

THE SABBATH RECORDEE.

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

VOLUME 58. No. 45.

NOVEMBER 10, 1902.

WHOLE No. 3011.

FORECAST.

RICHARD BURTON.

Through all the wood the rain drops ceaselessly
And every whiff of air shakes down on me
Dank hints of storm, dark auguries of skies
Unchanged and cheerless: so, in hopeless wise
I trudge, until a gleam of light ahead
Reveals the open, makes my soul less dead.
Into the day I step,—thou foolish one,
The rain has long been o'er, behold the sun!
The forest did but lie, the storm is done.

Love, it may be that in some sunlitland
Beyond the present troubling, now you stand
And smile most tenderly, because I dream
The rain is falling and, lead-hearted, deem
No hope can pierce the limitless grav shore;
Maybe, beyond 'tis shining evermore,
And you await me with the old-time grace,
The same dear eyes, the same divine dear face,
One with the sun in making glad the place.
—The Independent.

The Brother-
liness of
Christ.

THE study of Christ cannot fail to show that brotherliness was a prominent feature of his character and life. We talk much of the brotherhood of Christ among men, *i. e.*, the sense of brotherliness which faith in him creates among his followers. This is well, but it is not enough. Any conception of Christ that removes him from the sphere of man's life and abates his tender brotherhood is false in fact, spurious in philosophy and unjust to the claims he made and the life he lived. Whatever else Christ stands for, he certainly stands for brotherliness with men; all men. A picture has a right to be judged in the best light, and certainly Christ has a right to set forth his own claims and define his own nature and mission. In portraying the work he had set before himself, Jesus always calls himself the Son of Man. Not once did he mention a divine birth, and so far from creating a chasm that separated him from his fellows, he allied himself with them in the fullest sense. He has the nature of Abraham; he insists that he is our brother, bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh, thought of our thought and will of our will, temptation of our temptation, love of our love, death for our death. His own designation of himself, Son of Man, is strangely suggestive. Christ is the full-orbed Son of Man, who gathers into his perfect nature the excellencies that are distributed among others—the glory of the intellectual type, the full tide of feeling represented by impulsive natures, the beauty of those who are esthetic and the resources of those who represent the practical type. While claiming for himself this title of the Son of Man, Jesus Christ so interpreted it as to stir sympathy and affection and the sense of brotherhood in men. Hence the power of faith in him to unite his church in lasting bonds of brotherhood stronger than earth-born differences and distinctions. That all Christian hearts glow with admira-

tion and swell with sympathetic brotherliness toward the faithful and martyred Chinese Christians who welcomed death at the hands of the Boxers rather than abate their loyalty to Christ, is evidence that his brotherliness with men is one of the largest forces in Christian history. But we need to consider his attitude as a brother toward each individual more than we do. Such consideration is rich in helpful and comforting results. Give "Brotherliness" a prominent place in the catalog of the features of Christ's life and character you are to study.

INTIMACY is one of the first results of brotherliness. Yesterday a friend said of a certain man: "I always feel uneasy in his presence. I cannot approach him nor understand him."

The man of whom he spoke has the outward seeming of a good man, and he makes very great claims to consecration and high Christian attainments. But every experience shows that he has not the element of brotherliness. He gives no full expression of it, and he not only fails to inspire it, but actually repels it. Not thus did Christ stand related to his disciples. He with whom they lived for three years, and who taught them how to rise above all the besetments of poverty and opposition into the realm of happiness and victory was not an unapproachable one. No cold, intellectual homage did John and Peter feel for their Master. When the youngest of the disciples leaned his head against the Master's bosom at supper, that last sad supper, Jesus gave us the pattern of earth's supreme friendship. What intimacy was implied in Philip's question and answer, even in the final hour of that supper. What gentle familiarity in Peter's rebuke when Christ foretold his death. Was ever relation between mother and child, master and pupil, heroic patriot and follower, more intimate, more tender and beautiful than the friendship between Christ and those who knew him best as a man? They had few, if any, theories about his divinity. That was less clear to them than it is to us, but they knew him as a brother, as well as "A Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief."

THE oneness of Christ with his disciples is a prominent feature of New Testament history. So far from looking up toward Christ as one who dwelt above them; so far from approaching him as one approaches some white-capped mountain, feeling that he can never scale the peak or touch the white snow altars, those disciples felt that he was as one of them.

selves, tempted, tested, strained, wearied, as they themselves were. Therefore he wrought encouragement within them, cured them of depression and became the inimitable Master and leader. But this is of necessity. All greatness is imitable. Fragmentary natures cannot be copied, nor can they be easily understood. There is an enigmatical element about the conjurer, the sleight-of-hand performer, but all genius is simplicity. The moon is perfectly reflected in the dewdrop. The curve in the eye answers to the circle of the dewdrop, the circle of the moon to the circle of the eye, the circle of the sky to the moon's circle, and the overarching heavens to the round world beneath.

So Christ over-arched his disciples, but did not lift away from them.

A FEW days since, a mother wrote us of her little girl, whose study of the late Sabbath-school lesson about The Walls of Jericho, "thought the walls very accommodating to fall down for Joshua with so little trouble," but who always turned away from every other Bible lesson "to her beloved stories about baby Moses and baby Jesus." That child's grasp of the story of the Babe of Bethlehem finds full counterpart in the conversion experience of children. Nothing is more wonderful than the way in which the divine truths slip into the consciousness of a little child. There is no teaching of Christ regarding his Father, or prayer, or forgiveness, or love, that the little child does not at once understand and answer to. The child is in doubt regarding the man because men are fragmentary and imperfect, but because Jesus is divinely great—and all greatness is simple—the child answers, "I understand, I love, and henceforth I will follow as his disciple."

This test shows that the subtle and undefined influence of Christ's brotherliness pervades him and what he taught, and the stories of his life as the unseen and undefined currents of power and life pervade the universe and find expression in the tiny flower as truly as in the giant oak, in the singing rivulet as much as in the roaring ocean.

EDWARD BOK, editor of the Ladies' Small College Home Journal, says that "sixty per cent of the brainiest Americans who have risen to prominence and success are graduates of colleges whose names are scarcely known outside of their own states." We do not suppose that Mr. Bok's percentage is mathematically accurate, yet

every man who has given attention to the matter knows that his statement indicates the general truth. Whether this fact shows that the smaller colleges possess especial advantages in the making of men or not, it certainly is proof that a young man who goes to a small school is forfeiting on benefit that would contribute to his chances of success in life. Let the young fellows in the small schools understand that they are getting just as real education as any of the university men and hold up their heads loyally for themselves and for their colleges. The real and final test in life is what men are and what they can do, not when and where they have been trained. Actual life yields first and last to the test of ability and readiness to accomplish things. Both God and men, good and evil, when seeking for workmen ask, "What can you do?" How well can you do it? If a log in the woods with Mark Hopkins at one end and a studious young man at the other made a college, then small colleges are successes.



LATE reports from Northwestern Canada concerning the fanaticism of the Doukhobors which seem to have come from the influence of a prophet-priest, who teaches peculiar notions relative to the use of domestic animals, a vegetarian diet and "going out to find Christ,"—calls attention to a peculiar wave of immigration of which little has been known in the United States. Probably the late reports concerning their fanatical movements and their sufferings are exaggerated.

Nearly forty thousand Slavs have emigrated to Canada during the last few years; thirty thousand being Galicians from the Austrian provinces, and over eight thousand Doukhobors, who came to the Canadian Northwest in 1898-9, forming the largest exodus of any one people to the American continent in modern times. The majority of the latter people came from the southern part of the Transcaucasus, bordering the Black Sea. Two titles have been applied to them—the Spirit Wrestlers and the Russian Quakers. It was chiefly on account of their religious scruples that they were the object of cruel treatment for a century and a half. The Greek church led in the persecution, looking upon them as dangerous heretics whose extermination would better the world, while the government regarded their refusal to perform military service as treason to the state. As a punishment they were driven from province to province, and large numbers of the men were exiled to Siberia, where over one hundred are still serving their sentences, some for life. In the case of scores of others, death has solved the problem of man's inhumanity to man. Finally, the survivors were forced to move to Southern Russia, where they earned yet another name—that of the Christian Martyrs of the Caucasus. At last the news reached the Doukhobors of a land beyond the sea, where peace would be assured, and where the climatic conditions would better suit them. Down-trodden thus for generations, with many a home deprived of its bread-winner, these simple, stalwart, homely humankind left their native land, and on a December day of 1898 the first of a series of shiploads sailed from Batoum. The Society of English Friends acted as the Good Samaritans toward the migrating company, assisting them financially where necessary. A tempestuous voyage of four weeks was endur-

ed before the shores of the promised land were sighted. When they landed on the wharves of Halifax and St. John it was soon seen that they were unlike any previous body of colonists, as they stood with uncovered heads and sang a hymn of thanksgiving, entitled "God can carry us through." The long train journey of two thousand miles revealed another feature of these primitive strangers, in a remarkable cleanliness hitherto unknown among immigrant peoples. Daily the women scrubbed the colonist cars, and apart from that voluntary work, the men, women and children spent most of the time in chanting lugubrious psalms in a melancholy monotone and in singing hymns somewhat less cheerless. The young people lost no opportunity of mastering the rudiments of the English language. The result was, according to an observer, not so much broken as pulverized English.

Physically the Doukhobors may almost be classed as a race of giants. Certainly they are much above the average stature of foreigners who have come to Canada through emigration channels. Their faces are kindly and honest, and their habits, as has been indicated, are unusually cleanly. Their great powers of endurance are strangely coupled with an unusual gentleness of character, and in these and other respects they are somewhat of an anomaly among the twenty or more diverse populations now represented in the Canadian fields of settlement.

That a people, whose lot has been so hard in their native land, should present phases of ignorance and fanaticism from which more favored peoples are free, is not wonderful, but there is abundant evidence that they are not ill-disposed, but the contrary, and that in the main they possess the elements for successful life and citizenship in the New World. Their gentleness is in strong contrast with the cruel semi-barbarism which persecuted them in their native Russia.



THE great coal strike just ended, and the long train of results which are here and are yet to follow, form a new chapter in our history, and naturally increase public interest in the coal question. The coal production and consumption of the world, and especially of the United States in comparison with other coal-producing countries, is the subject of a monograph which will appear in the forthcoming issue of the Monthly Summary of Commerce and Finance, issued by the Treasury Bureau of Statistics.

The general demand for coal seems to have increased very rapidly in recent years, not alone in the United States, but throughout the world. One of the most characteristic features of modern industrial development has been the rise of the coal industry. Modern society relies upon coal as the fuel and source of power, and the terms "iron age," "machine age" and age of steam," may all be translated the "age of coal."

The rapidity with which the production of coal has increased may be appreciated when the present volume of that production is considered. In 1901 the total coal production of the world was 866,165,000 short tons. Until as late a period as 1888 the world's production had never been half so great; and not until 1872 had the world's production been a third as large as it is at present. The

statistics of the world's production for earlier periods cannot be determined with accuracy.

The production of coal is chiefly in the hands of three nations: the British, the American and the German. During the last thirty years, and even earlier, the combined coal output of the United States, the United Kingdom and Germany has averaged, year for year, about five-sixths of the coal output of the world. Possessing but a tenth of the world's population, they have produced about 83 per cent of the mineral fuel, while the remaining 90 per cent of the world's inhabitants have produced only about 17 per cent of the coal, and even if the savage and semi-barbarous nations be disregarded, the immense preponderance of coal production in these countries must be conceded. To this group might be added Belgium, which produces and consumes more coal per capita than any other European country except the United Kingdom, but for the fact of its small population placing it in the second rank of coal producing countries. In 1899, for the first time, the coal production of the United States exceeded that of Great Britain. This superiority has been maintained for two successive years. During 1901 the United States production was greater than that of Great Britain and all her colonies. During that year the shares of the leading coal-producing countries were as follows: United States, 34 per cent; United Kingdom, 28 per cent; and Germany, 19.2 per cent. Nor is there any prospect that the leading position of the United States may be lost in favor of another country within any calculable future time. These facts emphasize the need of national legislation to prevent another disaster like that from which we have not yet escaped.



THE Philadelphia Ledger of Oct. 29 contains the following from its New York City correspondent:

"In the Fifth Avenue Baptist church last evening, at the regular meeting of the Young Men's Bible Class, President William Harper, of the University of Chicago, delivered the address. He said:

"The church must give up its exclusiveness. The church has alienated from it the rich and the poor, and it is alienating the intellectual. The universities are passing out of the hands of the church. Once all of the Presidents of the colleges and universities were chosen from among the ordained ministers; but now it is almost impossible for a minister to be selected as the head of an institution, those doing the choosing being themselves ministers. The message of the times to the ministers is "hands off!" The clergyman was not long ago supreme. We are now in a period of reaction."

This relation of clergymen to college presidencies is well known, but we think that wholesale statements that the church has alienated both rich and poor must be made and taken with caution. That worldliness and indifference toward religion on the part of business men have played no unimportant part in the relations between the churches and the masses is an apparent fact. Many men keep away from the churches so entirely that they remain untouched by the pulpit, and it is neither accurate nor fair to charge their absence to alienating influences created by the pulpit. Probably the above extract from the Ledger does not fully represent what Dr.

