

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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

VOLUME 58, No. 1.

JANUARY 6, 1902.

WHOLE No. 2967.

A NEW YEAR'S MEDITATION.

I stand again upon a dreary threshold
Where two ways meet ;
Another year is ended, and the New Year
I calmly greet.

I look along the vista of the future,
No light I see ;
Lord, guide me by thy sweet and loving counsel ;
I trust in thee.

Along the thorny path which I have trodden
With shrinking feet,
God's wisdom guided, and his love-apportioned
Burden's meet.

My heart shrinks back from crosses which the future
May disclose ;
Yet all the sorrows which shall be my portion,
The dear Lord knows.

Although of Marah's dread and bitter waters
I may drink ;
Although my flesh and spirit faint and falter
And trembling shrink ;

Yet Israel's shepherd still will stand before me
On the brink ;
And sweeten all the dark and brackish waters
As I drink.

Through all my future trials he will give me
Strength to sustain ;
The path of life which seems so dark and dreary,
He'll make plain.

I pray that he will keep me pure and stainless,
Free from all sin ;
Pure in every thought, and word, and action—
Holy within.

I trust that he will help me glorify him
Here below ;
In body, soul, and spirit, and the powers
He did bestow.

The precious gifts which he so kindly gave me
Talents meet ;
To him I consecrate them—gladly lay them
At his feet.

I only ask that he at length will bring me
Safely home ;
Into the "rest" prepared for his own people
Bid me come.

I only ask that I shall meet my treasures
Beyond the sky,
And worship with them around his throne of glory,
In heavens high.

—Selected.

WITH each new year the following
Higher and lesson, so beautifully expressed in
Higher. Dr. O. W. Holmes's "Chambered
Nautilus," ought to be re-appropriated by everyone who strives for noble living. Keep Dr. Holmes's words in your mind, not simply as a talisman against evil, but as a constant inspiration to highest and holiest endeavor.

"Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathed horn!
While on my ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings:

"Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past,
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

Looking Forward: NOW THAT we are teaching ourselves to write 1902, it seems more as if the twentieth century had really begun. One must naturally look backward a little at such a time, although in the main we should turn our faces forward, as those who, having reached the mountain top, glance backward over the route already traveled, but give double attention to the path which lies before. We have not gained all that our highest hopes pictured when the century began. War with its sorrows and wickedness still continues in Africa, and the problems connected with our new possessions in the Pacific are not all solved; still progress is being made in the right direction on both fields. The heart of the nation has been shocked and saddened by the murder of its President, but we trust that good will come through the lessons taught. The year has been marked by an unusual number of enormous gifts in the interest of education and philanthropy. Each Christian must regret that many righteous causes have been so little advanced, but such regret should spur to new action that with each succeeding year of the new century more may be accomplished for right and truth.

Life, not Theory. IN an unusual sense the year opens with new developments in the world of science. The unexplored field which we call electricity is being developed so rapidly that the dreams of yesterday are the attainments of to-day. In this respect the twentieth century must stand among the centuries as a mountain-peak stands among the foot-hills. The most important lesson for our readers does not lie in the fact that wireless telegraphy is unfolding wonders, that submarine navigation seems assured, and that the air-ship is no longer a fanciful dream of wild enthusiasts. The lessons of this hour for each man relate to himself first. We are affected in some degree by our surroundings, but the larger truth is that we create or modify those surroundings, and so determine the character of the years and the century. It is not theories concerning life nor a correct knowledge as to how one ought to live which determines the course of history. What God seeks is best theories and highest truths embodied in individual lives. Thus embodied, truth and righteousness become actual, and the history of the world comes into accord with the divine will. While therefore it is well for us to rejoice in what the beginning of the new century brings, it is doubly important that we bring to the new century that which is

highest and best. The men and women who are past thirty years of age are giving this century its initial impulse. Their lives are determining its character. They are creating its form and determining its results for their children and grandchildren. In this creating, each of our readers will bear a part.

Right Beginning.

THE adage, "It is the first step that counts," should be carefully remembered at this time. Our duty toward the future is our duty now in the immediate present. The future is only the expansion of the present, and the present is determined by what we are to-day. It is well to consider what we hope to be tomorrow, but dreams about what we hope to be must not take the place of efforts to be what we ought to be now. The real good of this year and of coming years will be determined by the choices of men and women touching holiness and purity, rather than by submarine boats and wireless telegraphy. There was more than superstition and more than ordinary philosophy in the care with which the ancient Greeks sought to avoid stumbling "at the threshold." What the threshold was to the Greek home the year 1902 is to the new century. Someone has said, "Initial letters should be written in gold." See to it that the initial letters of this century, so far as your life is concerned, are written in the untarnished gold of pure motives, and bordered with the royal purple of high and holy endeavor.

Future Certainties.

IT is a part of the longing of our immortality to ask concerning the future. This is also an important element in our development, and in the work we have in hand, year by year. Imperfect work and temporary defeat are stepping-stones toward higher attainments in the future. The thoughtful man soon learns that present defeat does not necessarily mean final failure. It is, rather, highly educational, and should be a stimulant to new effort. Many of the greatest victories in life come through defeat. At the battle of Shiloh, General Grant was driven back when the darkness of the first night silenced the battle; but his renewed attack the next morning, even before Buell had arrived, turned defeat into victory. It is said that Phillips Brooks—who in many respects was the greatest preacher of the last century—turned his attention toward the ministry because he failed as a teacher. Each courageous trial to accomplish that which is right lifts us to new

vantage ground. Heroes are born through difficulties. The future is not so uncertain as we sometimes think. The sailor, running by chart and compass, is usually successful though a blinding fog covers all the waters. It is well to be eager to know what is coming, but he who does the right thing, with pure purpose, may be certain that some form of success will appear with each succeeding future.



Step by Step. FAITH is the one great stepping-stone on which we rise to actual success in the coming unknown. Each year's experience is incomplete, but it is an absolute part of that which must be in each period of the future. It is this faith, coupled with righteousness, which steadies the Christian's life and makes it certain that, though the exact details of the future may be unknown, "all things work together for good to those who love God." Such faith lifts the loads of care and silences the clamor of anxiety. He who abides in Christ, conscious of immortality, need not fear what the future may bring. That which we strive to be through earnest and holy endeavor we shall become. Face the new year boldly because it is God's year, and you are God's child in brotherhood with Christ, and in heirship of all things through him.



Seeing Jesus. THE world's greatest need, religiously, is to see Jesus. It is not theories concerning him, his nature, or even his redemptive work, which bring him close to men. Whenever his life is embodied in an individual life so that the world can see him in and through that life, the actual need of the world is met. It is the inner personality of men which counts in the matter of influence and helpfulness. It is all well to set forth the character of Christ in word-pictures, and such setting forth helps to draw attention to him. But above these, and stronger than these, is the contact of a Christ-filled man with men who need Christ. One of the most valuable books of the time of the English Reformation was "The Imitation of Christ," by Thomas a' Kempis. There is power in the old book to this day, because it was written by one in whom the Christ-life was largely developed. This was more than imitation as one picture may be an imitation of another; the divine Christ-spirit pervades the book, and he who reads it with open heart sees Christ. It is the duty of each follower of Christ to reproduce his life as fully as it is possible, thus enabling the world to see Christ in them. Human schemes for reformation fail. We do not win men to Christ by eloquence; but whenever the world sees Christ, in spirit and in action, formed within us, they will be attracted to him through us. Seeing him thus, they will believe in him unto life and peace.



Power of Sentiment. WE turn away from the extravagances and excesses which mark certain forms of religious experience, and it must be granted that in some cases these appear more like abnormal expressions of physical life than like spiritual development in the kingdom of Christ. But while men who are ignorant and have but low development in spiritual things do thus over-act, we must still remember that emotion, sentiment, and feeling have

a large place in all things concerning religion. President Eliot, of Harvard University, is quoted as saying, "Harvard is run on sentiment." If this is true of a great educational institution, much more must we cultivate those high religious sentiments which are akin to faith, and are a necessary part of our spiritual development. Love is the largest and all-embracing sentiment in human experience, and love is the central thought and moving power of the Gospel. While it remains true, as it always must, "that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son," we must not only rejoice in that love, but must cultivate all the emotions and sentiments growing out of it and connected with it in religious experience. A religion that is coldly beautiful and cast in classic forms of speech and action will never move the world mightily toward righteousness and high living. Overflowing emotion, in the thinner sense of the term, is not religion; but as the strongest rivers rise from the deepest springs in the heart of the mountains, so religious life flows from the outgushing spring of divine love, and of human love awakened and guided by the divine.



Lighting up Africa. It is about fifty years since Europeans first visited Uganda in what is now British East Africa. The first converts to Christianity there were reported about eighteen years ago. Three years later, Bishop Hannington was murdered there, and many native Christians were killed. Since that time the growth of Christian influence upon that territory has gone forward with great rapidity. The British and Foreign Bible Society has published the Gospel of Matthew in the native tongue. Industrial schools are fostered, and it is said that one of the great chiefs of the land has joined with others in carrying loads of clay to make bricks for a new cathedral. Over 30,000 "baptized Christians" are reported; 500 miles of railroad are in operation as part of the great Continental Line planned from Cairo to Cape Town. While the type of Christian character developed among these natives cannot be the highest, the progress of Christianity among them is worthy of record at the opening of the new century.



Seen by others. THOSE who are engaged in a specific form of work are helped by knowing how those not thus engaged look upon that work. This is true in the work of the Christian church, as elsewhere. On another page will be found a summary of some of the leading features of the situation as to religious work, made by the *Tribune* of New York, in its issue of Dec. 31, 1901. Each reader may add to or take from what the *Tribune* says, according to information he may possess which does not appear in the summary referred to—but we are sure our readers will be glad to see the situation as it appears to one of the ablest and most impartial of the great metropolitan newspapers.



CHRIST AS A PREACHER.

Christ was the model preacher as well as the model man. He exalted God as the governor of the universe, and yet taught that, in the most intimate sense, he cares for each of his children. He corrected many erroneous

notions which the people of that time held concerning God's attitude toward them. Notable among these was his rejection of the opinion that suffering and misfortune were a sign of guilt. In Christ's teaching the sun shines on the evil and the good alike, and the Galileans whom tradition had made greatest sinners were defended as those who did not suffer because they were sinners more than others. In this teaching Christ came into sharp contact with prevailing opinions, for the world then identified pain and anguish with sin.

Christ insisted upon simple tests as to the actual religious character of men. He did not make that wide distinction between religion and morality which men make. He did separate ethics and righteousness from ritualism, but he made morality the necessary fruit of religion, and taught that theories and creeds were to be judged by what they produce in human life. In all this Christ did not lessen essential obligation nor the importance of law. On the other hand he increased both these by his teachings and example. He also deepened the sense of personal responsibility in many ways. To the men seeking righteousness he said, struggle hard to enter in at the strait gate. He taught the glory of service and of giving one's life for another: "Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it." He emphasized the duty of stewards, "Unto whomsoever much is given much shall be required." While the preachers of the present day do well to follow Christ as their model, the record we have of his teaching is so easily understood that all may become immediate hearers of him, and so may be instructed in the way of righteousness. In this one point his teachings are of highest value. That preacher comes nearest the model Christ left who makes great truths plain and great duties so imperative that his hearers cannot fail to see and feel their force.

Christ took advantage of every possible agency to impress the truth so taught. In every place where he met men, in city or country, journeying or resting, in temple or synagogue, he had a message for them. We look upon the "Sermon on the Mount" as the greatest of all sermons, and yet Matthew introduces it with the simple words, "He opened his mouth and taught them." Christ's preaching was a strong contrast with the prevalent preaching of his time. "He taught them as one having authority and not as the scribes." This was the authority of truth and not the assumption of any personal authority above others. Probably the scribes and Pharisees preached often upon the same themes which Christ used; but what Christ said changed both the form and the substance of these themes and carried a power unknown before. The scribes talked of life and religion as related to forms and ceremonies. Christ talked of them as being vitally related to God and to one's fellows. What the scribes taught was a sort of dead orthodoxy. What Christ taught was a new life having both power and authority. They called men to perform rites and ceremonies. He called men to holiness and obedience.

What Christ was as a preacher, the preachers of 1902 ought to be. Centuries have succeeded and customs have changed, but the lives of men and their spiritual needs remain essentially the same. Every sermon should be vivid with truths that men may be trans-

formed through the truth. Christ fitted his preaching to his congregation; the preacher of to-day ought to do the same. Questions touching the individual needs of persons and congregations will always be interesting themes. That preacher who knows his people, and knowing, sees their spiritual wants, will never lack for themes attractive and pertinent. The purpose of each sermon should be to move men, not only toward right living, but into right actions. The important question for each man to consider is not only what he ought to do, but that this ought to be done now. Preachers who are in close touch with Christ and the truth will always come into close touch with those to whom they preach. Christ was the model preacher, and the reader of these lines will approach the divine standard in proportion as the Christ-life fills him and guides his purposes.

IRRIGATION.

The value of a national system of irrigation for a large part of the United States is beyond question. The following extract from President Roosevelt's late Message touches the point.

RESERVOIRS.

The forests are natural reservoirs. By restraining the streams in flood and replenishing them in drought they make possible the use of waters otherwise wasted. They prevent the soil from washing, and so protect the storage reservoirs from filling up with silt. Forest conservation is therefore an essential condition of water conservation.

The forests alone cannot, however, fully regulate and conserve the waters of the arid region. Great storage works are necessary to equalize the flow of streams and to save the flood waters. Their construction has been conclusively shown to be an undertaking too vast for private effort. Nor can it be best accomplished by the individual states acting alone. Far-reaching interstate problems are involved; and the resources of single states would often be inadequate. It is properly a national function, at least in some of its features. It is as right for the national government to make the streams and rivers of the arid region useful by engineering works for water storage as to make useful the rivers and harbors of the humid region by engineering works of another kind. The storing of the floods in reservoirs at the head waters of our rivers is but an enlargement of our present policy of river control, under which levees are built on the lower reaches of the same streams.

The government should construct and maintain these reservoirs as it does other public works. Where their purpose is to regulate the flow of streams, the water should be turned freely into the channels in the dry season to take the same course under the same laws as the natural flow.

THE ninetyeth Psalm may be cited as perhaps the most sublime of human compositions, the deepest in feeling, the loftiest in conception, the most magnificent in its imagery, presenting a perfect picture of human life as troubled, transitory and sinful, giving a right conception of God as the Eternal One, the Sovereign and the Judge, and yet presenting a refuge and hope to all men who in the midst of great trials turn to him for refuge. There seems to be no reason to doubt that this Psalm was composed by Moses. From the remotest period his name has been attached to it.

The first verse reads: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." So near and dear is the relation between God and his people that they mutually dwell in each other. The soul is at home in God, because this is its birthplace, and one never can be at home elsewhere; he is the only true dwelling place, for all men, at all times.—*J. Wilbur Chapman.*

Prayer-Meeting Column.

TOPIC FOR JANUARY 17, 1902.

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

Theme.—Individual Decision and Loyalty to God.

Making choice of God and his service, irrespective of what others may say or do. Josh. 24: 15. Seek to win others. Mark 10: 45; John 1: 41; Dan. 12: 3.

