bernard and Elizabeth VanHorn, was born in Ohio, Oct. 16, 1838, and died at North Loup, Neb., Feb. 17, 1901.

She was converted in early life at Welton, under the labors of Louis H. Davis. She was married to Joseph Green in the fall of 1873. Mrs. Green leaves two children and a large circle of relatives, to mourn their loss. She was always quite frail, and yet has had her full share of hardships to endure. A sister in the church, a fond mother, a kind neighbor and friend has passed on from time to eternity. Funeral services were held at the church, February 19, conducted by the writer, who spoke from Rev. 22: 5.

E. A. W.

DAVIS.—Lucetta Davis, daughter of Henry and Frelove Williams, was born in Verona, N. Y., Dec. 3, 1813, and died in North Loup, Neb. Feb. 13, 1901.

She was converted when about ten years of age, and ever lived an exemplary Christian life. She loved God's Word, and found great comfort in reading the same. She was married to E. Randolph Davis Jan. 14, 1830. She was the mother of eight children, four of whom survive her. The church has lost a faithful and sympathizing member, the community a true neighbor and friend. She was a lineal descendant of Roger Williams. Funeral services were held at the house, February 15, conducted by the writer, who spoke from Rev. 14: 13.

E. A. W.

POLAN.—Kizziah Polan, mother of Deacons John Polan, of Blandville, W. Va., and Chas. L. Polan, of Jackson Centre, Ohio, was born in Harrison county, Va., Sept. 22, 1818, and died in Doddridge county, W. Va., Jan. 29, 1901, aged 82 years, 4 months and 7 days.

She was converted and joined the Middle Island Seventh-day Baptist church in 1847, being baptized by Eld. Peter Davis. Her maiden name was Kelly. She married Samuel Polan in 1840, who deceased Nov. 13, 1892. She leaves five children living from a family of eight. She was much afflicted for several years before her death, being almost entirely confined to her bed, but being in the home of her son John for more than five years, loving hands bestowed upon her every attention for her comfort. She lived a Christian life, was conscious of her approaching death several days beforehand. Sister Polan bade all good-bye, said she was going home, praised God and died in peace. Her burial exercises were held in the Middle Island church by the pastor, Eld. D. W. Leath.

D. W. L.

WRIGHT.—Lewis B. Wright died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. John Langworthy, near Adams Centre, N. Y., aged 72 years, 6 months and 27 days.

His wife, Lucy Jones, died some three years ago. He was a member of the Adams church, and died with the Christian's hope of eternal salvation.

A. B. P.

DAVIS.—Polina S. W. Davis, mother of Deacon Theodore Davis, was born Dec. 8, 1811, and departed this life, Feb. 4, 1901, aged 89 years, 1 month and 26 days.

She was converted while young, and joined the Salem Seventh-day Baptist church. She was a member of Black Lick church at the time of her death. She was the mother of fourteen children, of whom nine are living. She was a loving, patient mother, and a consistent Christian, living in the fear of God, and following the footsteps of the Master. She died in the triumphs of faith. Burial exercises were held by the pastor, Eld. D. W. Leath, in the Greenbrier church, where a large circle of friends and relatives had assembled.

D. W. L.

WOOD.—Lucinda Potter, wife of Geo. W. Wood, was born March 13, 1825, and died near Adams Centre, N. Y., Jan. 17, 1901. Geo. W. Wood, her husband, was born Nov. 22, 1821, and died Feb. 11, 1901.

Thus these two who had lived together in loving devotion to each other for many years, were separated in death by less than four weeks. They were both very devout and earnest Christians and loyal members of the Adams church.

A. B. P.

QUIBEL.—Eliza Ann Greene, widow of the late Eld. Wm. G. Quibel, was born July 19, 1815, and died at Adams Centre, N. Y., Feb. 13, 1901.

Mrs. Quibel was an intelligent, genial, companionable woman, one whose society was highly prized by her acquaintances. Her hand was always ready to assist in any good work, and many an one has had occasion to bless her for kindly ministrations. She loved the church and its services, and was seldom absent from public worship or the Sabbath-school. She was a woman of devout Christian faith. She retained her cheerful, hopeful characteristics to the last. Hers was almost a model, beautiful old age for the Christian. Thus another of the faithful, long-time members of the Adams church is translated to the world above. Prov. 12: 28.

A. B. P.

JEFFREY.—In Elmdale, Kansas, Feb. 15, 1901, of heart failure, Mrs. Mary A. Randolph Jeffrey.

She was a daughter of Phineas and Marvel Maxson Randolph. She was born near Salem, Virginia—now West Virginia—on Jan. 16, 1826. She gave her heart to her Saviour at 14 years of age, and at the time of her death was a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church at Marion, Kan. On Sept. 30, 1847, she was married to Wm. M. Jeffrey at Salem, W. Va. She came with her family to Kansas in 1868. Dorcas-like, she did much for others, especially those in sickness and sorrow, many of whom remain to "call her blessed." She leaves her husband, one daughter and six sons in bereavement. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Geo. W. Hills, of Nortonville, Kan.

G. W. H.

WORDEN.—Micajah C. Worden died at Phoenix, Arizona, Jan. 19, 1901, aged about 24 years.

In June, 1899, he was married to Janie B. Greene, of Adams Centre, and they made a home in Boulder, Col. But a few weeks before his death they went to Phoenix, hoping the mild climate would benefit his impaired health, but in vain. Funeral services were held at Adams Centre, N. Y., where his remains were brought for interment.

A. B. P.

SAUNDERS.—Joel Saunders was born in Berlin, N. Y., March 1, 1814, and died near Adams Centre, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1901.

He was a highly respected citizen and a long time resident of the town of Adams. His wife died some seven years since. He had been a member of the family of his only son, Lyman, since his wife's departure. He was a Sabbath-keeping Christian, and died fully trusting in the Lord.

A. B. P.

STILLMAN.—In Nortonville, Kansas, on Feb. 9, 1901, David Maxson Stillman.

He was born in Berlin, N. Y., August 1, 1828. Married January 1, 1856, at Farmington, Ill., to Miss Elcta Saunders who, with three daughters, survive. He became a resident of Kansas in 1857. He was kind and genial, a loyal neighbor and friend.

G. W. H.

WOODWARD.—Richard Rush Woodward died suddenly Feb. 3, 1901.

He was a conscientious Christian, and had been a devoted member of the Adams church for many years.

A. B. P.

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

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

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

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. Preaching by Rev. G. W. Lewis, of Verona Mills. Other Sabbaths, the Bible-class alternates with the various Sabbath-keepers in the city. All are cordially invited.

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 4 Sycamore Street. All Sabbath-keepers, and others, visiting in the city, are cordially invited to these services.

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*,
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THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in the lecture room of the Baptist church, corner of Church and Genesee streets, at 2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school following preaching service. A general invitation is extended to all, and especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in the city over the Sabbath.
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