Reaction
Against
Clergymen.

An Age
of Coal.

Harper said, but there is enough of fact in it to awaken anxiety and incite a study of the situation by every thoughtful clergyman. The evidences of transition in religious matters and in church circles are many, but they are not all in the direction of evil, nor do they furnish ground for any wholesale charges of failure on the part of the church and the pulpit. But the church and its leaders must not be blind nor indifferent to the fact that the circumstances demand of both renewed knowledge of the situation and larger efforts to meet existing demands and coming difficulties. The position of the preacher and the work of the church are among the most difficult as well as the most important in the world. This fact and its consequent deductions cannot be studied too carefully nor recognized too fully. No ordinary standards of action and no commonplace methods are safe when the work of the Christian church and its ministers are under consideration.

Methodist Missionary Convention. A LARGE and important convention of the General Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal denomination has just been held in Cleveland, Ohio. Representative Methodist journals pronounce it the largest and best of all the missionary conventions of that denomination. It is said "the program was prepared with great care and speakers were selected with respect to their qualifications to discuss the themes assigned to them." It included thirty-one speakers, all of whom were Methodists except Mr. Robert E. Speer, the Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church.

"The detailed report will show that every subject which could possibly bear upon foreign missions was treated, except the report of the Board of Education, which since 1873 has aided seven hundred and fifty candidates for foreign mission service, and for the domestic field more than one thousand nine hundred and sixty, and, in accordance with the provisions of the General Conference in creating the Board of Education, very many thousands of dollars loaned to students and due from them have been canceled because they consecrated their lives to missionary service in foreign lands."

The convention closed with an offering for missions, pledges and gifts, amounting to \$330,000.

International Arbitration. THE actual and excellent results which the past year has recorded in the matter of international arbitration will give new interest to the discussions which took place at the Eighth Annual Meeting of the Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration, at the Lake Mohonk House, Ulster county, N. Y., last May. There were six sessions of the Conference. The report contains the stenographic account of the proceedings, which consisted of addresses and discussions on the history of arbitration, the Hague permanent court and the means of bringing it into general operation, the relations of commerce and industry to peace, the best methods of promoting public opinion in favor of arbitration, and kindred topics. A copy of this report will be sent on application to Albert K. Smiley, Lake Mohonk, N. Y.

The charity that begins at home covers the most sins.

Prayer-Meeting Column.

Topic.—The All-Including Gift.

This topic forms the central element in the 12th and 13th chapters of First Corinthians. In these Paul brings out the fact that in spiritual matters, as elsewhere, men have different and specific gifts, endowments for service. He does not disparage these gifts, but rather he rejoices in the fact that men have them. He exhorts that we desire and cultivate them. But he declares there is something better than the best gift; something, without which the best gift is useless and with which the poorest gift is made a prize to be sought. A multitude of the best gifts without this something makes man "as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." This essential something is love. Christians sometimes expect to have the way of salvation made plain to men through the building of a splendid church, the exercising of the gifts of oratory and song and the social graces. But back of all and in all methods there needs to be a warm, earnest, Christ-like love for men, or else all methods will fail of their purpose. It is the sun which is the life of the vegetable world and makes all its varied forms possible. It is love that makes possible and effective all forms of church activity. Without love for God and man, piety languishes and dies. It is love that seeks methods of expression, and where they are not it makes methods of its own.

Love seeks the best things; there is no stint where love abounds. It only desires to accomplish that which shall be of the most service to men. Love is kind and suffereth long in its kindness. The great need of the world is kindness. Love is not easily provoked; because it is looking for fruitage by and by. The farmer does not get impatient with his fields because they do not bear ripened grain as soon as he has put in the seed. He toils hard and waits.

Love does not rejoice in iniquity, it does not like to see men cast down by evil and trampled upon. Love spreads no evil stories and is not delighted with slander. Love bears all things, not for the joy of bearing, but in the hope of bettering things by and by.

Love seeks to be active and goes out to find those who need help. No man who truly has the Christian love in his heart can remain inactive in the presence of those who need his help. It is not to be wondered at that Paul so exalts love above all gifts and urges its cultivation. While you seek for greater attainments recall the words of J. G. Holland in his book, *Mistress of The Manse*, when, speaking of love, human and divine:

"In all the crowded universe
There is but one stupendous word,
* * * * *
And that great word means only love."

WISCONSIN MATTERS.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Southern Wisconsin and Chicago churches was held, according to announcement, with the church at Milton Junction, October 17-19, 1902. At the meeting on Sixth-day afternoon the general topic for discussion was, "How can we help to make the work of the denomination the most efficient?" The subject was opened by an address by Rev. S. H. Babcock, of Albion, and a paper written by Rev. M. G. Stillman, of Walworth, read by Mrs. Stillman. Other brethren and sisters fol-

lowed this opening with practical and suggestive remarks. Some of the points brought out and variously emphasized were: 1. Know more about it; study reports and plans of work as published in our annuals and in the SABBATH RECORDER. 2. Think and speak of the work entrusted to our various denominational societies, not as their work, but as our work. 3. Sink our own personal preferences and local interests in the best interests of the whole work. 4. Make more regular, systematic and liberal contributions to the work, leaving those to whom our money is sent to decide where it is most needed. Do not embarrass treasurers or boards with too many restrictions as to where or how our contributions are to be used. 5. Pray for the work. It is God's work, and must have his blessing if it is to prosper. The men who have been chosen to carry it forward are human and need wisdom; they are our brethren, and need the sympathy which comes from a perfect community of interest, such as is awakened by earnest and constant prayer for a common cause.

Five sermons were preached during the Quarterly Meeting: by Dr. Platts, on Friday evening; by Pres. Daland, on Sabbath morning; by Rev. S. H. Babcock, on evening after the Sabbath; by Bro. W. D. Wilcox, on Sunday morning; and by Rev. M. B. Kelly, on Sunday afternoon. These sermons throughout were full of earnest thought and tender feeling, giving a rare spiritual uplift to the large congregations that listened to them. The stirring testimony and prayer-meetings of the occasion were scarcely less inspiring and helpful. A program of young people's work, prepared by Mrs. Nettie West, President of the Quarterly Meeting Union, was presented on Sunday afternoon, just before the closing sermon by Elder Kelly, which indicated a lively and hopeful interest of our young people in our denominational life and work. On the whole, this was regarded as one of the very best of Wisconsin's always excellent Quarterly Meetings.

We were glad to welcome to the work and privileges of the Quarterly Meeting Pres. Daland, of Milton College, and Bro. W. D. Wilcox, of Chicago, who are new to it; and Brother and Sister M. G. Stillman, of Walworth, as old members returning after an absence of a number of years; not less were we thankful that Brother G. J. Crandall, pastor of the church with which the meeting was held, was able to take his part in the service, after being unable, since Conference, on account of illness, to occupy his own pulpit.

The next session will be held in January, 1903, with the church at Milton. It is the design of those charged with the duty of arranging the program for that occasion to devote the entire session to a consideration of various phases of the Sabbath question. They expect to make an early announcement of the details of that program.

L. A. PLATTS.

SILENT COMPANIONSHIP.

"The satisfying companionship of his silent wife," says Mr. Howells in the introductory chapter of his last book. This subtle phrase conveys what I have in my mind and is an elucidation of what the dictionaries very imperfectly define. When two people can feel happy without word or effort, simply in being together, they have reached a height of mutual comprehension to which average humanity

rarely attains. It is perhaps the most difficult of our aspirations to realize.

People devoted to each other are entertaining, amusing, attractive, but to find in the mind or heart of any other human being that sympathetic comprehension and response that leaves you beyond the necessity of effort to explain, or to perform dutiful acts of disclosing yourself by word or line, and that makes you sure of being understood, is the acme, the climax of delightful intercourse.

One reason why so few of us ever come to this blissful state is our impatience to find out what is controlling the thoughts or germinating in the minds of our dearest relations. What does he think on this subject? What will he do about that matter? We cannot wait, and the questioning wife or friend immediately shares the destiny of those who are bound to taste of immature fruit; they will never enjoy its full ripe flavor. A man, or a chum who dares not stop talking, or using some form of occupation for fear he will be asked what he is thinking about, is robbed of all sense of that companionship which satisfies. Repose is one of its largest elements.

It does not necessarily include unity of opinion, nor even entire approval of judgment and action, but it is born of and based on that fellowship which precludes vehement opposition and controversy, and insures sympathy and participation even in the troubles we bring on ourselves.

The remembrance of a very charming old couple encountered long years ago in a remote fishing village comes involuntarily to mind as a lovely illustration of married companions. They were childless, the old man's resting time had been reached, the cares of the world were shaken off, they were all in all to each other.

The wife was dainty, frail, and too long a denizen of cities to be enthusiastic over a semi-civilized country and the indifferent service of a mountain railway inn. The husband was doubly drawn to the vicinity. He had fished there when he was young and he had dreamed, through many years of bondage to his business, of a time when he could go back to that hill country and idly sit by the well-remembered stream. He knew a pool: O, how shadowy it was, and in one place how deep!

Every morning he brought out his fly-book and arranged his lines; close beside him sat the wife, as full of interest as he and occasionally trying to repair a dishevelled feather, with delicate fingers. Her husband felt so content with her knowledge of the difference between "the rich widow" and "the royal buff": she realized their charm and believed in their powers, and his cup was full of blessing.

Morning and evening he made his eager visits to the most fascinating haunts of trout, and never but once did anyone see him take a fish from the creel. His wife searched for a shady and a quite place to work or read until spying him at a distance, she picked her way over the stony paths to meet him. She put her hand through his arm and walked back to the inn, smiling and chatting without a query as to the day's sport. He knew that she had shared it all; the expectation, the cool, delicious refreshment of the stream and the overhanging trees; he knew that she was aware of the lightness of his creel and the white dryness of his landing net, and it did

not take words to make her understand and share the disappointment, which was none the less deep because it was so frequent.

By and by some one sitting near them would hear him telling the most vivid stories of the rising of big fish; no telling what they might have weighed had they yielded to the allurements of "the rich widow" and been safely landed. Daily the same routine was followed, diversified only by the great thunder storms that love these peaks or by some other natural interruption which could not be overcome.

We left them as we found them absolutely satisfied with life, and each other, all social desires fulfilled in themselves. Yet the gentle old woman's whole pleasure was vicarious. She could not fish; she could not climb; she loved the luxury of urban civilization, and cared for delicate food carefully served. It was the absolute fellowship which bound her to her husband that made her such a faultless companion.

A French woman is very often her husband's indefatigable business companion, though she may be denied all the privileges of co-partnership. She is never indifferent, quicker than he is to see the advantages or disadvantages of a sale; keeps his books, is secretive as to his affairs, and conveys to him by her intelligent dark eyes many a silent hint. But this is a different type of companionship from the one for which we would do well to labor and to covet. This unity of business interests may, and almost always does, fill the purse, but the day's work done it will not insure peace and the joy of rest.

The rarer endowment may send forth its delightful solace to reach a heart a thousand miles away; it is of a quality which cannot be separated by space and loss of touch. When Lady Franklin began her heroic efforts to recover her brave husband, it became plain to the world that he had felt her always near, while he struggled in those terrible Polar seas. He wrote continually, as if he were speaking to one within hearing, though out of his sight. She seemed to be literally with him.

This tenderest power of companionship is of singular force and bestows especial blessing in hours of grief and misfortune. Half the world bemoans its incapacity to assuage grief or soothe the sharpness of bereavement. There is a dominant and irrepressible, though unknown, note of self which thwarts the affectionate desire of the heart seeking to come near the sufferer. In its hour of trial a man's spirit can only be comforted by those with whom he can find satisfying companionship in silent nearness. The beautiful perfection of such love, or friendship, or devotion has to be built up in the relinquishment of controversy and a readiness to comprehend fully what it cannot share.

There are very perfect examples of this delightful fellowship to be seen between healthful active children and their crippled or enfeebled companions. Perhaps because of their still undeveloped individuality the natures of the very young can so throw themselves into the lives of their comrades. I have seen a helpless lame boy with cheeks burning from excitement while waiting for news from a ball-field which he could not even see. He absolutely passed through every phase of the game in tenacious following of what might befall his big brother, who seemed dear to him in proportion to his immense physical advan-

tage. It would appear impossible that he who could never hold a bat could thrill with the sound of a flying ball, but not a blow was struck that did not quicken his pulse. "To let little Phil know" was the first thought of the victor.

It is worth a great deal to try and fit ourselves for the best place in the closer relations of our lives, but, alas, most strong natures find it natural to oppose, and the more they love the more they are prompted to try to govern and control. The companionship which is ideal and complete precludes opposition.

I do not mean that one mind sinks itself in the other, or that a passive acceptance precludes that desire to influence which is inherent in all strong affection, but that, first of all, come faith and comprehension. To differ with one we love and yet leave open a door of possibility that they may, after all, have the better point of view, is about the most uncommon mental attitude we are likely to take; the most unusual that we shall ever encounter in others. There are tens of thousands of men and women ready to lay down their lives for those they love, if they could only persuade them to yield their opinions and become converts to better counsels.

But the companion who shall be to us an unceasing help and rest must be able to see what he cannot accept, and share the result of our mistakes without reproach.