And if it be pleasing in your eyes to serve the Lord, choose for yourselves this day whom ye will serve: whether the gods which your fathers that were on the other side of the river served, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell; but as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.

For even the Son of Man came not to be served, but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many.

The first thing he did was to find his own brother Simon, and say to him: "We have found the Messiah!" (a word which means Christ, or Consecrated.)

And the intelligent shall shine brilliantly like the brilliance of the expanse (of the sky); and they that bring many to righteousness shall be like the stars, for ever and ever.

Our choices decide our destiny, in both this life and the next. Through that spiritual help which Christ waits to give, each man may be king over himself and his destiny, through right choices. He may have conflicts, and may sometimes need to say with Paul, "When I would do good, evil is present with me," but our weakness is made strong through Christ, and each may be king over evil and temptation. Spiritual battles, well fought, bring strength for continual victory. We win others to Christ most successfully when we conquer in our own battles with weakness and temptation. Choose ye this day. He who delays increases the probability of defeat. Each hour is an hour of decision, a true judgment and a determining of destiny.

NEW YEARS AT VALLEY FORGE.

The raw cold of the night crept into my bones, and the snow blew in my face, a flake now and then entering my eyes and blinding me for the moment. The wind moaned among the scrubby trees, and its edge was like the edge of a knife. I shivered, and I was fain to confess to myself that I could not see the glory in all this. That of which I had dreamed—leading the men in a fiery, victorious charge, with praise and promotion afterward—was a fine thing, but this lonely sentry-go in the cold and the darkness was quite different. I laughed at myself for having imagined such folly.

We of the Georgia colony like warm weather, I would have you to know. Down there the sun shines nearly always, and it is only up in the hills that the snow comes. We don't have to pile heavy clothing on us and huddle over great blazing fires when we are at home to keep the blood in our veins from freezing, but we enjoy God's free air without a shiver. Now I had come north to help these ragged Continentals and George Washington—God bless him—to win our freedom, and here I was, the second night after my arrival, put on sentry duty in this God-forsaken, gloomy place of Valley Forge.

What a cold place Pennsylvania is! I don't wonder that the Quakers eat and drink so much. They do it to get fat, and they want the fat to keep the cold out of their bones. I stopped and shivered again harder than ever, and I shifted my hand along my musket barrel for the hundredth

time that my bare fingers might not freeze to the metal of the weapon. I looked back at the wooden huts which made up our camp, and all but a few were hidden from my sight by the thick night and the whirling snow. A poor sort of home, I said to myself, but I would be willing to exchange my share of to-night's glory for a place under one of those roofs.

Then I looked toward Philadelphia, and when I thought of the British army lying there in the big city so snug and happy, my soul turned green with envy. Why could we not have such a merry time, too? A man of twenty-one does not have to be miserable to be a good patriot. I felt that I could shout just as well for the thirteen colonies if I were enjoying myself. Then I shifted my hands along the muzzle of my musket barrel again. While I was thinking, my fingers had begun to stick to the metal. Oh, for only an hour of that glorious Georgia sunshine!

I heard the crunch of footsteps on the snow, and instantly I cocked my piece. The footsteps approached, and a large man appeared before me. He was in truth a big fellow, his hat-brim all bent down over his eyes by the weight of snow, and his figure wrapped in a great, thick, black coat that hung to his ankles.

I presented my musket and cried through my chattering teeth—chattering with cold, not fear—"Who goes there?" But the man came on and gave the countersign—"Patrick Henry"—and I put my weapon back on my shoulder.

I knew his kind at once. He was one of those sleek, overfed Quakers living in Philadelphia, who sympathized with us, but instead of coming out and fighting for the cause like men, contented themselves with sending us a little money now and then, or with sneaking into camp once or twice and telling us to fight like brave boys. Still, I was so lonesome that I was glad to see even a Quaker.

"You look cold," he said to me.

Now that made me mad. When you are freezing to death and your teeth chattering together so hard and fast that it sounds like pistol fire, it doesn't help your temper for a man to come along and speak of your looking cold.

"Oh, no!" I said. "I'm not cold at all. I'm snapping my teeth together because it's merely a way I have of amusing myself when I'm lonesome."

"I hope that the effort is successful," the man said, with a smile. "May I ask your name?"

"Oh, yes," I answered as I lifted a big flake of snow from under my collar, "you may ask it, and, while it isn't any business of yours, I'll tell you, nevertheless! It's John Hunter."

"A Connecticut man?" he asked.

I dropped the stock of my rifle in the snow and looked at him. I was growing angry.

"Look you, Mr. Quaker," I said, "I don't like your wit at all. You may think that it has an edge to it, but I don't. Why, see how cold it is here, and I've heard that it's still colder up there in New England. Do you think that a sensible man would consent to be born in a country where there's nothing but ice and snow?"

"Then, perhaps you are from one of the southern colonies?"

"There is no perhaps about it," I said,

putting my gun back on my shoulder. "I'm from the noble old colony of Georgia, God bless her! She's worth all the others put together. You see this snow, Mr. Quaker, and here's a wind that cuts through a man like a sword. Well, it's as warm as wool in Georgia right now, and to-morrow the sunshine will be so bright that everything there will glitter like gold."

"Why didn't you stay in Georgia?" he asked.

I brought my gunstock down in the snow again. I was beginning to get angry a second time.

"Why didn't I stay in Georgia?" I said. "It's only one of you Philadelphia Quakers who would ask a question like that. But if you really want to know, Mr. Quaker, it's because a message came to me way down there in Georgia, and it said 'John Hunter, the thirteen colonies need you in this war against Great Britain. They can't get along without you.' Besides, I wanted to help George."

"What George?"

"What George!" I exclaimed, and I spoke pretty loud. "You must be a mighty thick-headed man, Mr. Quaker, to ask me a question like that. There's only one George, and it isn't George of Great Britain, confound him! It's our George—George Washington!"

"Oh," said the man, and he shrugged his shoulders a little, "I suppose George Washington is trying to do his duty, but, perhaps, his is not as hard as yours just now. Even a Pennsylvanian or a New Englander would admit that the night is cold, and I notice that you have no cloak or greatcoat."

"What of that?" I answered. "There are thousands of Continental soldiers who have no more than I."

"And your shoes have great holes in them."

I laughed.

"Some of the boys have no shoes at all," I said.

"A sentinel clad as you are, and from a warm country, might well be excused for deserting his post on such a night as this," he said.

"Be careful, Mr. Quaker," I answered, "if you talk more like that, you'll get a bullet from my musket."

"But in freezing weather," he persisted, "they ought to put on guard the northern troops, who are inured to the cold, and not the men who have just arrived from the far and warm south."

"Mr. Quaker," I said, and I felt sarcastic, "you are the very man to teach George his business. Hurry to him—he's in one of those cabins over there—and tell upon the instant how to save the thirteen colonies."

"But it is wrong that you should have to watch here in such freezing weather," he said, sticking to his point.

"It is cold," I said, "but I've joined the army, and I'm going to do my share. If I don't walk my beat until my relief comes, it will be because my gun has frozen to me and I've frozen to the ground."

He started on, and he passed so close to me that a fold of his greatcoat, blown by the wind, brushed against my hand. The touch felt warm, and a sudden envy flamed in me.

"Come back, Mr. Quaker!" I called.

He turned at my command, and asked what I wished.

"That is a fine greatcoat you are wearing," I said.

"I do not complain of it," he replied.

I put my hands upon the garment.

"It is thick and warm," I said. "It was made in Philadelphia, wasn't it?"

"I think so," he answered.

"I should like to try it on," I said.

I have heard that, while these Quakers are very shrewd in affairs of money and religion, they are quite simple-minded in some other matters. Yet I was surprised when he pulled off the coat and handed it to me. He was arrayed now in sober garments, which I could not see clearly owing to the darkness.

I put the coat on and found it wondrous snug and warm. He was a larger man than I, and the hem of it touched the snow, but that was a trifle, and I affected not to notice it.

"It is a fine fit," I said.

"Isn't it a little large for you?" he asked.

"Oh, no. The finest tailor in Philadelphia could not have fitted me better," I said, briskly, and I took several steps on my beat.

"You have tried it on; now give it back to me," he said. "Time presses, and I must hurry."

I gave a sigh of content.

"It was most kind of you to lend me the coat, Mr. Quaker," I said, "and I will give it back to you in the morning, as I promised."

"Give me back my coat," he repeated. "I may not linger."

"I don't see why," I said. "They can get along without you in Philadelphia for an hour or two, and, besides, I want time to thank you for your most generous action. It is, in truth, a most noble coat, and by the loan of it you, perhaps, save me from freezing to death."

He paused and looked thoughtful. Then he repeated his request for his coat, but I paid no further attention to him, walking on, my musket on my shoulder and singing softly to myself. I was happy. The statement that the Quakers were simple-minded in some things was true. I had proved it. I repeat that it was, in truth, a most glorious coat, turning aside the snowflakes and warming me through and through. The man looked at me a little longer and then disappeared in the darkness. I laughed to myself.

It was a long watch until my relief came, and the night grew even colder, but I did not suffer. I drew the folds of that generous coat more closely around me, and the warmth flowed through my body.

The next morning, after a good nap, I put the coat on again and looked for the Quaker, but did not see him. Then, with others, I responded to a message from the Colonel. When his eyes fell upon me they flashed with anger.

"Hunter," he said, "why do you come bundled up in such a manner?"

"Colonel," I replied, apologetically, "the weather is so cold I concluded to wear my greatcoat."

"Your greatcoat!" he cried. "Where did you get it?"

I became alarmed. A shudder ran through me. Could he know of that little transaction the night before?

"A kind Quaker gentleman gave it to me

last night when I was on sentry duty and stiff with cold," I said.

"It's a lie!" he thundered. "That garment is the greatcoat of General Washington himself."

A shiver of horror ran through me, and my knees began to tremble. Then the Commander-in-Chief himself came forward. I knew him at once by the way the others stepped back. But his face was the calmest and kindest that I ever saw.

"It is not a lie," he said, in tones as gentle as those of a woman. "I found this soldier, just arrived from the far south, on watch last night, and he refused to leave his post, though freezing to death. So I gave him my coat that a faithful soldier might be saved for the cause."—*The Oaks*.

TIME AND TIDE.

The clock strikes twelve, and the old year is gone. The clock ticks and the new year is begun. And what is the difference? You turn over in bed, and you are the same man. The next morning you change a number on your letter head, and the day wags as usual.

The Twentieth century was ushered in with gorgeous expectations. All the scribblers were writing its praises, all the prophets predicting, and all the people shouting. It was to be a born wonder. Its baby lips were to proclaim a general transformation, and by a wave of its little hand it was to put a spell upon us all. But its first year is now closing, and it has been amazingly like the last year of the century which we buried under an avalanche of comment. One almost wonders whether old Father Time really knew that a new child had been born into the family. Perhaps the mighty sweep of things was too much for the infant, and we must wait for it to take on the strength of manhood before putting the world to rights.

At all events the tide has been stronger than the change of centuries, and human nature has acted itself out in the old way. And this brings us to the all-important point. Human nature, not time, is the factor. If you and I have set our lives in the wrong direction, the stroke of the clock at the midnight hour is not going to stop us. If we have been sowing bad seed in the field, it will spring up and bear an evil harvest as sure as the winds blow and summer days overlap night. The main question is not what o'clock is it? but which way am I headed? There will never be a century born which can make us good, useful or happy, unless we take the matter in hand ourselves. Time can never drop the word Repent, and to the end of days the prophet must shout to the man who is going the wrong way, right-about-face. We may lean upon time with both elbows and only be the worse for it. There is a siren voice which whispers to all human beings to wait for time to do something for them which they do not want to do for themselves. It is hard to take ourselves in hand, to tackle an unruly temper, a bad habit, a besetting sin, or any other sin. It is much easier to wait for time to extract it from our moral system by some painless method, by the hypnotic influence of a new year, or the magic of another century. The poet did not much overdraw when he said of this siren voice:

"Its song is death, it makes destruction please."

—*The Advance*.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The question of Sunday and excise legislation in the City of New York furnishes items of news which are valuable to the whole country. The agitation now going on there promises to be more radical and permanent than any similar agitation which has occurred within half a century. Two new factors have appeared in the question during the week past. On the evening of Dec. 30, 1901, the "Church Club," representing the Episcopalians of New York, discussed "The Excise Law and Sunday Closing." Bishop Potter and Rev. Dr. Rainsford were the chief speakers. They took strong ground against the legislation now existing, and urged radical changes. Dr. Potter is quoted as saying: "Prohibition is a fraud and a failure; education, elevation, and transformation are the notes which the church must learn to strike." Dr. Rainsford said, "We have no right to force by legal methods our Christian sentiments on the community." Such utterances at such a time indicate the depth of feeling and the variety of opinions which are being expressed. This agitation must concentrate more and more around the Sunday-saloon question in the City of New York, and elsewhere. Later in the week came the opening of the New York Legislature, and the Annual Message of Governor Odell. In that message the Governor takes strong grounds against any legislation making more liberal provisions concerning the sale of liquor on Sunday. Such combination of antagonistic views on the part of able and influential men is a fact which is of more than ordinary importance. Our purpose in this column is only to chronicle the news, that our readers may follow the general trend of opinion and utterance on the question of liquor selling and Sunday-observance.

The newly elected officers of the City of New York took their places at midday Jan. 1, 1902. Great expectations have been raised through their election, and the whole country will watch with interest the final results of their efforts to seek reform. The opening of the State Legislature on the same day was not characterized by any important items of interest.

The British have suffered severe loss in the South African campaign during the week past. So the unhappy war goes on.

A serious railroad accident occurred on the B. & O. line, near Pittsburg, on New Year's day. The New York Limited Express, running at a terrific rate, was thrown over an embankment, wrecking the train; a serious fire broke out in the wreck. The engineer and fireman were killed, and at least sixteen passengers seriously injured.

During the past week an election for President of the new Cuban Republic has been held, in which Tomas Estrada Palma was the successful candidate. Mr. Palma is a man of excellent reputation and recognized ability. In his choice the Cubans have begun what promises to be the successful and peaceful development of a well-ordered Cuban Republic.

On the first day of January, 1902, a convention was convened to amend the Constitution of the state of Connecticut. The present Constitution of that state is essentially like the first Constitution, adopted two and one-half centuries ago. The original Constitution was adopted in 1639. It grants equality to the townships as to Representa-

tives in the Legislature. Such a system is now marked by strange inconsistencies, and probably the new Constitution will set aside the original provision by which a town with four or five hundred inhabitants is equal in legislative matters to a town having an hundred thousand.

Dr. Loeb, of Chicago, has made further announcement during the past week concerning his important researches. The essential point in these researches is that the phenomena of nerve stimulation and anæsthesia are electrical. The Doctor is also experimenting with electricity to discover whether life may be prolonged by preventing certain physical changes through which, as he claims, death comes rather than through the cessation of physical functions.

Increasing activity is reported in the mining interests in the Adirondack mountains of Northern New York. It has been known for many years that these mountains are rich in iron and other minerals. Gold-bearing sand is also found there, and it seems that all these mineral deposits may be successfully and profitably developed. Electricity is already used in Hamilton county in separating the gold from the sand.

