

# THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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## A SONG FOR GLADNESS.

CHARLES W. STEVENSON.

Oh be thou glad in sorrow, and be thou calm in pain;  
There's quiet in the sunshine, there's melody in rain;  
For when the heart is joyous all ways lead on to light,  
And merely thy well-wishing will make the future bright.

Then weep no more for sorrow,  
Turn all remorse to gain,  
And welcome the good spirit  
Where love doth ever reign.

Oh wait no more on worry, companion not with care,  
Ever the morning dawneth and dawneth everywhere,  
And when the heart is open to loveliness and truth,  
From every wind of heaven comes the world's eternal youth.

Then work, but do not worry,  
And wait, but not with care;  
For in the never-ending  
'Tis morning now, and fair!

Be glad, thou! do not murmur; smile as the moments die!

Forever and forever life's troubles fade and fly;  
Down in the doom of passage fate seals the deeds to rest;

Forever and forever life is and will be blest.

Behold how glad is nature,  
The hills do greet the sky—  
The clouds may brood above them,  
But the river flashes by!

—The Independent.



ASIDE from all methods of study How Shall We in the Sabbath-school and other Study Christ? forms of Bible study and Biblical investigation, the study of Christ as an individual, of his life among men, is of surpassing value to the individual Christian. It is something that we often recall the fact that Christ lived, taught and died. John Stuart Mill, who was a great admirer of Greek philosophy, said: "Mankind cannot be too often reminded that there was once a man of the name of Socrates." In a far more important sense, one who seeks to follow Christ must constantly remind himself that Christ was and is. What he now is in his place at the right hand of God may add peace to faith and joy to hope, but for actual aid in the life we now live men need to study Christ as a man among men. When all due allowance has been made for the differences between his time and ours, there is yet so much in common in human experience that his life is full of richest lessons for us. Christ and the Gospels fill a place in the history and destiny of the world which no other life or life-history approaches. This is true in all directions quite as certainly as it is in relation to his immediate followers. That greatest among Germans, Goethe, once said: "Let intellectual and spiritual culture progress, and let the human mind expand as much as it will; beyond the grandeur and moral elevation of Christianity, as it sparkles and shines in the Gospels, the human mind will not advance." If such were the conclusions of the

poet-historian and philosopher who spoke without special regard for the ethical side of Christianity, those who seek to gain inspiration and guidance from Christ do more than well to make frequent, careful and devout study of his life. We do not mean the study of theological theories concerning his birth or death, or mission, although these have their place; but the thoughts, words, deeds, purposes and aspirations of the Man Jesus.



Few Details Known. ONE of the first and most striking facts met at the outset is the fact that the first thirty years of Christ's life are unknown as to

details, incidents or deeds. None of the Evangelists tell us of the growth and development of his life previous to his public ministry. The little they say of his birth and boyhood is confused and vitiated by a mass of later tradition and fancy, which the early centuries invented. Christ never refers to his early life; he says nothing of antecedent experiences or surroundings. We do catch glimpses of the fact that his parents and friends were surprised and bewildered at his development, but of the first thirty years of his life we know nothing from which to fabricate a biography or formulate any basis for prophecy touching what did come when he stepped out of the unknown period into the clear, and often fierce, light of his public ministry. There can be no biography of Jesus, in the ordinary use of the word. That Jesus remained thus silent as to his life and experiences shows that he did not deem it necessary to unfold to his disciples or to us things antecedent to his public ministry. It is significant that he made no effort to put on record or fashion his work to create a history. The Gospels created themselves, or rather, were the product of the truths Christ uttered and the impressions he made. He comes to the front and begins to speak as one having authority, the authority of one with a mission in behalf of truth, and for the salvation of men. We know what he taught, the great truths he enunciated, the principles he laid down, and the personal applications he made. We know that the keynote of his life and words was service, altruism of the highest type. We know what effect his words and life produced at that time and on those who came in contact with him, and the history of Christianity through succeeding centuries shows how his influence has remained and increased. All these things indicate in many particulars what his life was not, and that it must have been during the years which went before the revelation began through his

public ministry. Hence, while we are ignorant, in one sense, of what his life was, in another sense—one far more important than the knowledge of petty details would be—we know what his antecedents must have been by what his public life revealed. His own test, "By their fruits ye shall know them," is a wondrous key leading to knowledge of him.

What is said here ought to re-awaken your desires and your determination to make Christ's life a life-long study for the aid it will bring to your own life, and through you to others. Perhaps the RECORDER will speak of this again next week.



Do You Understand Yourself? ORDINARY experience has mysteries, and our extraordinary ones have double mysteries. To children who do wrong, parents and teachers say: "Why did you do it?" and the child with evident frankness and honesty, answers: "I do not know." The nineteenth Psalm suggests this mystery vividly. It opens by telling how we see God in his works. The heavens declare his glory. Each day tells the story of God's wisdom and power to each next oncoming day, and each night repeats the story to its fellow. Day and night are voiceless, so far as our ears are concerned, and yet men and all the universe understand their message. We can understand the voiceless works of God when they reveal his mysterious power and wisdom. Turning from the speaking heavens to the law of God, the Psalmist finds it perfect, sure, and the source of wisdom and conversion from evil. He reminds us of Paul, whose words in Romans praise the excellence of the law in contrast with his sinfulness in disobeying it. But when the Psalmist has stood in the presence of the converting law of God, seeing its beauty, and listened to the heavens and the days, with their revelations of God, he turns to his sinning soul to find the mystery of mysteries. Repentantly he prays to be cleansed from the results of his own actions which he cannot understand. It is as though God said: "Oh, David, why do you sin thus?" And he, "I do not know; but cleanse me, I pray." Greek philosophy, with less exalted purpose, but with scarcely less earnestness, appealed for self-knowledge and self-mastery in its adage, "Know thyself." All human experience in the matter of temptation and sin incites us to join in the prayer of the Psalmist for forgiveness and for a better understanding of the sources of sin in the human heart,—study the nineteenth Psalm—and yourself.



God's Hold  
on Us.

A story is told of a little child whose hand was so small that she could not grasp the whole hand of her aunt, with whom she was walking. She said: "I can get hold of only two of your fingers to hold real tight; guess I'll always just hold on by two." A little later they were rudely jostled by the crowd which hurried past. When the danger was over the child said: "It's a lucky thing, Auntie, you kept tight hold of me. I held hard as I could with two fingers, but if you hadn't held on to me tight I guess I'd have been pulled right away. I'm glad you've got such strong hands."

A few experiences only are needed to teach us that the great keeping power in times of temptation and trial is God's hold on us rather than ours on him. His hold has the infinity of divine strength and the tender helpfulness of divine love. Because of this Christ has taught us that nothing can take God's children out of his hands. Seen from this view, all the enemies and difficulties which assail us are already conquered. The little child did what she could, holding to two fingers of her auntie's hand. That was well, and no more could be expected or required of her. Her auntie's greater strength and greater love did the rest. Thus are we related to God. Hold as best you can to him. Reach as far as you can toward his outstretched hand and he will do the rest. Herein lies our salvation.

Episcopal  
Missionary  
Council.

A LARGE and enthusiastic council of the Protestant Episcopal church closed its sessions in Philadelphia, Pa., on the 23d of October. The theme of the closing session, which was a mass meeting, was "The Present Challenge to the Church to Extend its Missionary Operations, both at Home and Abroad."

Various phases of the subject were discussed by Bishops Doane, Dudley, Hall and others. Bishop Partridge, of Kyoto, related some of the results of Christian teaching in Japan. There, when a house is burned its occupants are denied admittance to any other household because the fire is regarded as an evidence of the anger of the Fire God who must not be braved. When in a great conflagration in Kyoto the Christian houses and churches were thrown open to the unfortunates who lost their homes, the Japanese cried out the Christian God was superior to the Fire God. "When war was imminent between Japan and Russia," said the speaker, "the Mikado, as a last resort, sent for an old Christian teacher, and asked him what he should do to avert war. The Mikado followed the advice given, and Japan was saved from conflict with Russia."

Resolutions were adopted in favor of raising \$1,000,000 for missions by apportionment among the churches. The convention was full of enthusiasm and earnestness.

Christ in  
Prison.

THE commendations and condemnations spoken by Christ as found in the 26th of Matt., are remarkable for their intensity and their inclusiveness. The appointment by the National Prison Association of October 26 as a day of prayer for prisoners calls up anew the meaning of Christ's words, "I was in prison and ye came unto me." Real gain is being made in some respects in the general treatment of criminals,

but in the matter of children, youthful criminals, much, very much, remains to be done before we shall cease, by bad management, to create criminals rather than check or reclaim them. But the attitude of that indefinite something we call "society", or "public opinion" is often unjust and hurtful toward those who have finished a term of imprisonment and come out to battle with life again. The natural result of a term in prison is to make the prisoner thoughtful, and in many instances genuine reform is assured while men are shut away from the world. But it must go without saying that when discharged from prison men and women, and especially those who are comparatively young, are entitled to all the help and encouragement which Christian government and Christianity can give. The protection of society demands this, but far more is it demanded on the ground of justice and of charity toward those who have erred and been punished. From the low standpoint of common opinion which sneers at "jail-birds" and refuses them recognition or chance up to the heights where Christ identified them with himself, is like the difference between the bottom of a morass and a heaven-kissing mountain-top.

The Sunday  
Saloon.

THE prominent issue in the present political campaign for the election of a Governor and a Legislature in the state of New York is announced as "Economy and Reduced Taxes." But the Sunday Saloon is also a definite issue, although indirectly introduced. It was evident one year ago that the saloon issue was not killed. It was only delayed. The Liquor Dealers' Association, although moving quietly, is now well at the front, as is shown by the following from the New York Times of Oct. 25:

"The Liquor Dealers' Association is trying to ascertain the attitude of candidates for the Legislature toward the question of Sunday opening. They have been asked to commit themselves on the question, and the members of the Association have decided to cut loose, as a body, from politics, and support only those whose answers favor their point of view.

"To each branch organization in the state the following communication was sent:

NEW YORK, Oct. 8, 1902.

To the President:

Dear Sir:—Conforming to the resolution adopted at the State Convention, I inclose a question which I earnestly request you to immediately present to your candidates for the Senate and Assembly. Select a committee of three members (including yourself) of your Association, and have same call on the candidates of both political parties.

The Central Association meeting will be held next Tuesday, Oct. 12, at Terrace Garden, and your committee must then be ready to report on this very important matter, because the Legislative Committee will have a bill embodying this subject introduced in the Legislature of 1903. Remember the time is short. Act promptly.

Fraternally yours,

Fritz Lindinger, President.

P. S.—Do not take it for granted that your candidates will favor this resolution, but insist on a specific answer, Yes or No.

"Following is the question:

If elected, will you advocate and work for the passage, in the Legislature of 1903, of a law so amending the Liquor Tax Law of the state as to permit the sale of liquor on Sunday afternoons and evenings, during reasonable hours, and under proper police regulations in other licensed places other than hotels?

"President Lindinger said yesterday that a great number of replies have been received,

and that the outlook thus far was bright. At a meeting of delegates from the branch organizations the situation is to be gone over some day next week."

On the 29th of October, it was announced that the New York State Sabbath [Sunday] Association had adopted resolutions opposing the plans of the Liquor Dealers' Association to force favorable action by the coming Legislature on the Sunday opening of liquor saloons. The resolutions of this Association call upon all of the candidates of all parties to refuse to answer questions put by the Liquor Dealers' Association as to the candidates' attitude on the question, and in conclusion pledge the New York State Sabbath [Sunday] Association to use every effort to defeat all bills introduced in the Legislature to legalize the opening of saloons on Sunday.

A Necessary  
Result.

THE political phases of this movement are not the most important features in the case. The genius and results of our present system of Sunday legislation are involved. Indeed, such an issue is the natural, if not the unavoidable, result of universal leisure created by law. Such compulsory leisure—religious convictions being absent—creates holidayism. Holidays are the one thing desired by the saloon. It rejoices when men have leisure, in which appetite and pleasure-seeking dictate action. Through the license system, the united liquor traffic represented in the saloons has become a great and permanent commercial and political monopoly. This present movement on the part of the liquor dealers is not a new one, but it is an effective one, and the dealers in the state of New York have had much experience along such lines. It is easier for them to hold the balance of power between two great parties than it is to capture and control either party. The tactics adopted are along the line of "local option." When the issue is made as noted above, both parties become subservient to the saloon as far as possible, especially in close districts. Thus party lines of opposition are weakened and the saloon gets the advantage. Of the results in this one campaign in New York it is too early to speak. Whatever these may be, the issue will remain with growing strength. Ordinary days, when the masses of drinking men are busy, are comparatively harvestless for the saloons; but the weekly holiday, on which men are forbidden to follow "secular business," and on which a small minority only will attend to "sacred things," becomes the chief harvest day of the week. Hence the saloon seeks a status of increased power and respectability through a law for Sunday selling. It has gained untold power and safety by the legal protection furnished through license, and naturally demands that the advantage thus gained be increased through legal protection on the one best business day of the week. The deeper interest in this question which the friends of temperance ought to feel is in the fact that existing Sunday laws are the entering wedge, and a legalized saloon on Sunday is one of the direct results.

A Valued  
Relic Gone.

THE old house at East Haverhill, Mass., in which the poet Whittier was born, and in which were collected many relics that had association with him, was burned a few days ago. By the energy of members of the family that



occupied the house practically all of these relics were saved. The old chimney with its wide fireplace, before which the poet often mused, stands like a monument in the midst of the ruins. It is suggested that the house will be rebuilt and that the Whittier collection of relics will again be installed in it. To be sure it was only a quaint old house in the country, but its association with this gentlest and truest of our poets makes it of uncommon interest. Much that we prize and much that helps us to higher living comes through this law of association. Through it come the richest treasures of memory, and the joy of heaven will find much of its glory through re-association with persons if not of things. While we live in the material body and are busied with material things, these will continue to be powerful teachers of good and the reminders of what has been.

