

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

According to the yearly custom of our people, it falls upon the President at this season to appoint a day of festival and thanksgiving to God.

Over a century and a quarter has passed since the country took its place among the nations of the earth, and during that time we have had, on the whole, more to be thankful for than has fallen to the lot of any other people. Generation after generation has grown to manhood and passed away. Each has had to bear its peculiar burdens, each to face its special crises, and each has known years of grim trial, when the country was menaced by malice domestic or foreign levy, when the hand of the Lord was heavy upon it in drouth or flood or pestilence, when in bodily distress and anguish of soul it paid the penalty of folly and a froward heart. Nevertheless, decade by decade, we have struggled onward and upward. We now abundantly enjoy material well-being, and under the favor of the Most High we are striving earnestly to achieve moral and spiritual uplifting. The year that has just closed has been one of peace and of overflowing plenty. Rarely has any people enjoyed greater prosperity than we are now enjoying. For this we render heartfelt and solemn thanks to the Giver of Good, and we seek to praise Him not by words only, but by deeds—by the way in which we do our duty to ourselves and to our fellow-men.

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, do hereby designate as a day of general thanksgiving, Thursday, the 27th of the coming November, and do recommend that throughout the land the people cease from their ordinary occupations, and in their several homes and places of worship render thanks to Almighty God for the manifold blessings of the last year.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this 29th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and two and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-seventh.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By the President:

JOHN HAY, Secretary of State.

While we do not seek to make a special Thanksgiving number of the RECORDER this week, we shall be glad if our columns can carry helpful suggestions and interesting facts to preachers and people concerning a day which deserves greater, genuine and devout regard than it receives. Harvest festivals of Thanksgiving have a large place in the world's history. Three thousand years ago, the Jewish Feast of Tabernacles at the end of the harvest was an important one, with its picturesque festivities, magnificent rituals and melodious choirs. D'Israeli gives a glowing description of the glory of this great Hebrew festival, which suggested our historic Thanksgiving. Puritan thought and Jewish history were closely allied on this point. The Feast of Demeter, referred to in Theocritus, was also akin in spirit to this day; so was the harvest festival of the Romans, called Cerealia, to

the rustic ceremonies of which Virgil alludes, also the Merry Harvest Home of the English Fatherland, under the full moon of September. The first Thanksgiving service held in North America, it is said, was observed by religious ceremonies, conducted by an English minister named Wollfall, in 1587, on the shores of Newfoundland. This reverend gentleman accompanied the expedition under Fro-bisher, who brought the first English colony to settle on these shores.

The Puritans rejected Christmas as a relic of Popery, but in its place instituted Thanksgiving. No preaching in the whole year was so impressive as that morning's sermon, full of gratitude for blessings received and expected.

Virginia always made much of Christmas, but New England still reverences the memories and traditions of Thanksgiving. Its first appointment as a national holiday was made by Washington in 1789. The day is maintained, though from fasting and thanksgiving, it has become feasting and sporting. The full store-houses and well-garnered harvests make a day of joy in reality as well as one of seeming, but upon those who cannot say that they have much to be thankful for, to whom the year has brought hard paths, uphill roads and stony places thanksgiving must not be forced, and the minor key must have its melody.

Life is too great for us to judge it from day to day, and God's purposes are too vast for us to trace and read them wholly year by year. The sting which goads a man into heroic action is worth more to his character than the ease which lures him into idleness. Our times are always in God's hands. Every blessing we possess is in itself a suggestion of another's privation. This broadest day of the year is a time for meditation and gratitude; unlike Christmas, it opens its arms and takes in Jews and Mohammedans, the world. Thank the Lord for all sweet and pleasant passages in the great story of life, and for whatever of harvest has been white in those unseen fields where all that is noblest in life comes to flower and fruit.

While you thus rejoice, fail not to determine that present blessings and joys shall help you to higher purposes and holier living.

"A MAN'S house," says Beecher, "should be on the hilltop of cheerfulness and serenity, so high that no shadows rest upon it, and where the morning comes so early, and the evening tarries so late, that the day has twice as many golden hours as those of other men. He is to be pitied whose house is in some

valley of grief between the hills, with the longest night and the shortest days."

It is not an easy matter to build this mental mansion on "the hilltop of cheerfulness and serenity," but how much more comfortable it is to live in than the house in "the valley of grief between the hills!" It is not easy to be bright and cheerful when our best-laid plans fail; when balance-sheets will not balance; when the type-writer or sewing-machine will not move swiftly and rapidly, in spite of the fact that machinery is apparently in good order; when it rains steadily and persistently on the very day when you had wished for the sun to appear its brightest; when you must wear for another season the shabby gown or jacket which you had hoped to replace with a new one. It is hard to give a sunny smile to the world when, for you, "the times are out of joint." Make the effort, though, and see how you will be repaid, and what a golden reflection that little smile will throw back on your world within.

"No man e'er gained a happy life by chance,
Or yawned it into being with a wish."