THE BIBLE IN CHINA.

The American Bible Society has received a special and extended report of a tour of inspection made by its Agent in Shanghai, China, the Rev. John R. Hykes, D. D., to the several agencies of the Society in North China, inclusive, of Tientsin, and Peking. In part, Dr. Hykes reports as follows:

"The anti-foreign party now realizes that it is utterly hopeless to carry out their program, and that there will be peace, so far as foreigners are concerned, for a long time. All forms of mission work will be on a better and more secure basis than ever before. Missionaries are quietly returning to their stations, and they are being welcomed back by officials and people. The welcome upon the part of the officials may not be sincere; it is upon the part of the common people. The students all over the Empire are eager to get foreign books, and there will be an increasing demand for the Scriptures. When I was in Peking I heard a strange rumor about certain high officials undertaking a translation or revision of the Bible, with a view of improving its style, according to their literary standard; and with the purpose of circulating it among officials and scholars in order to enlighten them as to the purposes of Christianity, and to allay their opposition to it.

"As to our work in the north, which was so seriously broken up by the Boxer uprising, and the outlook for the future. In Tientsin, the sales from our bookstore have recently averaged more than \$50 a month. All these sales were to people who came to the store. We have had no one to go out and offer Scriptures for sale. Mr. Gammon did more for the cause by remaining in the United States. He is now in charge of our work in the north, and will push it energetically. Our depot in Tientsin is a great convenience to the American missionaries who go through the place to their stations in the interior, as well as to those who for various reasons make visits to the coast. It will become more and more a power for good. We are favorably located, and the results have fully justified our opening this depository."

A DIVINELY-GOVERNED WORLD.

BY REV. DR. HILLIS.

Standing under the midnight sky, looking into the realm where stars twinkled and suns blazed, Job found it easy to believe that man moves forward under the convoy of an Infinite Friend. The heavens would not permit the sage to forget for a moment that there are no runaway suns and no stars dashing wildly through space. Looking upward, the astronomer beholds each moon revolving about its planet, each planet moving about its sun, the smaller system revolving about a larger sun that is a cosmic center for all space. When Keats speaks of the clouds as shepherded by the night wind, it is the poet's way of saying that no atom of fog and no speck of star dust is allowed to drift through space. Things small, also, not less than things large, exhibit a similar impulse toward unity. Nature unveils the smallest particle of amethyst, as crystallizing around a central axis. In each grass and flower the lines of beauty are convergent. No star flower, but that a plan braids the colors into one blossom, while in the realm of sound a similar impulse toward unity melts a thousand notes into one song of symphony. For nature's web and textures are all intermeshed, her threads are unbroken. No star wheel slips its cogs, and because all the systems revolve about one cosmic center there are no collisions of planets and no clashing of stars. From the thought that the millions of orbs making up the community of the sky are divinely controlled, the mind passes easily to the larger thought that God is carrying individual man and nations upward toward a sublime culmination, when the drama of this life, with its conflicts, its disasters and defeats, shall give place to amazing victories and disclosures of love in another life, when all who have lived and loved on earth shall enter into that divine event toward which the whole creation moves. But if the scholar finds a unifying power in the heavens, the historian finds a providence in the history of nations, in that each country has its special task, each nation its stint, each generation its own contribution. Thus Lincoln speaks of God as a silent partner in the national enterprise. If the individual sometimes seems an atom so small as to escape all notice in the universe, including millions of worlds, a nation, with cities, schools, libraries, with the joy of the cradle and the pathos of the grave, represents a scene so thrilling and mysterious as to justify the entrance of a divine leader into the battle-scene—a leader whose chariot is indeed concealed behind the clouds. But who, nevertheless, guides the upward movement of the great pilgrim host, and leads them toward certain victory.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

WHEREAS, God, in his infinite wisdom, has called home our dear sister, Mrs. Nancy Stillman Frank; therefore,

Resolved, That in her death the Woman's Evangelical Society of the Second Alfred church has lost one of its most faithful and self-sacrificing members, ever ready with her cheerful presence and consecrated means to forward the Master's work. Of her it can be truly said, "She hath done what she could."

Resolved, That the example of her Christian life is an inspiration to our Society to strive for higher attainments in Christ's service.

Resolved, That we extend to her friends our heartfelt sympathy, and that a copy of these resolutions be spread on our records and be sent to the SABBATH RECORDER for publication.

MRS. JULIA A. ORMSBY, } Com.
MRS. O. A. MERT, }

Missions.

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

On a postal card received from Peter Velthuysen, dated Cape Coast Castle, Nov. 19, 1901, he writes: "The Bathurst has arrived at Cape Coast Castle. I have sent a telegram to the Ammokoos to meet me at Salt Pond. My luggage is not here, so I must be without considerable time. I am fairly well, considering the deadly climate."

EVANGELIST J. G. BURDICK is assisting Pastor L. C. Randolph in some evangelistic meetings. He will go some time in January to Jackson Centre, Ohio, to hold a series of meetings. Mrs. M. G. Townsend was, at last writing, at Garwin, Iowa.

DR. ROSA W. PALMBORG is to sail for Shanghai, China, from San Francisco, on the S. S. America Maru, Jan. 4, 1902. Communications will be received from her for publication.

THE Christian churches and Theological seminaries are sending out preachers, and not pastors. The demand of the churches is popular and attractive preaching. Pulpit oratory, eloquent sermons that will entertain and please an audience, and the ministers who can fill that bill are in demand. A fine voice, a fine presence, fluency, graceful gestures, fine thought and rhetoric, eloquence, are the chief requisites for a successful and popular ministry. These qualities are desired and sought after more than piety, marked spirituality, and pastoral and personal work. It is right for a minister to earnestly and thoroughly strive to be a good, interesting and attractive preacher. He should strive to possess that power, not for his own glory and popularity, but for the glory of God and the saving of men by drawing them to Jesus Christ. But the great need of the churches to-day, in really building them up in membership, in spiritual life and power, is warm, earnest pastoral and personal work by the pastor. Preaching never so powerful and eloquent cannot, and will not, do it. The catering of the churches and of the ministry to-day to first-class pulpit qualities to the neglect and elimination of pastoral qualities, is working injury to the spiritual growth and strength of the churches. Spiritual preaching of the gospel, all earnest and warm, blessed of God, filled with the Holy Spirit, will bring men to the saving knowledge of Christ; but in connection with it, pastoral and personal work will lead more to Christ, reclaim more backsliders, and inspire and strengthen more to do good service for the Master. If there are any pastors among us who are neglecting or shirking pastoral work, they are not only doing wrong to their pastorates, but are robbing themselves of great spiritual blessings.

FROM D. H. DAVIS.

I herewith give you an account of a visit which Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Lucy Tong and myself recently made to Lieu-oo. We decided that the best way for us to make this journey was to call a Chinese house-boat on which we could live during the whole time. Had there been a house at Lieu-oo in which to stop it might have been better to go by wheelbarrows or sedan chairs. To make sure of having a boat in readiness on the day we

wished to start, it was engaged a day in advance, and to make it doubly sure that this boat would be at a certain point ready for us, we had the agreement put into writing and paid part of the money in advance. The boat was to await us at the old regatta-boat-house in the western border of the settlement on the Soo-chow creek. We hoped in this way to save some time and inconvenience of passing the large number of boats that throng this section of the creek by taking the boat at that point.

Wednesday, the day fixed for our starting, came and was unusually hot for the season. We were told that the tide would serve us best at 8 A. M., so we hurried in completing our preparations and set out with our wheelbarrows and rickshas to take the boat, but when we had arrived at the point designated, lo and behold, no boat was there.

There was nothing to do but for Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Tong to wait on the bank while I went to the office to make inquiries. Arriving at head-quarters, I found that another boat had been sent in the place of the one I had engaged. The men on this boat did not know the place to stop for us and had gone some five miles out into the country.

It proved fortunate that I had a written agreement with the office, for I could hold them responsible in the matter, but for some time I did not know how the affair was to be arranged. It was impossible for us to take our luggage five miles into the country and overtake the boat; it would also be very inconvenient for us to go all the way back to our home and start another day. After much talk, the office agreed to call another boat, which they did. It was twelve o'clock before we were able to get our things on board and begin our journey. Things do not always go as badly as this in China.

Our boat-men were very agreeable fellows, but did not make very great speed. When night overtook us we had only reached Nan-ziang, a distance of 48 li (Chinese miles) from Shanghai. To speak of this distance in Chinese numbers leads one to think it is a great deal farther than when speaking in plain English, for then it is only 16 miles.

This is slow navigation when compared with some of the fast Atlantic steamers. It is also slow as compared with the steam navigation now used between many points in China. At Nan-ziang the Southern Methodists have been carrying on mission work for some twenty years without any very apparent success. I have heard the workers that were located at this place have been withdrawn and stationed at other points.

Early Thursday morning we began our onward journey, and after traveling 24 li (8 Eng. miles) came to the walled town of Ka-ting. We pass around on the outside of this city in the water course skirting the walls. In this city the Methodists carried on school work for a number of years, but this work has also been given up and the workers located elsewhere. One can scarcely believe that the work carried on in these places so long will all be lost to the cause of mission work in China. A great deal of work is being done, the results of which do not appear to the worker, but every honest effort constitutes a part of the great work that is being done.

From Ka-ting we encountered a strong head-wind, and at a little distance from this place we again struck the tide-water, which

being also against us, caused us to make very slow progress. At about 4 o'clock P. M. we came to a very low stone bridge. The tide had now risen so high that it was impossible for us to pass under this bridge, hence it became necessary for us to cast anchor at this place and await low tide. We determined to remain here all night and make the remainder of the journey early next morning. We were informed by the people on shore that the home of Mrs. Ng was only some 4 li away. Mrs. Tong thought she could easily walk this distance, so with one of the boatmen I set out with her. The road to be traveled was nothing more than a foot-path leading through the fields, and this road was intersected by so many other roads that it was often difficult to tell which was the right one.

It seemed to us that we had traveled twice 4 li before we arrived at the home of Mrs. Ng. It was nearly dark when we arrived. It was with a good deal of difficulty that the boatman and I found our way back to the boat. It was only by careful observations that we were able to do it at all. One of the grandsons of Mrs. Ng was severely ill with a fever; otherwise the family were well.

Friday morning our boat moved on to Lieu-oo, but it was rainy and we were unable to get out till afternoon. Then we purchased some straw sandals to put on the soles of our shoes to prevent slipping on the muddy and stone-paved roads. We went to the home of Mrs. Ng, about 3 li from the town. The family seemed very glad to receive us. After visiting a little time I concluded to go to the home of Kiang-nyang-nyang, a widow woman, called by Dr. Carpenter, Rebecca. This woman's husband used to be a preacher during the days of Dr. Carpenter's work in China. She herself must have gotten a pretty good knowledge of the gospel in her early days, and it seems to me quite wonderful that she has been able to retain so much of it, being, as she is, surrounded by such dense heathenism. I doubt if many of our Christians in the homeland would do much better if placed in similar circumstances. She is able to read the Scriptures in what she calls the "new character," a phonetic invention of some 35 or 40 years ago, but wholly out of use at the present time. Being able to read this character has, without doubt, been a great help to her in keeping the facts of the Scriptures in mind. Several of the early Christians were taught to read this new character, but this woman is the only one I have ever met that retained the ability to use it. While I was there she read some portions from the Gospel of Luke, and we sang together "There is a happy land." A goodly number of neighbors came in to see the stranger and listen to what he had to say. It was more from curiosity that they came than to hear what he might say. We trust however that they may have heard some things that will be as good seed sown in their hearts. Giving out an appointment for a preaching service to be held at Mrs. Ng's on Sabbath afternoon at two o'clock, we came away returning to Mrs. Ng's for Mrs. Davis, and then we went onto the boat for the night.

Sabbath came, a bright, clear and cold morning. In the morning, I visited the preaching place of the Episcopal Mission, where they have a small day school. So far as I could learn, their work here has not been very successful in point of gathering in mem-

bers into the church. They are the only mission now carrying on mission work at Lieu-oo. While visiting this mission I learned that an English-speaking Chinese had recently opened an English school in town. I determined to visit this school also, and was not long in inquiring my way to it. I found a very nice-looking young Chinaman, who spoke very good English. He received me very cordially, inviting me into his private room, and furnishing me with a cup of tea, which is to be drunk at the close of the interview.

I found this young man had studied in the Tientsin College, under Mr. Tenny, and on account of the trouble in the North last year he had returned to his home in Lieu-oo, and had opened this school on his own account. He inquired of my honorable occupation—a polite way of speaking in China. I was glad to tell him that I was a missionary. He said he was not a Christian. I expressed the hope that he might become one. I drank the tea, and our interview was brought to a close.

In the afternoon, as Mrs. Davis and I were on our way to the service to be held at Mrs. Ng's, this Chinese teacher, with another young man, very unexpectedly overtook us, and said that some of the gentry of the place had a matter about which they wished to consult us, and wished me to remain in Lieu-oo for a few days. I promised to call on him in the evening, and proceeded on our way to the service.

There were not very many at this meeting, but for the sake of the three Christians who were there, and are not privileged with hearing any preaching, I was glad to hold the service. I was very glad to learn that another of Mrs. Ng's nieces is favorably inclined toward Christianity.

There was present an old lady, a relative of Rebecca, who heard the gospel from Dr. Carpenter, but has never yet believed. She seems to have a good understanding of the truth, and says she does not believe in the various heathen customs of the people about her. I truly hope she may yet become a true believer. I urged her to do so. The service being over, we were served with some light refreshments, and then returned to our boat; and in the evening, according to agreement, I went to call on the Chinese teacher. I found a good number of gentlemen awaiting me, and soon learned that the question about which they wished to consult was the organization of a high school or college. A large number of the gentry of the place are interested in the scheme and are willing to support it. I promised to aid them all I could by way of suggestion and advice, and in getting them a foreign teacher, if they desired. I gave them some suggestions as to how to go about the matter, and they said they would come to see me at Shanghai further on the matter. The only object I would have in lending assistance in a case like this would be to bring as much Christian influence as possible to bear on this enterprise. Their being willing to seek aid from the missionary is evidence that they are not bitterly opposed to Christianity. If the reform movement is carried out in China, the demand will be greater than ever for work in such lines as this.

We left Lieu-oo, as the tide was in our favor, that evening, coming quite a distance before we stopped for the night. We reached

Shanghai early Monday morning, returning in less time than we went.

I have often felt that I would be glad to do much more of this itinerating work than I have been able to do during these later years. During my first years in China I did work in traveling about and preaching in the towns and villages about, but of late I have been so much confined with the work in Shanghai that it has been almost impossible for me to get away. I am living in anticipation of the time coming again that my hands shall be free to do this work.

WEST GATE, Shanghai, China, Nov. 8, 1901.

DISTINGUISHING THE YEARS.