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**Irrigation.** WE believe that the advance in plans for irrigating the arid plains of the West is one of the most important and valuable movements undertaken by the general Government. There has naturally been objection to the National Government's undertaking or becoming responsible for irrigation works. At the same time it has long been evident that neither private enterprise nor state supervision could do this great necessary work of subduing a vast area to productive uses. There is now, for instance, a case pending between two states because irrigation works in one cut off a water supply from the other. Some general and comprehensive plan is necessary to avoid local troubles and to utilize the water over the greatest area possible. The impropriety of direct appropriations out of the national treasury has been avoided. The National Government is to use the money received from the sale of public lands in the semi-arid states (less the part of this fund that goes to the agricultural colleges) as a "revolving fund," to construct irrigation works under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior. The lands are to be sold only to settlers, and no person may hold more than one hundred and sixty acres, and no title shall be given except to a person who has been a settler on the land for five years. The land is to be paid for, to the Government, in ten annual installments. Thus in every ten years the Government will receive back the sum invested ten years before. The sale of public lands in these states yields about two and a half millions a year.

If the plan works out, it will continue for a long time the beneficent results of the Homestead Act. It will add much to our home-owning agricultural population and correspondingly to our products and resources. It will mean the addition to our productive area of a vast empire of tillable land. It will increase products of the great western half of the Union and consequently the development of our Asiatic trade. But most of all it will tend to uplift and enlarge what is known as the "rural population," a thing greatly to be desired in these days of congested and depraved city life.

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**South Africa and the United States.** THE growing importance of South Africa as a market for products of the United States is illustrated by figures just received at the Treasury Bureau of Statistics. They show that the importations into Cape Colony, Natal,

Delagoa Bay and Beira amounted last year to more than \$150,000,000, or nearly treble the total for a decade earlier. These figures are published by the British South African Export Gazette. They show that the total imports in 1901 were \$153,750,462. This is a marked increase over the imports of the preceding year, and is two and a half times as much as the total for 1892, a decade earlier.

The United States now occupies second rank in the list of countries supplying South Africa, the largest figure being the United Kingdom.

The rapid growth of imports into South Africa from the United States and the extremely rapid growth in the consuming power of Africa adds interest to the latest statistics of that trade. These figures show that for the eight months ending with August, 1902, our total exports to Africa were \$22,469,572.

The list of articles shows the shameful sum of \$863,798 worth of "rum." But it is gratifying to see that the list also includes much that belongs to a genuine Christian civilization, as follows:

Mineral oils, refined .....	\$108,544
Machinery .....	178,385
Other iron and steel manufactures .....	194,422
Wheat flour .....	42,039
Wheat .....	22,009
Provisions, except beef canned .....	44,564
Boards, deals and planks .....	214,785
Cars, carriages, etc .....	73,686
Corn .....	496
Household furniture .....	67,721

**THE WOLVES OF ROME.**

The city of Rome has just had a most welcome present in the person of a small wolf, which has already arrived and taken its place in the garden at the Capitol.

Rome is supposed to never be without its incarnation, its symbol, its wolf, and, in fact, until lately a pair of wolves led the most idyllic life among the historic associations at the Capitol, and among, what was perhaps more to their taste, the trees and flowers. They were fed like princes, looked at with awe by all the small children of the town, and with affection by the grown-ups, the happy family once being completed by the arrival of two young cubs, which played like kittens, basked in the sun, and only showed their teeth when fed. The two newcomers were dubbed Romulus and Remus indiscriminately, no one being able to tell them apart, until one fatal day, so it is said, they fought, and one was so wounded that he subsequently died, whereupon it was declared that there was not the least doubt that the old story had been repeated, and that Romulus had killed Remus for the second time.

The old wolves pined and died, because of the crime of their offspring, it was romantically said, but in reality from forced inaction and over-eating, and the Eternal City was left without her symbol. When it was proposed to give the new wolf a mate it was seriously opposed, as it was said that murder was fated to follow, and the crime of Romulus be indefinitely renewed.—Pall Mall Gazette.

"COME and dine with us to-morrow," said the old fellow who had made his money and wanted to push his way into society. "Sorry," replied the elegant man, "I can't. I'm going to see 'Hamlet.'" "That's all right," said the hospitable old gentleman, "bring him with you."—Chicago Record.

**Prayer-Meeting Column.**

**Topic.—Bible Study; Reasons For It.**

The leader of the meeting will choose such lessons as he deems best to introduce the topic. The subject is so rich and varied, and is so closely connected with Sabbath-school work that it opens a field of thought that contains help for every Christian, young or old. The topic is of special interest to Seventh-day Baptists.

Protestants hold in general that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the Word of God, written under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit and are therefore infallible, and of divine authority in all things pertaining to faith and practice; that they contain all the extant supernatural revelations of God designed to be a rule of faith and practice to his church; that they are sufficiently perspicuous to be understood by the people, in the use of ordinary means and by the aid of the Holy Spirit, in all things necessary to faith without the need of any infallible interpreter.

All this we embody in our faith touching the Bible, hence are we Seventh-day Baptists. By our faith we are non-Catholics and more than Protestants.

On the practical side touching right living the Bible leads the world's thought in righteousness. If we compare the religion of the old Testament with the religions which were around the Jews when it came into existence we find it superior on all points. The old heathen nations worshiped many gods. The Israelites were commanded to worship but one God. The heathen freely offered human sacrifices; their gods were cruel and bloodthirsty. The Israelites were ordered to offer only animal sacrifices; the intention of those who offered the sacrifices was to enter into relation with a holy God. The sin offering signified access to God; the burnt offering, consecration to God; and the peace offering, communion with God.

Our faith in the Bible is sustained and vindicated by many facts which modern investigations are bringing to light. In "Recent Research in Bible Lands," edited by Prof. H. V. Hilprecht, Ph.D., D.D., the strong testimony of the monuments of Babylon, Assyria and Egypt to the accuracy and the truth of the Bible narratives is very clearly shown. Prof. J. H. McCurdy, Ph. D., LL. D., says on page 9 of that book, "What then are our principal gains from Egyptological research? In the foremost rank we have the splendid vindications of the accuracy of the writer of the account of Israel's sojourn in lower Egypt. What is said in Genesis and Exodus of the character of the country, its government and its court and the customs of the people are shown to be pictures faithfully drawn from the life." The same may be said of the results of the work done in research in other portions of Bible lands.

The Bible surpasses all other books in presenting highest ideals of life and character to aid us in rising toward highest living. Men who have not really studied the Bible talk about its being outworn, but who has yet attained to the perfect keeping of the law in the Ten Commandments, much less the lofty ideals of righteousness and truth set forth by Christ in the Sermon on the Mount? We need high ideals and great characters. The painter, the sculptor, the writer, the



business man, everyone needs to be guided by the best, or he will fail. Such ideals act as a stimulus to men to incite them to do their best. "Even as the mountain peak stimulates the strong limbed climber and the picture of a great painter the young artist." For these reasons, and many others, this topic is rich in helpful things.

#### DEATH OF MRS. ALLEN.

Abigail A. Allen, Widow of the Late President Allen, Passed Away at her Home in Alfred, N. Y., Sunday Morning, October 26, 1902.

For the past two weeks we have been expecting the announcement of the death of Mrs. Allen, but when the word was passed from one to another Sunday morning that she had passed away at 6 o'clock, every heart was filled with sadness. It can be truthfully said that she had no enemies. No one who in anyway came in contact with her sweet life could help but love her. There was not a single person in this village, no matter how humble, but had a warm place in the heart of Mrs. Allen, and especially was the welfare of the young of great interest to her. During the fifty years or more in which she has been connected with the work of the University she has come in contact with thousands of young men and women, all of whom will now mourn the departure of a dear friend, and who bear the impress on their character of her noble Christian teaching and example.

Abigail A. Maxson was born in the town of Friendship, N. Y., Feb. 4, 1824. The old homestead was situated about one mile west of the village of Nile. At fifteen years of age she came to Alfred and became a student in the Academy, being an honorary member of its first graduating class, of which class her future husband, Jonathan Allen, was a member. At the suggestion of President Kenyon, she went to Ingham University, then known as LeRoy Female Seminary, where she was graduated in 1844. After graduation she returned to Alfred to accept a position as teacher. In 1846 she became Preceptress of the school. Her teaching in those days embraced a wide range of subjects, and she was kept busy from morning till night in the class-room.

On July 12, 1849, Miss Maxson was married to Prof. Allen, who afterwards became the beloved President of the University. For more than forty years she shared his labors, his ambitions and his hopes as constant and unflagging as any woman could be to her husband. His burdens and trials rested heavily upon her heart, and his victories rejoiced her quite as much as they did him.

Mrs. Allen was one of the pioneers in the state of New York for the advancement of the political rights of woman, and counted among her intimate friends the leading spirits in this movement, Julia Ward Howe, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and others. At the reception given to Susan B. Anthony, at Washington, on her eightieth birthday, Mrs. Allen was by special invitation an honored guest.

She leaves three children to mourn their loss, Mrs. Eva Alberti and Prof. Alfred Allen, of New York City, and Mrs. George G. Champ- lin, of Albany.

The funeral services were held at the late residence Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 28. Music was furnished by a quartet composed of Miss Middaugh, Mrs. W. A. Barber, and Messrs. Truman and Post. Prof. C. F. Binns read a portion of Scripture and offered

prayer, after which Pastor Randolph spoke in behalf of the church, and Pres. Davis for the University, who also read the following resolutions:

#### BY THE TRUSTEES.

In the death of Mrs. Abigail A. Allen, Alfred University suffers the loss of a life-long friend and faithful teacher. Since her appointment as Preceptress in 1846, until the time of her death, she has been officially connected with the University.

During the long and successful Presidency of her late husband, Dr. Jonathan Allen, she was his faithful supporter, wise counsellor and loving companion.

Her memory will ever be cherished, together with that noble company, who were the founders and pioneer teachers of Alfred University.

Her lofty Christian character, her scholarly and benevolent ideals and her noble self-sacrifice will be an inspiration to those who are left to carry on the work.

#### BY THE FACULTY.

The Faculty of Alfred University, feeling keenly the loss occasioned by the death of Mrs. Abigail A. Allen, desires to express its high appreciation of her sterling worth and of her loving and sacrificial services for the University.

For more than half a century she was connected with the school as student, preceptress or teacher. Through all these years she was pre-eminently a friend of teachers and of students. Many students who under adverse circumstances were seeking an education found her ever ready to render encouragement, sympathy and substantial aid. Her kindly interest and inspiring example are cherished by thousands who have been connected with the University.

The life of Mrs. Allen has been one of cheerful self-sacrifice to an extent that few realize or appreciate. Personal comfort and personal rights have been held as secondary to benevolent ends in her life.

The faculty remembers with gratitude that she was a most faithful and efficient co-worker with President Allen in his long and successful administration, and that her interest in his ideals and plans for the upbuilding of the University continued unabated to the end of her life.

While we extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy, we rejoice with them in the assurance that she has received the rich reward of her long and faithful Christian life.

These were followed by an eloquent and touching tribute by a former student, Dr. Edwin H. Lewis, of Chicago, which we are pleased to give in full:

*Dear Friends:*—When the sweet Psalmist of Israel felt praise of God welling up in his heart, he would repeat and repeat the same thought in various words. This is what we do when our feelings are too deep for easy speech. And the little that I shall say of Mother Allen is but a repetition of what has been said; only it is a pleasure and a joy to say these things again.

There is a Persian figure of speech which likens the soul to a falcon imprisoned in a cage. Surely that metaphor was never truer than in the case of this great and saintly soul, whose body lies here to-day. That body was but

"the bars  
That kept her spirit from the stars."

And now the bird has been let loose in eastern skies, and when we think of this glad release we cannot, at first, help fancying the strong, unfettered, upward flight of one who was so long a prisoner of this clay. Yet there is another side to that picture. Mother Allen was never known to leave any person lonely if she could help it. Who knows but that she still lingers near us, "the sweet presence of a good diffused" in all our hearts! I remember how, two years after President Allen's death, I said to her, "You must be very lonely." Her face, which was always so serious, even sad, in repose, looked up at me in surprise. "Why," she said, "he is here with me all the time, every hour," and there

dawned upon her face that rare smile which we all know so well. And we may be sure that whether here or in the unspeakable joy of heaven, she does not forget her children nor those many others who loved to call her mother.

Hers was a great soul. Her views of life were large, broad, deep. Her interests were lofty, ideal interests. She joined herself heart and hand with great causes in the struggle for right, and she watched with profound interest the progress of truth in the vast world. It is a striking fact that her old friend and fellow laborer in the cause of equal rights for women, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, should have died on the same day with Mrs. Allen. In that struggle for woman suffrage, as in many other great battles for humanity, Mrs. Allen saw the hand of God. Her faith was clear-eyed and perfect. No matter what obstacles stood in the way, God's truth was and will be forever marching on. Her greatness of soul lay not only in her broad interests, but in her strength of will and spirit. Who could gaze on that frail body at any time in the last twenty years and not feel that the body was kept alive by the soul that burned within it. No clearer illustration could be found of the command which the spirit may exercise over matter.

But hers was not merely a great soul; it was sweet, gentle, saintly. She loved her race. She hated no man or woman. She was generous to a fault. She had a gift, a very genius for friendship. If all the old students whose hearts she has cheered could be with us to-day, no room in Alfred would contain a tithe of them. In sickness and in health they were her children, and her great motherly heart loved them as her own. No wonder that they call her Mother Allen. Sometimes it seemed to a timid, obscure student that it was impossible Mrs. Allen could take a genuine interest in him, but when he had passed through college, and become an alumnus, and had long been absent from old Alfred in the thick of the world's struggles, he would find that he was still remembered. I doubt if Mrs. Allen ever forgot an old student.

And they in turn have not forgotten her. She lives again in many a life. There was one noticeable thing about Mrs. Allen's friendship for young people—she always treated them as capable of great and noble things. That was because she felt that we are all God's children. She spoke directly to the best that is in us. She assumed that we had high aims. She believed in us, and that made us believe in ourselves. She was one of the few persons who could go to you directly and talk about eternal things—the eternal welfare of your spiritual nature, without giving offense. I could at this moment repeat many things of this sort which she has said to me at different times in the last twenty-five years. And there was never a time when those sayings were not welcome in my ears. Such is the experience of many an old student.

And how beautiful was her own religious life! How steadfastly she kept her faith in her Saviour! How serenely she looked forward to the future!