It is of great value in the rearing of a family that brothers and sisters are trained to see the charm in each other's preferences and give an interested hearing to the schemes which have no attraction to the temperament which has a different bent. The gradual learning to value tastes, acquirements, amusements, hobbies, because they are dear to those nearest to us, and gaining the power to understand why they are delightful, lays a basis for later advancement to that goodly company of whom there are so few—companions who have the key to our hearts and can rest and comfort them.

It is not overstating the case to say that men and women, husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters, friends and classmates love much and are faithful, without proving to be companions in any large or exalted sense. The loneliness of so many lives in homes rich with material blessings and ruled over by loving and anxious hearts comes largely from this class of fellowship.

It seems to descend into the regions of vague and uncertain thought which cannot be put into strong and helpful words when we come so close to what is so spiritually clear and yet so delicate and intangible. But nothing is surer than that men and women have been longing for tender companionships to the verge of a heart-break, on whom the most emotional demonstration has been lavished without satisfying.—New York Evening Post.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE PARLOR.

CAROLINE BENEDICT BURRELL.

The word parlor calls to the mind of the retrospective American many a solemn best-room. How awesome it was, the parlor of our grandfathers, the parlor of our great uncles and aunts, perhaps even the parlor of our own childhood! There it was, behind closed doors, hushed, mysterious, awesome. One tiptoed past delicately, like Agag; one spoke within its precincts in lowered tones

and thought about it reverently. Truly, it was a solemn thing to have a parlor!

The vicissitudes through which this room has passed in a century are remarkable. In Colonial days it was at its best, furnished with Chippendale brought from London with infinite care and kept polished with religious rubbings. Its carpet was from Turkey, the only carpet in the house, a source of romantic thought and delicious day dreams. Its pictures were portraits of this ancestor and that, who seemed to realize the dignity of their proud position on the walls of a parlor and to be pondering on it with due seriousness. In winter one peeped timidly in through a crack of the door and saw the breath rise in frosty, desecrating wreaths; in summer one sniffed the dried rose leaves in the close, warm air and thought vaguely of incense. The room was uncanny, but thrillingly interesting.

But the years went by and the spirit of unrest suggested a change. True, the furniture and carpet had seen little service and were not worn with use, but still moth and dust had somehow done their work in spite of all pains. A new generation had risen with something of irreverence for the past, and it opened the closed doors of the best-room and raised the blinds and pronounced things old-fashioned. The beautiful old mahogany was banished to the attic and many of the portraits went with it. The walls were painted gray, paneled with narrow lines of brown and a picture was hung symmetrically in every panel. In an outburst of patriotism these were chosen with reference to the Revolution. Washington Crossing the Delaware faced himself on his Death-Bed, while the Signers of the Declaration of Independence were condemned to look across the room at their own shamefully illegible signatures attached to a facsimile of the document itself.

The furniture was now of rosewood, elaborately carved in rosettes and wreaths and complex, dust-inviting flourishes. The two-armchairs and six straight ones, covered with slippery haircloth, stood rigidly against the wall, and in the middle of the room was a marble-topped table coldly bearing a family Bible with its records of births and deaths. In a corner was the what-not, set out with bristling pyramids on every shelf end, bearing large pink sea-shells and a collection of daguerreotypes. A great mirror with a gilt frame stood between the windows, its base supporting a marble bust of Clytie and a plated silver card receiver, while on the mantel were two large china vases with painted landscapes, and a fruit dish cut from alabaster with handles of stony bunches of grapes. The windows were darkened with long damask hangings tied back with heavy cords. The room was indeed altered, but the air of gloom was successfully retained. It spoke of funerals and family gatherings scarcely less solemn. One involuntarily looked over the door to see if there was not a sign there, "Trespassers will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law."

A decade or two went by and something different still was demanded. New light on household decoration had been obtained and scope was needed for the exercise of latent powers. Rosewood followed mahogany to the attic, and black walnut, the homegrown product of our own forests, was introduced. Haircloth was out and rep was in. It was,

indeed, the day of rep; chairs, sofas and ottomans were impartially covered with this durable fabric. Not content with rep as rep in solid color, combinations were introduced and gray was puffed on red, blue on gray, and fringe and buttons were made to contrast. It was also the day of the lambrequin, and all windows and doors were adorned with festoons, while brackets were nailed to the walls with dependent flouncings—all of rep. The cardboard motto lent sentiment to every vacant space and the gray plaster group showed the observant that high art was not ignored. Over the fireplace a farmhouse ridden by a barefoot boy dashed madly. After the Doctor, at the same time a Game of Checkers went calmly on in the front window, and Marguerite and Faust pulled the leaves from an imperishable daisy on the center-table.

The carpet was now white velvet, with crimson roses and scrolls of blue; the what-not disappeared and was replaced by the square piano, covered with a gray flannel blanket embroidered with a wreath in yellow silks. Washington was banished from the wall, and crayon pictures of the members of the home circle frowned darkly at Ulysses S. Grant and His Family and Clay Before the Senate.

Suddenly the æsthetic period burst upon the nation. The art square usurped the place of the gay carpet and modestly expressed itself in olive greens; the lambrequin said a long farewell, and the "throw" and "drape" strove to fill its place. Furniture was recovered in plush, a new material, which was to be had in all undesirable shades. Lamps put on globes of pea-green and yellow, and distorted faces of friend and foe with impartiality. The square piano lost prestige and the upright took up its place with alacrity against the wall. The pictures again came down and were disposed of in the garret, and the latest thing in the shop, the etching, good and bad, was hung in the places of honor.

This time, too, was short-lived, for a reaction set in with violence, and the gorgeous asserted itself. Carpets once more were brilliant, brocades in rainbow hues were multitudinously buttoned to stuffed and frameless chairs, each in a different shade. Woven wicker in white and gold was to be had, mysteriously twisted and braided; walls were "decorated" for the first time, and billows and clouds of pink and blue broke on the ceiling. The upright piano followed the square to the auction-rooms, and the parlor grand imposingly tuned its keys out in a corner. Pictures became varied and bric-a-brac multiplied alarmingly. Louis this and Louis that were named respectfully in the grander rooms.

Then came the day of the empire, a day too near our own to need recalling. Walls suddenly blossomed in wreaths, massive furniture with gold embossings masqueraded as reproductions from Napoleon's own rooms and filled our small apartments to overflowing. But this was only a passing whim, and imperialism suddenly gave way to democracy, for all these changes had been insidiously working on the family and their reverence for the parlor had been undermined. Familiarity had had its customary effect, and the discovery had been gradually made that the sacred room was capable of something more than holiday use; and when it

ceased to be regarded as a shrine—the parlor as a parlor—was doomed.

In its place the living room has been evolved from the ruins of the more stately affair. We have raised the curtains and let in the sunshine; we have opened the long-closed fireplace and lighted a little cheerful blaze; we have taken up the carpet and laid down the informal rug. We have built in irregular and irrational seats and heaped them with the gayest of cushions. The center table is gone and all sorts of tables, large and small, stand wherever we fancy them. We have turned the piano around and hidden its back with something prettier than a woollen blanket, even if it did have a wreath around its edge. Our pictures are water colors and photographs and etchings and oils and pen-and-inks, hung in straight lines and slanting lines and no lines at all, in a pleasing confusion. Our chairs and table are no more in parlor suites, but are Chippendales from the attic and the flotsam and jetsam from all shores, without a reminder of haircloth or rep or buttons or plush. There are low book-cases, though the room is not a library, and plants, though it is not a conservatory. It is restful and cozy, delightfully disordered and charmingly unconventional. It may no longer be called a parlor, but awaits a better word to describe it, a word not yet coined.—The Interior.

A SPIDER'S WEB.

During the late summer and in the autumn grasshoppers form a large part of the food of a large spider called the orange argiope. It is interesting to see how skillfully the spider manages her huge prey. The instant it becomes entangled she rushes to it and, spreading her spinnets far apart, she fastens a broad sheet of silk to it; then by a few dexterous kicks she rolls it over two or three times, and it is securely swaddled in a shroud; a quick bite with her poison fangs completes the destruction of the victim.

The male of the orange argiope is much smaller than the female, and it is very seldom observed except by the best trained eyes. He lives in a shabby little web which he builds near the web of the female. In the autumn the female makes a globular egg sac as large as a hickory nut. This is suspended among the branches of some shrub or on the top of some weed, and is fastened by many ropes of silk, so that the storms of winter shall not tear it loose. Within this egg sac the young spiders pass the winter.—Country Life in America.

HE who hath appointed thee thy task will proportion it to thy strength, and thy strength to the burden he lays upon thee. He who maketh the seed to grow thou knowest not how, and seest not, will, thou knowest not how, ripen the seed which he hath sown in thy heart, and leaven thee by the secret workings of his good spirit. Thou mayest not see the change thyself, but he will gradually change thee, make thee another man. Only yield thyself to his molding hand, as the clay to the potter, having no wishes of thine own, but seeking in sincerity, however faint, to have his will fulfilled in thee, and he will teach thee what to pray for, and will give thee what he teacheth thee. He will trace his own image on thee line by line, effacing by his grace and gracious discipline the marks and spots of sin which have defaced it.

Missions.

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

EVANGELIST J. G. BURDICK closed his evangelistic work with the Jackson Centre and Stokes churches Sabbath night, October 25. He spent the summer and a portion of the autumn with these churches as evangelist and pastor. His labors have not only been blessed in the conversion of sinners, but in the strengthening of Christians and the membership of the church. He did some excellent pastoral work, also in revising the church roll, so that the churches now in regard to church membership and spiritual activity stand in a more hopeful and healthy condition. He did a good work in securing a school-house building and in aiding the Stokes church in fitting it up for a house of worship and in furnishing it.

He writes: "Glorious closing up of the work. Five baptized into the church Sabbath-day and received into the church in the evening. Surprise last night. Start to-night for Adams Centre, N. Y. Pray for the work with the Adams Centre church."

EVANGELIST M. B. KELLY when last heard from was holding meetings at Rock River, Wis. Edgar Van Horn, a student of Milton College, is the acting pastor of our church there. The meetings began with a fair attendance and the interest was increasing. It is hoped that the meetings will be blessed by such an out-pouring of the Holy Spirit that the little church will be greatly built up and many precious souls saved. Pray for these meetings.

WE are living in times when the love of God is waning and the love of worldly pleasures and vain show is increasing. The strongest and firmest optimist has to confess that there is spiritual decay in these days in the church of Christ. There is great need of the keeping of one's self in the love of God and of Jesus Christ in these times. God never asks us to do anything that we cannot do. We can, if we will, keep the love of God warm, fresh and growing in our lives, and not fall away from God and his Son Jesus Christ. There are just as rich provisions made in the spiritual realm of God for spiritual life, growth and high attainment as there are in the natural world; if anything, richer provisions are provided. We are to diligently use them. He who reads regularly and prayerfully the Word of God keeps up daily communication and fellowship with Jesus Christ, and has the infilling and indwelling power of the Holy Spirit will not lose the love of Jesus Christ and of divine things, and wane in spiritual interest, life and strength. The truth of the matter is that Christians are not working very hard in religion, but are in worldly things. What we need is not a spasmodic revival of religion in ourselves and in our churches, but a permanent work of grace, a spirituality to stay.

THE ETERNAL NATURE OF THINGS.

There is a strong tendency in our day toward what is sometimes called a soft or easy theology. The harsh and fear-inspiring features are eliminated, and we hear little of the old-time theology which made the world to come such a stern reality. We are told of the love which woos and forgives, until we almost, or quite, forget that there is anything to fear. If God is love, indeed, we are told, why should

there be anything to fear? And we hear the question asked, Were not the threats and the terrors for an age which could not comprehend a God of love, and which needed to be frightened into goodness? And has not the time come for an easier religion, stripped of all aspects of terror and harshness? We do not profess to be able to say what the All-wise One will do with this particular soul or that when it comes into that world which lies so entirely beyond our experience; nor are we authorized to speak for our Creator, but we believe that our so-called soft theology of modern times is not true to the nature of things, nor does it square with the revelations which have been given of God's nature and of his purposes.

An ancient Hebrew poet says that "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera,"—the very nature of things was against him. In fact every page of history gives us a stern lesson of the futility and impossibility of ignoring the distinction of right and wrong—righteousness and unrighteousness. It is one long story of men and women who dashed up against the thick-bossed shield of God's judgment, and who were broken against this impenetrable shield.

Nature has the same story to tell. You must learn her laws and obey them, or suffer for it. She is never "easy" with those who will not learn her ways. The unplumb building topples over, the rotten foundation brings the structure down, the badly-built scaffolding crashes down, regardless of who gets hurt. The ship which is not steered by compass and chart grinds to pieces on the reefs, unmindful of the precious lives aboard; and the train which finds the track blocked crashes into the obstruction, careless of how many are killed. There is nothing soft in the eternal nature of things, if so be we blindly dash against things as they are. The only safe and wise way is to adjust one's course to fit the nature of things; otherwise the punishment comes irresistibly.

Why, in the light of this, or in the light of anything else, should we suppose that all will come out right, no matter how we shape our lives? It will not come out right. Evil is not good, however we juggle with names, and God cannot be God and treat unrighteousness, or even carelessness, as though it made no difference.