The happiest maker of a Happy New Year is hope. The man who wakes on the morning of the first of January with a hope in his heart, listens to the habitual greetings of the day with no sense of discord. He is happy. The new year is his new chance. He means to make it count. He is confident that he can stamp a brand of success on the year to come that will always distinguish it from the rest of his years. He expects after it is gone always to remember it with a distinct gladness. Therefore with distinct gladness he welcomes its arrival.

But it is decidedly harder to call the new year happy, if, so far as you can see, it is bringing you nothing new. What's the use of a New Year's day to mark the boundary line between two years if one is to be just like the other? It doesn't pay to keep up a line fence between two equally barren fields. Traveling across a flat prairie, one has no desire to get down out of the train at every way station and celebrate his progress. When New Year's days become mere way stations in a monotonous prairie landscape, the adjective "happy" begins to sound sarcastic. As enterprising merchants sometimes tack advertisements on the "risers" of public stairways, so there is room for placarding "happy" on the years as long as they ascend in staircase fashion. But when they are flattened out to a level, the place for the placard is gone.

And yet for the majority of us the year 1902 promises in all external things to be just a made-over garment, cut out of the materials and after the pattern of 1901. It is only a minority who really hope for the year at hand to bring them a larger success as measured by purse, fame or power. The average man expects only as much work, as good wages, as many comforts, as many friendships, as he had the year past. It seems indeed that for social stability it must be so. The world would be in continual earthquake if the typical citizen changed level every year, whether going up or going down. But the sorrow of it is that the solidification of the social mass crushes hope out of so many individual lives. Seeing nothing ahead to call them forth out of the present, men settle down bitterly or stolidly to endure the dull succession of indifferent days. The years become an endless chain clogged to millstones that grind away the soul.

Yet there is a secret capable of restoring to every man his birth-right of happy New Years instinct with hope. It opens a door to a freer realm. If outer environment presses unyieldingly upon us, we may withdraw into the inner chambers and find there largeness and liberty unknown to the world without. If we

cannot make 1902 distinctive from 1901 with new achievement or new accumulation for the earthly man, we can draw a distinction in the affairs of the spiritual life. And surely to progress from poverty to wealth spiritually is as signal a glory for a year of our history as to rise in a year from financial want to plenty. If then we have no chance of climbing up before the eyes of men, may not we thereby be turned to the nobler ambition—to the ever-open opportunity to climb upward before the eyes of God?

Perhaps 1901 has been to you a year of unfaith. How happy then should be the opening of a new year which, with the help of God, you may make a year of faith. Or there may be long years of self-seeking behind you; here is the opportunity to vary the sameness of life with a year of self-forgetfulness. Or you might signalize 1902 as an advance year in patience, optimism, friendliness, church faithfulness, soul-winning. Doubtless it would be a proud thing to know a year hence that you were a wealthier, more learned, more influential or better-known man than now. But will it be worth a whit less to know that you are a kinder, nobler, more faithful, more hopeful, less sinful man? Which is the better triumph—the one that but few may boast or the one that all may enjoy? Truly the world of the spirit has room for epics of conquest and romances of success and histories of attainment more heroic than the world of matter and sense has seen. Let us distinguish 1902 by our struggles and our victories in that higher world and for its more essential life.—*Exchange.*

SILENCE.

JEROME K. JEROME.

There is much help in silence. From its touch we gain renewed life. Silence is to the soul what his mother Earth was to Briareus. From contact with it we rise healed of our hurts and strengthened for the fight. Amid the Babel of the schools we stand bewildered and affrighted. Silence gives us peace and hope. Silence teaches us no creed, only that God's arms are around the universe.

How small and unimportant seem all our fretful troubles and ambitions when we stand with them in our hand before the great calm face of silence! We smile at them ourselves and are ashamed.

Silence teaches us how little we are—how great we are. In the world's market-places we are tinkers, tailors, apothecaries, thieves—respectable or otherwise, as the case may be—mere atoms of a mighty machine, mere insects in a vast hive.

It is only in silence that it comes home to us that we are something much greater than this—that we are men, with all the universe and all eternity before us. It is in silence we hear the voice of truth. The temples and marts of men echo all night and day to the clamor of lies and shams and quackeries. But in silence, falsehood cannot live. You cannot float a lie on silence. A lie has to be puffed aloft, and kept from falling by men's breath. Leave a lie on the bosom of silence, and it sinks. A truth floats there fair and stately, like some stout ship upon a deep ocean. Silence buoys her up lovingly for all men to see. Not until she has grown worn-out and rotten, and is no longer a truth, will the waters of silence close over.

Silence is the only real thing we can lay hold of in this world of passing dreams. Time is a shadow that will vanish with the twilight of humanity; but silence is a part of the eternal. All things that are true and lasting have been taught to men's hearts by silence.

Woman's Work.

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

STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there never will be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measures of joy and sorrow.

Then why forecast the trials of life
With much sad and grave persistence,
And wait and watch for a crowd of ills
That as yet have no existence?

Strength for to-day: what a precious boon
For earnest souls who labor,
For the willing hands that minister
To the needy friend and neighbor.

Strength for to-day, that the weary hearts
In the battle for right may quail not,
And the eyes bedimmed by bitter tears
In their search for light may fail not.

Strength for to-day on the down-hill track
For the travelers near the valley,
That up, far up on the other side,
Ere long they may safely rally.

Strength for to-day, that our precious youth
May happily shun temptation,
And build from the rise to the set of the sun
On a strong and sure foundation.

Strength for to-day, in house and home,
To practice forbearance sweetly;
To scatter kind words and loving deeds,
Still trusting in God completely.

Strength for to-day is all that we need,
As there will never be a to-morrow;
For to-morrow will prove but another to-day,
With its measures of joy and sorrow.

—Boston Transcript.

THE recent death of Mrs. Croly, better known as "Jennie June," removes a woman well-known for many years as a popular writer and journalist. To the present generation she is little more than a name, but the older ones will readily recall her. She was the first woman in this country to enter the field of journalism, and in the fifties gained a standing as a writer on the subject of fashions, and general topics of interest to women.

In later years she was better known as an organizer of woman's clubs, and was familiarly known as the "Mother of Clubs." The first woman's club in America, the Sorosis, was founded by her more than thirty years ago. She was a woman, slight and delicate in appearance, but of great zeal and executive ability. Her husband was at one time Managing Editor of the *World*, and it was he who said of her, that no worker on his staff was her equal as a writer.

AFTER a long struggle, the women of the Methodist Episcopal church have won, and are hereafter to receive official recognition as delegates to the General Conference. The work accomplished by the women in the churches, and their increasing interest and activity, led to their being appointed as delegates from some of the churches to the General Conference of 1888. When they came to take their places as delegates, they found the position disputed. It was contrary to the constitution, and then and there began the struggle, only just ended, to give to women the right of delegates. Again and again, it was discussed and voted down; but, at last, more than three-fourths of the Conferences—the required number—have voted to amend the constitution; so that, hereafter, women will be able to represent their churches as delegates, and take part in the deliberation of the Conferences.

"Do you regard a wife as a necessary luxury?"

"Well, no. If she is a luxury she is not a necessity, while if she is a necessity she is never a luxury."—*American Woman's Journal*.

ENVIRONMENT.

HENRY M. MAXSON.

In the last two decades much has been said about heredity. The sins of the fathers show themselves in the blood of the children, and the evil of the present is traced back to its origin in former generations.

This is an important principle in the study of social questions, but we are now learning that there is associated with it another principle of even greater force—environment. The man of the future is the child of to-day, and the influences that surround the child of to-day determine what the man of the future will be. The child may have the best of heritage, and fall into an environment that will produce naught but evil; he may have a heritage that is wholly bad, and yet his environment may develop a strong and useful character.

The teaching of the Sabbath-school and the discipline of the day-school are a part of this environment, but the atmosphere of the home, the influence of the play-ground, the example of the social life about him, are even more powerful, and may counteract them. His parents may be active in all that is good, but the unconscious, unintended influence of their practice may nullify the influence of their preaching, or some unsuspected influence in the environment without the home may overshadow all the rest.

Even with a good heritage and an apparently good environment, the problem seems uncertain in its results; what shall be said of the future of a child with an evil heritage and a bad environment? For such there is but little hope, and it seems as if the child born in the slums is foredoomed to an immoral, vicious life. The most deplorable thing about the police corruption in New York City is not the effect on the evil men and women, but the influence on the children that grow up with all this evil flaunting in their faces day by day. Two decades of good government like that which we expect from Mr. Low cannot efface the evil effects of the government of the last four years; for the children that have grown up in the streets of a "wide-open" town have learned to tolerate or envy vice, to admire the evil-doer who has a "pull," and to believe that right and wrong are simply a matter of dollars and cents.

All honor to the organizations that have been working in all our cities to create parks, establish kindergartens and "Settlements," improve the tenements, provide playgrounds, and in all possible ways improve the environment of child life, for on such work rests the hope of regeneration in our cities.

A striking commentary on the force of environment is the report of the Children's Aid Society. In forty years it has placed 22,000 children in Western homes. These children came from all kinds of surroundings. Orphaned, abandoned, picked up in the streets, rescued from homes of cruelty or vice, they would seemingly present a prospect of great disappointment to those who befriended them. Care was taken to place them in homes where the conditions would be good, and of this vast number of children 87 per cent are reported as doing well. Eight per cent were returned to their friends, so that there were really only 5 per cent who could be said not to have been saved by the change. Not only have these children been saved

from evil lives, but from their ranks have come bankers, lawyers, ministers, teachers, legislators, and even governors.

Are there any children in your almshouse? Are there any who are boarded out in unworthy homes by the poor-master?—If so, their future has little hope. They ought as early as possible to be placed in real homes, or, at least, under good influences, and every town ought to have a band of faithful men and women who will care for all such cases.

DID WE LOSE A BLESSING?

Across the road from a former home lay a steep, rocky hillside pasture. Every week an old man came to the fence carrying a box of salt, and his voice rang out loud, insistent: "Come, Nan! Come, Nan!" The sheep nibbling here and there would raise their heads and start immediately, eager for the promised treat. Pell-mell, leaping, bleating they came, and the old man's face was bright with pleasure as he watched them.

At our last Friday-night prayer-meeting our leader gave for our theme The Gift of Christ, asking us to tell what that gift meant to us as individuals. Here and there came a tardy response, and patiently our leader waited, reminding us occasionally of some new line of mercies, trying to incite us to give voice to thoughts that he well knew were busy within us. And we sat there with accusing consciences, seeming helpless as sheep tangled in a hedge.

There came a sadder tone into the voice that at first had been ringing with the joy of the theme; the eyes seemed to look reproachfully at us; and at length came a look of patient weariness into the face that seemed a reflection of the patience of the divine leader who through him had been pleading "Lovest thou me?"

How many of us brought away from that meeting hearts heavy with a sense of a privilege unimproved, a blessing unrecieved? s.

NEW MOVEMENT IN INDIA.

It is rumored that a conference is soon to be held at Calcutta to discuss matters of interest to women. The prime movers in this are two native princes, both of them Hindoos.

There are three important matters to be considered. First, the raising of the age limit for marriage among the natives. The age for girls now is from eight to nine, with ten for the maximum. According to the Shastras, sacred writings of the Hindoos, if a girl attains marriageable age while still an unmarried inmate of her father's house, that girl is an outcast, and should be treated as such. In that warm climate early developments are the rule, so it is not uncommon to see mothers of thirteen, and, consequently, grandmothers of less than thirty. One result of this early enforced maternity has been a lamentable physical deterioration of the race, attended by other consequences more subtle, but no less serious.

The second topic that will engage the attention of the conference is the abolition of compulsory celibacy among Indian and Mahometan widows.

Although the practice of "suttee," the burning alive of widows on the husband's funeral pyre, was formally abolished by the Indian government in 1835, on the plea that it was "culpable homicide," it has not been possible to legislate successfully against the more bitter punishment meted out to those

unfortunate women, who in becoming widows lose all social rights, are deprived of their ornaments, compelled to assume the coarsest and scantiest of clothing, to fill the most menial positions in the household, and to be physically disfigured.

The third question which will come up is of the education of the Indian women. As matters stand now, such education as they receive terminates with their marriage, and, as that must take place before they enter their teens, at least in the case of a Hindoo girl, it is readily seen that it must be of a very superficial and primary character.

Now, education among the men has become so much a matter of course, they have seized so eagerly on the generous opportunities put in their way both by the government and by private and religious beneficence, that they are beginning to desire that similar opportunities should be given to the women they shall marry. In short, they are no longer willing that their wives shall be mental children, but are anxious that they should be fitted for comrades and companions in the best and highest sense of the terms.

The President of the Anglo-Oriental College, at Aligarh, India, the only Mahometan college of any note in that country, said that if he were a Mahometan father with a family of daughters to marry, he would, simply as a business proposition, have them well educated, as there was a "large and growing demand" among the Mahometan youths for educated wives. And among the Hindoo men there was visible an anxiety almost pathetic for the mental development of the women of their race. One young barrister of Madras sought to get information as to the American methods of educating our women. One of the questions was, "How do you rouse a desire for learning in your girls?" "Now, this aspect of the case had never presented itself to me," said a woman who had recently returned from India, "but after a moment's thought I replied, with a smile, 'Why, I believe our girls are born "wanting to know".' A reply which apparently opened up an entirely new vista of thought to my caller.

Closely connected with the question of the education of Eastern women, indeed, inseparable from it, is that of the "purdah system." Now, education and the veil, in the Oriental sense, are incompatible terms, and one of the first steps that the women of the East will have to take in their march toward mental equality with the men must be the laying aside of the veil, and against this all the conservatism of the race and sex has armed itself. The grandmothers especially—and in the Orient they are a most potent factor—are clamorously opposed to such a course. Indeed, their venerable faces are set obstinately against changes of any kind, and the progress of their daughters toward better things will have to be made, quite literally, over the dead bodies of the grandams.

RELIGION IN 1901.

(From the New York Tribune.)

The old saying that prosperity is bad for religion seems to be borne out in the year just closing. The three larger Baptist benevolent societies report a decline in contributions. The Congregationalists have held their own, but can report no great forward movement. The Episcopal Missionary Board faces a deficit of \$80,000, all the more embarrassing because

it is expanding its missionary effort. The Methodists have done well in raising \$15,000,000 as a twentieth century fund, but there are indications that it has been done at the expense of some other interests. The Presbyterians and Roman Catholics appear to have done well. In all these bodies there has been a growth in membership, but the denominational organs think that it ought to have been greater. Evangelism has made an unsatisfactory showing. Various twentieth century revival movements were started at the beginning of the year, but not one of them fulfilled expectations. Even church members seem to be out of sympathy with the purely emotional appeals to sinners that were once so potent.