"I know not where his islands lift  
Their fringed palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond his love and care."

And now she is gone into the world of light.



She has been welcomed by the outstretched, transfigured hands of her husband. We shall never know how much President Allen owed to her cheerful optimism that never failed him in those long, hard years of labor. We cannot know yet what their new, united life will be in that Beyond; but we know that it will be a life of activity without weariness; a life, we believe, that will help to sway the growing life of man. One thing we may be sure of—her thirst for beauty will be assuaged; she will study art at the feet of the great artist—of him who shaped the pure petals of these white flowers laid here by loving hands, and may we share her faith in God's goodness and look forward to our death as joyfully as she!

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

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

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

"For though from out our bourne of time and space  
The flood should bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot, face to face,  
When I have crossed the bar."

After the services the remains were taken to Buffalo for incineration, accompanied by Profs. A. B. Kenyon and Alfred Allen. It was a special request made some time ago by Mrs. Allen that Prof. Kenyon should see to the cremation of her body. A brief service was held at the chapel of the crematory.

L. C. R.

#### THE NEED OF RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM.

During recent years the average religious journal has had a hard row to hoe. There has been a noteworthy and generally acknowledged decline in the fervor of church life—a temporary decline, but still one not to be denied; and this has meant a withdrawal of support from many a religious paper.

Secular affairs have pressed upon men with unexampled force and attractiveness. Never before was the world so interesting. Especially, secular magazines have multiplied at an amazing rate, and newspapers and other periodicals have increased their resources, and have gained a fascination which they never before exhibited. Secular books, and especially the novel, have sold in astonishing numbers. All this has had an unfavorable effect upon the prosperity of the religious journal.

Outdoor sports have made tremendous strides in popularity. Mammon has such a hold on men's affections as it never has gained before. Wars among the nations and struggles between labor and capital have absorbed men's attention. All this has been prejudicial to religious journalism.

Our readers know that the editors of this paper are indomitable optimists; and yet there is no sense in shutting one's eyes to facts. We are not discouraged for the church; our faith is not even depressed; a good time is coming, but this is not a good time.

Now the very causes that have rendered the case of the religious journal a hard one have made the religious journal a greater necessity than ever before. If the world is so attractive, there is double need of presenting the attractiveness of heaven. If mammon presses, the more urgently should we press

the claims of unselfishness. With the world running mad on the one hand for soul-hardening toil and on the other hand for soul-enervating sport, there is most urgent need for the presentation of sane views of life, for reminders of eternity.

The secular press is trying to take the place of the religious press, but it can never do it. Every Sunday paper has its pious page, but it also has thirty pages that are the opposite of pious. Every Monday newspaper prints reports of Sunday's sermons, but only when they treat the Philippine question or the labor question or some other secular or sensational theme. Not once a year could any earnest Christian find a morsel of soul food in the reports of Sunday sermons that appear in most papers.

We cannot depend upon the editors and reporters of secular papers being religious men. We have ourselves known editors of religious pages in important newspapers who were themselves better infidels, sneering at all religion. It is absurd to expect these men, engrossed in the absorbing details of politics, social scandal, crime and sports to be well-informed regarding missions, temperance, denominational positions, theological principles, and the real progress and condition of the church. The most grotesque misrepresentations regarding religious matters are constantly made by secular papers, misrepresentations that would not be permitted for a moment in regard to politics or society.

There is great need for Christians everywhere to consider this matter, and rally to the support of religious journalism. Several important religious papers have died within the past year. We know of others that are in a dying condition. Our own paper, The Christian Endeavor World, though it holds its own and a little more all the time, is far below the position of influence it ought to hold. We are inclined to think that there are too many religious journals, and that the cause of Christ would be furthered by consolidation of several struggling organs in each denomination into one strong paper. But even this conviction is daunted by the question, If three papers should be united, would the resulting journal receive three times the patronage of any one of the three? Would it be supported as it should be supported, so as worthily to represent a great division of Christ's kingdom? We fear it would not.

After all, though the Baptists may have a dozen denominational papers, and the Methodists as many more, and the Presbyterians and Congregationalists almost as many, and the Lutherans and Disciples and all the rest be equally well represented—what is that compared with the great flood of secular papers and magazines, the thirty-five-cent monthlies, the twenty-five-cent monthlies, the ten and five-cent monthlies, the secular weeklies (political, humorous, social), the newspapers by the score in all the cities, while every town and county must have three or four?

The problem is only rendered more difficult and complex by the move toward secularization made by some powerful religious papers, a move which in some cases has practically transferred them to the secular field, while they still retain the title and prestige of religious journals. We admire these periodicals. We rejoice in Christian discussions of the Philippines, of Tolstoi, and of the tariff.

But these are merely applications of religion, at the most; they are not fundamentals.

We call upon all of the readers of this paper to use their influence toward the prosperity of the religious press. Pastors, especially, can do much to turn their people in this direction. Christian Endeavor Societies should have as one permanent aim the winning of their members from this passion for secular reading, that, while not neglecting the best secular books and periodicals, they may read more of those books and papers that will set them to thinking for Christ and his kingdom.

If Christians everywhere would do this, the religious press, instead of being crippled as it is now, handicapped in a thousand ways by lack of resources, would be able to take a stand where it belongs, in advance of the secular press, as representing the power and intelligence and beauty of religion. May that day speedily come.—Christian Endeavor World.

#### ACHIEVEMENT THROUGH SELF-MASTERY.

We rise by the things that are under feet,  
By what we have mastered of good and gain,  
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,  
But we build the ladder by which we rise  
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,  
And we mount to its summit round by round.

—J. G. Holland.

#### DON'T HURRY.

Anyone can hold out a dumb-bell for a few seconds; but in a few more seconds the arm sags; it is only the trained athlete who can endure even to the minute's end. For Hawthorne to hold the people of "The Scarlet Letter" steadily in focus from November to February, to say nothing of six years' preliminary brooding, is surely more of an artistic feat than to write a short story between Tuesday and Friday. The three years and nine months of unremitting labor devoted to "Middlemarch" does not in itself afford any criterion of the value of the book; but given George Eliot's brain power and artistic instinct to begin with, and then concentrate them for that period upon a single theme, and it is no wonder that the result is a masterpiece. "Jan van Eyck was never in a hurry," says Charles Reade of the great Flemish painter in "The Cloister and the Hearth"—"Jan van Eyck was never in a hurry, and therefore the world will not forget him in a hurry."—The Atlantic.

#### GOT IT DONE.

An intelligent-looking boy walked into a grocer's shop the other day, and, reading from a paper, said:

"I want six pounds of sugar, at 6½ cents a pound."

"Yes," said the shopman; "that will be 39 cents."

"Eleven pounds of rice, at 6 cents a pound."

"Sixty-six cents."

"Four pounds of tea, at 50 cents a pound."

"Two dollars."

And so he continued: "Five pounds of coffee, at 25 cents; seven tins of milk at 10 cents; four tins of tomatoes, at 9 cents, and eight tins of sardines, at 15 cents."

The shopman made out the bill and handed it to the lad, saying: "Did your mother send the money, or does she want them entered?"

"My mother didn't send me at all," said the boy, seizing hold of the bill. "It's my arithmetic lesson, and I had to get it done somehow.—New Orleans Picayune.



## Missions.

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

### LETTER FROM DR. PALMBORG.

LIEU-OO, China, Sept. 14, 1902.

Rev. O. U. Whitford:

*Dear Friend:*—Having returned from my vacation at the hills, and feeling grateful for the renewed strength of body and mind received there, I think I can do no better than to give you and the friends at home a chance to enjoy my gratitude with me by writing you a letter.

The summer has been a trying one everywhere, and even at our pleasant resort on the mountain there was a good deal of sickness, which was a trial to many. But we were so much more fortunate than those who had to remain on the plain in the midst of the cholera, that we had great cause for gratitude. The weather was extremely hot in many places, and the people died by thousands by that terrible scourge. One of our neighboring missionary friends succumbed to it, and another in the same mission suffered severely.

It may be interesting for you to read an extract from a letter written to us by my old teacher, Dzau Sing-chung, while we were in the hills:

"This year, because the pestilence is so great, the Taoist and Buddhist priests are in great demand to repeat their incantations and beat gongs, etc., to drive away the evil. Idols are often taken out of the temples and carried through the streets, as they think it will drive away the pestilence devil. Even some of the officials with their soldiers escort the idols through the streets. The people are calling the sixth month the first month—trying to deceive the evil spirit and make him think it is winter, so he will go away, for cholera never comes in the winter. But they do not at all think how all power is in the hands of God, nor worship him, the true God. What a pity that they so deceive themselves! May God have mercy upon them and enlighten their dull hearts. Our people, in God's great mercy, are all well. This may comfort your hearts."

The great heat and the dreadful epidemic are now about over, although, as I write, the temperature in my room is 86 degrees Fahrenheit.

I enjoyed a delightful visit in Shanghai with our nearest neighbors there, who are missionary physicians, and have a fine hospital. I was detained longer than I intended to stay by a severe storm, called a "typhoon," which lasted three days. The next day I came out here by boat, my already-mentioned old teacher coming with me for company, as he had nothing important to do. He remained over the Sabbath, to my great pleasure, and I asked him to conduct a service here Sabbath morning. At first I thought we would hold it in a room near the street, and let the passers-by come in as they would, but later I decided to hold it in an inner room, and send out to invite in the acquaintances and friends who would be more apt to understand—at least to listen. About twenty came in, and to these the teacher preached about "The unknown God." They gave close attention, and I pray that to some heart may have come some understanding of the truth.

Yesterday afternoon we had another service here at the house, with a slightly smaller attendance, at which I tried to show them

that Jesus is the light of the world. We expect to have our Sabbath afternoon meetings here once in two weeks, on the alternate Sabbaths holding it at Mrs. Ng's country home, as before. I feel very inefficient for such work, and could wish I had had a theological course, but I have to do the best I can, and I am going to try to work in my young school-teacher here a little. He is a nice young man, and an earnest Christian, I am sure. Our little school has opened with about the same number of pupils as last term, but with a promise of more. I do not put too much faith in promises, however. The people seem just to be finding out that I have returned, so my patients have been few, but are gradually increasing in numbers. It gives me a greater chance to talk personally with the different ones, however, which is something gained.

The other day I went on my bicycle to a town about one and a half miles distant, to visit a family in connection with our school. It is a nice family—that is, they are well-to-do and very respectable. I had a chance to talk to the women about the gospel, and some of them seemed much interested—had never heard it before. I felt rather amused when they told me they supposed the reason I had come here to live was because China was a better place to live in than America. I have hardly reached that point yet. On the way back from that place I had to pass through a little village composed of boat people, where they are very rough and often insulting. One old woman came running after me and begged me to come and see her daughter-in-law, which I did. Although she was suffering from an incurable disease, which I told them, when I came out of the miserable hut the crowd that had gathered were quiet and respectful, and every day since then I have had some patient from that village. Perhaps they will treat me better hereafter.

As I look ahead to the year before me and see the great need, I feel very insufficient, and can only pray for God's grace and help to make me faithful.

FROM R. S. WILSON.

I have a good deal to report this time, if I can think of it all. I have done more preaching the past quarter than I have in any one quarter since I have been in the work, notwithstanding my wife, my baby and my daughter have all been sick so much; I was kept at home three weeks when my daughter had the fever. We had the doctor here once a day for twelve days, and my expenses were high, but, praise the Lord, they are all about once more. I have to some extent neglected our own church the past quarter on account of so many calls at other places.

First, I assisted a First-day Baptist at Pleasant Valley, three miles from Attalla, in a meeting for one week. I preached for him four times, had a good revival and several conversions. The Seventh-day Baptists were all invited to help, and several of them did attend and help in the meetings. The Missionary Baptists carry on a Sunday-school at that place; I was there and organized the school for them. The Seventh-day Baptists almost run it. Bro. J. C. Wilson and Bro. T. J. Hawkins, with their children, take the lead, and J. C. Wilson teaches the advance class, and is Assistant Superintendent.

I carried on a meeting at Heald's for four days with, I think, good results. We had a

full house every meeting at night, but from fifty to seventy-five in the day time. I would have run it all the week but it was just after our folks had all been sick and I was just worn out and could not run it longer. We had from three to eleven penitents at the altar for prayer each night, and we closed with ten at the altar, nearly all adults. One (woman) over fifty years old came for prayer. I spent the time morning and afternoon visiting and talking on the Sabbath and other religious subjects. One afternoon was spent with a Methodist family, and one daughter of the family was a teacher. We took our Bibles to search for the Bible Sabbath. The young school teacher said at last that she knew that Constantine changed the Sabbath, or made the first law to compel the people to keep Sunday.

I have had more calls to preach at different places than I ever had before. Mr. Murray, a Methodist, who has taken a great liking to me, lives twenty miles from Attalla. I have been to his place three times, and have good congregations, some two hundred, every time. The last time I was there Mr. Murray took up a collection and paid my car fare, and said they would pay my way once a month if I would preach for them awhile. I will serve them for a time.

We are also working to try to get Bro. Bottoms of Logan, Cullman county, Ala., and Bro. Hyatt of Crainhill, to move near Bailey-ton, in Cullman county, where Bro. McCarley lives, and then, if Bro. Pernel comes to us, as I think he will, we would have a good church in Cullman. Brethren Bottoms and Hyatt both have good homes. It will be a little hard to find places for them, but I hope the changes can be made this winter.

The letter from Mr. Curry, in the other package, is in answer to a letter I wrote to the Attalla Mirror, after a revival meeting held here by the different pastors of the town; called it a union meeting, but did not invite me to preach. When the meeting closed they published an account of the meeting in our Attalla paper, saying that all the pastors of the different churches had taken part. I replied to it through the same paper and showed the statement untrue. I have talked with some of the best members of all the churches, regretting such things had been done. They always raised the subject, some of them confessing that Saturday was the Bible Sabbath. I have since then been mailing these pastors tracts, and they all treat me very kindly now, but they will not mention the Sabbath question at all, so I tell the people of Attalla we are here, and here to stay. No minister anywhere in my rounds has been so cool as these right here in Attalla, although they will call on me to pray in their meetings, but not preach.

I have preached about fifty-eight or sixty sermons since January 1, 1902.