ORDINARY definitions of failure Holding Up confine it to the change or failure Under Failure. of immediate plans, and the accomplishment of pressing desires.

Larger definitions are needed when any great or important issue is in hand. At this point Christ's experience as a man among men is full of lessons for us. A time came when success, from the standpoint of men, of his best friends, advisers and followers, was practically achieved. The time for a revolution was ripe, and the type of kingdom which his followers expected, seemed about to be established. When he rode into Jerusalem, hailed on every side as king, from the human side triumph was about completed. He was conscious of great power over men. He knew the longings of his people for deliverance from Roman bondage. He knew that this longing was one true germ of the Messianic kingdom God had sent him to establish. As a man Christ was at his best.

He was three and thirty years of age; given five years more, and his following would have become a universal contagion, a world-wide movement. Suddenly death swooped down upon him, every plan was slain, and all his hopes were in ruin. But with what courage did he meet his defeat! He rose radiant above opposition! What pity for his frightened disciples! What forgiveness for his enemies! With what sublime hope and optimism he forecast the future. As a man, success

Build for
the Best.

had changed to defeat, and failure gloated over every hope. But as the Man Christ Jesus, God's Anointed Helper and our Redeemer, he smiled at what the world calls failure. God's children are always helped by him, in so far that what Christ did in the hour of apparent failure, they may do in such degree as the hours demand.

Are you standing on the threshold, only to find the path closed? Early he, too, met obstacles, but the sun of his faith cleared itself of clouds. Are you obscure, toiling amidst unrequited labor? Remember the years when Christ was at his carpenter's bench, tested and tempted. In the hour of darkness he is a light that shines on your path. If you are hungry and faint, he will be to you the palm-tree waving in the desert. When failure is at hand, he stands near, with arms that are everlasting, offering guidance and shelter. "In my Father's house are many mansions." "Let not your heart be troubled." "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," are his words for every trusting child. To such there can be no failure. Remember it is not your strength and wisdom, unaided, but the lessons his life teaches, and the strength he supplies, which snatch victory from the hands of defeat, and write Success over the ruins where human hands write Failure.



Princeton University. The inauguration of Dr. Winslow as President of Princeton (N. J.) University was an incident of more than usual interest in educational circles. Representatives were present from the leading colleges and universities, the processions were extensive and striking, and the speeches were full of thought and power. Ex-President Cleveland, who spoke for the Trustees, emphasized the historic continuity of the present institution with the College of New Jersey, chartered for "the promotion of religion and the advancement of learning by the instruction of youth in religious truths as well as in the learned languages and in the liberal arts and sciences." Dr. Wilson set forth at length the Princeton ideal of university development along modern lines, but building on the old collegiate foundation. The definition of a university in this country is not clearly fixed. As Dr. Wilson said, "we are relying upon historical accidents rather than upon essential principles for our conceptions." We have come to think of an university as including "schools of law, of medicine, of theology, and of the more recondite mechanic arts;" but our American universities have generally grown out of or around colleges, and at Princeton the college is still predominant, while the professional schools are but secondary attachments. Dr. Wilson would not have it otherwise. Collegiate education he regards as the necessary foundation of all subsequent specialized training that is worthy to be included within the scope of a university. The great body of undergraduates provide the living material out of which the specialized students are to come by natural selection.

The RECORDER commends this truth to students and teachers. A towering pyramid must have a broad base; and successful specialists must build on the broad foundation of thorough general training and development.

Civilizing the Indians.

It was shown at the Lake Mohonk Conference that 70,000 Indians have received "allotments of land in severalty," and become citizens of the United States. During the past year the issuing of rations has been stopped, and thus at least 12,000 Indians have been taken from the pauper class. These have been given work sufficient for their support. The important step of breaking up the old tribal status, and hence the tribal government, is well under way.

A bill has been introduced into Congress providing for the clearing of the title of the Seneca Indians of New York to their land and to the distribution of their land in severalty. This is known as the Vreeland Bill. It is heartily supported by the Mohonk Conference, with a view to ending the tribal relations of all the New York Indians and their ultimate reception into citizenship. The Conference also emphasized the importance of selecting only trustworthy men as the agents of the Government, approved of Government schools, but in hope of seeing them superseded by public schools, and heartily commended all the work carried on by missionary agencies.

While these movements may involve incidentally suffering and injustice to some, it is plainly essential to the progress of the Indians toward manhood. They cannot always be the wards of the nation, held in conditions of weakness and dependence. But they will never escape from these conditions until they are thrown on their own resources and required to maintain their own families, obey the laws of the country, and live in orderly communities as American citizens. The serious phases of social vice which now abound in the Indian communities will be cured gradually by these movements.



The Study of Agriculture.