One of the most important events of the year affecting religion was the passage of the Associations law by France and the resulting expulsion of about eleven thousand members of religious orders, a few of whom came to this country. The Presbyterian church decided to put forth a statement explaining, but not superseding, its creed. The Baptist Societies held meetings largely devoted to the discussion of ways and means. The Episcopal General Convention appointed Bishops for Porto Rico and the Philippines, but otherwise took no action on burning questions submitted to it. The Methodist Conferences appear to have acted favorably on the proposition to admit women as delegates to the General Conference, and the question will now go to that body. The Roman Catholics have effected a federation of their lay societies; but the year has witnessed a notable increase of Protestant missionary activity in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines at the expense of that body. All the larger Protestant bodies report the erection of churches and school-houses and many accessions to their membership. The fact has just been announced that the Roman church in this country is alive to the need of holding its own in these new possessions, and with that end in view will train American priests to take the place of native priests. At a recent Conference all the sects of the Quakers met and declared for arbitration instead of war. The tendency toward liturgical worship and ceremonial has been developed in the non-liturgical churches. Lent and Holy Week are looming up larger than the Week of Prayer, and vested choirs have increased among the Methodists. On the other hand, extreme ritualism in the Anglican and Episcopal churches has received a distinct setback, and it is believed that it will soon cease to be a vital issue in these churches.

While there have been no large benefactions to religion during the year, many millions of dollars have been given to secular objects, in some cases by church members who declined to give anything to meet the urgent needs of their denomination. The chief beneficiary, probably, has been education, in one form or another—a fact which led Dr. Minton, a well-known Presbyterian clergyman of Philadelphia, to declare on Sunday that the country is university mad. Hardly less marked than the interest in education has been the quickening of the church's interest in social betterment, which manifests itself sometimes in the broadening of parochial activities, testifying to the sense of sympathy and brotherhood. Whether or not this impulse of brotherhood

was originally inspired by religion, it is no longer coterminous with religion. Many men and women, not religious, feel the uplift of its inspiration, and labor with passionate zeal for the regeneration of the downmost man.

LOWER LIGHTS.

For Christ and the Sabbath.

2 Cor. 4:6.

CONSECRATION.

We cannot expect to do any effectual work for God without complete consecration. We have no right to expect him to own and bless our efforts unless we are wholly given up to him.

A few years ago the wife of a certain evangelist, though a Christian and an earnest worker, felt that there might be some higher attainment in the Christian life for her, and earnestly sought it in prayer with her husband and another minister. She had a wonderful experience. A new light dawned upon her, and since that time she, too, has been preaching, working side by side with her husband, and has won many souls to Christ.

If we feel that we are not fully set apart for God's service; if we have some of Christ and some of self in our hearts, we can make the offering alone in our closets. We can put all we have upon the altar, and the dear Father will not reject it. On the contrary, he will come unto us and make his abode with us. After that we may expect great things from him. We shall be able to "do all things through Christ". He will fulfill his promise: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto my Father." Work which seemed difficult before will be easy now; for it is God working through us.

Mr. Moody was a striking example of the consecrated disciple. It is said that he heard some one say: "The world has yet to see what God can do *with*, and *for*, and *through*, and *in* a man who is fully and wholly consecrated to him."

Mr. Moody, though unlearned, and poor, and unpolished in manners, said to himself: "Well, I am a man. It lies with the man himself whether he will or will not make that full and entire consecration. I will try my utmost to be that man."

Consecration is known by various names. Baptists call it "higher life," and believe it is a process and result of spiritual growth. Methodists call it "sanctification," and believe it is an instantaneous blessing; an experience distinct from, and received after, conversion. Many believe in "sanctification" who do not believe in "perfection," as some interpret the word. Sanctification really means set apart for the Lord's use; as, you remember the altar and the vessels of the tabernacle were sanctified. Ex. 40:9-11.

By whatever name we wish to call it, let us seek this blessing anew, for better service, during the coming year. Let us make the offering to our God of all that we have, and ask to be made free from selfishness. Let us pray this prayer:

"Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord,
By the power of grace divine;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope
And my will be lost in thine."

ANGELINE ABBEY.

NOTHING is ever settled until settled right.
—Charles Sumner.

Young People's Work.

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

Working Side by Side.

When you are reading these words the American Maru will be plowing the broad Pacific, carrying our missionary, Dr. Palmborg. There are many young people who have been brought into closer touch with foreign missions during the past year by meeting her and looking at China through her eyes. Something of the Christ love, the Christ yearning for "other sheep which are not of this fold," has come into your hearts, and the work to which she goes is yours in a sense in which it never was before.

My dear young people, let us come very close to the foreign mission work,—so close that we can feel its throb and heart-beat. The Davises and the Crofoots and the Booths, Miss Burdick and Miss Palmborg, Mr. Bakker and Mr. Velthuysen—these are our advance guard, our Legion of Honor, for they march next to the King. That hard, self-sacrificing pioneer work must be closest of all to the heart of Christ, who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

Come close to foreign missions, so that you may have a share in that grand work. Give your money to it, read its literature, talk about it in your prayer-meeting and in the social circle, write letters, especially to our missionaries who have been away from the native land for years, and whose hearts hunger for the fellowship of their brethren and sisters at home. Be a part of this great work. Feel that it is yours.

Come close to foreign missions, so that the same consecration may steal into your lives. For you have a mission, too. How it cheers the heart of the missionaries to hear of victories at home. How it chills them to feel the apathy and indifference of brethren and sisters who might do so much by their money and their service. It is all one work. O, Christian Endeavorers, some of you are far from the touch of our hands, but count us a part of your cause. Thousands of miles apart, yet working side by side.

Economy of Time.

But, really, now, doesn't it tire you to read about these people who acquired several languages while working at the blacksmith's forge; or who read the encyclopedia while knitting stockings for the boys; or who committed to memory Paradise Lost while going errands for an employer? Well, I have sometimes thought there was such a thing as overdoing the business. There seem to be some lives in which the biographers made no provision for rest. We have not all the constitutional vigor of Elihu Burritt, and can hardly take him as an exact model.

Yet, let us not sniff at the subject altogether. "Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Yes, take care of the minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves. I have been thinking it over, more or less, for thirty-seven years, and I have come to the conclusion that we—myself included—harm ourselves a good deal by needless waste of time.

What is it that tires a man, anyway? Worry! Discouragement! Sense of failure! Nervous strain! These are what tire a man.

The "tireddest" man I saw to-day was a loafer puffing a pipe, lounging on two chairs. Let us systematize our days, hours, minutes, more carefully. Dedicating them all to God, may the Holy Spirit work through us, "both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

A PAPER.

DR. ROSA PALMBORG.

Read at the Missionary Hour of the South-Eastern Association at Salem, W. Va.

I feel that it is almost unnecessary to speak about our mission work here, as you have had all of our missionaries with you at different times, and must already have heard a great deal about it. I hope you will bear with me if I repeat.

It is my sincere wish, however, that you might all be thoroughly acquainted with the Chinese, and especially with our own people. If you were, you would surely love them as much as we do. Our little church in Shanghai would like to send you greeting, I know. Many of them pray always that God will bless the Christians and kind friends in the homeland who have sent them the gospel by the missionaries, and thus given them the means of salvation. I think they realize the preciousness of it as much as any of us, or perhaps more, as they see so clearly the other side, the degradation of heathenism.

Our church, now numbering fifty-eight members, compares favorably, I believe, with churches of the homeland, with regard to consecration, spirituality and faithfulness to their profession. Unfortunately they are most of them not rich in this world's goods, but they are usually generous with what they have. A few of them are converts who helped to form the church; some of them have come in from hearing the preaching of the Word; some through the medical work, and a good many of them have grown up in our schools. We hope great things from the latter, as they are the training schools for our future workers. Already we have some fruits from them. One young man and two young women who have received their education with us, are teaching in our Day Schools; one young woman, one of the first class of students in our Girl's Boarding School, has been studying medicine, and will be able to do much good. Already her influence is for the best, and she is an earnest, active Christian worker. As Salem College has been and is sending out an influence in West Virginia which will be felt for generations to come, so we hope our schools in China will be a Christianizing power which shall grow with the years, and make some impression on the dense mass of heathenism and superstition now existing there. Who shall say that the work is not as important in one place as in another; that the young people of China are not as much worth saving as those in our own country? I believe they are, and that if we persevere, the time will come when our labor there will prove to have been not in vain.

Our medical work is of course at a standstill at the present time, but we have been having good success, and know that some souls have been saved through it. It is a work which attracts the Chinese because of the material and physical benefits they receive from it, but there are few who are not, in the first place, so attracted rather than by the beauty of the religion we teach. One of our very best Christians told me that when she first heard the gospel, she asked,

"How much will you give me if I believe?" No one knowing her generous, unselfish life now would dream that she had ever asked such a question. Even some of the disciples of our Lord asked at one time what they should receive, and were rebuked for disputing as to which should be greater in the kingdom of heaven. But they came to a time when they believed that giving is better than receiving, even of life itself, and so do our Chinese Christians. If you doubt it, think of the number who, during the recent Boxer uprising, gave up their lives rather than deny Christ, by doing which they might, in many cases, have saved themselves.

The terrible ordeal that the church in China has been called to pass through has been a trial to the faith of many, I know, but I believe it will yet be proved that God is working, in a mysterious way, to perform wonders in that land. How many times it has been proved true that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," and it will be true this time. In the summer of 1895 there was a terrible massacre in Fokien (Foochow) province, of eleven missionaries and children, and persecution of native Christians which shocked the world. During the two or three years following, there was such a spread of Christianity and such a remarkable growth of the church in that locality as had never been known before. The shock of that tragedy has been swallowed up in the greater horror of these later massacres.

It has been stated, and I have no doubt it is true, that more missionaries and native Christians have been killed in China during the past year than in the whole history of missions in the entire world before. Reasoning from past experience, should not the reaction be greater and the results more marvelous than ever before? With such a seed-sowing, what shall the harvest be? Our own little church has not been called upon to suffer, but they were ready to if necessary; and although threatened with trouble, they one and all stood calmly and firmly as Christians and had no thought of hiding it from the world.

There were many causes operating to produce the unrest throughout the Empire, which resulted in the terrible outbreak in the North. Some of these were originally good and some bad. As the people become Christian, they refuse to support heathen temples and heathen practices, which begets the hatred of the religionists. They also become enlightened and favor Western progress, which is hateful to the old conservatives.

Some years ago, the Christian women of China sent a beautiful copy of the New Testament to the Empress Dowager, hoping to lead her into the truth. Although failing to accomplish their purpose, the Emperor, through reading it, became favorably inclined toward Christianity and Christians, and made edicts in their favor, doing away with many things belonging to heathenism. One of his chief advisers, Kang Yeu We, was partially educated in a Christian school in Shanghai, and three of his friends who were killed when he was deposed were probably Christians. Their advice and policy was, of course, opposed to that of the Empress and her party, and she soon showed her displeasure by putting them to death. The trade with foreign nations makes foreign goods in some cases cheaper than native goods, thus stopping their product more or

less. Manufactures introduced by foreigners do away with much handiwork and throw many out of employment. Railroads and steamboats do away with native modes of transportation, and enforce idleness on many who have no other means of earning a livelihood. All these things contribute to the general unrest.

Of the causes originally evil we may mention the Opium War of 1840, when opium was forced on China, at a time when she saw her danger from it and tried to avert it by forbidding its importation. I believe the Chinese began decidedly to hate foreigners at that time.

The most direct cause of all was the greed of foreign nations for Chinese territory, which, in her weak condition, she could not resist. The open talk of partitioning China among the great Powers of Europe was enough to inflame any loyal heart.

Can we wonder much that the ignorant and the hot-headed turned to rend their supposed enemy? Of course, we cannot excuse their cruelty.

You may say they are not barbarians, but a civilized people, and ought to have done better; but their civilization is not based on Christianity and does not recognize its principles. The actions of Christian nations have not been such as to increase their respect for Christianity. Many foreigners who are not Christians continually abuse the Chinese. They think all belonging to Christian nations are Christians, and that their actions are the results of Christianity. Is it strange they want to reject it, with its teachers? It seems to me it is our duty to retrieve the reputation of Christianity by sending out still more teachers and representatives of it, till the Chinese shall learn to know the difference between the true and false, and accept the true. Shall we not work and pray and give to this end?

OUR MIRROR.

PRESIDENT'S LETTER.

Dear Young People:

I hope the suggestion of my last letter commends itself to all. We should not only familiarize ourselves with all phases of the Sabbath question, but we should also accustom ourselves to the habit of conversing upon the subject. Not that we should make it a hobby, but rather that, with an erect head, a frank and fearless manner, we should gladly advocate and defend the truth committed to us, as we have opportunity. This cannot be done unless we rightly observe the Sabbath ourselves. We should accompany our observance of, and arguments for, the Sabbath with the maximum of spirituality and the minimum of worldliness. You will be surprised to know that in the three Associations where our largest churches are now located, a continued repetition of the results of the past year would leave in that large territory at the end of fifty-five years only seventy-seven Seventh-day Baptists.

Permit me to suggest in connection with that fact that Sabbath-observance carries no weight of conviction with it when the observer is given to the frivolous and questionable amusements of the world.

We must hold up a higher standard of Christianity if we would have power with God and men.

M. B. KELLY.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 30, 1901.

THE AUTOMOBILE.

BY HENRI FOURNIER.

[M Fournier holds the world's record for making the fastest mile in an automobile.—Ed.]

Undoubtedly the automobile has come to stay and to do, as the years go on, more and more of the world's work.

The fact that I went a mile in 51.45 seconds on the Coney Island Boulevard the other day shows the swiftness we have already attained with these machines, and it must be remembered that they are as yet only in their infancy. Six years ago we were making very bad automobiles in France and Germany—almost as bad as those the American makers are now turning out. Now France and Germany make fine autos, and I have come to this country to make fine autos here.

We French are manufacturing better automobiles than the Americans because we began first and because our conditions are more favorable for development. Coney Island Boulevard is as good as any road in France, but in France they have thousands of miles like it, while here there are very few.

Of course, our good roads helped the automobile, as also did our comparatively bad railroads. Here, on the other hand, there are good railroads stretching everywhere through a brand new country, where the wagon-ways are still rough.

The conditions for automobile development are therefore not so favorable here as in France, but they are improving very rapidly.

Not so with American-made automobiles. I do not see any improvement in them since I was here three years ago. The machine in which I made the mile record of 51.45 seconds was of French make, as also was that in which Mr. Foxhall Keene did a mile in 54.35 seconds.

The makers here started wrong. Instead of taking the best French and German models and trying to improve on them, they set out to produce something original, and thus went over all the ground previously traversed by the European manufacturers, and fell into the errors out of which the latter had laboriously struggled. It is a shame, for their trouble and expense were quite unnecessary. They should have taken advantage of the experiments and experiences of those who had preceded them.

The greatest change which I believe will be made in your cities by the perfect automobile will be in the wagon service. The old horse and wagon and horse and cart will have to go; the automobile is so much better, quicker, surer, cheaper. This will make a great difference, as it will just about abolish all stables throughout the city, and by clearing horses off the streets will at once render them much cleaner. It will also make imperative the extension of smooth paving like the asphalt, which in certain weather is unfavorable for horses, but always good for the automobiles.

In addition to this the new machines will greatly increase the wagon capacity of city streets, because they are so much shorter than a horse and wagon, and travel so much more swiftly. With the horse banished and complete auto service throughout the city, the capacity of the streets would be at least quadrupled, which would do away with the blockades that now are so frequent on some of the narrow water-front streets.