I hope the Board will accept our feeble reports and make the best provision for us next year they can.

ATTALLA, Ala., Oct. 15, 1902.

FROM G. H. F. RANDOLPH.

I reached brother Skaggs' all right. His own family are quite well. His son has taken his effects and gone to Gentry. His family are still here, but will go to him as soon as the children are fit to take on the trip. Bro. Skaggs will also go to Gentry if he succeeds in selling his place here, and it seems very



probable that he will succeed, as his price is very reasonable.

We held services Sabbath morning, the night after Sabbath, Sunday morning, and also at 3.30 P. M. Sunday. The congregations were not large, averaging only about thirty, but we had precious good meetings. It seems as though there is very little we can do here except to encourage the few faithful ones, unless we make a long seige. It is even doubtful about the propriety of such an effort. If our people were not scattering so much, we ought to do something of that kind. But I think we might better exert ourselves more to build up central points; of course not to the detriment of the cause among the isolated ones.

Brother Pearse's people have not been up to the meetings at all. I hope to see them though before leaving.

I will leave here Wednesday morning for Hydrick, to meet the quartet. If I get favorable word from Hardy I may stop off there for a few hours with a Bro. Clarke, an uncle of Mrs. H. D. Witter. If not, I will push right on to Hydrick.

BOAZ, Mo., Oct. 20, 1902.

#### THE SIGN AND THE SUBSTANCE.

Within the past few years there has been a marked change in matters educational, especially in our colleges. The haste to "begin work," of which the collegians have more or less to say, and the consequent haste to complete college years and to enter upon professional or business training, have had a reflex influence upon the colleges themselves, and the up-to-date college president has been seeking for some way to satisfy this desire for a short road to knowledge, or at least a short road to what is accepted as a sign of knowledge. The result is a movement to reduce the length of college courses and to otherwise make it possible for the hurrying student to "begin work" a little earlier than those whom he follows.

For a great many years the colleges of the country have given to their graduates degrees which were supposed to be like the tags on bundles—marks of what was to be found within. Naturally, there was a variety in what the same degree marked, just as there was a variety in what the several institutions could confer. Harvard, for instance, would give to one who had labored faithfully through four years of hard work, using to his full limit the wonderful opportunities which that ancient institution possessed to give a liberal education, the same degree that some little institution of short life and few opportunities would confer. Yet in each case the degree was of equal size; but that for which it stood was vastly different. This fact has resulted, in this age of hustle, in causing many a well-meaning person to ask if too much time was not taken to secure these degrees, just as if the degree itself was the thing of value rather than that for which the degree stood. As a consequence there is to-day hardly a college of note which does not offer a short road to a degree, if not a short road to learning. And the latest proposition comes from Columbia, whose new president has more than suggested the advisability of conferring for two years' study the degree which has heretofore represented four years' study.

The hurry to "begin work" may be unavoidable. It certainly must be recognized as a hard fact. But that is no reason why

the signs of a liberal education should be tacked upon a partial education. If those young men who are in too much of a hurry to drink deep at the spring of learning must have some sign that they have sipped from the spring, the authorities should invent some new sign. But it hardly seems a fair thing to attach to them the same sign which for many years has been used to honor those whose desire or thoroughness was greater than their desire to "begin work." To give for two years' study a degree which has heretofore stood for four years' work would be a great deal like calling fifty cents worth of silver a dollar—it might pass among those who knew no better, but when it came to the final place of exchange there would be a serious loss for the one presenting either.—Westerly Sun.

#### HINTS FOR THE HOSTESS.

The successful hostess is she who brings out the good points of her guests, subordinating her own gifts or only using them to draw out those of others. Often the best way to bring out a bright story is to tell one yourself; or if you want to get the talk upon music or art or literature or home affairs, or any other subject, it is easy to steer the bark of conversation that way, but when once the talk is well under way, let the hostess not attempt to shine overmuch herself. Always she should have in mind the pleasure and recognition by her guests of what is best in one another.

People like to go to places where they feel at home, and it does not conduce to one's comfort if she feels that the whole household has been turned upside down because of her coming.—Woman's Home Companion.

Do NOT plan too much for a guest's amusement. A chance to choose one's diversion is often more appreciated than a constant round of gayeties. Especially if your visitor be a busy housewife will she enjoy a day in which there is no "must do."

Make no attempt to vary your usual bill of fare. Your guest will infinitely prefer the newness of your dishes to an imitation of her own. If you live in the country the home-made bacon and ham will be a real treat; and a bass, fresh from the river, will be a revelation to one who has only eaten fish after it has been packed in ice. If you live in the city do not attempt to serve spring chicken to your country guest. But the juicy steaks and roasts you are so tired of are a treat she can seldom enjoy at her distance from the markets.—What to Eat.

#### THE LIFE IS THE TEST.

To examine its evidence is not to try Christianity; to admire its martyrs is not to try Christianity; to compare and estimate its teachers is not to try Christianity; to attend its rites and services with more than Mohammedan punctuality, is not to try or know Christianity. But for one day to have lived in the pure atmosphere of faith and love to God, of tenderness to man; to have beheld earth annihilated and heaven opened to the prophetic gaze of hope; to have seen even more revealed behind the complicated troubles of this strange, mysterious life, the unchanging smile of an eternal Friend, and everything that is difficult to reason solved by that reposing trust which is higher and better than reason—to have known and felt this, I will not say for a life, but for a single blessed hour, that, indeed, is to have made experiment of Christianity.—William Archer Butler.

## Woman's Work.

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

### LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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

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

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

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

WORD has been received of the death of Mrs. Jonathan Allen, of Alfred, N. Y., after an illness of short duration. A fuller account will doubtless be received later.

MRS. ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, a woman known the world over as the first and foremost advocate of Woman's Suffrage, died at her home in New York October 26, after a few hours' illness. She was born in Johnstown, N. Y., November 12, 1815, so had nearly reached her eighty-seventh birthday. Her sight had been impaired for the last two or three years, but her general health had been good and her intellect remained clear and vigorous. Only a few hours before her death she had dictated several letters to personal friends, and during the week just passed had written several magazine articles.

Her father was a lawyer, and it was her close intercourse with him, and through her study of his books, that she early became interested in the need of a work for women. Her husband was also a lawyer, a prominent lecturer on Anti-Slavery, a subject in which she herself was much interested; so they worked together, she traveling with her husband when he went out on his lecture trips. It was soon after her marriage that she took up the work that so long as she lived was of the greatest moment to her, and became an advocate of suffrage and equal rights for women.

Her first public appearance was before the Legislature of New York in 1840, when she spoke in favor of the Married Woman's Property Bill, so called, a bill that allowed women to hold property in their own names. Not discouraged at the failure to get the bill passed at this time, she kept at it year after year, till, in 1848, the bill became a law. She was not easily disheartened, and never relinquished a cause that she believed to be right. It is said of her that for twenty-five years she made an annual address to a committee of Congress, in which she urged an amendment to the Constitution that should extend the franchise to women.

In 1852 she called a Convention at Seneca Falls, N. Y., the first of its kind, for the discussion of the Suffrage question. Soon after the close of the Civil War, she organized the National Woman's Suffrage Association. She became the first President, and held the office for twenty-five years, and then became Honorary President, which office she held at the time of her death.

During the Civil War, she, in connection with Susan B. Anthony, organized the Loyal League, the object of which was to relieve



the suffering in the families of the soldiers. The work of this organization extended throughout the Union and was the means of much good.

In connection with Miss Anthony and others, she at different times edited papers and magazines that presented the principles for which she stood. She was known as the author of several books, and a regular contributor to many magazines. Her name also appears in connection with the *Woman's Bible*, published a few years ago, a book consisting of a compilation of all the references to women in the Bible, with comments by Mrs. Stanton.

Although she will always be best known because of her connection with Woman Suffrage, it should also be remembered that she was a ready writer and speaker on other subjects, and was a strong advocate of temperance.

She made several journeys abroad to lecture on Suffrage. In 1868 she ran for Congress, but was defeated.

Hers was a long life devoted to doing what she believed was her duty, and doing it with her whole heart. She gave of her life to resist the various tyrannies against woman, and for over half a century was known as a strong advocate and staunch supporter of the Suffrage question.

#### REPORT OF WOMAN'S SOCIETY FOR CHRISTIAN WORK, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

This Society held its Annual Meeting in the church parlor October 8, 1902. Officers for the past year were re-elected. Mrs. George H. Babcock, President; Mrs. D. E. Titsworth, Vice-President; Mrs. A. T. Maxson, Recording Secretary; Mrs. T. B. Titsworth, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. F. A. Dunham, Treasurer.

A summary of the year's work was read by the Secretary and reports were received from the various committees. The Tract Committee reported the presentation of most excellent papers, one upon the Sacrifices and Loyalty of our Early Sabbath-keepers, and the other the History of the Seventh-day Churches in New Jersey. These papers were read at our Friday evening missionary services. The Treasurer reported receipts of \$462.44 and expenditures of \$425.67. Of this, \$54.00 was paid to the Missionary Society; \$274.75 to Tract Society, (\$220.75 of this having been raised by a special effort of our faithful Tract Committee); \$20.00 to Miss Burdick's salary; Board expenses, \$5.00; S. E. & I. A., \$10.00; Church Beneficiary and Home Missions, \$37.94.

The meetings of the Society are held bi-weekly, with business sessions monthly. Sociables alternate with those of the C. E. Society. Representatives from our Society report monthly of the work and needs of the various local organizations, and also collect the annual dues for these organizations. They reported having paid to the Children's Home \$28.00; Relief Association, \$52.00; hospital, \$15.00; McAll Mission, \$13.00; W. C. T. U., \$17.80; Young Women's Club, \$10.00; Needle Work Guild, \$1.00 cash and \$12.00 worth of new garments.

The Society have under consideration the study of United Missions for the ensuing year.

AMANDA T. MAXSON, *Rec. Sec.*

The second volume in the United Study of Mission Series has just been issued under the title of *Lux Christi, A Study of India*, by

Caroline Atwater Mason. It is presented in the same form as "Via Christi, An Introduction to the Study of Missions." India was the first field of Anglo-Saxon Protestant Missions, and by reason of the seclusion and oppressions of its women it is pre-eminently woman's foreign missionary field. It can be said without hesitation that no portion of the heathen world can offer us a more fruitful subject for study and investigation. The author's opinion is that we have too long confined ourselves to the detailed study of our own limited fields, missing the sweep and the thrill which come with the wider knowledge of the work of the Church Universal. Nothing in this way can be more broadening and illuminating, or more full of encouragement as a systematic study of the work in India of all Christian missions.

#### THE DIVINE MEASURING ROD.

Let us measure our duty in giving. What shall be the measuring rod?

1. Your capacity. "She hath done what she could."
2. Opportunity. "As ye have opportunity do good unto all men."
3. Your convictions. "That servant which knew his Lord's will and prepared not himself, neither did according to his will, shall be beaten with many stripes."
4. The necessities of others. "If a brother or a sister be naked, or destitute of daily food," etc.
5. The providence of God. "Let every man lay by him in store as God has prospered him."
6. Symmetry of character. "Abound in this grace also."
7. Your own happiness. "It is more blessed to give than to receive."
8. God's glory. "Honor God with your substance."—Selected.

#### ONLY A BOY.

There is a striking story of a certain missionary who was sent for, on one occasion, to go to a little village in an out-of-the-way corner of India, to baptize and receive into church fellowship sixty or seventy adult converts from Hindocism. At the commencement of the proceedings, he had noticed a boy about fifteen years of age sitting in a back corner, looking very wistfully. He now came forward.

"What, my boy! do you want to join the church?"

"Yes, sir."

"But you are very young, and if I were to receive you into fellowship with this church to-day, and then you were to slip aside, it would bring discredit upon this church and do great injury to the cause of Christ. I shall be coming this way again in about six months. Now, you be loyal to the Lord Jesus Christ during that time, and if, when I come again at the end of the half year, I find you still steadfast and true, I will baptize and receive you gladly."

No sooner was this said than all the people rose to their feet, and some, speaking for the rest, said, "Why, it is he that has taught us all we know about Jesus Christ." And so it turned out to be. This was the little minister of the little church; the honored instrument in the hand of God of saving all the rest for Jesus Christ.—Forward.

MONEY and poor relations are the two roots of some evils.

## Our Reading Room.

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

DE RUYTER, N. Y.—The new memorial windows for our church are being placed in position, and they receive the commendations of those who have seen them for their beauty and appropriateness. They are double windows and arranged for two inscriptions. These windows have been generously provided by the relatives of the various families named upon them, except the one in memory of the present pastor, which is a gift from the Junior Endeavor Society, and the one in memory of Dr. Ella Swinney, which is provided for by "Loving Friends." The names on the windows are here given in gratitude to the contributors, and to show what a list of ministers and deacons the DeRuyter church has had. Beginning at the right of the entrance, northeast corner, the first window is in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Barton G. Stillman. The second is in memory of Rev. Charles M. Lewis and Deacon J. H. Babcock. The third is in memory of Rev. Joshua Clarke and his brother Dr. S. S. Clarke. The fourth is in memory of Deacon J. B. Wells and his brother, Deacon D. Delos Wells. On the west end of the church the right-hand window is inscribed to the memory of Deacon John Maxson and Deacon Willard D. Wilcox. The left window is in memory of Rev. Alexander Campbell and Deacon Henry Crandall. On the south side, at the west end, the first window is in memory of Deacon and Mrs. A. C. Stillman and Mrs. Sarah C. Johnson; the second in memory of Rev. J. R. Irish and Rev. James Bailey. The third window is in memory of Rev. L. R. Swinney and his sister, Dr. Ella F. Swinney. The fourth window is in memory of Rev. G. E. Tomlinson.

The gallery windows are in the same style, but without inscriptions. The front windows, up stairs, have large letters in opal glass, which can be read across the street:

"The Seventh-day Baptist Church of DeRuyter; Constituted 1806; Erected 1835."

L. R. S.

OTSSELIC, N. Y.—The Quarterly Meeting at Otselic was not attended by many from a distance, but by a large number near the church. The meetings were very spiritual and profitable, and will be long remembered as precious seasons to the little church without a pastor.