It is a most hopeful indication that on every hand we see indications of a spontaneous movement for higher agriculture. It is not alone that science is giving the farmer a deeper insight into his work, but that scientific methods are being applied to production. This effort toward extension in agriculture includes agricultural experiment stations which, for the most part, are connected with colleges or universities. There are now nearly sixty of these stations in the United States, all doing excellent work. The whole movement has been a remarkable development. The professors themselves had no idea what could be done until the work opened and expanded. The Chautauqua Reading Course for home studies was a revelation of genius. Instead of gathering pupils to the books, it carried the book and the work to the pupils. It was owing to this example that the University of Pennsylvania in 1872 took up the idea as applicable to farmers and farm work. The courses were gradually multiplied to cover plant production, animal husbandry, dairying, horticulture, home economics, botany, entomology, until some twenty subdivisions of applied study were established. Not only were there prescribed courses of reading, but lesson papers were sent out to advise and guide the student. Cornell based its work on the idea that a very large number of farmers could not be induced to read scientific volumes, but that they could be induced to take an interest in

simple, short and easily-digested lessons. Such lessons were prepared and distributed very widely through the state of New York. Probably Cornell is the largest center of this advanced movement.



Value of Such Studies.

THE present and culminative value of higher work in agriculture is great and far reaching. Agriculture involves every known science and draws on them all. To open these departments of nature transforms the dreariness of ordinary farming into the most fascinating of pursuits. This is what is before us—a new evolution of agriculture. The great majority of those who leave farms are those who have never been educated to understand what the farmer sees and handles, and what he must deal with appreciatively in order to thrive. They have not learned to do anything as it should be done. One has well said that the great obstacle in the way of the effective workingman is not capital, it is inefficiency. Brains and heart are the only servants that a man can afford to pay for. If you cannot furnish the one or the other of these, there is no help for you. You cannot live by the work of your hands alone.

This is the key to the rural problem. It is the key also to the question of congested cities. The world does not need to pity men because their hands are calloused or their clothing soiled; what it needs is to sing with Longfellow:

"The nobility of labor,
The pedigree of toil."

Those who favor the best things will rejoice in this higher study of agriculture.



Treasures in the Tiber.

THE renewal of plans for dredging the River Tiber, in and near the city of Rome, will interest every student of Roman history and classic times. In 1877 an effort was made to give to the Tiber a uniform depth of nine feet. The dredging involved in such an attempt as this did not reach the lower strata. Nevertheless, at a distance of even three feet below the bottom of the river a number of antiques were found, although not dating back to classical times. The dredging, however, did show one thing very clearly, and that is that a river flowing through a great city is inevitably made a receptacle for all sorts of interesting and often valuable objects. For instance, during the first two or three years of the superficial dredging mentioned above an average recovery of over 14,000 coins per annum was one result of the exploration of the river bed. These coins were nearly all modern and belonged to the last two centuries. There were also discovered many hundreds of weapons thrown into the river during the revolutions and political outbreaks of the past few hundred years, belonging more particularly to the revolt of 1831 and to the Napoleonic epoch.

These discoveries were not in themselves of much value. Their importance consists in a demonstration of the fact that what is true of modern times must also have been true of classical antiquity, and that if one should go down far enough the results of the exploration would be equally fruitful in treasure trove belonging to the classical past. On two occasions the river bed has been opened to a depth of thirty-five feet—once in constructing the Bridge of Garibaldi and once in

repairing the Bridge Sisto. The excavations made at these times were confined to a very limited area; yet they brought to light an enormous mass of archaeological specimens, possessing not only great historical, but also artistic and intrinsic value. They comprise coins, medals, sculptures, bronzes, brass work, inscribed stones, specimens of pottery and also marbles. Most of the things recovered have been well preserved and are of much historic value.

American Education for America. TWO PROMINENT educators have spoken lately of our system of education in a way which calls attention anew to its strength and weakness. Dr. James, President of the Northwestern University, in a late inaugural address, made special defense of a system which grows out of the genius of our people and times, instead of one copied from European models or purely classical standards. He claimed that we have such a system well advanced, under which the best results are possible. He asserts that we do well to place the government of our higher schools in the hands of trustees who are not educational experts and specialists, because the schools are thus brought nearer to public needs and prevailing public opinion. President Eliot, of Harvard, speaking at New Haven, Conn., on the 19th of October, made a severe charge of inefficiency against our public school system, because the training given has not developed successful methods of dealing with and preventing prevalent vices, drunkenness, gambling and general lawlessness. His arguments assume that men will do right when their education shows them what is right, logically, and that prevalent vices are due to the imperfect education of children rather than to lack of ethical training or to moral obliquity. In thus assuming, President Eliot misses that greatest of facts in history, that moral uplift comes through moral, ethical and truly religious training and development. Shakespeare said a man may smile, and yet be a villain. History says that intellectual knowledge and logical conclusion as to what is right do not form the highest and most potent incentive to right doing. Undoubtedly our public school system fails in ethical and moral teaching. So does the average home-life and the average literature which comes into the hands of pupils. School books also lack much in this direction; and the schools, so meagerly equipped for the teaching and influences which give highest and best results in character-building, are not to be held responsible for the continual prevalence of the vices named. The whole tone and trend of modern life in the United States is to worldliness, to absorption in things, which, at best, are non-moral and unethical, together with too much that is positively immoral and sinful. Conscientious regard for truth and the will of God is the one great curb to passion and the cure for selfishness. Compared with such conscience and the impulses and choices to which it gives birth, intellectual conceptions and logical deductions concerning what is abstractly right are like the hand of a babe in the grip of a giant.