Then, of course, for conveyance to and from business and for coaching and pleasure riding the automobile is far superior to the old car-

riage, coach or cab. It is not necessary that any one should travel at the rate of seventy miles an hour. He need not race unless he so desires and the time and place are proper for racing. Twenty miles an hour is a good pace, although safer with the automobile than going eight miles an hour behind a horse. And it is delightful to travel in an automobile going twenty miles an hour. The sensation is most exhilarating—like that of flying, as I imagine—and there are no ill effects.

Twenty miles an hour behind an automobile is safer than eight miles behind a horse because the auto is so very much shorter, so powerful and so easily controlled. I can teach any one to manage an automobile in half an hour, and though it is going at high speed, one can stop the machine on its own length. Anybody can manage it, and it turns, twists and dodges about so easily that accidents are avoided which would be disastrous if you were sitting behind a horse. During all the time that I have been driving these machines I only had one accident. That was the collision with the train of the Long Island Railroad Company which occurred several weeks ago. I have never yet been hurt, though constantly racing, which, I think, goes to show that there is comparatively little hazard about running an auto.

For conveyance of people on short journeys or pleasure jaunts the automobile in this country has a great mission to fulfill, and this will be constantly extended as the good roads which the machines demand are given.

Some people anticipate that the automobile will drive out the electric car and so rid our streets of the tracks and the overhead wires. I, however, am not among those who believe that that will be done—at least not soon.

An automobile service carrying passengers throughout the city for five cents would have many advantages. The vehicles, not being limited to tracks, could not be blocked as they now are, and an accident to one of the five or six thousand which would be necessary to the service would have no effect upon the others.

However, the automobile surface car to take the place of the trolley is still so far in the future that it can safely be left for future discussion.

In war the auto would not cut much of a figure so far as this country is concerned, though it might be of considerable service in Europe, where they have such perfect roads. America's lack of military highways would place the machine at great disadvantage as compared with a horse.

There has been some suggestion of field guns carried about by automobiles, but I feel sure that they would not do at all. Field guns have to go through very rough places, plowed fields, for instance, and they need a pull from the front, such as the horse gives, in order to get them along.

The power of the automobiles is applied directly to the wheels and does not pull the machine at all. Thus in a plowed field the wheels would revolve quickly enough, but they would only make a hole in the ground, while the machine stood still.

This same reason would also prevent the auto from doing much for the farmer.

On the other hand, in countries like France and Germany, where there are many good roads, I believe that the automobile could be of the greatest service for moving ammunition and provisions, as well as for carrying scouts, dispatch bearers or generals, or even the conveyance of troops.—*The Independent*.

Children's Page.

WATCHING GRANDMOTHER.

On tiptoe, very wide awake,
Drawn for a moment from her play,
Watching grandmother frost a cake,
Wee Mabel stood one day.

A spell of pensive silence passed,
When by a sudden impulse led,
"My papa says I's dwoing fast,"
With artless pride she said.

Then pausing as the future glowed
With promise in her childish view:
"An' dwan'ma, when I dit all dwoyd,
Den I tan frost cakes too."

Grandmother stooped, and with a kiss
Mabel was folded to a breast
Whose longings for her future bliss
Love-moistened eyes expressed.

"Dwan'ma," she murmured, nestling there,
Her sense of fostering love complete,
"I dwees dey's fwostin' on 'ou' hair,
'Betause 'ou is so sweet."

—Washington Star.

HOW BOBBY SAW THE OLD YEAR OUT.

BY ALICE GARLAND STEELE.

The children blinked their eyes and sat up very straight in the sleepy old nursery. Would the bells never begin to ring? It had seemed so wonderful when mother promised that they should watch the dear Old Year fade away until nothing was left of it, and the baby New Year came to take its place; but somehow the pleasure wasn't half so great as Bobbie and Elsie thought it would be. It was dreadfully hard to keep awake. Elsie kept her eyes fixed quite steadily on the bright coals in the nursery grate, and Bobby, as boys of seven will, shifting now this way, now that, in a frantic endeavor to keep his eyelids from shutting down so tightly that he would not be able to open them again till morning.

Down in the hall below they could hear the "grown-ups" laughing and talking together, as if it was the most natural thing in the world to stay awake until midnight. It made Bobby rather envious.

"I say, Elsie, let's go gown and s'prise 'em."

Elsie looked at him disdainfully.

"We'd better stay here, else they'll send us straight to bed."

Bobby stifled a yawn. Do you think it's near, Elsie?"

"P'r'aps."

"Dear me, it seems miles away!" There was a moment of drowsy silence—only the "tick-tock" of the old clock and the sputter of a coal now and then. Bobby somehow felt as if the clock and the fire were laughing at him. He resolutely turned his head the other way and peered into the dim corners of the nursery. The faint light from the window made a strip of moonbeam across the carpet.

"Say, Elsie, do you think the moon is ever cold up there in the sky?" he asked anxiously.

Elsie shook her head. "She's got all the clouds to wrap around her if she is," she said wisely, and began sucking her thumb. "But clouds ain't warm, like blankets, are they?" Silence.

"Elsie, do you s'pose the stars have little cloud blankets, too?" No answer.

He turned around and saw the strangest thing—a little man in a gray cloak and a pointed cap standing over Elsie's chair and smoothing her forehead with a feather. Bobby was so startled he could only open his mouth and gasp very loudly. The little man held up his finger.

"Hush," he whispered; "she's nearly ready to go!"

"Where?" stammered Bobby.

"Why, to Slumber Land, of course. I'm the Sandman, and I've brought two Dreams to carry her away." He pointed to the corner of the room, and two little figures darted out and gathered her up in their arms.

"O! O!" cried Bobby. "Elsie, wake up!" but the Sandman said "Keep quiet" so sternly that Bobby sank back in his chair quite terrified at the turn things had taken.

The Sandman touched the sleeping girl. "Now be very gentle," he whispered to the smallest Dream, "and bring her back by sunrise to-morrow; go!"

He waved his hand, and the Dreams and Elsie suddenly soared up and up till they touched the ceiling. For one terrible moment Bobby thought their heads would all be smashed; but no, they went right through as gracefully as possible, and the queerest part of it was that they didn't leave a hole or even a cracked place after them.

"Now," said the Sandman, "it's time for them to begin."

Bobby plucked up courage. "What's going to begin?" he asked, curiously.

"Why, the dance of the Hours," he answered. "See, here they come." And, sure enough, out of every corner of the room sprang bright little creatures, with glittering wings and baby faces.

Bobby clutched his chair tightly, and didn't move, for fear he should frighten them away. They swung this way and that, backward and forward, with a motion like birds on the wing, and Bobby held his breath for the very beauty of it.

"See," said the Sandman, "they are stopping for something!"

It was true; they stood quite still for a moment, and then glided slowly back into the shadow. A soft scratching at the nursery door, and in burst four small figures in a dreadful hurry, and all very much excited.

Bobby knew them at once. The girl all in white, with flowers in her hands, was "Easter." The next one he stared at quite hard for a moment—a big cannon-cracker, with a tiny American flag in one hand, and a long pigtail with a spark burning on the end of it. Surely it was the "Fourth of July!" Bobby started forward, his eyes shining, but Sandman held him back. After the "Fourth" came a small boy leading a large turkey by a string—the strangest looking little fellow! His head was a nut, his body a pumpkin, and his arms and legs looked surprisingly like bananas. Of course he was "Thanksgiving!" The last figure was a snow-man, all icicles and frost, and he hugged to his breast a bundle of wonderful toys, bound together with ropes of mistletoe and holly.

"Hurrah for Christmas!" shouted Bobby, quite forgetting his manners in his excitement, but nobody paid any attention to him; in fact they didn't see him, for in the darkness he was quite invisible.

Easter came forward with a gentle smile, and the irritable old Sandman looked positively pleasant as she touched his hand.

"Sir, can you tell me where the Hours have gone?"

The Sandman nodded toward the corner, and the little Hours came out again, and stood in a circle just where the moonbeam fell over the carpet.

"Hours," said Easter, "we, my three companions and I, have been sentenced to eternal banishment by the New Year, who comes to-night. You are young and strong and powerful, will you intercede for us?"

The Hours all laughed. "Not we, not we!" they shouted in chorus.

The Fourth of July grew hot with anger. "You little imps!" he cried; "I'd like to blow you all up—by the shades of George Washington, I would."

"Do it, do it!" they laughed; but you can't without blowing yourself up, too!"

Thanksgiving and Christmas stood apart talking it over. Easter knelt before the Hours in the last appeal, but they only shook their heads and danced backward and forward, as if they cared for nothing but a good time.

Bobby grew wrathful. "O, what ugly, mean little things!" he cried, but the Sandman only motioned him to be quiet. "Wait and see," he said, sharply.

Easter rose to her feet, tearfully; but the tears as they fell dropped on the flowers she held, and they grew more beautiful than ever. "Then," she said, gently, "if you will not help me I shall appeal to the New Year himself!"

A rustle was heard outside the door, and it swung open. There on the threshold stood the beautiful New Year, a child with wonderful eyes and the smile of an angel.

The hours huddled together, and as Bobby looked they seemed to shrink and grow older.

Easter ran to the New Year and threw herself at his feet.

"Do not tell me," he said, in a low, musical voice, "I have just come from heaven. I know it all. You, Easter, and your three companions must, indeed, go from earth, but not to the land of the Past, as you fear; instead, I send you to the Hillside of Memory, overlooking the Vale of Thought. There ye shall still be near the children of men, yet close to the stars, to dwell there forever. As for you, O Hours, I decree that one by one ye grow old and vanish!"

Bobby held his breath as these words fell on the stillness. The Hours stood up, and one by one they withered and grew old and feeble, vanishing away in turn till only the last was left.

The New Year looked pityingly at the poor little creature as it stood there alone.

"I am sorry for you," he said, gently; "to be just and yet merciful is my first duty. You, unlike your foolish companions, have a heart; you are penitent, therefore I shall call you the Hour of Good Resolutions. You shall be changed into a shadow, to stay by the side of a little boy I know, to prompt him to obedience and kindness, to help him overcome temper and selfishness. I give you to Bobby to guide him through 1902!"

With a cry of joy the last Hour sprang to Bobby's side, the old clock struck twelve, the bells began to ring in wild, sweet chorus, and Bobby, sobbing and happy, sprang to his feet just as mother and Elsie tapped him on the shoulder and shouted, "Happy New Year!"

If you want to know where the beautiful child went, and how Elsie and the Dreams got back, you'll have to ask the Sandman some night when he comes to visit you!

DO YOU MEAN IT?

Do you really mean it when you say to every one you meet on New Year's Day, "I wish you a happy new year"? Or are the words a mere matter of form, forgotten almost as soon as they are spoken? If you really mean it, then why not do all that you can do to bring your wish to pass? If every man, woman and child who wishes another person a happy new year would only do all that it is possible for him to do, really and truly, to give that person a happy new year, there would be a delightful and tremendous increase of happiness in the world.

Of course you wish all of your friends a happy new year. You are generous and kind enough not to want misfortune or unhappiness to come to any of them, but, at the same time, you do not feel any special sense of responsibility regarding their happiness. I am sure that the boys and girls who may read this would quickly resent it if any one told them they did not really mean it when they wish their fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters a happy new year. But I have heard children wish their parents a very happy new year, and before the day was done they would do something that would make their parents unhappy. How, then, could their good wishes have been really and truly sincere? It would be more to the purpose if you said to your parents, "I wish you a happy new year, and I am going to do all that I can to make you happy."

It would be more to the purpose if you said right out of the bottom of your hearts, "I wish the whole world a happy new year, and I will do all that it is possible for me to do to make the world happier this year."

It is no use to wish your friends a happy new year and then make no attempt to bring happiness into their lives.

There is so much unhappiness in the world that never would be in it if all the "happy new years" one hears on the first day of the year were uttered with an added and faithfully kept resolution that the wish should be brought to pass.

I know of a good and generous man who on last New Year's Day sent to each of his 100 or more employees a brief but kindly letter, wishing each of them a "happy new year," and inclosing a ten-dollar bill "to help to make it happy." Now we cannot all supplement our good wishes with gifts of ten-dollar bills to prove our sincerity, but we can supplement our good wishes with many words and deeds of kindness to prove that we are in earnest.

If you have not done so before, supposing that you start out on a new tack this year, and follow up every good wish you make by a sincere, prayerful endeavor to make it a happy new year to all.—Selected.

THE MOST TRYING PERIOD IN A YOUNG MAN'S LIFE.

The transition or hobbledohoy period, between boyhood and young manhood, when a youth is no longer a boy and not yet a man, is the most trying time of his life. This is the age when the interrogation point assumes colossal proportions, when every faculty of his nature is asking questions and wondering what the future has in store for him. This is the period which tries him. This is the time when great changes, the meaning of which he cannot solve, begin in his life. He is growing so fast, and his tastes are chang-

ing so rapidly, that he does not yet know what he is going to do, what occupation or profession to choose.

While the youth is in this unsettled condition, teachers and parents should exercise great patience in dealing with him, as whatever is put into this part of his life is put into the whole of life. This is the impressionable stage, when if he hears a lawyer expatiate upon the beauty of the law, he will think that he is out-out for the bar, and will change his mind next day in favor of medicine, if he hears a doctor enlarge upon the nobility of the medical profession. The lad changes from one thing to another with equal impartiality and lack of judgment. He has not had sufficient experience to see the thorns, the difficulties, the discouragements incident to the different vocations, but he sees only the flowers and the pleasant side of them.—Success.

TO THE NEW YEAR.

One song for thee, New Year,
One universal prayer;
Teach us—all other teaching far above—
To hide dark Hate beneath the wings of Love;
To slay all hatred, strife,
And live the larger life!
To bind the wounds that bleed;
To lift the fallen, lead the blind
As only Love can lead—
To live for all mankind!

Teach us, New Year, to be
Free men among the free;
Our only master Duty, with no God
Save one—our Maker—monarchs of the sod!
Teach us with all its might,
Its darkness and its light,
Its heartbeat tremulous,
Its grief, its gloom,
Its beauty, and its bloom—
God made the world for us!

—J. W. Riley.

STICK TO YOUR BUSINESS.

An important, although indirect, result of the great commercial and industrial combinations is to enhance the value of independent lines of business. The census statistics printed in *The Watchman* recently show that sixty-six percent of all the young men in the country are in the employment of others. This, in connection with the admitted fact that it is becoming more difficult every year to obtain employment, makes clear the significance and happiness of the man who has a business of his own. We do not seek to depreciate the worthiness of work for others. If faithfully done, it is deserving of honor and reward. But the conditions of modern life are certainly emphasizing the position of the man who is his own master. The recent consolidation of National Banks in Boston threw out of employment about two hundred and fifty clerks, many of whom had worked faithfully for years, and knew no other business. Without fault of their own they found themselves turned adrift. Some soon obtained suitable employment, some were forced to become street-car conductors, and some, we are informed, have not yet found work. Other illustrations might be given, but this is sufficient to show the unique advantage of the man who controls his own work. The young man whose father has a good farm or a business of his own may better himself by leaving home and entering the employment of others, but in the majority of cases he will not. The man who has a good farm, well stocked, is far in advance of the majority of his fellows. Any one who has any business which he can control is an important factor in commercial life, and in the development of trade is certain to become more so. He must be reckoned

with. While great combinations may sometimes make his way hard, they can seldom throw him out entirely, especially if he is a producer. As such he is one of the foundation stones, even though small. He bears a part in the support of the whole structure of society.—*The Watchman*.