L. R. S.

WESTERLY, R. I.—Pastor Davis and family returned from Watch Hill about the first of October, and are boarding this winter at Mr. Walter Stillman's, on Grove Avenue. For a number of Sundays past Mr. Davis has been out of town, in the interest of the Anti-Saloon League. He has visited various places in Massachusetts, delivering one or two addresses each Sunday.

The choir, under the leadership of J. H. Tanner, Jr., have completed arrangements for another lecture course to be given in the church during the coming winter. The first entertainment was given on the evening of October 23, by Silas G. Pratt of New York, and was well attended. It was entitled, "The Soul of a Song," and consisted of music, a descriptive address and stereopticon views. Mr. Pratt's purpose was to show by use of these three helps how a simple harmony could



be developed into a musical masterpiece. To illustrate this thought he used "My Old Kentucky Home," which was sung by Miss Emma S. Langworthy. The other entertainments are as follows:

Nov. 6.—The Damon Instrumental Quartet.

Nov. 20.—Alton Packard, the cartoonist.

Dec. 4.—"Acres of Diamonds," a lecture, by Richard H. Cromwell.

Feb. 3.—The Royal Hungarian Court Orchestra.

October 29, 1902.

#### HENRY VAIL DUNHAM.

At the Regular Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Seventh-day Baptist Memorial Fund, the following minute was ordered spread upon the records of the Board:

On August 27, Henry Vail Dunham, one of our honored fellow-members and co-laborers, was called away from earth's activities, and we shall never more have the benefit of his cordial greeting, his genial friendship and wise counsel.

He was elected a member of this Board in 1855, and was its Secretary from 1888-90.

During all these years he has given to its important duties and to our other denominational interests his faithful and valued service. He brought to the work of this Board a devoted spirit, a trained business mind, and a conscientious faithfulness, which endeared him to his associates.

We gratefully inscribe in our Minutes this testimonial of our appreciation of our friend and our sense of loss in his death. To the stricken family we tender our heartfelt sympathy, commending them to the loving care of our Heavenly Father, whom he loved and served.

D. E. TITSWORTH, Sec.

#### FISHING IN WISCONSIN LAKES.

The Easterner or the Westerner goes in summer to the mountains or the sea, but whither turn the dwellers in the Mississippi states? The names they love are Mackinac—not really "ac" but "aw"—Nemadji, Little La Salle, Petoskey, Algonac, Manitowish, steeped in Indian legend. They go to the Great Lakes or the big North Woods. If they go house-boating, they go well up the Mississippi. Some go a-voyaging; it is not so far from Buffalo to Duluth as from New York to Liverpool, but the boats that ply between those Great Lake ports are fully as big as ocean liners and their trips take fully as long; and many people spend a summer week steaming through the vast expanse of three of the inland seas. They secure the detachment from ordinary life in which an ocean traveler luxuriates. Others go a-fishing—for a man's fish, the king of all fishes, the muskallonge. Others find hammock and veranda joys along a thousand miles of coast from Pointe aux Barques to Maratawa. Or sail on frigid Lake Superior. Or force their toilsome way up beyond Itasca into the pine slashes of the wilderness. Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota are summer resorts by virtue of ozone distinct from the rarified mountain stimulant in Colorado and from the balsam-laden breezes of New Hampshire and the Adirondacks, but as different from twice-breathed city air as either; by virtue of long, white beaches with fresh-water surf creaming in from blue deeps; by virtue of big fish to which most New Hampshire trout are minnows; by virtue of opportunities for every outdoor pleasure but mountain-climbing.

Families from St. Louis or Chicago spend the summer at Traverse Bay or Thunder Bay or Mackinac as Philadelphia families stay at Atlantic City or Boston families at Mount Desert. Their amusements, too, are similar, even to the bathing, though bathing in the

Lakes is as different from salt-water bathing as trolling for bluefish from casting for trout. The ocean along our northeast shore is cold, very cold, but it shocks the red blood to the surface, where it stays. How cold lake water is was shown by tests in Lake Superior which proved that a hundred feet below the surface the temperature varies not more than a degree throughout the year.

Once, on a sultry August day, a party of campers anchored their catboat off a rock on the Canadian shore of Superior. One of them, hastily undressing, dove with a shout and a splash into the thirty feet of clear, brilliant water just off the rock, and it took the united efforts of the rest of the party to pull him out and revive him; the cold had simply struck him numb. Tempered a little when it reaches the southern peninsula of Michigan, and even warmer in the sunshine on shallow sand-flats, the Lake water is still insinuatingly cold with a chill that does not create a swift electrical reaction. The bathing is pleasant; it is not excellent—no fresh-water bathing is.

Mackinac is the beauty-spot of the region. Once a holy of holies for the Indians, supposed to be a dwelling-place of the great Manitou, later an American fort—the old block-house is still standing—the whole island with its picturesque scenery of dark woods and freakish rocks is hallowed with memories of La Salle and Marquette and all the early history of the Old Northwest. It has the wild beauty, the pleasant drives, the romantic suggestion that makes cozy honeymoon resorts. It has the sufficiency of quiet enjoyment that women love in cool summer places. The air is the true Northwest health-giving wine. And though Mackinac is the gem, the whole Lake coast is well enough supplied with natural charms like those of Mackinac to make it all a vast-children-visited, woman-satisfying play-place.

But men go to the Lake country to fish. Many a lawyer and banker and weary professional man of other vocation, and business men by the score, toil industriously through the year in little Illinois and Iowa and Kansas towns, content in the anticipation of a few summer weeks with a rod on the big lakes or on one of the streams or pools that make Northern Wisconsin and a broad strip of Minnesota a veritable piscatorial paradise. There is, probably, no better fishing in the world. Even fishermen who have landed salmon in New Brunswick or Oregon will confess a consuming ambition to catch a muskallonge, and the home of the muskallonge is the Lake country.

A muskallonge is a combination of alligator, shark, tiger and bucking bronco. He has the mouth and teeth, the swiftness, the fierce spring, the untamed spirit. He could bite a man's hand off—and would. To land him is a strenuous joy.

It is no wonder that a fish that fights as the Lake country muskallonge fights, offers sport to draw a healthy man from the quiet pleasures of bathing at Petoskey, smoking in the moonlight on the deck of a Mississippi excursion boat, or even exploring that beautiful miniature of the Canyon of the Colorado—the Dells of the Wisconsin, curiously water-worn, tree-clothed gorges. Hunting deer in the Northern pines in the fall is not so keen a sport as landing muskallonge, and no summer wanderer enjoys more pleasureable thrills

than the Middle Westerner who pursues the warrior fish in the Wisconsin or Michigan lakes.—The World's Work.

#### LESSONS FROM CALEB.

The few references in the Scriptures to what Caleb did and said suggest that he must have been a most wholesome and attractive personality—not brilliant and compelling, perhaps, but sound, sweet, sensible and strong.

People often refer to good men as though piety was a detraction from the sum of human power, or as though the type of character which is pleasing to God were not very attractive to men. Perhaps such notions arise from the exclusiveness and lack of human sympathy which those who profess to be religious persons often show. They apparently seek to be so unworldly that they cease to be men and women. Now, there is nothing of this in the Bible. The men whom God praises, as he praised Caleb, are not angels, but men; and men whose manly, noble and winsome qualities anyone with an eye for excellence of character would recognize. Men like Moses or Joshua or David or Caleb would be admired in any civilization worthy of the name. Perhaps there is no more timely lesson to be impressed upon young men than that real religion does not make a man less, but more of a man. God wants to see human nature brought to its highest perfection. It is not walking in God's ways but departure from them which robs life of its strength, efficiency and charm. Caleb, cheerful, honest, courageous and single-hearted, is the kind of man in whom both God and men delight.

Again, this episode shows us how a single noble and decisive action may brighten life. It had not been an easy thing for Caleb and Joshua, forty years before, to speak what was in their hearts, against the conclusions of their companions in arms. It is vastly more difficult to withstand your intimates and your compatriots than to take firm ground against your enemies. Many a fine deed has been undone because of fear of offending those with whom you are working. When Caleb spoke those ringing sentences in favor of going up at once to possess the land, he knew that he was destroying friendships and setting himself against those he loved. But he dared to take his stand. And in this episode we see, as through a glass, how the memory of that good deed had brightened and strengthened his life. We often speak of the weakness that follows the wrong deed, of the peril of the "first glass," of the first cowardice and meanness. We do not, perhaps, think so often of the strength that follows a good deed. The explanation of many a noble life is the influence and bent of a true, fine thing done away back in boyhood.

Still further, this story gives us a noble illustration of the reward a choice spirit craves. It is not ease from toil, or security from peril, but a chance to render more service and to occupy a harder field. For reward Caleb craved the mountain, which it was most difficult to take. The request perfectly illustrates the chivalric Christian temper. It is not the best in us that repines when burdens multiply and the call is to a hard service. The characteristic Christian spirit understands that promise of "the open door" to those who have served faithfully. That is just what they want—not release, but a larger opportunity to do more.—Watchman.



## Young People's Work.

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

### Critical Years.

There is an incoming tide of young people in our schools. Many are entering upon a new life. How much it means for them! How much it means to the homes from which they have come forth! In some of these homes I have been. In some of them I have knelt. I have heard the steady voice of the father raised in earnest prayer for the one who was gone. I have heard the mother's voice suddenly choke and fail, as she thought of her absent boy. These are critical years upon which you are entering, young people. Many of you are near the point of decision regarding the vital question of life or one that relates to it. God help you.

### The Power Which Cannot Fail.

A great bridge was to be built across a certain river. The piles were being driven to rest the foundation upon. One day the workmen found they could make no headway, and examination showed that they had struck an old, forgotten, unused water main left in the river bed. They laid a temporary track and harnessed a locomotive to the old main by immense cables. All in vain. They brought tug boats, which whistled and puffed and churned the water, but nothing came. As they were in despair, and the city authorities were seriously considering changing the location of the bridge, a quiet man appeared who said, "I can lift it out." The contract was at once his. He brought two old mud scows and anchored them above the old main. The cables were tightly lashed to huge beams laid from one scow to another. Then he took his place on the bank, folded his arms and said, "I have finished." He waited while the tide came up, lifting higher and higher. The voice of God himself, through the great natural forces said to the old water main, "Come, come." There was a mighty upheaval which shook the river from bank to bank, and the work was done.

O, man, link yourself with God by prayer, beginning the day with him and keeping the communion unbroken; by living in the atmosphere of his word, by Christian associations and companionships, by church fellowship and service. Link yourself with God, and the things which were impossible in your own unaided strength shall become possible. The ruined, sunken life, down in the mire of sin, whose suction is ever pulling you back, shall be lifted by power which cannot fail.

### Question Box.

Question.—Was there any action at Conference making the Associational Secretaries of the Young People's Societies Field Secretaries of their respective Associations? It seems to me that there was such action, but I am not sure. I favored the idea and think that such an officer could be used to good advantage.

Answer.—Line upon line, and precept upon precept. Yes, indeed! O, busy generation, if ye had read last week's RECORDER, ye could have seen it down there in black and white from the Young People's Editor's pen. Get a long pole and gently stir up your Field Secretary, and while you are thinking of it read carefully the Young People's Page of the last three RECORDERS.

From Salem.

We note by the reading of a letter just at hand that Mr. A. J. C. Bond is President of the Clarksburg district of the West Virginia Christian Endeavor Union. On the reverse side of the sheet is a map of the district, comprising seven counties, twenty Societies and seven hundred members. Two counties contain no Society, and the page ends with the significant text from Joshua 13:1, "There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed."

"The Salem Society has changed the time of its regular weekly prayer meeting to Sabbath afternoon, giving Friday night for the church prayer meeting."

We hope to have a Christian Endeavor rally here soon. We are planning, as far as possible, to have one in every Society in our district. (Good idea.—Editor.) New Milton will have her's November 7.

There is now a splendid Intermediate Society in the Salem church, with about seventeen members.

## OUR MIRROR.

WESTERLY, R. I.—The last Quarterly Meeting of the Local Christian Endeavor Union was held on the evening of Sept. 30, with the Society of the Congregational church. Six Societies were represented—a large number coming from Ashaway and Potter Hill. At this meeting it was voted that the Epworth League, Baptist Young People's Union and the Societies of the Episcopal church be given the privilege of uniting with the Union, with the understanding that they take part in the local meetings only. This move necessitated a change in the present name of the Union, and the following was adopted: "The Westerly Local Union of Christian Endeavor and Kindred Young People's Societies."

Instead of securing a speaker from out of town, which has usually been the custom, discussions were led by two local clergymen. The first was led by Rev. J. G. Dutton, of the Christian church, who spoke upon "The Opportunity for Christian Work for Young Men in the Christian Endeavor Society." He thought all would agree with him that the purpose of the C. E. Societies, or any Young People's Society, was that the young people might be educated and trained along the lines of Christian work for the benefit of the church and the building up of Christ's kingdom. He spoke particularly of the great advantage young men had over the ministers, as they can do much more personal work than the minister can. "What a sermon every man can preach by example in the shops, offices, stores and schools; by what they say, the way they conduct themselves and by what they do. It will never do for you to invite people to church or talk to them about Christ, unless they see in you the things that are expressed in your talk. If your example is right, there are few who will refuse."

The second discussion was led by Rev. F. H. Decker, of the Congregational church, whose subject was "The Great Need of the C. E. Society." He emphasized three needs:

1. The lack of evidence that God was now with us. Our pledge might be all right, but if the Holy Spirit dwelt in our lives, we would not need it. Jacob needed no pledge to induce him to build the altar. Give Daniel an

open, free communion with his Father, and you need not pledge him to read his Bible every day.

2. We cannot see our opportunities unless we are in contact with God by the Holy Spirit.

3. We shall not have the power to improve these opportunities except we have personal relationship and personal correspondence with God our Father.

After the meeting a social hour, with refreshments, was enjoyed in the vestry, during which it was announced that the banner was again awarded to the Society at Ashaway.

B.

OCTOBER 29, 1902.

### TALES TOLD BY HUNTERS.

The moose hunting season is in full swing in New Brunswick, and exciting stories come from that province of encounters with the kings of the forest. Among the parties who met with the fighting moose was one composed of W. E. Mason of the Canada and Western Mortgage Company; Drs. J. and George Ryan, of Paris, France, and W. W. Lodge. Mr. Mason is the hero of the party, for it was he who brought down a 1,400-pound moose as the animal was charging upon him.