Coal Yesterday and To-Day.

In the world of thought it is often said that the "heterodoxy of to-day is the orthodoxy of to-morrow." Our readers who know what coal means to life in these days will find it difficult to realize that less than a century ago an-

thracite coal was denounced as a fraud. The people of those days declared it was impossible to burn stone. In 1791 the Lehigh Coal Company tried in vain to sell in Philadelphia the new fuel which had been found on its property in Carbon county. For a long time the attempts to burn anthracite were unsatisfactory. In 1815 the secret was accidentally discovered, and it was in this way: Tests had been made in a rolling mill at Schuylkill. Workmen who were experimenting had frequently raked the fire without any success. They gave up the experiment, and angry and disgusted, filled the furnace with the black stones and left it. When they came back a few hours afterward they were amazed to find a fierce fire, emitting a terrific heat, and the problem was solved at once. But the people would not believe it, even then. As late as 1833 Mr. Charles Miner wrote a letter, from which the Toronto Mail and Empire publishes this extract:

"While we pushed forward our labors at the mine, hauling coal, building arks, etc., we had the greater difficulty to overcome of inducing the public to use our coal when brought to their doors, much as it was needed. We published handbills in English and German, stating the mode of burning the coal, either in grates, smiths' fires, or in stoves. Numerous certificates were obtained and printed from blacksmiths and others who had successfully used the anthracite. Mr. Cist formed a model of a coal-stove and got a number cast. Together we went to the several houses in the city and prevailed on the masters to allow us to kindle fires of anthracites in their grates, erected to burn Liverpool coal. We attended at blacksmiths' shops and persuaded some to alter the "too-iron," so that they might burn the Lehigh coal, and we were sometimes obliged to bribe the journeymen to try the experiment fairly, so averse were they to learning the use of a new sort of fuel so different from what they were accustomed to."

But all the above efforts failed until there was a sudden rise in the price of charcoal. Then the manufacturers began to use anthracite, and those who used it successfully in their factories introduced it into their homes.

From such a reception and through such opposition, coal has won its kingdom. It is easy to draw important lessons from such facts. Truth and actual worth can afford to wait, being assured that soon or late—these are human terms, there is neither soon nor late with God—truth and worth will gain place and recognition.

Earthquakes. THE many disastrous earthquakes which have occurred within the last few months, renew interest in such phenomena, their frequency and extent. At the recent meeting at Belfast of the British Association, Professor John Milne said that the usual yearly average of earthquakes whose effects were felt all over the world is about fifty. Recently, however, they have been more numerous. In the three years, between January 1, 1899, and January 1, 1902, the number recorded was 196. It is only within the past ten or twelve years that seismologists have been able to record instrumentally the effects of earthquakes at long distances from the place of origin of the shock. The seismograph was invented about fifteen years ago for the purpose of recording earth-

movements that could not otherwise be observed. Professor Milne says that in all cases the centre of origin of world-shaking shocks lies on the flanks or near the bases of the steepest flexures or breaks on the earth's surface. Many of them occur in the abysses of the sea, and it is usually found that when these terrible shocks originate on land large areas are raised or lowered as the result of the shock.

The effect of such seismic disturbance at sea is told by Captain Montgomery, of the whaling bark Alice Knowles, which lately arrived at San Francisco from the coast of Siberia. He says:

"We were lying some 200 miles off the Kurile Islands on the Siberian coast, when the shock was felt on August 13. Almost a dead calm prevailed, and the sea was as smooth as a millpond. I was in my cabin when I suddenly felt the ship shaking like a leaf. It seemed that the deck was falling in on me. The whole ship rattled as from impact with some object. I knew that the disturbance was not caused by a heavy sea, and I rushed on deck. There I found the crew terror-stricken and gazing helplessly at one another. While on deck the shaking continued and a rumbling noise resembling thunder seemed to come from the depths of the sea. The surface of the sea was disturbed and was breaking up in confused masses. The rumbling noise and the vibration ceased simultaneously and the sea again became calm. Both my chronometers stopped at 2.30 o'clock in the afternoon, and I was set thirty miles out of my course by the incident. I didn't notice if the surface of the water was discolored, but for two days I sighted fishes floating on the surface of the sea."

Such facts as the above show that earthquakes are part of the natural order of things on our planet, and not special or supernatural omens or punishments brought on men. They belong in the category with storms, tides, etc.

National Reform.