GIVE, OR STOP PRAYING.

The colored woman who with eyes closed was singing,

"Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel,"

was nudged by the collector with his contribution box, while he said, "No use in singing 'Fly abroad, 'dout mighty Gospel,' widout you give something to make um fly."

The little son of the man who had prayed one morning at the family altar that the Lord would supply the wants of the destitute and needy, said, when prayer was finished: "Father, if I had your grain-bin, I would answer that prayer myself."

It is worse than useless, it is impudent, to ask God to do what he has been asking and commanding us to do ourselves. Suppose your child should undertake to work on that plan, and when you give him his tools, his work, and his orders, should then kneel down and beg you to do what he was able to do, and what you had just told him that he must do for you. Such a request to a father would be an insult; what then must it be when made in the presence of the great God?

There has been too much of this, and it is time it ended. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise nor negligent about his work; but he asks us to perform our promises, and to fulfill the duties which he lays upon us. And if we refuse to do what he commands us, it is vain to pray to God for money, or for help. Let us do our part, and his aid will not be withheld.—*The Christian*.

In accomplishing your day's work you have simply to take one step at a time. To take that step wisely is all that you need to think about. If I am climbing a mountain, to look down may make me dizzy, to look too far up may make me tired and discouraged. Take no anxious thought for the morrow. Sufficient for the day—yes, and for each hour in the day—is the toil or trial thereof. There is not a child of God in this world who is strong enough to stand the strain of to-day's duties and all the load of to-morrow's anxieties piled upon the top of them. Paul himself would have broken down if he had attempted the experiment. We have a perfect right to ask our heavenly Father for strength equal to the day; but we have no right to ask him for one extra ounce of strength for anything beyond it. When the morrow comes, grace will come sufficient for its tasks or for its troubles.

"Let me be strong in word and deed
Just for to-day!
Lord, for to-morrow and its need
I must not pray."

—Theodore L. Cuyler.

HOME READINGS FOR 1902.

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

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

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

Edited by

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1902.

FIRST QUARTER.

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

LESSON III.—THE EARLY CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

For Sabbath-day, Jan. 18, 1902.

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 2: 37-47.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.—Acts 11: 47.

INTRODUCTION.

Peter took advantage of the opportunity presented by the astonished crowd who had come together attracted by the external manifestations of the Spirit, and proclaimed the Gospel with no unsteady voice. He charged the people with the murder of Jesus, and showed that his resurrection was in accordance with prophecy concerning the Messiah.

His words spoken thus publicly within two months from the time of the crucifixion afford ample proof of their own accuracy. For if the Jews had not caused the death of Jesus, it would have been very easy to deny it; and if Jesus had not risen from the dead, Peter would have been quickly put to shame for making such statements, and have been compelled to discontinue his address.

It should be noted that Peter desired not only that his hearers should believe that Jesus had been unjustly and cruelly put to death, and that he arose from the dead the third day; but also and especially, that they should believe that this Jesus was the long-promised Messiah. To this end he enforces his arguments by quotations from the scriptures of the Old Testament.

TIME.—Immediately after last week's lesson. The latter part of our lesson refers to some general circumstances in regard to the early church, and may cover a period of several months and perhaps years.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

PERSONS.—Peter and the other disciples, and the multitudes.

OUTLINE:

1. Peter Preaches Repentance. v. 37-40.
2. The People Give Heed. v. 41, 42.
3. The Fellowship of the Early Church. v. 43-47.

NOTES.

37. **They were pricked in their heart.** Thus by a very vivid figure our author expresses the poignant sorrow of Peter's hearers as they were convicted of their grievous sin in rejecting the Messiah. **Men and brethren.** Better as in the Revised Version, "Brethren". A respectful form of address.

38. **Repent.** Thus does Peter begin his exhortation as John the Baptist began (Matt. 3: 2), and as our Lord himself began (Mark 1: 15). Repentance is primarily a change of mind. It is an abhorrence of past sins and a resolute turning away from them to a life of purity of purpose. **Be baptized.** Peter no doubt refers to water baptism as the symbol of purification from past sins and the renunciation of them. But the baptism here referred to is no mere continuation of the baptism of John: this was "in the name of Jesus Christ." Through this baptism they confessed Jesus as Lord and Saviour and entered into fellowship with him. [We are not to think of this baptism as differing from that in Matt. 28: 19, although the form of words differs.] **For the remission of sins.** Much better, "Unto the remission of your sins." The acceptance of this baptism with the condition of mind which was thereby implied made it more than a mere symbol of purification. **Ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.** The Holy Spirit will come to each believer. There may be different gifts, that is, different endowments, as recounted in 1 Cor. 12, but the Holy Spirit himself is for all.

39. **And to your children.** That is, their descendants. "To the very-ones who had said, "His blood be upon us and upon our children." This phrase hardly justifies the doctrine of infant baptism. **And to all that are afar off.** Some have thought that this refers especially to the Jews scattered abroad; but there can be little doubt but that Peter had the Gentiles in mind. Jesus had commissioned his disciples "unto the uttermost part of the earth." The Messianic passages of the Old Testament imply the coming of the Gentiles into the kingdom of God. Compare Isa. 2: 2, Zech. 6: 15, and many other passages.

40. **Save yourselves from this untoward generation.** Instead of *untoward*, the Revised Version reads "crooked". The meaning is, Deliver yourselves from the curse and doom of the perverse and rebellious Jews, who manifest their perversity by turning away from the truth. The expression "crooked generation" is often used to describe rebellious Israel in the wilderness.

41. **About three thousand.** This number is not at all incredible when we bear in mind Peter's convincing words, the wonder testimony of the Spirit, and our Lord's own teaching now but a few weeks in the past. It is probable that many of the disciples assisted in the baptizing, so that three thousand might easily have been baptized in a few hours. This number of baptisms in one day was nearly equalled under the ministry of Dr. Clough, a Baptist missionary among the Telugus of India.

42. **And they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine,** etc. Rather, "teaching." They showed their sincerity of purpose by devotion to the teaching of the apostles. **Fellowship.** The disciples were united by a bond of common feeling in owning the same Master. **Breaking of bread.** This may refer to ordinary meals eaten together, but more likely to a frequent celebration of the Lord's supper, perhaps at the end of every ordinary meal. **And in prayers.** The disciples had frequent prayer-meetings, but did not neglect the Jewish prayer-services. Acts 3: 1.

43. **And fear came upon every soul.** Those who did not accept the teaching of Peter and the others were, nevertheless, filled with awe at the signs and wonders.

44. **Were together.** They evidently assembled daily in some public place as in Solomon's porch. Compare v. 46. **All things common.** Each regarded his possessions as a part of the common stock to be used for the common needs of all.

45. **Possessions and goods.** That is, real estate and personal property. This community of goods was evidently practiced but for a few years, and was not complete even while it lasted. The disciples were not obliged to put their property into the common fund. It was the concrete expression of the generous love that filled the hearts of all the brethren at the birth of the Christian church. We are not told why this custom was not introduced into the other churches, nor why it was discontinued at Jerusalem. The misuse of this custom by weak or selfish men suggests a natural reason for its discontinuance. It belongs to an ideal state.

46. **In the temple,** etc. Although the disciples were now entering into certain intimate relations with their fellow-believers, we must not forget that they were still Jews, and regarded themselves as such and were regarded by others as Jews. They continued therefore in their former customs of worship. **Breaking bread.** Very likely an allusion to the communion service, as in v. 42. **From house to house.** Better as in the Revised Version, at home; this in contrast to the expression "in the temple." **Meat.** Very much better, food. [In 1611 the word *meat* meant *food*.] **Gladness,** etc. Their lives were filled with joy.

47. **Having favour with all the people.** They were not by any means despised and rejected by their Jewish brethren. Compare Luke 2: 52. **The Lord added.** The progress of the church was no mere human work, although the Lord used men as his agents. **To the church.** These words are not found in the best manuscripts. We are not to think of an organized church, as yet. The disciples still belonged to the synagogue. **Such as should be saved.** This translation is misleading. Rather, "Those who were saved." That is, those who followed Peter's advice in v. 40. There is no reference to the doctrine of election.

Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

Science and Lobsters.

Owing to the wide area of the ocean occupied by lobsters, it would be impossible for them to be completely exterminated, but for all food purposes they will practically disappear within ten years unless scientific processes are applied to aid in their propagation.

The condition of the lobster industry at this time can be summed up in a very few figures. In Maine, the foremost lobster state, the quantity taken has fallen off 55 per cent in the last ten years, and the price of lobsters has increased 60 per cent. From Delaware to Labrador, the natural home of the lobster on the Western continent, a similar change has taken place.

We are informed that the government has concluded through the Fishery Commission to take this matter in hand, and that it will establish a Lobster Hatchery on the coast of Maine, costing \$10,000. This will be the first government institution devoted exclusively to hatching lobsters.

The lobster is a very peculiar crustacean, not only in form, but in habits and disposition. The female lobster, during the summer, coats every little protuberance on the under side of her body with freshly-laid eggs, and covers them with a cement-like substance which the water immediately hardens. The mother instinct inspires her to glue the eggs fast to her body lest they get loose and are lost in the washing of the waters. Here she carries these eggs for nearly a full year before they will begin to hatch. The eggs begin to hatch usually in June, and generally occupy about a week between the hatching of the first and the last. From the moment the little lobster gets free from the shell the little scamp takes one look at its mother and strikes out for itself at once, when, for such actions, its mother never recognizes it as hers again. A most unnatural state of things, yet not so unnatural after all, for her family might, when gathered around her at the end of a week, number fully 80,000; how could she recognize so many?

The number of young a mother produces every two years depends on her size. If she is eight inches in length she produces 5,000, and the number is said to double for every two inches added to her length. Therefore a 10 inch mother carries 10,000 eggs, a 12-inch mother 20,000 a 14-inch 40,000, a 16-inch 80,000. The full limit seems to have been reached at 100,000.

It is against the law for fishermen to sell lobsters coated with eggs, but with a woolen mitten they rub off the eggs and sell the lobsters.

The new hatchery will send out a fleet of vessels to collect all egg-bearing mothers taken along the Maine coast, and pay the market price for those that are marketable. Thus millions upon millions of eggs will be secured and utilized in the hatchery. Last year the Fish Commissioners general hatcheries at Gloucester and Wood's Hole, Mass., bought 90,000,000 lobster eggs from which they hatched 80,000,000 lobsters.

In the new hatchery now being made row after row of seven-quart glass jars are ranged upon tables. Through these jars will pass a continuous circulation of salt water, pumped in from the sea. As the mother-lobsters are brought to the hatchery, men skilled in the art will remove the eggs from the hair-like fibers, and when done return the mother lobster unharmed to the sea from which she was taken; she will lay eggs again in two years.

The jars spoken of as upon the tables are the incubators into which the eggs are placed. Each ounce marked on the jars represents 6,000 eggs, and two and one-half quarts are placed in each jar. When first put in, the eggs become matted together by the fibers, but in a short time they separate, and appear like so many intermixed green, yellow, and gray beads, each measuring 1-15 of an inch in diameter.

Eggs taken in October will hatch in May; those

taken in June will hatch in a few hours. The sea-water has to be kept warmed to early summer heat. In the center of each table between the rows of hatching jars is a row of reception jars, to receive the young lobsters.

When they are free they follow the current of water into these vessels, and a little muslin over the outgoing orifice keeps the youngsters from going farther. Here hundreds of millions of eggs will be hatched each year and the young lobsters sent forth to grow and fatten along the coast from Labrador to Delaware Bay.

MARRIAGES.

JACOX—CORNELIUS.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Alfred, N. Y., Dec. 21, 1901, by Pastor L. C. Randolph, Clarence C. Jacox and Edith E. Cornelius, all of Alfred.

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.

COON.—Near Niantic, R. I., Dec. 12, 1901, Mrs. Mary Coon, widow of the late Capt. Elias Coon, in the 85th year of her age.

The funeral was held in the home of her granddaughter, Mrs. Wm. H. Crandall. Sermon by the writer.

N. M. M.

RANDOLPH.—Pansy May Randolph, daughter of Wm. J. and Ella Randolph, was born Jan. 13, 1891, and died Dec. 21, 1901, at Jackson Centre, Ohio, aged 10 years, 11 months and 8 days.

Funeral services were conducted in the Seventh-day Baptist church by the writer, Dec. 23, 1901. "A little child shall lead them."

W. L. D.

VINCENT.—John C. Vincent was born in the town of Almond, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1835, and died in Almond Dec. 3, 1901.

One daughter, Mrs. Nellie Cordrey of Shiloh, N. J., survives. Mr. Vincent served in the Civil War, being a member of Co. D, 86th N. Y. He joined the Second Alfred church in 1859, and was a consistent follower of Christ.

F. E. P.

SMITH.—Mrs. Lois Burdick, daughter of the late Almond and Celinda Oviatt Burdick, and wife of S. C. Smith, was born in the town of Amity, Allegany Co., N. Y., Feb. 23, 1833, and died near Milton Junction, Wis., Dec. 21, 1901.

Sister Smith made a public profession of faith in Christ when she was a girl, and united with the Scio Seventh-day Baptist church. After coming to this country she united with the Milton Junction Seventh-day Baptist church, and continued a staunch and faithful member till death. Dec. 23, 1899, she was married to S. C. Smith, who, together with a son by a former marriage, mourn their loss. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

G. J. C.

RANDOLPH.—At a Sanitarium in Trenton, N. J., on Dec. 27, 1901, Nellie F. Randolph, aged 35 years.

She was the daughter of Reune F. and Anna Camp Randolph, and her funeral was held at the home of her parents, at Plainfield, N. J., conducted by the pastor of the New York church, assisted by the Rev. A. H. Lewis. When her health failed five years ago she was a trained nurse, doing the work of a medical missionary in New York City, where she was a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church. After years of service and of suffering, her calm, triumphant Christian death seemed but a glad victory.

G. B. S.

FRANK.—Nancy M. Stillman Frank, at Alfred Station, N. Y., Dec. 9, 1901, aged 79 years and 18 days.

She was the daughter of Ezra and Polly Newberry Stillman, and was born in Herkimer County, N. Y., Nov. 21, 1822. She was married in September, 1864, to Frederick Frank, deceased. She united with the Second Alfred church in 1884, and remained a faithful and liberal supporter of the cause of Christ till her death. In 1898 she gave to the church the lot on which the parsonage was erected in Alfred Station. She was a constituent member of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Second Alfred church, and has given freely of her means to the cause of Missions. Indeed, she was so unselfish in the Master's service as to be often forgetful of her own comforts.

F. E. P.

GREEN.—Mrs. Samantha Green, at her home in Berlin, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1901, of La grippe, aged 86 years.