The party was encamped thirty miles north of Grand Falls, in Victoria county, and early one morning Mr. Mason, accompanied by the guide, while tramping in the woods, came upon an exciting combat between two bull moose. As they stood grazing upon the terrible conflict of the forest monsters, suddenly from the rear they heard fearful bellowings, with the poundings of hoofs as of a stampede of wild cattle. Mr. Mason, turning sharply, saw an immense bull moose bearing down upon them, not fifty yards away. The animal carried a magnificent set of antlers, and the ponderous horns swung low to the ground as he came charging on, with blood in his eye and rage in every bellow.

Mason had just time to get his Winchester to his shoulder and fire before the bull was upon them. The bullet struck at the shoulder and the moose fell. The shoulder blade was shattered, but this seemed only to enrage the bull the more, for in an instant it was up again and rushing upon Mason and the guide. A second shot from Mason's rifle stopped the bull, however, which then turned and fled, and as it ran the guide put in two more shots.

Both hunter and guide followed, the trail being plainly marked by trampled undergrowth and blood-stained leaves. From 9.30 o'clock in the morning until 2.30 in the afternoon the chase was kept up, but without once getting sight of the moose. They found a place where the animal had lain down to rest, but here the guide lost his bearings, and it was decided to camp for the night. Next morning the chase was again taken up; the blood-stains were seen no more, but it was evident that the moose was weakening, and finally they came in sight of him, far ahead, and still game though badly wounded. In the course of an hour they came so close that the guide was able to put in the finishing shot.

When the moose was skinned it was found that he had five bullets in his body. The head is one of the best of the season thus far, the antlers being fifty-five inches across, with thirteen points on one side and twelve on the other. The carcass weighed fourteen hundred pounds.—N. Y. Tribune.



## Children's Page.

### THE MISSIONARY JACKKNIFE.

Little Boy Blue had "blowed his horn;" had slept under the traditional haystack for the space of three minutes, his eyes wide open part of the time and the other part winking and blinking as a true Little Boy Blue's eyes should; had marched around the house on his broom-stick horse very bravely more times than he could have counted; and now was sitting on the floor wondering what he should "do next."

The resources of Little Boy Blue were by no means exhausted; and yet some study was required just now to decide the momentous question before him. For some moments he sat looking out of the window across the street. Certain new sounds came from that way, and it seemed as if something should be done about it. As yet, however, there had been an understanding between Little Boy and his mother that he should wait a few days before he ventured in that direction.

As Little Boy looked, a conclusion found its way into his busy brain.

"Mamma, it has been a few days now, hasn't it?"

Mamma could not think for sometime what Little Boy could have in mind. She had to ask some questions before she answered.

"I guess it has, mamma. And so I think I'll go over and visit the shoemaker man. He must be pretty lonesome. He hasn't any little boys or girls to ask him questions, and I should think he would like to see some one by this time."

Mamma was not quite so sure, for the shoemaker man had only recently moved into the neighborhood. He seemed to be a quiet man, caring for little except his work. Once she had seen him drive a boy who ventured to peek into the door away with a very positive scowl and a decided gesture of disfavor. The time would come, she knew, when Little Boy must come in contact with the new man, and, perhaps, this might as well be the day.

She combed Little Boy's hair neatly, and with many a caution to "be a good boy" and not ask too many questions, she watched him across the street and into the door of the shop.

Very timidly Little Boy lifted the latch. After all, some doubt existed in his mind as to his reception.

"You didn't say, 'Come in,' and you don't look very cheerful," he began when once he had passed the threshold, "but I guess I'll make you a little visit anyway. Maybe your stomach feels bad, why you don't look cheerfuller? That's what ails me, sometimes, and then I look glum, too."

Little Boy had yet to learn that other things than a bad feeling at the stomach cause people to look cross and down-hearted.

So far the shoemaker man had been a silent partner in the company. When Little Boy opened the door he simply looked up and opened his lips as if to say, "Go away from here!" But this was a boy unlike any that had so far come to his shop. He did not speak the words, contenting himself with a sour look and going back to his work. Perhaps we should not blame him for the chilly reception he gave Little Boy Blue. Most boys were rude and ill-mannered when they passed his place of business.

"Maybe you don't think much of boys," Little Boy went on, cheerily. "Some folks don't."

The first glimpse of a smile played around the shoemaker's lips.

"If I don't, its because the boys don't do right by me," he said. "They open the door and shout at me, and sometimes they throw things at me. I don't think anybody would like that."

"But I didn't do such a thing, did I? Nor I never will. I just thought I would come over and visit you a little while. Seemed to me you must be lonesome here all day all alone. But I musn't ask many questions. I don't know just what I shall talk about."

A sigh. It was hard to visit and not ask questions.

"Guess I'll tell you about the missionary folks. They live 'way off somewhere. It's ever and ever so far. I don't just know where; but it's an awful place—a hole in the ground, I guess. And they have such a hard time! We're going to send them some things in a box. I'm going to send my blocks, because I am too big to play with them any more, mamma says; but I do like to get them down some days when there isn't any other little boy to play with. And I would like to send the little boy out there—there is a little missionary boy, you know—a missionary jackknife, if I could. But it would cost so much I don't know just how I am going to get the money. Because he has not got any knife to whittle things."

The hardship of the situation impressed itself upon the sympathizing heart of Little Boy very deeply.

"How much do you think such a missionary knife would cost?" The shoemaker man was becoming interested.

"Oh, I expect as much as forty dollars."

The shoemaker man laughed now quite audibly. "I should think that would buy a splendid knife!"

"Well, that's the kind I want to send him."

Then they talked for a long time about the possibilities of missionary jackknives in general and the one Little Boy had in mind in particular. From being a dull day, into the heart of the shoemaker man a shred of sunshine had found its way. It became easier and easier for Little Boy to talk, and before he knew it he had forgotten and was asking so many questions, all in his own quaint way, that the shoemaker just laid down his tools and gave himself up to the charming visitor from over the way.

And when at last, what with the visit and the warm air of the shop, Little Boy's curly head drooped and he leaned back in the comfortable chair fast asleep, the shoemaker man gathered him up in his arms and carried him over the way. After mamma had taken him and placed him in the little bed in her own room, the shoemaker man, who had seemed so gloomy and still at his work, took out a round silver dollar and handed it to Little Boy's mother.

"The little fellow has done me more good than the worth of the money," he said, with a queer sound in his voice. "I want him to have that to buy the missionary boy out yonder a jackknife. He told me all about the boy. If you do not think it best to spend it all for the knife, use the rest in some better way."

And then he went back to his bench. Lis-

tening by and by, Little Boy's mother heard him whistling at his work. It was the first time he had done it since coming into the neighborhood, and it made her heart glad. The missionary knife had begun already to fulfill its work.—The Advance.

### BOBBY BEAR'S FIRST SHOW.

Bobby was a fat little bear away up in the mountains. He had a sister just his age, as fat as he was, and had a great big mamma bear. Bobby used to wonder if he would be as big as his mother, able to make his voice to rumble in his throat like thunder and to reach way up on the pine trees and scratch his mark. Once he asked her what she did that for. She told Bobby how all that part of the mountain was her very own, and other bears had better stay away, so she put her sign up so high that everybody could see it.

In the long summer days Bobby and his sister used to stand up on their little hind legs and scratch their marks on the trees to show other little bears that this was their own playground, and Bobby soon found that he could scratch his mark just a little bit higher than his sister's. But his sister would just push him over and away and hide among the rocks.

One morning in September mamma awoke them very early and told them to look outside the warm cave that was their home. What do you think they saw? All the brown leaves of the day before had disappeared. All the old logs and bare bushes had gone also. Instead were beautiful things all in white, and the ground was all white, too. It was the first snow, coming very early because their home was so high up on the mountain.

Bobby put one foot out and then pulled it back quickly and shook it, for it was cold and wet. But mamma told him it wouldn't hurt, and pretty soon he and his sister were having a great frolic. When mamma called them for a walk their little brown coats had become so full of the beautiful soft snow that they were two little white bears. By and by Mamma Bear stopped at a big tree all dead at the top and sat up on her haunches and sniffed and sniffed. Then Bobby and his sister sat up just as mamma did, and they sniffed and sniffed. Then mamma said, "I smell honey," and they knew from the way she said it that honey must be something nice. So they watched her climb and climb, and danced with joy, but they didn't mind her when she told them to go away back in the bushes. Then what do you think happened? Down came a big limb with a crash. It frightened them so they turned and ran as fast as they could run. By and by they heard mamma calling them back. There stood mamma over the big limb, which was broken open and all full of something which made mamma run her long, red tongue out and lick her jaws as if it was very good to eat. They heard a funny humming noise and noticed that the air was full of little black specks. Mamma kept brushing off her head with her great paws, and growling deep growls.

All of a sudden Bobby felt a sharp pain on the end of his nose. It made him jump and squeal and rub his nose with his paw. He ran to his mother just as a little boy does when he tumbles down and bumps himself. But over there he got a whole lot of sharp pains that made him squeal harder than ever.



His sister was squealing, too. Mamma Bear laughed at them and told them to taste the glistening liquid stuff in the tree and they would forget all about their stings and hurts. Sure enough, they did, for never had they tasted anything half so good.

So Bobby, who lives in a park now and knows lots of little boys and girls, has never forgotten that day when he saw his first snow and tasted his first honey, and was stung the first time by bees.—Good House-keeping.

#### A TRAMP IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

We had only just arrived, but at the noise of voices on the porch we sprang from the hasty lunch they had prepared. Outside in the glare of a single big lantern, half a dozen men in neatly fitting corduroys and hip-boots were grouped about a portly, clerical-looking gentleman, similarly attired. All were talking at once of the string of undersized trout the Doctor, as they called him, held high. A dozen stories of the day's luck and individual feats were hurled in confused succession at the admiring wives and daughters who faced them, until the Doctor's wife, complacent and patronizing, addressed herself to a slouchy figure standing at the edge of the group:

"It was a good day's fishing, Ezekiel, was it not?"

The tanned face opposite her creased into wrinkles with a smile that was half good-humored, half pitying.

"Never saw better *weather*," he said. "Better let me clean them fish for ye, Doctor. I somehow need the exercise."

During the next two or three days we came to know Zeke well. He was a hanger on at the little hostelry. Doing odd jobs, guiding parties of trampers or fishermen. In the winter he cut wood and helped to slip the great logs down improvised tobaggan slides over by Imp Mountain. He was what the Professor from Boston called a character, and the guests accepted his contempt for city ignorance and his quaint sayings with equal wonder and respect. He was one of the sights they had come to see. We began to learn his dimensions during a tramp over the Northern Peaks. He heard we were going and the night before he sat on the bank while we swam in a deep, cool mountain pool.

"Goin' up George to-morra?" he said reflectively, puffing away at his cob pipe. "'Scuse me for bein' so familiar, but he's an old friend o' mine. Want me along? The Doctor's clean tired me out."

When breakfast was over in the morning, the guests began their usual recreation. The Doctor and a young city physician, who was more successful in New Hampshire than in Boston, started a game of croquet, and the physician's wife with two or three other young people played tennis. The Professor sat at one end of the veranda alone and the Professor's wife sat at the other end, alone, both staring vacantly into space. A number of Boston girls were gathered about a long-haired gentleman who, during the winter, dispensed poetry to women's clubs and in the magazines, while half a dozen matrons crocheted and knitted and sewed, remarking incessantly, "How cool it was" on that hot sultry morning. But for us the mountains loomed up gray and hazy against the clear blue beyond, an undiscovered country to be explored, a misty mystery to be solved, calm, enduring,

illimitable in their promise, mighty with century-long achievement.

The first impression the White Mountains makes is that of deep peace. All the passionate hectic whirl of the world outside is suddenly "calmed back again." A vivid sense of awe and restfulness is followed swiftly by new and deeper ambition—vigorous, disciplined, restrained. Their broad brows uplifted to the sun seem those of ancient sages who would say: "To live is to endure. I have endured, therefore I live." Here the ruggedness of the Rockies gives way to placid, well-groomed, sloping sides. They seemed to me that morning more than ever the cultured mountains of America. I said as much.

"Depends on what ye mean by that word," said Ezekiel. "They're kindly souls, them mountains. I never knowed a man thet edication gev a soul to. I'd call the Professor cultured, but them mountains are Christian."

Down in Plympton Pass in the midst of the woods was a tumbled-down bridge covering a twinkling brook.

"Thet bridge's like the Doctor: just loaf's 'round spatterin' his planks in somebody's else's pond; and there's old Reddy," pointing to a wild-rose bush by the roadside. "Thet's the great grandson of old Reddy I used to know. Family settled down here and ain't never moved. Nods to me jest as his dad did and his dad and his."

On every side was a tangled confusion of vine and bushes reaching up thickly set, sturdy tree trunks, the forest primeval through which man had passed only by the single path we trod. From the little ridges we seemed to be for ever climbing burst upon us from time to time the long undulating line of hills, a cordon of battlements closing us in from the warring world outside.

The sun was shining brightly as we entered the almost unbroken forest at the base of Tuckerman's Ravine. Soon we were in the heart of the woods, plunging over fallen trees or slipping down rocks half wet by a ragged stream that ran wild down the mountain, now gathering itself for a leap down from rock to rock, now spreading into a wide path between the straight tree-trunks, mingling its echoes with the humming of the trees above. As we stopped for breath and for a bite to eat, on a moss-covered seat by the stream's side, Zeke left us. We were nearly done when he returned. His face was radiant.

"Saw old Ceph," he said as he munched at the leavings of the luncheon and emptied his pouch of some berries he had picked. "Shook hands with him and said 'Howdy.' Folks as says trees like him ain't human don't know any more about it 'an that fancy pill-man do about curin' folks. Ceph he sat right down wi' me an' told me about young Ceph dyin' in the winter, and sighed and took on terrible. But he don't quit, old Ceph, he keeps right to his work."

"What is his work, Zeke?"

"Growin', jest growin'," he said meditatively. "Old Ceph's a derved sight nearer heaven 'an you an' I be."