Does anybody suppose that love is soft and devoid of sternness? The father who loves his child the most is the one who is the most afraid to be easy with him when he is on the wrong course. It is just because God is love that he is also a consuming fire. It is not possible that the stubborn, the willful, the erring, the vicious, or even the thoughtless, should go on in their ways forever. It would destroy all the purpose and meaning of the universe. This universe makes for righteousness, and those who will not learn this fact by easy methods must have harsh methods,—"the thick-bossed shield of God's judgment."

"The tissues of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

"Still shall the soul around it call
The shadows which it gathered here,
And, painted on the eternal wall,
The past shall re-appear."

—The American Friend.

It's the coastwise steamer that manages to avoid the rocks.

Woman's Work.

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

GOD'S GIFTS.

LAURA E. RICHARDS.

God gave me a little light
To carry as I go;
Bade me to keep it clean and bright,
Shining high and low:
Bear it steadfast, without fear,
Shed its radiance far and near,
Make the path before me clear
With its friendly glow.

God gave me a little song
To sing upon my way;
Rough may be the road, and long,
Dark may be the day,
Yet a little bird can wing,
Yet a little flower can spring,
Yet a little child can sing,
Make the whole world gay.

God gave me a little heart
To love whatever he made;
Gave me strength to bear my part,
Glad and unafraid.
Through thy world so fair, so bright,
Father, guide my steps aright!
Thou my song and thou my light,
So my trust is stayed.

THE Boston Fruit and Flower Mission has just closed a year's work that has been marked by great success. Railroad and express companies have aided by bringing in, at small expense, flowers from places hitherto inaccessible, so that the Mission has been able to distribute this year over forty thousand bouquets. This is nearly double the amount of any previous year.

"Forty-two towns have sent regular contributions during the summer, and distributions have been made in hospitals, homes, playgrounds, vacation schools, day nurseries, workshops, settlements and dispensaries. Among missionaries, district nurses and private cases there has been a distribution of more than two hundred dozen eggs and small fruit in proportion."

We venture to say that the blessing has not fallen alone on the recipients of these gifts, but those who by a little care and thought have shared with another the pleasures they so freely enjoy have in turn received a blessing.

YEARS ago, Dr. Edward Everett Hale, while spending some time in the country, noticed that large quantities of apples were allowed to waste on the ground, because the farmers could find no market for them. This set him to thinking, and he arranged to have the fruit sent to him in Boston, and raised enough money among his friends to enable him to handle it. In this way began the Apple Mission of Boston, which has grown until one year's shipment alone was six thousand bushels, and cost one thousand dollars to pay freight charges and the expense of distribution. Farmers willingly gave to the cause such fruit as they did not sell, and often carried it many miles to the railroad free of charge. This Mission is now well established, and is the source of great pleasure to the little ones. It is hard for us, to whom apples are so well known, to realize what such a gift means to a city child, and Dr. Hale tells of finding children who had never known the taste of an apple.

WOMAN'S HOUR AT SOUTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

The Woman's Hour of the South-Western Association was held in connection with that Association at Gentry, Ark., Oct. 10, 1902. The Associational Secretary was not in attendance, and no program had been arranged. By request, Mrs. H. D. Witter took

charge of the hour. Devotional exercises were conducted by Mrs. Lucy F. Randolph, of Fouke, Ark., and Mrs. Lizzie Fuller presided at the organ. Mrs. Flossie Burdick read an interesting essay, entitled "The Bible." Mrs. Gertrude Sanford read a few choice selections from eminent writers, collected by Mrs. Melva Worth. The hour was full of interest to all.

COR. SEC.

THE BIBLE AS LITERATURE.

Read at the Woman's Hour of the South-Western Association, by Mrs. Flossie Burdick, and requested for publication.

Many nations, whose existence as nations is now almost forgotten, produced some literature which is not forgotten, but is a living factor in the world of letters. Egypt gave us the Alpha of sciences; Greece, the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle; and Rome, the *Aeneid*. But the Hebrews left us something far better than these, a book which in itself contains all the poems of literature in their perfection; a book which has civilized the world more than any other agency—the Bible.

What is the Bible? It has well been called a library of Hebrew and early Christian literature. The language, the imagery, the form, the structure of each of the sixty-six books is different. What other book gives us so many phases of character as the Bible? We see the author of one book fervent and impassioned; of another, prosaic and cold. One writes in short, periodic sentences; another in long, figurative sentences. Lawgivers like Moses, autocrats like Solomon, warriors like Joshua, historians like Samuel, prophets like Isaiah, scribes like Ezra, poets like David, governors like Nehemiah, exiles like Daniel, peasants like Amos, fishermen like Peter, tax-gatherers like Matthew, rabbis like Paul, have all contributed to the sacred page.

Each author has his own style, so there are not only many authors, but in how many various forms are the messages given to us! It comes now in the form of annals, now of philosophy, now of a sermon, now of an idyl, now of a lyric. Among the prophets, Isaiah may be compared to a majestic, spreading oak; Jeremiah, to a weeping-willow in a desert place; Ezekiel, to an aromatic shrub; and Daniel, to a solitary tree in the midst of a mighty plain. In the Gospels, Matthew, Mark and Luke show Christ as a man of action; John shows him as the man of contemplation.

Every one may find something of interest in the Bible. Whatever style of literature one most enjoys is to be found there. Would you see history in all her beauty and all her force? See her in the narrative of Joseph's life, and of the children of Israel. Do you enjoy pathos? Read, then, David's lament over Absalom. If the novel is more attractive, where can you find a more simple or beautiful story than that of Ruth? If you wish maxims of wisdom, go to the Proverbs of Solomon. Here you will find lessons adapted to every circumstance in life. Poetry, too. Where may you find anything in grandeur and loftiness of style to surpass that of Job?

Yet, though there are so many forms of literature, each one represents the best of its kind. The variety has not injured the quality of the language. As Shakespeare was perfect in all of the characteristics which make up a good dramatist, so the Bible is

perfect in its treatment of the many forms of literature. It contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history and finer strains, both of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from any other one book, in whatever age or language it may have been written.

The drama of Esther, the novel of Ruth, the poetry of David, the biography of Christ, the history of the children of Israel, and the philosophy of Solomon have formed the basis for all later writings of the same nature, and are among the best of their kind.

And still, though each book is a whole book in itself and separate from the others, yet we find that unity is preserved through them all. We may take the Bible as one book and trace its plan easily—a very simple plan. First, the creation and God's particular care over his chosen people; their disobedience and punishment by being taken captive by other nations. Then the coming of Messiah and salvation preached—first to the Jews, then to all nations.

But not alone in the different books of the Bible do we find variety. Each book contains in itself a fountain of rich diversity. Why is it that the Bible has proved to be equally dear to high and to low, to rich and to poor, all over the world? Is it not because its variety of incidents gives something to appeal to every heart?

We read on one page the story of the rich ruler; on another that of the Galilean fisherman. Now, we may see the wise men bowing to reverence the child Jesus; now the poor shepherds come in from the fields to do him honor. The pages are filled with varied incidents that increase the interest, and cause people of all classes of society to feel that the Bible was meant for them. It is like the great ash tree, Ygdrasil, whose leaves were the lives of men. Under it all the nations of the earth found shelter and rest.

Thus, the Bible ranks with the best literature of the world. It has stood the test of time and is more popular to-day than ever before. No book can become so universally or permanently popular unless it meets the wants and stirs the feelings of the human heart. To be valued in all countries, to be popular in every language, and to survive the secular changes, it must be lofty in expression and it must contain rich wisdom.

If you wish to read the best literature and become acquainted with the many phases of human character, study the Bible. "The student of the Bible is necessarily the best citizen of the world," because of the acquaintance which he makes with human character and with the best laws for governing himself and others.

The influence which the Bible has exerted in other literature is invaluable and supreme. The first book to be translated into every language—it has educated the people more than any other book. England and America owe to the Bible the creation of their literature. Shakespeare borrowed many thoughts from the Bible; Milton's works are filled with Bible references and ideas; Bunyan, Tennyson, Ruskin, Longfellow, Emerson, all gained from the Bible much of their inspiration as writers. But for the Bible, the civilization of Europe and America might still have been as corrupt as that of heathen countries. Indeed, it has been said, "The Bible has so en-

tered into law, literature, thought, and the whole modern life of the Christian world that ignorance of it is a most serious disadvantage to the student."

Does it not behoove us, then, to give a more careful study to the Scriptures? None of us wish to be called ignorant. And yet we will be ignorant of very many of the best things of life, unless we read the Bible. And not only that, but if we would improve our time, we should make a careful study of the best literature to give us higher, nobler thoughts. The Bible ranks first in the best literature, therefore study the Bible. It makes the reader loftier, both intellectually and morally. It is a stream of water having its source in a never-failing fount, and running now in tiny rivulets, now in large lakes, and refreshing all who come in contact with it.

When I remember how many good and great books there are—books which a lifetime could not exhaust, books, every one of which would make the true reader wiser, better, nobler, loftier in intellect and in moral strength—and which yet are left unread, I wonder why we are so unappreciative that we will not ask the philosopher for the gathered treasures of his wisdom, or the orator for the thunder of his eloquence, or the poet for the magic of his song.

Let us, then, "search the Scriptures" earnestly, not only because they testify of Christ (although that is a sufficient reason), but because they make us better students, better citizens and nobler men and women.

COMPRESSED MILK THE NEWEST HEALTH FOOD.

After Pasteurized milk, aerated milk, sterilized milk, peptonized milk, lactated milk and malted milk, there is now to be added a new kind of scientific hygienic milk.

It is compressed milk. By this new process the microbes that abound in cow's milk are squeezed to death, at least a part of them are, for there are about five hundred thousand germs to every teaspoonful of raw cow's milk.

To investigate the effect of pressure on bacteria, an apparatus was devised which is remarkable for having produced what is probably the greatest hydrostatic pressure ever reached, over 450,000 pounds per square inch.

The particular object of these experiments was to determine whether the bacteria in milk might not be killed by hydrostatic pressure, so that it would keep a longer time without souring. Moderate pressures were first tried, but appeared to have no effect. The pressures were then increased and notable results were obtained.

Milk subjected to pressures of from 70 to 100 tons kept from 24 to 60 hours longer without souring than untreated milk. The degree to which the keeping qualities of milk were improved appeared to depend as much on the time for which the pressure was maintained as upon the actual pressure reached.

Pressures of ninety tons per square inch maintained for an hour delayed the souring of milk from four to six days. Complete sterilization of milk, however, was in no case effected, even at the highest pressures, and the milk in many cases acquired peculiar tastes and odors on keeping, indicating that certain species of bacteria were killed while others were not.—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

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.

DODGE CENTRE, Minn.—The regular correspondent for the RECORDER is so busy preparing for removal to Gentry, Ark., that she could not find time to write; so she requested me to write something for "Our Reading Room."

We are having a cold, rainy season, and farmers are badly behind with their work. In July a heavy hail-storm passed through this region, doing considerable damage to nearly all our crops. Our corn seemed to recover from the effects of the storm, and had frost held off as late as it sometimes does, it would have made a fair crop. A killing frost early in September damaged it so that there is very little saleable corn. Many have cut up their corn and will feed it without husking, hoping to get nearly as good results as if it had ripened.

At our late church meeting Rev. G. W. Lewis was unanimously re-elected pastor for 1903. Several of our number have moved, and others will soon move to Gentry, Ark. While we are sorry to have them leave us, we are glad to have them locate in a Sabbath-keeping community.

Pastor G. W. Lewis, who was delegate from the North-Western Association to the South-Western Association, held with the Gentry church, reports a growing and prosperous church and society there. If we must change locations, let us go where there is a Seventh-day Baptist church, take right hold of the work there, and, if we are going to stay any length of time, unite with the church. Here in the West we have seen the effects of "scatteration." I believe it means nearly the same as annihilation.

The Semi-Annual Meeting of the churches of Minnesota was held with us October 17-19. The attendance was not as large as we had hoped; still, we had a good spiritual meeting.

With pleasure we report that the health of Rev. George W. Burdick, of Welton, Iowa, was such that he was able to be in attendance as delegate from the Iowa Yearly Meeting. During this meeting Bro. Joel Tappan was ordained to the office of Deacon.

Our village has recently put in a gas plant for lighting purposes, both public and private, and we are to have our church thus lighted. We have just re-papered the church, and had the wood work grained, all of which gives it a neat and tasteful appearance.

On account of poor health, our Sabbath-school Superintendent, Mrs. Lottie Langworthy, has not been able to take charge of the school this summer. She is now rapidly recovering and is again at her post. During her absence, the school has been in charge of the Assistant Superintendent, Deacon E. A. Sanford, who for several years was our Superintendent.

With the exception of some of the elderly people, the health of the society is generally good. Pray for us that our spiritual health may be equally good.

Yours for the good cause,

GILES ELLIS.

OCTOBER 28, 1902.

If a man enjoys his wealth before he has it he never gets rich.

WHICH WAS RIGHT?

Last week two Christian assemblages in Boston heard on the same evening addresses with regard to the standing of the modern church in the world. They were so strikingly different that we have arranged them in parallel columns.