Sister Green was born at Schroom Lake, Essex Co., N. Y., July 16, 1815. Her parents were Elisha and Sarah Walker Baker. She came to Berlin nearly sixty-five years ago, and soon after was converted, uniting with the Seventh-day Baptist church of this place, of which she was a member when death claimed her. She was married to Henry Green in August, 1840. Two children were born to them, Horatio V., who died April 26, 1901, and Oscar M., who died Aug. 15, 1851. The only immediate relatives who survive her are Rev. H. H. Baker, of Plainfield, N. J., and Miss Louisa Green, an adopted daughter. Miss Louisa has been most faithful in caring for her mother in her declining years. The deceased was buried Dec. 31. Services were conducted by her pastor. Text, "Our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel." 2 Tim. 1: 10.

M. S.

MAXSON.—At West Edmeston, N. Y., Dec. 23, 1901, of disease of the heart, LeRoy Maxson, in the 75th year of his age.

Mr. Maxson was the son of John and Almira Taylor Maxson, and was born in the town of Brookfield, N. Y., Jan. 2, 1827. He always lived in the vicinity of his birthplace, but from about 1862 to 1883 at Unadilla, Forks, N. Y., after which he lived at West Edmeston till his death. He carried on the business of a carriage and wagon maker, and was always respected and esteemed by all who knew him. In youth he became a Christian and was baptized and united with one of the Brookfield churches. During the time of his residence at Unadilla Forks he was a member of the First Brookfield church and a regular attendant of the same. Afterwards he was a member of the West Edmeston church till his death. Mr. Maxson was twice married; the second time in 1854 to Miss Elizabeth Coon, who survives him and by whom he had one child, Mrs. C. J. (Ora Maxson) Searle, who died some years ago. Besides his widow, he leaves three brothers, Eli S. B. Maxson of South Brookfield, Charles Maxson of Brookfield, and Edwin Maxson of Earlville, N. Y.; also two grandchildren, and one adopted sister, the wife of the Rev. J. G. Crandall, of Milton Junction, Wis. Funeral services were held at his late home Dec. 26, 1901, conducted by the pastor of the first Brookfield church. Interment at West Edmeston, N. Y.

W. C. D.

LEWIS.—Dr. Amos C. Lewis, the son of Alfred and Lucy Lewis, was born at Five Corners, near Alfred, N. Y., Feb. 26, 1842, and died at his home in Fordham Heights, New York, Dec. 28, 1901.

His youth was spent at Alfred attending school and assisting on the farm. He enlisted in the fall of 1861, but was sent home sick in 1863. He was commander of his local G. A. R. Post at the time of his death. He graduated in the Classical Course from Alfred University in 1867; was Principal of Hopkinton Academy the following year; then entered into business in Ohio. He graduated from a Cincinnati Medical College in 1871; came back to live in Alfred in 1872. March 15, 1876, he was united in marriage to Sarah M. Saunders. In 1882 he became Superintendent of a Cancer Hospital in Fordham Heights, New York City. When that was discontinued he entered on a large private practice. This, together with his duties as Health Officer and Hospital Physician, was too heavy a strain upon his health. He was baptized by Eld. N. V. Hull after returning from the war, and remained till the end a faithful member of the First Alfred church. He is spoken of in the highest terms by all who knew him. He was loyal to his God and the Sabbath; faithful to his fellowmen and their interests. From his recent home comes the word: "All Fordham is in mourning. He was greatly beloved." Services in the First Alfred church Dec. 31, 1901, conducted by Pastor Randolph, assisted by Pres. Davis and Eld. Rogers. Text, Prov. 22: 1.

L. C. R.

Literary Notes.

ARE England, Scotland and Ireland destined, ultimately, to become a part of "The United States of America and Great Britain"? is the startling inquiry which William T. Stead makes in the January *Cosmopolitan*. He has been one of the prophets of Great Britain, and has, at all times, been able to see in advance of his contemporaries—as events have proven. He has been studying the new conditions brought about by the industrial combinations, and reaches the conclusion that England and the United States are destined to be more closely united, and that as soon as the English people wake up to the absurdity and general uselessness, as has been shown by the Boer war, of a king and aristocracy, the trend will be immediate in the direction of a union with the people of the United States. However much one may differ from Mr. Stead, his speculations will be found vastly interesting. He is the first British subject who has had the courage to suggest such an outcome.

Special Notices.

North-Western Tract Depository.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Hornellsville, N. Y., holds regular services in their new church, cor. West Genesee Street and Preston Avenue. Preaching at 2.30 P. M. Sabbath-school at 3.30. Prayer-meeting the preceding evening. An invitation is extended to all, and especially to Sabbath-keepers remaining in the city over the Sabbath, to come in and worship with us. I. L. COTTRELL, Pastor, 29 Ransom St.

The Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square South and Thompson Street. The Sabbath-school meets at 10.45 A. M. The preaching service is at 11.30 A. M. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services. GEO. B. SHAW, Pastor, 1293 Union Avenue.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally, in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

WANTED!

MILTON COLLEGE JOURNAL.

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

MILTON COLLEGE REVIEW.

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

MINUTES PUBLISHING SOCIETY.

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

THE ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

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

HELPING HANDS.

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

Send to SABBATH RECORDER, Plainfield, N. J.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.—Higher and Higher; Looking Forward; Life, not Theory; Right Beginning; Future Certainties; Step by Step; Seeing Jesus; Power of Sentiment; Lighting up Africa; Seen by Others; Christ as a Preacher; Irrigation.....1-3

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.—Jan. 17, 1902. Theme: Individual Decision and Loyalty to God... 3

New Years at Valley Forge..... 3

Time and Tide..... 4

News of the Week..... 5

The Bible in China..... 5

A Divinely-Governed World..... 5

Resolutions of Respect..... 5

MISSIONS.—Paragraphs; From D. H. Davis.....6-7

Distinguishing the Years..... 7

WOMAN'S WORK.—Strength for To-day; Poetry; Paragraphs; Environment; Did We Lose a Blessing?; New Movement in India.....8-9

Religion in 1901..... 9

Lower Lights..... 9

YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.—Working Side by Side; Economy of Time; A Paper; Our Mirror, President's Letter.....10-11

The Automobile..... 11

CHILDREN'S PAGE.—Watching Grandmother; Poetry; How Bobby Saw the Old Year Out..... 12

SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.—Jan. 18, 1902. The Early Christian Church..... 14

POPULAR SCIENCE.—Science and Lobsters.....14-15

MARRIAGES..... 15

DEATHS..... 15

LITERARY NOTES..... 15

SPECIAL NOTICES..... 15

The Sabbath Recorder.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Per year, in advance.....\$2 00
Papers to foreign countries will be charged 50 cents additional, on account of postage.
No paper discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT.

Transient advertisements will be inserted for 75 cents an inch for the first insertion; subsequent insertions in succession, 30 cents per inch. Special contracts made with parties advertising extensively, or for long terms.

Legal advertisements inserted at legal rates.

Yearly advertisers may have their advertisements changed quarterly without extra charge.

No advertisements of objectionable character will be admitted.

ADDRESS.

All communications, whether on business or for publication, should be addressed to THE SABBATH RECORDER, Plainfield, N. J.

DE BOODSCHAPPER.

A 20 PAGE RELIGIOUS MONTHLY IN THE HOLLAND LANGUAGE.

Subscription price.....75 cents per year.

PUBLISHED BY

G. VELTHUYSEN, Haarlem, Holland.

DE BOODSCHAPPER (The Messenger) is an able exponent of the Bible Sabbath (the Seventh-day) Baptism, Temperance, etc. and is an excellent paper to place in the hands of Hollanders in this country, to call their attention to these important acts.

HELPING HAND

IN BIBLE SCHOOL WORK.

A quarterly, containing carefully prepared helps on the International Lessons. Conducted by The Sabbath School Board. Price 25 cents a copy per year; 7 cents a quarter.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund.

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

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

ESTABLISHED 1836

PUBLIC LEDGER

PHILADELPHIA

Prints all the News that is fit to print.

The PUBLIC LEDGER aims to be a Newspaper for the busy man and also for all members of his family. The important news of the day is published in condensed form so that it may be read in a few minutes, but along with this summary is a complete and classified News Department, embracing besides the Association Press Despatches, special correspondence from New York and Washington, and from all the important cities of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, to which is added a weekly letter on The Christian Endeavor Topic by the Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, D. D., which appears in Saturday's issue; a Building Society Department published on Thursday's, and a Weekly Letter from London by Arnold White, one of the best informed men on English affairs; also Letters from the Chief Capitals of Europe.

The Saturday issue is a household magazine, a great compendium of every phase of social life, filled with reading matter to suit every taste.

Special Offer to Ledger Readers...

The PUBLIC LEDGER offers to its readers in connection with a 26 weeks' subscription, and the payment of 50c. additional, a copy of the LEDGER'S UNRIVALED ATLAS OF THE WORLD. This Atlas has been specially prepared for the PUBLIC LEDGER by Rand, McNally & Co., New York and Chicago, and is one of the best works of its kind ever offered to the public.

THE UNRIVALED ATLAS OF THE WORLD contains 320 pages elegantly printed on fine calendered paper, marbled edges, bound in English cloth, with handsome gold side stamp, size 11½ x 14½ inches.

How to Get the Atlas...

Forward the price of 26 weeks' subscription, plus 50 cents (\$3.62) to the LEDGER, and the name of your nearest express office. The Atlas will be forwarded by express, or if you are not near an express office include 52 cents for mailing and, the Atlas will be mailed to your post office with the LEDGER.

Address Circulation Department the LEDGER for terms.

WRITE FOR RATES FOR CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS
SUBSCRIPTION PRICES AS FOLLOWS:

The DAILY LEDGER (Sunday excepted), by mail to any address in the United States or Canada, 50 cents per month. \$6.00 per year.

Saturday's LEDGER (weekly), a great home journal, which should be in every country home, \$1.00 per year.

MAKE ALL REMITTANCES PAYABLE TO

GEORGE W. CHILDS DREXEL,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

Winter Term
Milton College. . . .

This Term opens THURSDAY, JAN. 2, 1902, and continues twelve weeks, closing Wednesday, March 26, 1902. It is followed by a vacation of one week.

Instruction to both young men and young ladies in the Preparatory studies, as well as in the Collegiate, of the principal courses, as follows: The Ancient Classical, The Modern Classical, and the Scientific. Two teachers added to the Faculty—all the old members being retained.

In the School of Music four courses are taught: Elementary and Chorus Singing, Pianoforte, Voice Culture and Harmony.

Thorough work is done in Bible Study in English, in Oil and China Painting, in a brief Commercial Course, in Elocution, and in Athletics and Military Training.

Club boarding, \$1.40 per week; boarding in private families, \$3 per week, including room rent and use of furniture.

For further information, address

REV. W. C. WHITFORD, D. D., President,
Milton, Rock County, Wis.

Salem
College. . . .

Situated in the thriving town of SALEM, 14 miles west of Clarksburg, on the B. & O. Ry. This school takes FRONT RANK among West Virginia schools, and its graduates stand among the foremost teachers of the state. SUPERIOR MORAL INFLUENCES prevail. Three College Courses, besides the Regular State Normal Course. Special Teachers' Review Classes each spring term, aside from the regular class work in the College Courses. No better advantages in this respect found in the state. Classes not so large but students can receive all personal attention needed from the instructors. Expenses a marvel in cheapness. Two thousand volumes in Library, all free to students, and plenty of apparatus with no extra charges for the use thereof. STATE CERTIFICATES to graduates on same conditions as those required of students from the State Normal Schools. EIGHT COUNTIES and THREE STATES are represented among the student body.

FALL TERM OPENS SEPT. 10, 1901.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue to

Theo. L. Gardiner, President,
SALEM, WEST VIRGINIA.

Seventh-day Baptist Bureau
of Employment and Correspondence.

T. M. DAVIS, President.
E. P. SAUNDERS, Vice-President.

Under control of General Conference, Denominational in scope and purpose.

FEES.
Application for employment..... 25 cents.
Application to Correspondence Dep..... 25 cents.
One and two cents stamps received.
To insure attention enclose stamp for reply.

Address all correspondence, SECRETARY BUREAU EMPLOYMENT, ALFRED, N. Y. Box 207.

Business Directory.

Plainfield, N. J.

AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.
EXECUTIVE BOARD.

J. F. HUBBARD, Pres., | F. J. HUBBARD, Treas.
A. L. TITSWORTH, Sec., | REV. A. H. LEWIS, Cor.
Plainfield, N. J. | Sec., Plainfield, N. J.

Regular meeting of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the second First-day of each month, at 2 P. M.

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL FUND.

J. F. HUBBARD, President, Plainfield, N. J.
J. M. TITSWORTH, Vice-President, Plainfield, N. J.
JOSEPH A. HUBBARD, Treas., Plainfield, N. J.
D. E. TITSWORTH, Secretary, Plainfield, N. J.
Gifts for all Denominational Interests solicited.
Prompt payment of all obligations requested.

THE SABBATH EVANGELIZING AND INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION.

D. E. TITSWORTH, President.
W. M. C. HUBBARD, Secretary.
O. S. ROGERS, Treasurer.

Regular Quarterly Meetings of the Board, at Plainfield, N. J., the first Monday of January, April, July, and October, at 8 P. M.

W. M. STILLMAN,
COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Supreme Court Commissioner, etc.

New York City.

SABBATH SCHOOL BOARD.

GEORGE B. SHAW, President, 1293 Union Avenue, New York, N. Y.
FRANK L. GREENE, Treasurer, 490 Vanderbilt Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
CORLISS F. RANDOLPH, Rec. Sec., 185 North Ninth St., Newark, N. J.
JOHN B. COTTRELL, Cor. Sec., 1097 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Vice Presidents—Mrs. Henry M. Maxson, Plainfield, N. J.; M. H. Van Horn, Salem, W. Va.; L. R. Swinney, DeRuyter, N. Y.; L. L. Cottrell, Hornellsville, N. Y.; H. D. Clarke, Dodge Centre, Minn.; Miss Elizabeth Fisher, Fouke, Ark.

HERBERT G. WHIPPLE,
COUNSELOR AT LAW,
St. Paul Building, 220 Broadway.

C. C. CHIPMAN,
ARCHITECT,
St. Paul Building, 220 Broadway.

Prohibition Park, Staten Island, N. Y.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.
Special Inducements.
J. G. BURDICK, Prohibition Park, Staten Island.

Utica, N. Y.

D. R. S. C. MAXSON,
Eye and Ear only.
Office 225 Genesee Street

Alfred, N. Y.

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.
A Second Semester Opens Feb. 5, 1902
For catalogue and information, address
Boothe Colwell Davis, Ph. D., Pres.

ALFRED ACADEMY.
PREPARATION FOR COLLEGE.
TEACHERS' TRAINING CLASS.
Earl P. Saunders, A. M., Prin.

THE ALFRED SUN.
Published at Alfred, Allegany County, N. Y.
Devoted to University and local news. Terms, \$1 00 per year.
Address SUN PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

W. W. COON, D. D. S.,
DENTIST.
Office Hours.—9 A. M. to 12 M.; 1 to 4 P. M.

Chicago, Ill.

BENJAMIN F. LANGWORTHY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
Room 512 Continental Nat'l Bank Bldg.,
218 LaSalle St. Tel., Main 3257. Chicago, Ill.