Up and up we went to the hanging glacier and to a shelf of rocky land where a deep, black, bottomless pool shuddered in the midst of straight sentry trees. The glacier seemingly was seared with age and worn thin by the dropping of one of the innumerable streams that slip down in riotous confusion from

above. From the lone lake it was only a few moments' scrambling climb through bushes isnuously trailing the ground, to which the storms had beaten them, up to the edge of vegetation. Above, within and beyond the cloud was the rugged, storm-seamed brow of the noble hill; below, thousands of feet below, was a vague impressionist panorama of green glinting in the quite August sun. For a moment, at the center of a grim, bleak silence, we looked back at the blur below us and then, suddenly, the dank cloud surrounded us and warned us into line for the struggle ahead. And struggle it was, for in and beyond the cloud was snow and sleet hurled across our too uncertain path in wicked volleys, in our faces, at our backs, enflading us. The way became so obscured that in relays each in turn groped upward for the next little pile of stones or marked rock which pointed the course. The thermometer had suddenly dropped forty degrees. At last every large rock served as a shelter for a few moments' rest. Yet somewhere in the dense fog of cloud and whirling snow was the summit, the goal.

"Never saw George so worked up," muttered Zeke again and again. "Something's riled him hard."

But it was an hour before we saw the first shadow of the building lying farthest out from the summit leaning ghost-like toward us. With steps uncertain in the rushing wind we crossed the area, climbed the icy stairs, reached the haven.

"Feel's if ye'd been to a christenin', don't ye; sort o' beat out but glad ye done it," remarked Zeke as we sank into arm chairs about a red-hot stove.

The next morning the clouds seemed as dense as ever though the wind was gone. We were on the porch when the transformation came. Suddenly, where the cloud had smothered us in, the whole world, bright in the sun, stretched away in all directions—its rivers, lakes, hills, oceans, forests blended into one banded color-scheme of blues and greens. We were struck rigid, tense to meet the immense beauty of it until Zeke half whispered:

"Alluz feel like saying the Doxology. Alluz ——— Doxology."

Then the thrill broke into an ecstasy of excitement. It was nearly an hour before we could leave the momentarily discovered wonders for our tramp over the Northern peaks. But over them we went in the bright summer weather, over Clay, over Jefferson, over the Adamses, with the half-civilized yet never wild New England country falling away from us in a kaleidoscope of color on all sides, drinking in the clear mountain air at every step, and catching new hints of the quiet romance of it all from Zeke's quaint talk.

A quarter of a mile from the rocky summit of Mount Madison was a little Appalachian hut that was to shelter us for the night. We had scarcely taken possession when Zeke disappeared. When we had a fire nicely going, we started for the summit and the sunset. And there we found the old man sitting on a big shelving rock with a little lonesome bird perched on his knee. At our coming the bird whirled away into the air. Zeke looked after it mournfully.

"Thet bird's had a heap of trouble," he said. "Thet's why she's up here all alone er else," more cheerfully, "she come up to see the sun set."



That was reason enough. Floating iridescent islands of faded verdure swam in a yellow sea, sparkling at its center and dulling away till it met itself in a dingy, shadowy pool in the east. With each breath it changed; now brightening with glinting white caps of light, now darkening until only the welter of its waves are visible. Below, silent, reflective, immobile stood the hills. Then slowly the islands sank, the night drank in the yellow flood, while still out from the shadows the hills lifted themselves unchanged.

The next morning Washington stood out against a throbbing curtain of crimson. Off to the west the valley was hid by billows of pure white cloud tinged a faint rose color at their edges. Somewhere down the eastern slope, lost in its green, a bird chanted a quaint new call.

"That's Nellie," said Zeke eagerly. "No," he said in answer to our question, "don't know what the Professor calls her. But she's Nellie. She's the only one up here 'at recognizes me."

Then he called to her so perfectly that we had to watch him to be sure it was he. And again came the clear mellow notes from below, weird, insistent.

Soon we were started down the "Valley way," slipping on pine needles, jumping from trunks to gnarled roots, through cities upon cities of trees—the forest run riot—past loudly boasting, high leaping rills and broader more placid streams, over tilting, single-plank bridges, down, down, always down, until after four hours, we emerged at the clearing around the old Ravine House. After breakfast we tramped to Carter's Notch.

"You city folks is funny," remarked Zeke, as we toiled along. "Ye work fit to split all winter, then ye come up hereabouts an' work fit to split all summer and yit," he added thoughtfully, "ye don't somehow split."

Later, as we were threading through the swampy thicket of the Notch, he remarked:

"Do ye heap o' good if ye'd jest once, *jest once*, set down quiet-like an' chew grass fer'n hour. Rose, that's my cow—does that kind o' exercise all day, and Rose alluz does her duty and she ain't onhappy like the Professor."

In the little three-sided shelter by the dark-watered lake the hills shut in at the very center of the Notch, we munched raisins while Zeke brewed some tea over a fire which he wonderfully made. Soon we were in the swamps again, guided by blazed trees and by Zeke who knew every step of the signless path. Finally we were over the long log bridge and out in the road by Prospect Hill.

I should like to hear what Zeke would say to Newport with its vast modern display of wealth, or after a promenade on the broad veranda of the Grand Union at Saratoga. He would like the Southern Berkshires, for it is the White Mountain country in miniature. But he is happiest behind the barricade of White hills. He does not need to leave them to see the world. The world comes to him every summer, and entertains him and pays him for it. And the White hills deal out health and clean vigor to all, but most to him who is closest to them and least to him who uses them only as a means to an end.  
—World's Work.

The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.—Thomas Carlyle.

#### COMPROMISE.

One of the secrets of good fortune and happiness consists in knowing when to give up, if a matter of vital principle and honor is not at stake; then, of course, a true man will contend to the end. But in other affairs "the last ditch" does not come within the purview of sensible people. If they are convinced that they cannot secure their point, they compromise, getting as good terms as they can. But a far wiser thing is skilfully to avoid the raising of the direct issue whenever it can be shunned. A good diplomatist always seeks to avoid putting his fellow negotiator in a position where he must choose between backing down and fighting. He always leaves a wide and generous avenue of retreat. And in the humbler matters of home and social life it is well to be careful not to raise too many issues, with the alternative of humiliation or a positive break of friendly relations. You can quarrel with your closest and dearest friends if you present that alternative rather frequently. Confession, compromise, the disposition to meet others half-way and to concede to them even a little more than their full right, is a wonderful lubricant of all human relations. Whereas your relations and friends will have to be angels not to resent a too constant display of the opposite temper.—The Watchman.

#### "GOTTEN."

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

I am glad to join in the protest of your correspondent, May Caroline Hyde, against the re-introduction into American speech and literature of the word "gotten." She is obviously too young to remember its history. I first heard it so long ago as 1841 on a plantation in Virginia from my cousins there, whom I visited one winter. I noticed it afterward among the Southern law students who were then numerous at Cambridge, Mass., where my birthplace and home were. In those days you could tell infallibly by this one shibboleth the Northern or Southern origin of any one. This was the case until the American Civil War. Almost all wars lead to some interchange of words between the two contending parties; thus there was an influx of Spanish words after the Mexican War and again after the Cuban War. And I have never observed that any Southern word except "gotten" traveled northward after the Civil War ended. For myself I wish it had never migrated, regarding it as a step backward, not forward, in the simplification and invigoration of our common tongue. Even the sweet voices of Virginia women cannot quite justify it.—New York Times.

HOW CAN WE FOLLOW CHRIST?—Wherever Christ went he carried joy with him; he was a joy-distributor. To follow Christ is to make others happy. We cannot give sight to the blind, but we can help a blind man across the street. We cannot give hearing to the deaf, but we can give him assistance. We cannot feed five thousand, but we can contribute something to feeding the hungry. We cannot call the dead to life, but we can carry the life of our own faith into the home that is darkened by death. We can carry comfort, peace, joy, into other lives as Christ carried them into other lives.—Christian Work and Evangelist.

## Popular Science.

H. H. BAKER.

#### A Noble Scientific Enterprise.

Six wealthy gentlemen of New York have been organized into a company, with a paid-up capital of one million dollars, to provide against drouth and assist the farmers in the parishes of St. Landry, Acadia, Calcasieu and Vermillion, La., giving them assurance that a drouth in the future shall not, as in the past, blast their crops and thus their hopes of reaping a reward for their labor.

In these parishes there are large areas of land which, lying low and flat, having a suitable soil and climate, are well adapted to the cultivation of rice of the best quality, or water variety. The only drawback heretofore to complete success and remuneration has been that of a drouth of a week or more duration, while the kernel was growing, which would either blast it entirely or cause it to shrivel, and thus diminish its value so far as not to pay the cost of cultivation. The drouths were of such frequency as to deter the farmers from engaging to any large extent in growing of rice.

Rice has been cultivated in Georgia and in Florida to some extent, especially the upland variety. In Louisiana and other places a success has been but sparsely realized on account of a want of rain.

These six gentlemen in New York took into consideration this well-adapted field for rice cultivation and its dangers, and decided to undertake and secure the crops of those farmers against a drouth that would cause them to fail.

To accomplish this they have had surveyed a line of canal, running through the central part of the rice-producing lands in those several parishes mentioned. This canal, as at present surveyed, reaches sixty-four miles, and is to be fed by the Atchafalaya River. The canal is to have a depth of ten feet, and a width sufficient to allow small steamers and barges to pass each other.

These boats are for transporting the rice to the mills for hulling, and also to the Mississippi River through the Bayou of Courtableau. From this point there is also water transportation southward to New Orleans and New York, and northward to Cincinnati, St. Louis and the west.

These gentlemen propose at the same time to construct a trolley road along the canal, and at intervals to run spurs to the right and left to the outer edge of the farms, and gather up the crop for the farmers and take it to the places where it is to be prepared for market.

But the great scientific point to be gained is in being prepared at all times to flood any or all of the fields with water, and quench the thirst of the little plants and secure their full fruit.

This is strictly a private enterprise; no bonds are to be issued. Mr. George Thompson of New York, is President, and they have secured the services of Mr. Wellman Bradford of Crowley, La., as general manager, who will take charge of this noble improvement. May it never suffer the calamity that has overtaken the coal-fields of Pennsylvania.

MANY a man's haste to get ahead in the world results only in his getting a head-stone before it is due.



## 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.

THIRD QUARTER.

Oct. 4.	Joshua Encouraged.....	Josh. 1: 1-11
Oct. 11.	Crossing the Jordan.....	Josh. 3: 9-17
Oct. 18.	The fall of Jericho.....	Josh. 6: 12-20
Oct. 25.	Joshua and Calgub.....	Josh. 14: 5-15
Nov. 1.	The Cities of Refuge.....	Josh. 20: 1-19
Nov. 8.	Joshua's Parting Advice.....	Josh. 24: 14-25
Nov. 15.	The time of the Judges.....	Judges 2: 7-16
Nov. 22.	A Bible Lesson About the Sabbath.....	
Nov. 29.	Gideon and the Three Hundred.....	Judges 7: 1-8
Dec. 6.	Ruth and Naomi.....	Ruth 1: 16-22
Dec. 13.	The Boy Samuel.....	1 Sam. 3: 6-14
Dec. 20.	Samuel the Judge.....	1 Sam. 7: 2-13
Dec. 27.	Review.....	

### THE TIME OF THE JUDGES.

For Sabbath-day, November 15, 1902.

LESSON TEXT—Judges 2: 7-16.

Golden Text—They cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saveth them out of their distress.—Psa. 107: 19.

#### INTRODUCTION.

The Book of Judges gives us an historical sketch of the period from the death of Joshua to the times of Eli and Samuel. The land is by no means fully conquered and the people of Israel are not a nation but rather separate tribes, making war upon their own particular enemies. The judges are not to be regarded as magistrates in our modern sense, although they evidently served as the settlers of disputes in civil cases. They were the rulers who, although not the direct successors of Joshua, served to hold the people together in some resemblance to unity, and to prepare the way for the monarchy under Saul and David. Eli and Samuel, although not mentioned in this book, are to be reckoned among the number of the Judges. These leaders were also much more than rulers; they were the vindicators of the people, the deliverers from foreign oppression, and as such the representatives of God as were Joshua and Moses. The history of this time is that of repeated apostasy from God, followed by oppression from their enemies, and then by repentance on the part of the people, and deliverance at the hand of some Judge.

The steps of this history succeed one another with almost rythmical regularity. The writer of this book is evidently not writing for the sake of history particularly; but to enforce the lesson of the events.

The Book of Judges is naturally divided into three sections: 1. Chapter 1: 1 to 2: 5, serving as a preface and giving a glimpse of a different method of conquest from that portrayed in the Book of Joshua. 2. Chapter 2: 6 to 16: 31, giving the general narrative of the Judges. 3. Chapter 17 to 21, giving several additional stories in regard to this period. Our present lesson is taken from the beginning of the second section, and serves very well to give us a general idea of the whole period.

TIME.—The chronology of the Book of Judges is still in dispute. If the number of years of all the periods mentioned in the book be added, we would have a longer time than can easily be allowed for this portion of the history of Israel. Perhaps the reigns of some of the Judges overlapped, although there is no hint of this in the records. We may say, however, approximately that the period of the Judges was from the fourteenth to the twelfth centuries B. C.

PLACE.—The Land of Canaan.

PERSONS.—Joshua and the elders; the Israelites and their oppressors; the Judges.

#### OUTLINE:

1. The Israelites Faithful for a While After Joshua. v. 7-10.
2. The Israelites, Forsaking God, are Punished. v. 11-15.
3. Judges Raised up to Deliver the Israelites. v. 16.

#### NOTES.

7. **And the people served Jehovah all the days of Joshua.** The reference to Joshua in this and in the preceding verse show that we have with this paragraph a new section distinct from the preceding portion of the book. While the people were under the direct influence of their great leader Joshua and of their chief men who had been in intercourse with Joshua in his lifetime, they remained true to Jehovah, and to the religious principles taught them by Moses. **Who had seen all the great works of Jehovah.** The devotion of the people depended, however, not upon religious conviction, but upon the external testimony of wonderful works. They held to Jehovah therefore only so long as these men lived who could testify personally of the great deliverance wrought by Jehovah. This verse is practically equivalent to Joshua 24: 31. **And Joshua the son of Nun, the servant of Jehovah.** Compare Joshua 24: 29. Joshua has here the honorable title often given to Moses. See Deut. 34: 5 and elsewhere. **A hundred and ten years old.** The same age as his ancestor Joseph.