The church of God to-day has lost its power by reason of her want of spiritual vigor. The churches are weak, and conversions are few and ministers are dispirited. Considered as business propositions, the churches are failures. If the amount of money that is represented in their buildings and the number of men and women who are found in the membership were engaged in any business enterprise, and there was as little result, they would be adjudged a bankrupt estate. When you tell me that your Sunday morning service is fairly well attended and your church is able to pay its bills, you may call that success; but I do not.

The discouraging view came from the lips of the London evangelist, Henry Varley, while the hopeful outlook is that of Rev. W. I. Haven, D. D., one of the Secretaries of the American Bible Society. Seldom is the chasm within the church itself, as respects confidence in its mission and its integrity, made so evident. Something must be allowed for individual temperament and the environment in which each man lives and works. But when we have made certain deductions, the fact remains that there is a wide difference of view within the church to-day regarding its capacity to do its work and solve its problems. With whom shall we side, with the pessimist or the optimist?

Surely not with the pessimist. We cannot remain in the fellowship of the church and berate and scold it incessantly. Rather than take such an attitude one would better seek some other set of persons, more "spiritual," as he interprets spirituality, and with them try to realize Christ's ideal touching his church. With all its faults and weaknesses, and despite the number of hypocrites, dogmatists, fanatics, cranks and heretics that the church as a whole may harbor, who can point to a body of persons as clean in their ways of life, as kind-hearted, as unselfish?

But are we prepared to go as far as the optimist goes? While our eyes are wide open to the splendid Christian movements of our time, the Student Volunteer undertakings, the brotherhoods, the shining triumphs on foreign fields, the fruitful activity in the slums of cities, on the frontier and in the Southland to-day, we are not prepared to eulogize the church nor to make adequate rejoinder to some of the criticisms of it. It is too sadly true that earnestness of Christian life is confined to comparatively few, that many members have only a nominal and superficial interest in its real work, that it is often unduly conservative with reference to new thought and new methods, that it is slow in adjusting itself to new conditions created by the swift, rushing life of to-day. It certainly has "imperial tasks" to do, but it takes hold of them too often with feeble hands and prosecutes them with fitful zeal. It sings, "Like a mighty army moves the church of God," but, as Mr. Puddefoot remarks, it sometimes seems to have only a tithe of the energy which the ordinary dry goods drummer possesses when he wants to make a sale.

Let us not degenerate into scolds and pes-

simists, but let us face the facts in the case and let us do all in our power to promote in ourselves and our fellow-Christians a sense of the greatness, the dignity and urgency of the work which the church is set to do in these significant days of the Son of Man.—Congregationalist.

THE SMALL COLLEGE.

REV. RICHARD DAVENPORT HARLAN, D. D., PRESIDENT OF LAKE FOREST COLLEGE.

In this day of consolidations and trusts, must the "small college" go to the wall or else consent to be swallowed up in the large university, just as the small shops seem more and more destined to give away to the great department store? Such an absorption will certainly go on with increasing rapidity, unless the small college has a permanent *raison d'être* in the educational necessities of the republic. If it has, then that characteristically American institution, the college, will not only survive but, in the end, will thrive. But is the small college fit to survive? Has it a distinct and permanent place in the educational equipment of the republic? To reach an intelligent answer to that question, we must discriminate between the terms, "university" and "college." We Americans, particularly in the middle and far west, have been guilty of great confusion in our use of those two words; and in some quarters it has become almost as risky and difficult to define the word "university" as it is to define the word "gentlemen." There are perhaps three fairly distinct types of universities, viz.:

1. The German type, combining in one institution the departments of the liberal arts and sciences, divinity, law, medicine, etc., in which only "advanced courses" are taught, and the lecture and laboratory, as distinguished from the text-book and recitation methods, are used exclusively.

2. The English university—for example, Oxford, consisting of a congeries of separate undergraduate colleges, such as Baliol College, Christ Church College, New College Magdalen and fifteen or sixteen other colleges, while the university, which is a more or less indefinite body, confines itself to the granting of degrees and the provision of a few lectures of general interest, besides fulfilling a few general functions, not only athletic, but intellectual and social, such as the maintenance of the Oxford Union, etc.

3. The American university, developed, as a rule, out of the large college, through a process of gradual evolution, where—by means of predominance of the elective system and the use of the lecture and laboratory methods—there is not only a very wide range of subjects within the choice of the students during the four undergraduate years, but especially where there are many and generous opportunities for post-graduate work and special research as distinguished from general culture. Indeed, it is only as graduate courses and "special research" become prominent, that an institution calling itself a university begins to justify its assumption of such an ambitious title. It still remains nothing but a large and perhaps overgrown college. Usually the genuine university of the American type has in addition at least two professional schools, although so great a university as Johns Hopkins has only one such school (medicine), being characteristically a university for graduate work and special research.

But after all is said by way of sneer at the absurdly large number of small colleges, yet, taking them as a whole, they have served a beneficent and large purpose in the making of the republic. Better, far better, to have started them all, even if not a few are starving and some are certain to die, than to wipe out even half of them.

But this article has in view more particularly those small colleges whose constituencies are drawn not merely from their own states but from at least several states in their section of the country—colleges which though still small have evidently a mission and a future. We should say of them, as of all colleges, whether small or not, that their peculiar function is to give a broad general education, liberal culture; to inculcate the scholarly habit of mind; to train the social and moral virtues; to make men and women rather than to turn out specialists. By means of a well-balanced curriculum of general studies, the college should seek to temper the steel which, afterwards, through the special studies in the post-graduate or professional or technical schools, can be brought to a fine edge for practical work in the special profession or line of business which the student has in view. Many men begin to specialize too early. They build the tall towers of their own specialty without any adequate foundation of general knowledge. Hence the narrowness of so many specialists and their lack of catholic sympathy with other departments of knowledge; they see everything through the little spectacles of their own subject. The wisest of the men occupying the science chairs in the older seats of learning are calling a halt to the tendency of many students to seek for short cuts into special scientific work before they have laid the foundation of a proper amount of general culture.

Right here lies the danger of the small college attempting to multiply courses in the vain effort to compete in this respect with the larger institutions. The college need not offer to teach every science. A few typical sciences thoroughly well taught with a view of producing general culture rather than turning out teachers, are all that is needed to inculcate in the student the scientific habit of mind and to teach him the scientific method of investigation applicable to any subject. Better, far better, for a small college to have a few good professors teaching the staples of a liberal education—the languages (ancient and modern, especially English), mathematics, the leading sciences, history, political science and philosophy—than to double the faculty by the appointment of a number of raw instructors, simply in order to lengthen the educational menu by the insertion of a large number of short courses in this and that study, from which the bewildered student is to elect, *a la carte*.

Some of the obvious advantages of the well-equipped small college may be briefly mentioned in conclusion:

The average student between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one will get far more from a faculty of fifteen full professors of fair ability than from a faculty of three times the number containing a few professors of national reputation who confine their attention to the juniors and seniors, a few other professors of mediocre ability, and a large number of young and inexperienced instruct-

ors. In a small college, properly manned by full professors of fair ability, the student, from the moment of his entrance at the age of eighteen, has had the undivided attention of these mature teachers. On the other hand, it is too often the case in the larger institution that during the formative first two years of college life, the student is turned over to the callow instructor. It is a notorious fact that in certain well-known large institutions the position of instructor, through the inadequacy of the endowment, is too often a kind of clinic in which the fresh recruit to the ranks of teachers "tries it on the dod."

In the genuine university or the very large college, on account of the large classes, to mention no other reason, the lecture system is largely followed; and it is often true that in any given department a student is not called upon to recite more than two or three times a year. In the small college an almost daily recitation is the rule. The inference is an obvious one when the habits of the average student are borne in mind. Thrown upon his own resources, left to his own devices without the safeguard of frequent recitations, the average student of between eighteen and twenty-one will slip through the large meshes of the lecture system; and to reverse the figure the only way in which he can get through the examination with anything like the same ease is to "cram" during the few days before the final ordeal. From personal observation I am sure that a far greater proportion of students get their bachelor's degree from the large college without any adequate work than is possible in the small college where one has the test and spur of an almost daily recitation.

The limits of this article will not permit me to say anything of the obvious moral and intellectual safeguards that many a young student finds in the semi-rural environment, which most small colleges have, nor to more than mention, in conclusion, the strong social arguments in favor of the smaller institution. When the number of students in a college is under four hundred it ordinarily has a solidarity and freedom from cliques and a democratic spirit which it begins to be difficult to retain when the 1,000 mark is past. A college under 400 is a microcosm in itself and the training in the moral and social virtues which a student may get in such an environment is often the best part of a college education.

To one who looks at the educational situation steadily and sees it whole, there can be no rivalry between the university and the college. The two types of institution, in their characteristic work, meet entirely different needs. That the great university has a magnificent place in the intellectual and practical development of the country goes without saying; but it can never supersede the college. The true work of the university is best done after the student has taken the general course offered in a good college, and it will always remain true of those who go to college, that a very large proportion would be better off in the small college than they would be in the larger institution.—The Interior.

COMPRESSED AIR.

Compressed air is coming into use more and more every day, and in some establishments has come to be as valuable as steam or electricity. A boiler shop or a machine

shop without compressed air is now-a-days considered out of date.

Compressed air is used for various purposes. It is used to drive riveting-hammers, chisels, drills and hoists. It is used for cleaning purposes, such as carpet cleaning, also for cleaning the seats in railroad cars. Cleaning by compressed air requires less than one-tenth the time, and is more efficient than the old way with a stick and brush. Compressed air is used for driving machinery at a long distance from the boiler-room with much greater efficiency than could be done by direct steam. It is used for drying purposes, for pumping water or oils from wells of great depth, for cleaning boiler flues, for purifying water, and many other purposes.

While compressed air is very valuable for so many business branches, it is, like all other power sources, likely to be very costly and troublesome if not understood. On the other hand, it can be made very economical if properly installed and operated.—Ex.

THINGS WORTH REPEATING.

THE masses of the people must be taught to use their reason, to seek the truth and to love justice and mercy. There is no safety for democratic society in truth held or justice loved by the few; the millions must mean to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with their God.—President Eliot of Harvard University.

I LOOK forward to the time when strikes shall be no more, when peace and justice and right shall be secured for those who toil, when labor and capital, each recognizing its rights and obligations to society, shall work in harmony for the common welfare of our country and the general good of all our people.—John Mitchell, to Polish, Lithuanian and Slavic miners.

THE severest reflection on the theological seminary is not the herculean attack of an independent press, or the violent opposition of the materialistic scientist, or the polished shafts of hostile literati, but it is the empty church, the prominence of evil in the community, the loss of confidence in the absolute integrity of the professor of the Christian religion, the weakness of the church in large areas.—From the inaugural address of President J. H. George, at Chicago Seminary.

IN our day thousands upon thousands of men and women, many of whom have been in our churches, who have heard the gospel, but who have only toyed with its realities, and never have been found by its truths, are at this moment being sucked into the draught created by a shrewd but conscienceless woman who lies and knows she lies (granting her to be of even ordinary intelligence), but who finds in the roomy vacuity of her susceptible devotees easy space for the inlodgment of her astounding conglomerate of piety and puerility.—Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D. D.

THERE are other things beside mere material success with which we must supply our generation. It must be supplied with men who care more for principles than for money, for the right adjustments of life than for the gross accumulations of profit. . . . We are here not merely to release the faculties of men for their own use, but also to quicken their social understanding, instruct their consciences, and give them the catholic vision of those who know their just relations to their fellowmen.—President Woodrow Wilson, in inaugural address, Princeton University.

Young People's Work.

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

THE PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIAN GIVING.

Read 2 Chron. 31: 2-10; Mal. 3: 8-18; Luke 12: 29-43. Texts, Mal. 3: 10. "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive." 1 Cor. 16: 2, "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." 2 Cor. 5: 14, "For the love of Christ constraineth us."

The text above from 1 Corinthians contains two important points: regular, systematic giving, and providing for God's work first of all.

Rev. L. P. Hitchcock says: "We often sing, and that with a very saintly expression, 'Take my silver and my gold; not a mite would I withhold,' but at the same time we pinch ourselves for coming off with no small change in our pockets.

"There is money for everything we want for our bodies, but when it comes to matters of the blessed kingdom, we curtail and economize and scrimp until our souls become so small that God can scarcely find them with his microscope of grace. My Bible teaches me that I am just as much in duty bound to set aside a part of my income to the Lord as to pay my board bill.

"Simply because the Lord will not enter suit against us in the city court, some of us think we have a reasonable excuse for ignoring the debt. Many of us have just enough religion to make us uncomfortable when the collection-plate is passed around.

"The Lord loveth a cheerful—hilarious—giver, but there is not much that is hilarious when some people make their contributions.

"You can no more run the Lord's business in a haphazard manner than you can your own.

"There is a bright little story about 'Thanksgiving Ann.' She was the black cook in a wealthy Christian home. The agent of the Bible Society had taken dinner there, received an offering of three dollars from Mr. Allyn and gone his way.

'Didn't ask me, nor give me no chance. Just's if, 'cause a pusson's old and colored, dey don't owe de Lord nuffin; and wouldn't pay it if dey did,' murmured Thanksgiving.

However, she sent a messenger after the agent with three dollars more, much to the agent's surprise and gratification. A discussion arose between Thanksgiving and her mistress.