A NATIONAL Conference on the Christian Principles of Civil Government will be held under the auspices of the National Reform Association in the Pilgrim Congregational church, St. Louis, Mo., on the 18th to the 20th of November. The principal topics on the program are, "Peace and Arbitration," "The Obligation of the Sabbath [Sunday] and Its Value to the Nation," "The Reformation of our Marriage and Divorce Laws," "The Oath and Its Place in our Government," "Public Education as Related to Morals and Religion," "Municipal Reform—Moral Elements in the Problem," and "The Expression of Our National Christianity in Fundamental Law." There is evidence that the National Reform Association is more active than it has been for a few years past.

THE BIRD'S FAITH.

What matter it though life uncertain be
To all? What though its goal
Be never reached? What though it fall and flee?
Have we not each a soul?
A soul that quickly must arise and soar
To regions far more pure—
Arise and dwell where pain can be no more
And every joy is sure?
Be like the bird that, on the bough too frail
To bear him, gayly swings;
He carols, though the slender branches fail;
He knows that he has wings?
—Victor Hugo.

It is easier to be a hero-worshiper than it is to be a hero.

Prayer-Meeting Column.

Topic.—Sanctifying Fear.

Memory Text.—“Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into his rest, any of you should seem to come short of it.” Heb. 4: 1.

There is a lower fear and a higher fear. The author of this epistle is speaking of the higher fear. It is not contradictory to talk of a sanctifying fear. While fear is usually held to be a lower motive, and appealing to it in matters religious is often condemned, there is a higher view which this topic suggests. The writer was much impressed, when a mere boy, upon hearing it said: “One ought to fear nothing in the world except doing wrong.” The memory text above means that, and more. New Testament writers place fully as much, if not more, emphasis on this holy fear than they do upon the lower fear. The motive is here transferred from the fear of punishment to the fear lest we shall not live up to that standard of character and godliness set before us by Jesus Christ. The true student is not afraid of being punished, but he does fear lest he be found unworthy and unable to stand in the front rank of scholarship. The true Christian fears lest he shall fall short of that knowledge of Christ which will fill his soul with peace and joy; having tasted of the happiness of a spiritual life there is a dread lest he should in some way not attain to the mountain top of a godly character. When this fear lays hold upon a man’s soul it stirs every noble impulse within him; he is not prodded upward by something behind him; he climbs the rising pathway for the joy set before him. Christian culture and nurture now become his watchwords, and he trains himself by that high standard.

What is the rest herespoken of? If we take Paul as the author of this epistle, no man ever had a more stormy life; he was buffeted upon every hand, yet no man was more completely at rest in the center of his being. Storms might rage upon the outside, but Paul’s heart was stayed upon Christ. Within were no doubts, no fears. He was mighty because he had entered into the rest of Christ, and with Christ. There was freedom from anxiety and care. Paul knew in whom he had believed, and was sustained in that knowledge by the constant presence of Jesus Christ. Prof. Huxley once said: “I protest that if some great power would agree to make me always think what is true and do what is right, on condition of being turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning, I should instantly close with the offer.” If Prof. Huxley had sought Christ with all his heart he would not have wished to be turned into a sort of clock but, entering into the heart-rest of Christ, he would have delighted in thinking and doing what was right and true, even though he had to care for the clock of his spiritual life.

By this higher fear, lest we shall not make the most of our God-given powers, we are freed from the grip of sin and the dread of the lower fear of punishment. By keeping our faces turned to the future and Christ, we come to reflect his image and character; to serve him is our chief joy; what man does or does not do to us matters little, for we are not in the service of man, but of Christ. High, helpful, wholesome and holy, is the sanctified fear which centers in the topic for this meeting.

SERMON

Preached by Rev. Geo. B. Shaw, of Plainfield, N. J., on the occasion of the ordination of Eli F. Loofboro, Nov. 8, 1902.

Text, Gal. 2: 20—“Christ liveth in me.”

I have not been asked to tell the church what its duty to its new pastor is; neither am I to give to the candidate for ordination a charge. It would not be in place for me to preach to you of the preparation and qualifications for the work of the ministry, as I would to a class of theological students. It would not be right to raise questions of fitness of one who has been so recently examined and adjudged worthy and prepared for the Gospel ministry. In fact, my knowledge of what is expected in an ordination sermon is mostly of the negative order, and consists of knowing what ought not to be said. The only suggestion that came with the invitation to occupy this place was that the sermon ought to be short. I never remember having received such a limitation before, and it urges me to take the shortest path across the fields, not pausing to pick flowers, and saluting no man by the way.