9. **In the border of his inheritance.** This does not mean at the boundary of his land, but within the limits of the portion allotted to him. **Tinnath-heres.** The literal meaning of this proper name is the portion of the sun. It is probably to be identified with the modern Tibreh about seventeen miles to the northward of Jerusalem. In Joshua 24: 30, it is called Tinnath-serah, portion of abundance.

10. **And also all that generation were gathered unto their fathers.** That is, they died. This verse repeats in another form the idea of verse 7. **The work which he had wrought for Israel.** That is, the wonderful deliverance from Egypt, the preservation in the wilderness, and the acquiring of the Promised Land. All the stages of this work had been accompanied by miracles.

11. **And the children of Israel did that which was evil.** Note that this rendering is stronger than that of the Authorized Version which does not come up to the original in definiteness. This is the general statement and is to be followed by particulars. **And served the Baalim.** The ending *im* is the Hebrew sign of the plural. The translation would be improved if we read "and served the baals." The word *baal* is primarily a common noun, and means *lord* or *master*. It is commonly used to name the gods of the different cities and localities of Canaan. The baal of a particular place often had some other proper name; for example, the baal of Tyre was Melgart, the baal of Moab was Chemosh. The Hebrew word *baal* is sometimes used in a good sense.

12. **And they forsook Jehovah, the God of their fathers.** The enormity of their sin and the folly of it is suggested by the fact that they turned to powerless divinities of the nations whom their fathers had defeated when led by Jehovah. **Who brought them out of the land of Egypt.** This deliverance was to the Hebrew narrator the greatest event in all the history of the world. What false god could stand in any sort of comparison to the God who had done this. **And bowed themselves down unto them.** It would be better to translate "and worshiped them," as this verb is often rendered elsewhere. **And they provoked Jehovah to anger.** Our author here speaks of God as moved by the feelings and passions of men, and thus endeavors to represent the divine displacency toward idolatry.

13. **And the Ashtaroth.** This word is the plural of Ashtoreth which is the equivalent of Astarte. The Astartes were the female deities which corresponded to the baals. The service of these gods and goddesses was debasing and corrupting in the extreme.

14. **And he delivered them into the hands of the spoilers.** On account of their sin Jehovah no longer defended them, and they fell a prey to their enemies round about. It seems probable that these enemies did not try to exterminate the Israelites; but probably took for slaves whom they would and seized crops and flocks as it pleased them. **Sold them.** This does not necessarily imply an actual price given; it is the opposite of redeem. The latter half of the verse tells in a different way the same story as the first half.

15. **Whithersoever they went out the hand of Jehovah was against them.**

They had the very opposite of their former prosperity; and as that was to be regarded as the direct gift of God, so this also was his doing. **As Jehovah had spoken.** The reference is probably not to any particular passages but to many general statements. Compare Deut. chapters 28, 29; Lev. 26, and other passages.

16. **And Jehovah raised up judges,** etc. It is possible that we are to understand that the people cried to God in their distress before this deliverance came. At any rate, if they thought of repenting they quickly changed their mind and fell into sin again in spite of the manifest compassion on the part of Jehovah. For the meaning of the word *judge* see Introduction.

Verses 18, 19 give a parallel account to that of verses 16, 17. In verse 19 it is distinctly implied that there was at least temporary amendment on the part of the people at the time of their deliverance; for they are not said to backslide till the death of the Judge.

18. **For it repented Jehovah because of their groaning.** Much better, Jehovah was moved to pity.

### CARE OF RUBBER PLANTS.

You will observe in the summer months that there is a rubber plant standing in front of a majority of residences, but it is very rare to see one that has not lost its lower leaves. Owners of such plants are constantly coming to me asking: "What shall I do to prevent the leaves falling off? Some people tell me I give my plant too much water, and others tell me I don't give it water enough; but no matter which advice I follow the leaves will decay and fall off." The following simple plan will prove a cure-all for such annoyances if it is followed with due regularity: Every spring the plant should be re-potted in good soil, each time in a larger pot, and during the summer months kept in the shady part of the house, away from the sun, and watered daily. In the winter it should be kept in a light place in the house, but should not have too much sun. Once a week the entire pot should be thoroughly immersed in a bucket or tub of water and allowed to soak over night, giving the water ample time to soak to its center. Next morning take the pot out of its bathtub and allow it to drain a while, and do not give it any more water for two or three days, then let it have a drink each morning until time for its next bath. By carefully following this plan you will be surprised to see the beautiful luster which the large glossy leaves will show, and you will not be annoyed with the leaves dropping off. If there are worms in the earth give the plants a liberal soaking with soapsuds, and you will see the worms come wriggling out in a hurry, when they may be easily removed. A little lime water will answer the purpose just as well, and not injure the plant. The leaves should be frequently cleaned with a soft, damp cloth, and dust not allowed to accumulate on them.—Washington Star.

### THE CARE OF LINEN.

Care should be taken when putting away napkins and tablecloths that they be arranged in sets. In this manner they are always ready for use, and it will be found a much more economical way for all household linen, especially towels and napkins, if they are used in rotation. Frequently for convenience sake, only the upper pieces are taken off, thus leaving the bottom of the pile untouched for months. By using them in turn there will not be the need of replenishing as when only a few are in constant use. In the laundering of tablecloths put about a dozen tablespoonfuls of cooked starch in a pail of bluing water. This will give the desired stiffness and gloss to the cloth without the effect of being starched. Napkins do not require starch, but should be well dampened and ironed until perfectly dry, as all linen must be. Iron napkins singly on both sides, then fold and press again. Tablecloths should be folded once for convenience, and ironed two or three times on each side, then rolled or folded until the desired size for the space occupied in the linen closet. Never launder table linen when stained, until an attempt has been made to remove the spots, as it is almost impossible to efface any discoloration after the cloth has been submerged in soapy water.—The Pilgrim.



**MARRIAGES.**

**PALMER—MOLAND.**—At the residence of the bride's brother, Milo Moland, near Alfred, N. Y., Oct. 28, 1902, by Pastor L. C. Randolph, Milo L. Palmer and Mary E. Moland, all of Alfred.

**HALSEY—TROWBRIDGE.**—In Independence, N. Y., Oct. 27, 1902, by Elder J. Kenyon, at his home, Frank Halsey, of Wellsville, N. Y., and Miss Mable Trowbridge, of Andover, N. Y.

**ARNOLD—TAPPAN.**—In the Seventh-day Baptist church, at Dodge Centre, Minn., Oct. 15, 1902, by Rev. G. W. Lewis, George E. Arnold and Florence W. Tappan, both of Dodge Centre.

**EMMONS—MAITLAND.**—In Plainfield, N. J., Oct. 29, 1902, by Rev. A. H. Lewis, Mr. John S. Emmons, of Dunellen, and Miss Mattie Maitland, of Plainfield.

**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.

**MAIN.**—Mrs. Sarah Main died at Clark's Falls, Conn., Oct. 15, 1902, aged 63 years.

Mrs. Main had been in feeble health for many years, and death came to her as a relief from pain. She was baptized by Elder George Crandall, and united with the First Hopkinton Seventh-day Baptist church some years ago, in the fellowship of which she remained until death. She leaves a husband, Edgar Main, and three daughters to sorrow for her loss. C. A. B.

**BABCOCK.**—At Ashaway, R. I., Oct. 8, 1902, George A. Babcock, in the 89th year of his age.

He was the son of Jonathan and Elizabeth Wright Babcock, and was born at Hopkinton, R. I., Dec. 26, 1813. He was the second son in a family of five sons and one daughter, all of whom passed away before him. His first wife was Abby Brown, daughter of James Brown, who died over fifty years ago, leaving two daughters, one of whom, Mrs. Russell Maxson, of Nortonville, Kan., survives him. March 5, 1853, he married Thankful L. Burdick, widow of H. Nelson Burdick, by whom he had one daughter, who died in 1896. He was baptized by Elder Gideon Perry, in 1833, and united with the First Hopkinton Seventh-day Baptist church, and, with the exception of a few years in which he was a member of the Rockville church, he has been a faithful member of that body. The Rockville church called him to the office of Deacon, but he felt it his duty not to accept. He was a quiet, faithful Christian man, respected by all. His death resulted from an injury received while at work. His end was peaceful and tender. C. A. B.

**GROVES.**—Mrs. Elizabeth, daughter of Cres Piper, was born in West Virginia June 24, 1822, and died in Jackson Centre, Ohio, Sept. 28, 1902, aged 80 years, 3 months and 4 days.

She married Samuel Groves, and came to Ohio in 1852, where she lived to a ripe old age. J. G. B.

**MONROE.**—Little Arling R., son of Jesse R. and Nellie Gardiner Monroe, was born near Alfred Station, N. Y., May 12, 1902, and died of spinal meningitis, Oct. 23, after an illness of about two weeks. L. C. R.

**ALLEN.**—At her home in Alfred, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1902, Mrs. Abigail A. Allen, in the 79th year of her age.

Funeral services were held at the old house on the hill, so well remembered by generations of students, Oct. 28, conducted by Pastor Randolph, assisted by Pres. Davis, Dr. E. H. Lewis and Prof. Binns. Fuller notice elsewhere. L. C. R.

**"HAVE FAITH IN GOD."**

Dean Farrar tells how an English clergyman visited two fine ships about to sail on their voyage of Arctic discovery into the land of snow and darkness. He found the brave captains full of confidence, and, raising his eyes in the cabin, he saw there, as almost its only ornament, an illuminated text, which read, "Have faith in God." "Ah, there," he said, pointing to the text, "there is the true pole!"

We like to think of those gallant men carrying with them into the cold and midnight that faith, that hope. It is a faith which will lighten their darkness more than the stars

that glitter over the floes of ice. It is a hope which will make the heavens glow with a more vivid splendor than the aurora which flushes the fields of snow.

Take with you that faith, that hope. You, too, may sail, hereafter, in your little boat of life, into the cold, into the hunger, into the darkness, into the exploration of unknown hopes. Be sober, be vigilant. Have faith in God and in his Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, and he will give you the victory.

We cannot see what is beyond time and earth, but faith gives us confidence in the unseen.

Longfellow, with great insight and beauty, compares our earth life to a tarrying in the crypts of some vast cathedral. We can hear the organ above us and the chanting of the choir. As some friend goes up before us we catch a gleam of light streaming through the door. Shall we be afraid when our turn comes to mount the dark, narrow staircase that leads us out of the crypts into the cathedral glory above?

A dying sailor was near his end. A mate said, "Well, how is it with you now?" The dying man replied, with a smile, "The anchor holds; the anchor holds!" God grant that every one of us may be able to say this!

Faith is the soul's anchor. But the anchor must have something solid on which to hold. Christ is the rock for this anchor. Faith cannot of itself save us. The anchor cannot hold the ship unless it is flung out. So faith must venture on Christ. We must be fixed in his strength.—Christian Commonwealth.

THE heavenly hosts, so far as we are informed, are unmoved even by our national jubilees or national mournings. But we are assured there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.—D. B. Ford, D. D.

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**Special Notices.**

THE Quarterly Meeting of the Hebron, Hebron Centre and Shingle House churches, in Pennsylvania, and the Portville church in New York will be held at Portville, Nov. 7-9, 1902.

PROGRAM.  
SIXTH-DAY—EVENING.  
Prayer and Conference Meeting led by S. S. Scott.  
SABBATH MORNING.  
Sermon, Rev. Geo. P. Kenyon.  
AFTERNOON.  
Sermon, Rev. D. B. Coon.  
EVENING AFTER SABBATH.  
Sermon, Rev. W. L. Burdick.  
FIRST-DAY—MORNING.  
Sermon, Rev. W. L. Burdick.  
EVENING.  
Sermon, Rev. L. C. Randolph.  
A cordial invitation to all.

COMMITTEE.

THE Yearly Meeting of the New York City and New Jersey churches will be held with the church at Plainfield, N. J., beginning with a Prayer and Conference Meeting, conducted by Rev. E. B. Saunders, on Friday, November 14, 1902, at 7.45 P. M.  
REV. GEORGE B. SHAW, Chairman.

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.

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.

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.  
W. D. WILCOX, Pastor,  
516 W. Monroe 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. Preaching service at 11.30 A. M. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors.  
E. F. LOOFBORO, Acting Pastor,  
326 W. 33d Street.

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. COTTELL, Pastor.  
29 Ransom St.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL.—How Shall We Study Christ? Few Details Known; Do You Understand Yourself? God's Hold on Us; Episcopalian Missionary Council; Christ in Prison; The Sunday Saloon; A Necessary Result; A Valued Relic Gone; Irrigation; South Africa and the United States.....689-691
The Wolves of Rome.....691
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.—Bible Study; Reasons For It.....691
Death of Mrs. Allen.....692
The Need of Religious Journalism.....692
Achievement Through Self-Mastery, Poetry.....692
MISSIONS.—Letter from Dr. Palmberg; From R. S. Wilson; From G. H. F. Randolph; The Sign and the Substance.....694-695
Hints for the Hostess.....695
WOMAN'S WORK.—Let Something Good Be Said, Poetry; Paragraphs; Report of Woman's Society for Christian Work Plainfield, N. J.; The Divine Measuring Rod; Only a Boy.....695-696
OUR READING ROOM.....696
Henry Vail Dunham.....697
Fishing in Wisconsin Lakes.....697
Lessons from Caleb.....697
YOUNG PEOPLE'S WORK.—Critical Years; The Power Which Cannot Fail; Question Box; From Salem. Our Mirror.—Paragraph.....698
Tales Told by Hunters.....698
CHILDREN'S PAGE.—The Missionary Jackknife; Bobbie Bear's First Show.....699
A Tramp in the White Mountains.....700
Compromise.....701
"Gotten".....701
POPULAR SCIENCE.—A Noble Scientific Enterprise.....701
SABBATH-SCHOOL LESSON.—Nov. 15, 1902, The Time of the Judges.....702
Care of Rubber Plants.....702
The Care of Linen.....702
MARRIAGES.....703
DEATHS.....703
"Have Faith in God".....703
SPECIAL NOTICES.....703

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