"The idea of counting up one's income, and setting aside a fixed portion of it for charity, and then calling only what remained one's own, makes our religion arbitrary and exacting; it is like a tax,' said Mrs. Allyn, 'and I think such a view of it ought by all means to be avoided. I like to give freely and gladly of what I have when the time comes.'

"If ye ain't give so freely an' gladly for Miss Susie's new necklaces an' yer own new dresses dat ye don't have much when the time comes,' interposed Thanksgiving Ann.

"I think one gives with a more free and generous feeling in that way,' pursued the

lady, without seeming to heed the interruption; 'Money laid aside beforehand has only a sense of duty and not much feeling about it; besides, what difference can it make, so long as one does give what they can when there is a call?'

"I wouldn't like to be provided for dat way,' declared Thanksgiving. 'Was once, when I was a slave, 'fore I was de Lord's free woman. Ye see, I was a young no-'count gal, not worf thinkin' much 'bout; so my ole massa he lef' me to take what happened when de time come. An' sometimes I happened to get a dress, an' sometimes a pair of ole shoes; an' sometimes I didn't happen to get nuffin, an' den I went barefoot; and dat's jist de way.'

"Why, Thanksgiving, that's not reverent,' exclaimed Mrs. Allyn, shocked at the comparison.

"Jist what I thought, didn't treat me with no sort of reverence,' answered Thanksgiving.

"Well, to go back to the original subject, all these things are mere matters of opinion. One person likes one way best; and another person another,' said the lady smilingly, as she walked from the room.

"Pears to me it's a matter of which way de massa likes best,' observed the old woman.

"And so it is.

"Ought Christians to tithe their incomes for the Lord's work? Well, just candidly consider the force of such a series of texts as those quoted above. God challenged his people of old to put him to the test, and when Israel brought in all her tithes and offerings, she found the word of God true. Christ said to the Pharisees who tithed mint and anise and cummin, but neglected the weightier matter of the law, 'These ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.' Corinthians points to regular, systematic giving, planned in advance. What the proportion should be is left to each one to decide for himself. But is it reasonable that the free-will offerings of those who are constrained by the love of Christ should be less than what was required under the old dispensation?

"1. Our resources to-day are greater. Not only is the total wealth greater, but the income of the average man is much larger. What were once the luxuries of the rich are now the common comforts of the poor. The wealth of the world is held in nations where the Bible holds sway; and the wealth of these nations is largely in the hands of professing Christians. The resources of the church are stupendous—one might almost say appalling.

"2. Our opportunities are greater. The whole world is open to the gospel. From every nation under the sun to-day comes that inarticulate Macedonian cry, 'Come over and help us.' Men and women are ready to go. All that is lacking is the means to send them. The opportunity of all the ages is ours.

"3. We have a greater incentive. O, matchless gospel of Christ which heals the open sores of the world, what an incentive! With such a message to take, with such resources at our command, with such opportunities within our reach, will any man rise and seriously debate the question whether his free-will offering should be at least one-tenth of his income?

Two things will astonish us in connection with tithing.

We will be astonished at the amount we can give. Put the average income at \$200.

Ten thousand Seventh-day Baptists at the same rate would give \$200,000 a year. What would that mean to our work! How it would go forward by leaps and bounds!

We will be astonished at the ease with which we will give when we tithe. This is the unvarying testimony. The giving does not impoverish or work hardship. It becomes a joy and delight.

A miller, hearing that the pastor was going away because the people decided that they could no longer support him, asked them to permit him to manage the matter for one year, raising the money as he saw fit. Of course they could not refuse, although they expressed surprise, knowing that the miller was a poor man. The year drew to a close. The minister had been blessed in his labors, and no one had been called on for money.

"Brethren," said the miller, "I have only to tell you that you have paid the money the same as you always did, only more of it and with greater promptness. As each of you brought his grain to the mill, I took out as much as I thought your proportion, and laid it aside for salary. Now I propose that we stop talking about poverty and add enough to the minister's salary to make us feel that we are doing something."

I went to a man who tithes and said, "There are some of us who are going to give \$25 apiece to raise the church debt. Do you want to be let in on this?" He looked at me a moment, then took his pencil and began to figure. "It is strange," he said, "but that is just the amount I had decided would be about right for my family." There is a joy to all concerned in such giving. You might say that a pastor would have too easy a time, if all his members were like that. On the contrary, my brethren, how a pastor would be inspired. What burdens would be lifted from his heart, what freedom it would give him to preach the Gospel and with what power and unction the message would come. "So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and the presses shall burst out with new wine." Out of thousands belonging to a certain tithing association all but two or three testified that they had been blessed financially as well as spiritually.

But ought poor people to tithe? Well, it seems to be easier for poor people than for rich people; \$50 does not seem so formidable to a man with a salary of \$500; but what a large sum \$500 is for the \$5,000 man to part with. Probably the proportion of tithers among people of small means is quite as large as the proportion among the wealthy. If a man begins to tithe on a small income, there is much more probability of his continuing the practice with his growing prosperity than there is of his taking up the habit later.

Shall a man tithe if he is in debt? A man can always keep in debt, no matter how wealthy he becomes, by buying property a little in advance of his funds. There are men who are growing richer all the time, yet, on the plea that they owe money, they cannot give much to the Lord's work. Shame on

such quibbling. But suppose that a man really owes more than he can pay with the resources at his hand? Suppose that his liabilities exceed his assets, what then?

Listen to the personal experience of a preacher. There came a day when he faced exactly that situation. He was honestly in doubt what he ought to do. Was the money which came into his hands really his, or did it belong to his creditors? The debts were not small, and he was determined to pay them to the last cent. What was his duty? For two or three years he did not preach on tithing. He believed that everybody else ought to tithe, but it was hard for him to preach something he was not practicing, no matter how good his excuse might be. Finally he referred the question to his creditors. Their beautiful answer will always be cherished. They believed that the tenth was a debt to God, one which he should pay. They heartily favored the plan. He has found great satisfaction in following it the past few months. For some reason more money has come to him without his seeking than he has ever received in the same time before. The weddings were not so very much thicker, but somehow the fact remained. He does not claim that there was any miracle about it. The results were worked out along the line of simple, natural laws. Certain it is that he is more prosperous in tithing than he was when flinching from it. God blesses the man who obeys him. If there is no miracle about it, there is a providence in it.

Will you prove God this coming year by giving a tenth of your income to his work? Some can and will give more; but this as rock bottom.

What a pleasure there will then be in deciding where you shall invest this consecrated fund! What a pleasure in giving "as God has prospered you"!

Our delegate to the Troy Convention says that the best address there was by a speaker who held up Christ as he suffered on the cross of Calvary. He made the audience see the scene and tried to make them realize how much Christ gave for us. There is the source and inspiration of giving, the nerve of missionary work.

"It is by giving of what we have that we begin to understand, ever so faintly, the royal giving of the great Father who gave his only Son; and of him, the wonderful Saviour, who gave himself. And, having caught this glimpse of Godlike giving, the desire grows for perfect surrender of all that we are and all that we have to the service of Christ. And so, step by step, we rise upward, growing all the way more like our great Prototype."

Oh, Lord Jesus, reveal thyself to us, each one individually. May the love of Christ constrain us to give ourselves, with all our treasures, to him for use as he may direct.

THIS is the way to do a good day's work: Begin it with God; do all in the name of the Lord Jesus and for the glory of God; count nothing common or unclean in itself—it can be so only when the motive of your life is low. Be not content with eye-service, but, as servants of God, do everything from the heart and for his "Well done." Ask him to kindle and maintain in your heart the loftiest motives, and be as men which watch for the coming of the Master of the house—F. B. Meyer.

Children's Page.

THE BLUE HERON'S NIGHT WATCH.

GEORGE E. WALSH.

When the ducks and geese came down from their summer home in Canada one year they found a big, blue heron camped on their favorite feeding ground in the Chesapeake Bay. At first they were inclined to resent this, but they soon found the big bird so shy that they did not mind its presence. Indeed, the mere fluttering of their wings as they flew across the bay so alarmed the blue heron that he would squat down in fear or jump up and fly away.

"He's as awkward and shy as he's homely," said a beautiful-hooded sheldrake, flirting its head coquettishly at its mate.

"He'll die some day of fright," remarked a sleek-looking canvasback duck, devouring its breakfast rapidly.

"But he's so sad and lonely that I feel sorry for him," added a big black duck, whose dark plumage always made one think of mourning. The other birds had always thought the black duck had grievances, and they said it would be good for him to go and console with the blue heron.

Every morning the blue heron flew down from the marsh and hid itself nearly all day long in a great swamp, where its presence could not be easily discovered. The other birds soon became accustomed to the heron, and beyond merely laughing at his awkward flight and long legs and longer neck, they paid no attention to it.

But the blue heron was a cunning bird. It knew that it could not fly fast, and it made such a noise that hunters could hear it flapping its wings long before it got to them. Then, too, its body was large and conspicuous, and anyone could aim straight at it and hit it.

All these disadvantages made it very cunning and timid, and it was never to be taken at a disadvantage. When it flew across the bay it always went so high in the air that no shot could reach it, and when it left its home in the swamp it was only after dark. Thus it would often go fishing by moonlight, enjoying the quiet scene when the squabbling ducks and geese were not around.

One night it was fishing near the edge of the bay while nearly all the other birds slept. It stood in the water up to its knees stolidly watching for the small fish. Its keen eyes could see in the moonlight better than some birds could in the daytime.

While it watched and fished in solitary loneliness, a noise sounded across the meadows. Instantly its ears were all attention, and the long neck was stretched its full length. There was a repetition of the noise, followed by confused sounds which made the timid blue heron tremble. Standing out in the water, it knew that it was a good target for any gun, and with sudden fear it turned and ran away to hide in the tall meadow grass.

Pretty soon the noises drew nearer, and a bright flash appeared in the distance. It smelt the presence of many men and dogs, and it felt that its only safe place was in the deep recesses of the swamp. So it jumped up and flew away in the moonlight, flapping its wings with a loud whirring noise.

The ducks and geese were sleeping soundly in the grass on the soft meadows when the

blue heron flew over their resting places. An old mallard opened one eye and yawned, saying, "It's only the old blue heron. He's been frightened away by a fish jumping out of the water."

Then they all dozed off again, and forgot danger. But the blue heron continued its flight, and did not rest until it was in the top of one of the tallest trees of the swamp. Perched up there it could see miles away. The light in the distance had now increased, and all the eastern heavens seemed lighted up. At first the big bird thought that day was dawning, except that it had never seen the sun rise so far south.

In a few minutes it understood. It had been nearly caught when young in a meadow fire, and it remembered that its tail feathers had been burnt. It shuddered now at the thought of it, and it opened its wings as if to fly further away. But suddenly it closed its wings and looked again far across the meadows. The other birds were sleeping there in the long grass, all unconscious of the fire creeping down upon them.

As the fire drew nearer the blue heron darted from the tree, and flew straight toward the hiding-place of the ducks and geese, and as it flew it called to them to fly away. Some of the plovers and meadow hens heard the alarm and obeyed, but most of the birds merely grumbled and said, one to another: "It's only that stupid blue heron. I wish all birds would go to sleep at night time, and not make such a disturbance."

But the blue heron would not let them sleep. It saw the red light of the fire sweeping down upon them, and felt the overpowering smoke rising up in clouds to smother them. It was not until the fire was nearly around them that the birds would believe the big, clumsy sentinel of the night. Then one or two old Canada geese flew up and circled around, and they uttered such shrill cries of alarm that all the birds of the meadows were instantly awake.

There was great confusion then. The flames were on every side, and the bright glare frightened the birds, while the dense volumes of smoke made them breathe heavily. They circled around in wild flocks, screaming and calling to each other, but not one took the lead. One or two fell exhausted, overcome by the smoke, and they were never seen to rise again. Others seemed to go crazy, and flew straight at the flames.

The blue heron, seeing that all the colonies were awake, now turned slowly away to its swamp. Although frightened it had not lost its head, and it wheeled around and flapped heavily through the air toward its home.

A wise old bittern saw the heron, and knew that it would find a place of safety, and it proceeded to follow it. Then a flock of plovers followed the bittern, and the ducks and geese, seeing this procession flying through the air, supposed that some of their old leaders had started the colony on their flight away from the fire, and they, too, joined the line. In a few minutes all the birds had fallen in place, and they flew in one large army toward the swamp after the blue heron.

When the latter reached its favorite tree, it was startled to see all the meadow birds behind it; but it nodded its head with pleasure to think that they had come home with it. Then the old Canada goose, which had

been the first to give the alarm, spoke for the other birds, saying: "You have saved all of our lives to-night, and henceforth we'll make you the night sentinel of all the marshes around here, and none shall laugh at you again. When you give the alarm we'll all follow you."

So it is to-day that we often see the blue heron standing guard by night over the marshes, fishing and listening at the same time, ready to save itself and all its companions from danger.—Christian Advocate.

A GOOD HARVEST GAME.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE.