Within the past few years much has been said in the religious papers about the decline in the supply of students for the ministry. The secular press has also commented on the apparent indifference of the brighter young men of these years to the work of the Christian ministry. It has been said that the same influences have reached our ranks, and that Seventh-day Baptist young men were turning away from this highest calling. Attention has been called to the fact that ordinations have become rare occurrences with us, and that Bro. Loofboro is the only Seventh-day Baptist who has graduated from a theological school in the past seven years. We are told that the men who do enter the ministry are mostly from the small churches of the West. Many reasons are assigned for this condition of affairs, but the most common and probably the true reason is the general decline in spirituality. Some are bold enough to say that our larger and more wealthy churches are worldly and unspiritual, and that the standard of religious life is low. They tell us that from Rhode Island to California our so-called strong churches are in reality our weak churches; that the spiritual life of a church is almost sure to be in inverse proportion to the salary that is paid its pastor. Do not understand me to say that these things are so, or that they are not so. It is true that they are said, and that often by our most able and best informed men. The Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society makes no secret of his opinion, based on observation, that our bright young men, especially in our larger churches, and especially in our Eastern churches, are most generally not spiritual, and that quite often the fault lies in the spiritual atmosphere of the home and the church. I have not called attention to these unpleasant things for the purpose of denying them, nor yet of pleading guilty to the charge. But the indictment brought against pastors and people is most serious, and demands attention. To-morrow morning Bro. Loofboro will wake to find himself the ordained minister of Jesus Christ, who is in charge of the important church which is not only the keystone of the Eastern Association, but is also the working center of many denominational enterprises of import-

ance. The measure of success which this man will have—the measure of success which this church has in store for itself—will depend, not so much on education, not so much on money or numbers or organization, as upon that quality of heart and life which is suggested by the text which I am about to announce, Gal. 2: 20, “Christ liveth in me.”

I shall assume to-day, what comes near the fact, that those who hear me are Christians. If you are not followers of Christ then you ought to be, and possibly hope and expect to be. It will also be assumed that we are all sorry for our weakness and sin, and that we would be glad to be better. This is saying that we wish to be more spiritual. This brings us to a very large subject, which will be briefly outlined in three sections.

I. *What is spirituality?*

II. *What are the results of spirituality?*

III. *How is spirituality attained?*

In each of these divisions there is material for a volume, and the very superficial way in which it is necessary for them to be treated to-day is as unsatisfactory to the speaker as it could well be to any hearer. The subject will also be treated from a practical rather than from a theological point of view. Not that theology is unimportant, but it does not seem best to pause in the practical discussion of a subject to split all the theological hairs that are found. For example, from the text, “Christ liveth in me,” we do not propose to try to show where, in the spiritual life, the work of the Lord Jesus Christ ends and the work of the Holy Spirit begins.

I. *What is spirituality?*

What is it to be spiritual? To be spiritually minded? We read in the Scriptures of spiritual gifts, spiritual life, spiritual blessing, spiritual sacrifices, spiritual songs, and many such expressions. What do we mean when in these days we speak of one person living on a different plane of spiritual life from another?

First of all let us notice that this spiritual life is a new life that begins at conversion. It is something that the unregenerate person never has, and never understands. Jesus said to Nicodemus “that except a man be born again, [from above,—of the spirit,] he can never see the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit. . . . The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, and canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit.” Language could not well be clearer than these words of the Lord Jesus. We must not confuse the manifestations of the Spirit with the fact of having been born of the Spirit. Neither should we confound the babe in Christ with the full-grown man.

Equally disastrous and disappointing will be an effort to comprehend in all its details this truth that the Saviour implied was not to be comprehended by the human mind. We cannot understand the mystery of the origin of our own life. Why then should we stumble because we do not understand all about the origin of the spiritual life. The important truth is that God gives us upon simple conditions this new life.

The conditions are repentance and faith in Christ. If you have honestly repented of your sins and looked in faith to Christ for salvation, then you may have the assurance that

you have the new spiritual life within you. This, I believe, is the gift of the Holy Spirit. When Peter on the day of Pentecost was full of the Holy Spirit, he said to the anxious multitude inquiring what they should do to be saved—"Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the holy Ghost." Many who magnify the experience of the apostles in relation to the Holy Spirit often ignore the same apostle's teaching concerning him. You who have been born of the Spirit have the Holy Spirit.

A second thought of importance in regard to the life of the spirit is that it does not seem to be the plan of God to entirely remove the old life. So it is that we live in a sort of dual life in which the carnal mind and the spiritual life are waging a continual warfare for the mastery. Paul and Peter and, I suppose, every apostle and martyr and saint has had the same struggle. Where the natural man is crucified, there Christ comes, and there are abounding manifestations of the perseverance of the Holy Spirit. Where the selfish, carnal man is allowed to rise within us, there is little of the consciousness of the abiding Christ, and barrenness of manifestations of the Holy Spirit. Spirituality is a varying quantity according as Christ reigns within us—varying all the way from the riches of Christ in glory to the barrenness of the very edge of eternal ruin. The most spiritual are those who are living most completely the new Christ-life and who have most nearly crucified the selfish, natural life with its desires. Those are not necessarily most spiritual who are most emotional. Those are certainly not most spiritual who are least practical. The most spiritual are those who have experienced in the greatest degree the continual influence of the new life so clearly suggested in this beautiful text—"Christ liveth in me." As an explanation of the Apostle's words, listen to their context: "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me." When we speak of the spiritual life of a church we simply mean the average attainment in spiritual things of its members. We ought not to say that some are spiritual and that some are not, but say rather that some are more spiritual than others. Even in this case we should be careful how we make ourselves the judges, for He who is the Judge of all knows that every one of us is living a more or less unspiritual life, often far below the duty and privilege of those who are the sons of God.

The future of this church which is so dear to me, the future of my friend, its pastor, will depend, like my own future, on the degree in which we reach the spirit of the unselfish, martyr apostle, who, more and more as he gained the victory, could say, "Christ liveth in me." Take that to yourselves to-day,— "the life that I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and who gave himself for me." "Therefore if any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold all things are become new."

II. What now are the results of a spiritual life?

If we are branches of a vine, which is Christ,

the fruit we bear will be Christ-fruit,—to the glory of God the Father,—so shall ye be my disciples. If Christ liveth in me, then the fruit of my life will be in the reproduction of his Spirit and life. If, on the other hand, the old selfish life is permitted to obtain the predominance, then the fruit of my life will be as distinctively the works of the Devil. In the same letter from which the text is taken Paul calls the attention of his readers to these two conflicting life principles and to the results in human action. He speaks of the works of the flesh and of the fruits of the Spirit. It is with the fruits of the Spirit that we are now especially interested, but for purposes of contrast I shall read the whole section, and shall use the exact words of Scripture, because those chosen to express the works of the flesh will not permit of paraphrase and those chosen to represent the fruits of the Spirit can not well be improved upon. "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these, adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like; of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in times past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God. But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, against such there is no law." I remember having heard a man undertake to preach a series of sermons on the fruits of the Spirit. The series was never finished. I heard love, joy and peace; but the subject is too large for a series to be given in any detail. In the same chapter from which we have quoted at such length, Paul presents the same truth in a different and more concise form: "For we through the Spirit wait for the hope of righteousness by faith,—but faith which worketh by love." We are saved by faith; but faith which worketh by love. The fruit of the Spirit toward God is a faith that includes joy, peace and a confident trust that is boundless. The fruit of the Spirit toward others will be shown in a love that will include gentleness, longsuffering and an unselfish goodness without stint or limit. The fruit of the Spirit within us will be that temperance which is entire self-control together with perfect meekness. In the same connection Paul gives an example of his thought when he says: "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." The secret of good fruit-bearing is in having the branch in constant, vital connection with the good vine. The secret of a pure stream is in its pure source. There would be no possibility of doubt or question about our bearing an abundance of the very best fruit if it could be true of us as it was with the apostle who exclaimed with such joyful confidence,—"Christ liveth in me."

III. We have now reached the third and possibly the most important part of our subject. How is spirituality attained?

In the first place it will be well to remember that this blessing may not come instantly or soon and that it will not come to those who do not desire it. If you do not wish to live the higher life, God will let you continue to

live the lower one. The Saviour says: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled." When men begin to feel the barrenness of their lives in spiritual experiences, they are becoming prepared for the fuller indwelling of the divine life. "As the heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee O God." In thinking of this subject it is also well to reconsider for a moment what has been said about the origin of the spiritual life of man. This new life is the free gift of God on the simple conditions of repentance of sins and faith in Jesus Christ for salvation. As John says: "To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believed on His name, which were born, not of blood, not of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." The question now arises, how is this new life to be strengthened and expanded until it shall be a life in which Christ reigns and where the Holy Spirit has supreme control. We must be on our guard against being satisfied with birth. Listen to what Paul says to the church at Corinth—"and I brethren, could not speak unto you as unto spiritual, but as unto carnal, even as unto babes in Christ." In looking for the key that will unlock the door to that condition of heart and life where Christ dwells in us in his fullness, may we not expect that it will be found in our own possession? It seems to me that the key is in absolute and complete life-surrender. The conditions of the coming of the Holy Spirit are sin-surrender and faith. The conditions of the fullness of the Holy Spirit are life-surrender and trust. It is a great thing and not often or easily attained, to completely give up the life to Christ. In the degree that this is accomplished will we experience the blessing of the indwelling Spirit. Are you afraid to trust all to Him? Is there anything that you wish to keep back? Will you yield yourselves to God? Often it is that men will pray and plead and agonize with God for the very blessing that he has long waited to give to those who would yield themselves to him. God wants every Christian to bring and lay at his feet all plans and purposes and hopes of life. This is the gateway for each of us to the life of the fullness of Spirit.

Beyond surrender there will be service, but surrender comes first. The more nearly complete this surrender is the more we will know of the fullness of the divine presence; and the more abundant and rich will the fruits of the Spirit be. "I beseech you therefore brethren by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service; and be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable and perfect will of God." The manifestations of the Spirit may come suddenly or they may be deferred; the enlightenment of our minds may be in a moment or by degrees; growth in grace and in knowledge will be growth; but just in the degree that Christians surrender to Christ in trust and obedience, will they experience that blessed union with the Lord that is referred to in the text, "Christ liveth in me."