1. Plant sand. What comes up? Beach.
2. Plant the signet of the wisest king. What comes up? Solomon's Seal.
3. Plant "fruit of the loom." What comes up? Cotton.
4. Plant a very spruce young man and the king of beasts? Dandelion.
5. Plant a Christmas green and a German wine? Hollyhock.
6. Plant part of a rooster? Cockscomb.
7. Plant a tight shoe? Acorn.
8. Plant an Alderney on a frozen pond? Cowslips.
9. Plant a savage and what he used as a sign of peace? Indian Pipe.
10. Plant "Grandfather's clock?" Thyme.
11. Plant two dear little boys with the same name? Sweet Williams.
12. Plant an American writer? Hawthorne.
13. Plant a personal pronoun? Yew.
14. Plant a boy's name and something from an eagle? Jonquil.
15. Plant a product of the dairy and a hen? Butter and Eggs.
16. Plant a red parasol in a pasture? Bulrushes.
17. Plant a muff and boa? Furze.
18. Plant the place where a criminal stands in court? Dock.
19. Plant a shepherd and his dog? Phlox.
20. Plant a hole in a kettle? Leek.
21. Plant July 4, 1776? Date.
22. Plant a spice and a color? Clove Pink.
23. Plant what the prince put on Cinderella's foot? Lady's Slipper.
24. Plant a buxom country lass? Bouncing Bet.
25. Plant a fashion book? Ladies' Delight.
26. Plant a breeze and "Pillsbury's Best"? Wind-flower.
27. Plant "sweet sixteen"? Lovage.
28. Plant a disease in a parish? Cyclamen (sick laymen).
29. Plant a city of Belgium? Brussels.

GOD AND THE ANIMALS.

An English missionary in Africa, writing home to the London Standard about the stories and fables which African mothers tell to their little boys and girls, says that the following is greatly liked by them, and is called for again and again:

Once upon a time, the animals had no water to drink. So an assembly of representatives of the various species was called, and they held a consultation. Then the Elephant said: "We have food in abundance, but God has neglected to give us even a single well of water whereat we may quench our thirst. Come, let us go together to God and beg for water, lest we perish for lack of it." To this all agreed, and so they arose and commenced their journey up the steep mountain track which led to the dwelling-place of God. After

proceeding a short distance, they heard footsteps coming behind them. Looking back, they saw the Tortoise hurrying after them. "Stay," said the Buffalo, "let us wait until he comes up to us, and then give him a sound thrashing for his impudence in seeking to associate himself with us." Presently the Tortoise came up, fearing no evil. "Good day, friends," said he; "will you allow me to join your deputation, and put in a plea for water on behalf of my tribe? For sorely, indeed, we do need it." "What impudence!" said the Leopard, striking a blow at the Tortoise's head, which he cleverly avoided by withdrawing into his shell. "To think that a wretched reptile like you should venture to place himself on an equality with us!" So saying, he picked up the inoffensive Tortoise and flung him into a thorn bush; and the cavalcade proceeded on their journey.

Soon recovering himself, the Tortoise picked his way out of the thorn bush and followed in the track of the other animals, keeping, however, at a respectable distance, for fear of further ill-treatment. At length, the animals stood in the presence of God. And they cried out, saying: "O God, we are dying with thirst; give us water, we beseech Thee." And God said: "Go your way, pull up the acacia tree, and you will find water at its roots." So they departed. And when they had gone, the Tortoise, who had kept out of sight while the other animals were speaking with God, came forward. And God said, "What do you want here, Tortoise?" And he said, "I have come to beg water for my tribe, lest we perish with thirst." And God replied, "Have I not already told your companions to dig at the root of the acacia tree, and they will find water?" So the Tortoise arose and went his way. Now, on their way down the mountain the other animals had all forgotten the name of the tree which God had told them to pull up. When they reached the plain their friends gathered around to learn how they had fared. "God has told us," said the Buffalo, "to pull up a certain tree, and we shall find water at its root. Come, friend Elephant, you are stronger than any of us; you shall pull up the tree for us. It was the fig tree, was it not, that we were told?" "No," said the Elephant, "it was the plantain." "No, no," came from a dozen voices at once, and each animal had a different tree to suggest. "Well," said the Elephant, "it is no use arguing. I will pull them all up, and then we are sure to find the water." His labor, however, was all in vain; not a drop of water could be found. Then the representatives of the various species began to quarrel, each blaming the others for having forgotten the name of the tree which would save them all from perishing. As the turmoil was getting noisier, and threatening to end in a general fight, the Tortoise came up, and, learning the cause of the disturbance, said: "Let me point out the tree for you. Come, friend Elephant, pull up the acacia tree." The animals all laughed at this, and the Elephant replied: "Do you suppose, Tortoise, that you know better than all of us? Has not your experience in the thorn bush taught you wisdom? Be off, or a worse fate will be yours, you audacious reptile." "Nay," meekly replied the Tortoise, "just pull up this one tree, as I ask you, and if you do not find water at its roots kill me at once, as a creature which is, in-

deed, no longer fit to live." So the Elephant consented, and pulled up the acacia tree; and there, rapidly rising in the hollow that was made, was seen a bubbling stream of crystal water. Then all the animals sang the praises of the Tortoise, as they slaked their burning thirst; and ever after he was highly esteemed by great and small.

OUR IDEAS OF GOD.

In the volume of lectures by three professors of the Union Theological Seminary, entitled "The Christian Point of View," the thought is enlarged upon that the religious problem of the day is "What think we of God?"

Within the life-time of middle-aged men the question has shifted from what truth can be proved from the Scriptures to what truth can be proved about the Scriptures, and now it is what can be proved about God. We are getting back to essential and fundamental things. No arguments perhaps can demonstrate the existence of God, but men are so made that like the writers of the Scriptures they spontaneously make the grand assumption of his existence. But the exigent question is what kind of a being is he? What are his relations to the universe? What are his moral qualities? What conception are we to form of his character?

The Christian answer to these questions has been obscured from failure to view the Old Testament in its proper perspective. Too many of our theological treatises assume that Jacob and Joshua and David had the same conception of God as the author of the Epistle to the Ephesians, and the author of the Fourth Gospel. They do not see that in the progress of revelation the minds of men took in larger and truer ideas of the Most High. And this disclosure culminated in Christ, who gave the supreme revelation of the Father. No matter how much we think of the Old Testament we must not exalt it to such a place that we contradict the opening verses of the Epistle to the Hebrews, or make it a work of supererogation that Christ came to reveal God to men.

Slowly the best religious thought of our time is coming to see that we can and must place the utmost emphasis upon the assertion of Jesus, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," and measure the Old Testament idea of God and the ideas that science and philosophy form of God by the idea that Jesus gives us of God. When one has the solution of a vexing problem, it is very easy by the aid of the new light to harmonize the facts that baffled and puzzled. We grope through nature and philosophy up to God and do not find any satisfying view of him. We come nearer to a conception in which we can rest in some of the Psalms and in Isaiah, but the revelation is shadowy, incomplete and unsatisfactory. It is only when we come to the New Testament that we find a disclosure of God that meets the wants of the reason and the moral nature so perfectly that in accepting it reason herself becomes true in her action, and the moral nature purified. We cannot escape it. We must judge everything that preceded Jesus by the standard of Jesus. Nay, further, we must estimate all other knowledge of God from whatever source by the revelation of Jesus. The teachings, the life, and the Spirit of Christ are the touchstone by which all other values are recognized.

And we suppose that it cannot be contradicted that from any source there should come to us a loftier, purer, higher conception of God than Jesus has given us, Jesus would be superseded. His claim ultimately rests, not upon miracles or any external credential whatever, but upon the character of the revelation of God he made in his life, his teachings, his death and resurrection.

The phrase, "Back to Jesus," has become the watchword of a school, but what we really need to do is to go forward to Jesus. He is far in advance of the ripest and richest religious thought. As yet our churches have hardly begun to get a view of his revelation of the Father. We are still confusing it with the Pagan ideas, with Hebrew partial glimpses, with the theories of science and philosophy. The world to-day is asking, as never before, the question of Philip: "Show us the Father and it sufficeth us." And the answer to it is the reply of the Redeemer, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."—The Watchman.

A SURVEY OF GRAND CANYON.

The demand from scientists and tourists for an accurate and detailed map of the famous Canyon of the Colorado in Arizona has led to a resurvey of this unique region by the United States Geological Survey under the charge of Francois E. Matthes, topographer. The Grand Canyon, formerly reached only by a stage route over a desert country, has recently been made accessible by a branch line from Williams, and during the one year that this road has been in operation the canyon has been visited by thousands of tourists. In the magnificence of its proportions and the grandeur of its scenic attractions the canyon bids fair to rival both the Yellowstone Park and the Yosemite Valley.

The dimensions of the Grand Canyon have been the subject of much discussion ever since it was first explored. It may, therefore, be of interest to give some figures taken from this new survey. The average width from rim to rim does not exceed ten miles throughout the Kaibab, or widest section of the canyon, and frequently narrows down to eight miles. The river does not occupy the middle of the gigantic trough, but flows at a distance varying between one and three miles from the south side. Practically all of the magnificent sculptured pinnacles and mesas (the so-called temples) lie north of the river, and at a distance of from five to seven miles from the view points usually visited by tourists. The depth of the Grand Canyon, in one way has been overstated, in another understated. Measured from the south rim, the total depth is considerably less than a mile. From the rim at the Bright Angel Hotel, where the altitude is 6,866 feet above sea level, to the high water mark of the river at the foot of the tourist trail, the drop is 4,430 feet. The highest point on the south rim at the Grand View Hotel is 7,496 feet, about 4,900 feet above the river. From the north side, however, the drop to the water level averages considerably over a mile, and in many places even exceeds 6,000 feet. It may be stated in a general way that the north rim is from 1,000 to 1,200 feet higher than the south, thus producing that high, even sky line so striking in all views obtainable by the tourist. The figures here given are based on spirit levels run in connection with the map work.

They are the first that have been run to the bottom of the chasm, and the high standard of accuracy maintained throughout will cause them to be considered authoritative and final.—Washington Post.

SECRETS THAT KILLED.

The maxim which states that silence is golden has cost the world some of the greatest discoveries of modern times, for not a few of the inventors whose names would have been handed down to posterity as public benefactors have been killed by their secrets before they would consent to divulge them to their fellow-beings.

In 1895 all Europe was startled by the discovery of a new explosive called fulminate, which it was believed would revolutionize modern warfare. It was the invention of an Exeter scientist named Sawbridge, and samples of the explosive which were tested by the government revealed the fact that its power was three times greater than that of cordite, and in consequence it would treble the range of a rifle ball. The German government offered Sawbridge £20,000 for his invention which he patriotically refused until the home authorities had had the first option of purchase. But just as the latter were about to seal a contract with him, the news came that his laboratory had been blown up and himself with it. Unfortunately he left no records whatever, and although some of the leading experts of the day minutely examined the debris they failed to discover the secret, which is probably lost forever.

Forty-two years ago an Italian priest named Luigi Taranti, discovered a method of making stained glass, the coloring of which was declared equal to that made by the ancients, whose secret has been lost. Taranti abandoned holy orders, and set to work to execute the hundreds of commissions he received in the secrecy of his workshop at Ostia, near Rome. The finest stained-glass windows in Italy were made by him, and he guarded his secret well, for when a year later he was found dead of blood poisoning set up by the pigments he employed, it was realized that he had carried his secret with him. The cleverest workmen were called in to examine the ingredients, but they one and all failed to penetrate the dead man's secret.—Tit Bits.

FEEBLE SAINTS.

It was an amusing distortion of a good hymn, but there was not a little sound philosophy in it when the old Negro preacher sang, "Judge not the Lord by feeble saints."

And yet this is precisely what the great majority of unconverted men are doing all the time. They will not go to the Bible and give heed to what God himself says. They have no ear for his voice of mercy that offers them salvation for the taking. They do not pay any attention to the solemn warnings that the Scriptures utter. They judge the Lord by "feeble saints." They attempt to feed their starving souls on the imperfections of Christians—poor food enough they find it! Because God's people are not all that they ought to be, therefore these cavilers will keep aloof from the religion which they profess. Because God's believing followers are not perfect—they do not claim to be—therefore, say these unbelievers, there is no power in religion. Christians cannot claim exemption from criticism. They do not expect it. They know that the eyes of the world are upon them. But they

say to the believer: "If you would know the truth, go to the Word; go to Him who is truth; judge not the Lord by feeble saints."—Illustrated Christian Weekly.

FOLLOW THE ANGEL.

Sometimes we see the angel who opens to us the door of opportunity, but more often we do not see him. Sometimes God makes very plain to us the leading of his providence, but far more often things simply seem to happen "of their own accord."

Yet nothing happens of its own accord. No gate opens without the gate-opener. If any blessing has come into your life, you may be sure that some one put it there. If you hear any call, there is a mouth behind the voice. Not at haphazard has any opening of your life come to you; some hand has taken down the bars, some arm has pushed back the doors.

The cloud of witnesses are more than witnesses; they are preparers, they are assistants. Your dead father is still helping you, if you will let him; your dead mother is still lifting your burdens. The angels are God's ministers sent on his errands, and what errand more pressing than to aid God's children?

When next you approach some closed door, whether it be closed by sickness or poverty, or former failure, or what not, do not see the door, do not think of it, but think only of the unseen angel waiting beside it. And remember it is only by following the angels you see that you can obtain the good offices of the angels you do not see.—Amos R. Wells.

ANIMALS GAVE WARNING.

Several hours before the recent earthquake took place in Guatemala a French traveler was taking breakfast at the house of a merchant, in Quezaltenango, when suddenly a curious thing happened.

The fountain in the courtyard ceased to flow, and from its two orifices came sharp, intermittent sounds; the birds in the aviary, which had been singing merrily, became silent, and two dogs and a cat, which were in the room, betrayed unmistakable signs of terror.

Hastily rising from the table, the merchant said: "We must hurry away from here, for the animals plainly warn us that some terrible disaster, most probably an earthquake, is at hand."

That very night the city was shaken by an earthquake, and of the merchant's house only the ruins remained.—Worcester Spy.

TO HIS TASTE.

A social observer of humorous sympathies reports to a writer in the Boston Transcript a trait of a Chinese servant employed in a suburban family which reveals a certain capability for ready assimilation with American methods of dealing with the tramp problem.

A hungry tramp called one Monday afternoon at the kitchen door, and was promptly challenged by John. To John the tramp told his tale of woe, ending with an humble petition for something to eat.

"Like fish?" asked John, in insinuating tones.

"Yes, I like fish," the tramp answered. "Call Friday," said John, as he shut the door, with a smile imperturbable.

Dyspepsia sours a lot of the milk of human kindness.

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 Caleb.....	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.....	

A BIBLE LESSON ABOUT THE SABBATH.

For Sabbath-day, November 22, 1902.

Prepared by George B. Shaw.

NOTE.—To Superintendents, Teachers and Parents. The success of this method of presenting a lesson will depend very largely on two things. A careful study of the lesson by teachers and scholars in advance of the time of recitation; and an enthusiastic use of the Bible in the hand of the scholars at the time of recitation.

Answers to the questions here asked will be found in the texts suggested. The President of the Sabbath School Board will give a teacher's Bible to the scholar, under eighteen years of age, who sends him, before January 1, 1903, the best essay on the Sabbath, using this lesson as a basis.

QUESTIONS.

- When and by whom was the Sabbath constituted?
(For convenience the scholar might write chapter and verse in this space.)
- For whom was the Sabbath made?
- Was it observed before the law was given on Mount Sinai?
- Could the identity of the day have been lost at the time of Moses?
- How was the Sabbath law given to Moses? How was it preserved?
- Was it classed with moral laws?
- Were there blessings promised to those who kept the Sabbath?
- Was God angry with those who did not keep the Sabbath?
- Did Christ Jesus keep the Sabbath?
- What did he teach about the law?
- Did he expect his disciples to keep the Sabbath after his death?
- Did Paul observe the Sabbath? Where there was no synagogue?
- Did he teach that the law was made of no effect by faith?
- Did "Gentiles" keep the Sabbath?
- What kind of deeds did Jesus do on Sabbath-day?
- At what time does the Sabbath begin?

SUGGESTED SCRIPTURE REFERENCES.

Gen. 2: 2, 3; Jer. 17: 21-27; Acts 13: 42-44; Lev. 23: 32b; Exod. 16: 23a; Mark 1: 32; Exod. 31: 14-18; Acts 16: 13; Isa. 58: 13, 14; Matt. 5: 17-19; Neh. 13: 19; Isa. 56: 2; Exod. 16: 27; Exod. 20: 1; Exod. 20: 8-11; Neh. 13: 15-18; Matt. 24: 20; Mark 1: 21; Luke 4: 16; Luke 6: 6-9; Luke 23: 56; Acts 17: 2; Acts 18: 4; Luke 6: 3.

To these may be added many other passages in the study of the lesson.

These Scripture references are not given in the order of the questions.

"HAND TO MOUTH" LIVERS ARE SLAVES.

One of the paradoxes of waste is that the persons most addicted to it are not men and women of independent means, who can support themselves in spite of their extravagant expenditure, but the poorer classes. There is hardly an able-bodied laborer who might not become financially independent, if he would but

carefully husband his receipts and guard against the little leaks of needless expense. But, unfortunately, this is the one thing which the working man finds it the hardest to do. There are a hundred laborers who are willing to work hard to every half-dozen who are willing properly to husband their earnings. Instead of hoarding a small percentage of their receipts, so as to provide against sickness or want of employment, they eat and drink up their earnings as they go, and thus in the first financial crash, when mills and factories "shut down," and capitalists lock up their cash instead of using it in great enterprises, they are ruined. Men who thus live "from hand to mouth," never keeping more than a day's march ahead of actual want, are little better off than slaves.—Success.

YOU WILL NEVER BE SORRY

For living a white life.
For doing your level best.
For your faith in humanity.
For being kind to the poor.
For looking before leaping.
For hearing before judging.
For being candid and frank.
For thinking before speaking.
For harboring clean thoughts.
For discounting the tale bearer.
For being loyal to the preacher.
For standing by your principles.
For stopping your ears to gossip.
For asking pardon when in error.
For the influence of high motives.
For being as courteous as a duke.
For bridling a slanderous tongue.
For being generous with an enemy.
For being square in business deals.
For sympathizing with the oppressed.
For giving an unfortunate fellow a lift.
For being patient with cranky neighbors.
For promptness in keeping your promises.

THE BUBBLE REPUTATION.

"O, owl," said the bull-frog, "you are noted as a person of exceeding wisdom: tell me how I also may acquire a reputation."

"Reputations," replied the owl, "are of two kinds. The less valuable variety is obtained by doing some work of your own: but that reputation which is far better is got by hooting at the work which others do. If you do but croak as incessantly as I hoot, your reputation for wisdom will grow until it is the best.—Lippincott's Magazine.

NEED NOT PAY LIQUOR LICENSE.

The Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia has reversed the court below in the case of the district authorities against Messrs. Page and Coffin, who conducted restaurants in the Capitol. An attempt was made to compel the defendants to pay the usual license for selling liquor that is required of saloon-keepers in the District. The Court of Appeals declares that the Capitol is privileged and exempt from the law in regard to licenses. If this were not so, Congress would have said so expressly. The Court says there was no foundation whatever for the prosecution.—Public Ledger.

WHAT HARM?

"What possible harm can there be in a quiet, social game of cards?" The question, says *The Journal*, is often asked, and many parents and children answer that there is none; that the evil of card-playing comes from the association, and that a family game, or a neighborhood game, or even a "progressive euchre" party, cannot do any serious harm to those engaged in it. And yet it has to be confessed that in such associations knowledge of the game is acquired, skill is attained, and taste for it developed. A reformed gambler is reported as saying:

"Perhaps you never thought of it, but where do all the gamblers come from? They are not taught in the gambling dens. A 'greener,' unless he is a fool, never enters a gambling hell, because he knows that he will be fleeced out of everything he possesses in less than fifteen minutes. He has learned somewhere else before he sets foot inside such a place. When he has played in the parlor, in the social game of the home, and has become proficient enough to win prizes among his friends, the next step with him is to seek out the gambling room, for he has learned, and now counts upon his efficiency to hold his own. The saloon men and gamblers chuckle and smile when they read in the papers of the parlor games given by the ladies, for they know that after a while those same men will become patrons of their business. I say, then, the parlor game is the college where gamblers are made and educated. In the name of God, men, stop this business in your homes. Burn up your decks and wash your hands. The other day I heard two ladies talking on the street. One said, 'I am going to have a card party, and am going to the store to buy a pack of cards. Which are the best kind to get?' The other replied, 'Get the Angel Card. It has an angel on the back.'"—*Religious Intelligencer.*

HOW THE ANIMALS FEED.

An animal is almost as demonstrative when he is hungry as when he is in a rage. They are both natural feelings, and he sees no reason for disguising them. Human beings, who are affected in the same way as animals by hunger, pay tribute to civilization by not letting this appear. At an animal show in this city the wild occupants of the cages get very wild when the hour comes for them to be fed. A truck laden with meat and vegetables is wheeled around. Long before it gets to their cages the lions act as if beside themselves over the maddening prospect of food. The cages are very small, and yet a lion and lioness will often be in one. They tear from one side to the other, the lion jumping over the body of the lioness, rather than make a longer trip around. Though they ought to have learned that each will get a share, they both plunge for the same great chunk of meat. Once they get it they eat it with a certain intensity, but deliberation.

The hyenas, "bounders" of the animal realm, are horribly greedy, and will steal from each other every chance they get. The apes, the "snobs" of animal kind, are rather fastidious, if greedy. The ostrich, large robust bird that it is, awaits its food with much stolidity, and when it gets its head of cabbage, pecks at it in a most contained, ladylike fashion. The stoical elephant is a placid eater also.—*New York Times.*

A PHILADELPHIA clergyman who neglected all knowledge of nautical affairs was asked to deliver an address before an audience of sailors.

He was discoursing on the stormy passages of life. Thinking he could make his remarks more pertinent to his hearers by metaphorically using sea expressions, he said:

"Now, friends, you know that when you are at sea in a storm the thing you do is to anchor."

A half concealed snicker spread over the room and the clergyman knew that he had made a mistake.

After the services one of his listeners came to him and said: "Mr. —, have you ever been at sea?"

The minister replied:

"No, unless it was while I was delivering that address."

MARRIAGES.

BURROWS—IRISH.—At the parsonage, at Nile, N. Y., Oct. 18, 1902, by the Rev. Willard D. Burdick, Clayton Arvis Burrows and Jessie Marian Irish, both of Nile, N. Y.

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.

ROYCE.—Orville, son of Orin and Minerva Palmer Royce, was born in West Almond Jan. 29, 1866, and was found dead under his buggy with the driving lines about his shoulders Oct. 26, 1902, within five rods of the spot where his sister was killed in an accident nine years ago.

Funeral at the home of a brother in Phillips Creek, conducted by Pastor Randolph. Burial at Alfred.

L. C. R.

REAL COWARDICE.

Cowardice is the opposite of courage. Therefore the lack of those characteristics which mark a courageous person is indicative of a cowardly person. It might be said that courage is a positive condition and cowardice a negative condition; the one is the result of the possession of certain mental and spiritual powers, and the other the result of the lack of such powers. Therefore while there is physical and mental and moral courage, there is also physical and mental and moral cowardice.

The world admires a hero, and it despises a coward. The characteristics which appeal in the one are lacking in the other. Men are quick to recognize the difference, too. They know the real from the unreal, the actual from the seeming. Judgments are formed quickly on matters of this kind, and usually they are correct. We are told by the students of animal life that in that grade of existence there is a ready recognition of physical courage, which is accepted as the qualification for leadership. Among the less advanced races of men the same characteristics make the leaders. In the Middle Ages courage was accepted as the final test of those who controlled others. And to-day it is the person who faces conditions requiring courage of the higher kind who wins the plaudits of his fellows. The coward has been assigned his place by the same test. He has been found lacking in what the world admires and desires, and has, because of that lack, been given his place among those who are his companions.

But this very fact sometimes causes cowardice to pass as courage. The boy who whistles in the dark has long stood as the representative of a large number of people. The man who knows the right and yet does the wrong with an excessiveness which his companions cannot always understand is only seeking to "keep up his courage" by playing the coward. The person who fears to express his real convictions lest they cause him to be considered "queer" by his companions is a complete coward. He fears to stand by what he knows to be right, and what worse form of cowardice can there be than that? It was one of Shakespeare's characters who declared that conscience makes us all cowards. The fear of facing conditions which our sense of right tells us should be faced is as old as the hills. Cain feared to face the results of his jealousy, and from his time to the present men have feared

to face the conclusions of their own moral and mental perceptions. Too many of us are cowards of the worst kind, simply because we lack the courage to turn from habits and from companionships and from courses in life which are leading us downward rather than upward—a condition which we know ourselves. That is real cowardice.—Westerly Sun.

Special Notices.

PROGRAM of the Semi-Annual Convention of the churches of the Seventh-day Baptist Western Association, which is to convene with the Seventh-day Baptist church of Hornellsville, N. Y., Nov. 14 to 16, 1902.

SIXTH-DAY—AFTERNOON.

- 3.00. Devotional services, led by the Chairman.
3.15. Symposium—(a) The Church; (b) Its Work; (c) How best promoted? Elder B. F. Rogers, Pastor W. L. Burdick, Pastor D. B. Coon, and others.

EVENING.

- 7.30. Evangelistic Service; sermon, 20 minutes; Pastor D. B. Coon; Conference Meeting, led by Henry N. Jordan.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 10.00. Prayer-meeting, led by Pastor J. P. Kenyon.
11.00. Sermon by President B. C. Davis.

AFTERNOON.

- 2.30. Sabbath-school, led by Superintendent C. E. Stillman.
3.30. Y. P. S. C. E. prayer-meeting, led by Walter L. Greene.

EVENING.

- 7.30. Young People's Hour, conducted by Miss Susie Burdick.

FIRST-DAY—MORNING.

- 9.30. Business meeting.
10.00. Layman's Hour, conducted by J. M. Mosher.
11.00. Sermon, by Prof. J. L. Gamble.

AFTERNOON.

- 2.30. Sabbath-school work, Prof. W. C. Whitford.
3.30. Symposium—How can we interest our young men in religious work? Prof. A. E. Main, Herbert Van Horn, Prof. E. P. Saunders, Eugene Hyde, Pastor L. C. Randolph.

EVENING.

- 7.30. Evangelistic service—Sermon by Pastor Randolph, followed by prayer and conference meeting.

STEPHEN BURDICK, *Chm'n Com.*

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.

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

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.

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.

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