You do not need to be told that each one of us, whatever our position in the church may be,

(Concluded on page 733.)

Missions.

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

EVANGELIST M. B. KELLY was to close the series of meetings at Rock River, Wis., on Sunday night, Nov. 2, with a sermon on the Sabbath Question, but rain prevented the meeting, and it was postponed till the next Sunday evening. The attendance to the meetings at Rock River was rather small. One young woman was hopefully converted, and several young men were under conviction, but would not steadily attend the meetings because they wished to escape deep conviction. The little church at Rock River is growing smaller, but there are a few faithful ones, and they seemed to be considerably revived by the meetings. Bro. Kelly was to begin meetings with the Milton Junction church Sabbath-day, Nov. 8. He asks for our prayers for the Lord to give a rich blessing to those meetings.

EVANGELIST J. G. BURDICK has begun a series of evangelistic meetings with the Adams Centre church. This church is the largest of our churches in the Central Association, and where Bro. A. B. Prentice was pastor so many years. Bro. S. S. Powell is now the pastor. Our people should pray that the Holy Spirit shall give Bro. Burdick great power for the work, and wonderfully bless the meetings to the thorough revival of the church and the salvation of many precious souls.

THE Christian religion is as broad and deep in its love and work as is the love, spirit and work of Christ, its founder. It, like him, is no respecter of persons, but takes into its saving embrace all peoples, black or white, bond or free, rich or poor. Its love and helpfulness are as wide as the human need. James says: Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world. Is it not too much the case that Christian people will visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction if they believe as they do, or come to their church? As to keeping one's self unspotted from the world, it is too much the case that they are too much spotted over with the follies and vanities of the world.

The Christian church need not fear so much the skepticism or liberalism of the present age as the cold, heartless indifference pervading itself. Indifference to the salvation of the unsaved; indifference to personal spiritual life and growth; indifference to the spiritual prosperity of the church; indifference to missions; indifference to Sabbath-observance; indifference to gospel and divine truth; indifference to the law of God—that is what, more than anything else, is killing personal piety and the mission and power of the church. There is more need to-day of a tremendous effort to overcome this heartless indifference than to revise creeds or catechisms; to cure heterodoxy or re-formulate theology.

PASTOR J. H. HURLEY, of Gentry, Ark., was asked to represent the Missionary Society and its interests at the South-Western Association and conduct the Missionary Hour. The following is his report; and though it is late in reaching us, we think it will be of interest to the readers of the Missionary Page.—ED.

During the Missionary Hour Bro. Randolph spoke of our Foreign Work and Workers. He spoke of the devotion and consecration of the workers. How by word and deed they sought to impress upon all the power of the living Christ within them; the good results of their efforts, especially in the school work; the evidences of its influence on the minds and hearts of the Chinese from our earliest efforts on that field could easily be found there to-day. He closed with an earnest appeal for a loyal support of our work there.

Bro. G. W. Lewis spoke of our Home Work. The great list of smaller churches the Board was aiding in the support of missionary pastors. How promising the fields surrounding these small churches for the sowing of seeds of truth. He found hopeful reasons for continuing the quartet work; not alone for the good done to the weak churches and needy fields, but for the personal training and fitting of young men and young women for gospel work.

Bro. Leon D. Burdick spoke of Missionary Work as Related to Our Growth. This missionary and evangelistic work is just as essential to our life and growth as food to the child. The child dies without food to sustain it. Just so a church dies spiritually without this missionary work. It is our only hope. We must reach out into the fields wherever the doors open to us. It not only brings others to the truth, but it helps to fit our young men and young women for pastors and religious teachers. Because of this, we must continue our missionary work.

Pastor Hurley spoke of the means needed to carry on the work at home and abroad. Because of the good work being done we must give it our hearty support. There must be a system by which money is constantly coming into the hands of our Boards to meet their demands. The surest and best system known was God's system of tithing. If, as a denomination, we were to carefully and prayerfully tithe our earnings, we could wipe out our debt the first year, and extend our work instead of retrenching. If the church of Gentry should adopt this system and earn seventy-five dollars per member, during the next year, they would place more than nine hundred dollars in the church treasury. If, as Seventh-day Baptists, we meet the demand upon us, we must unitedly come to this Biblical system of giving.

THE WHITE HEART OF AFRICA.

"I was on the Congo for some time alone," said the Rev. W. Ross, of England, very simply, to a recent gathering. "I lived in a grass hut, and the loneliness was sometimes enough to break the heart. After months of waiting, I looked across the river one night and I saw the English flag carried by a native on the other side of the river."

As the boat Mr. Ross sent over for the caravan came back toward sunset, one of the men shouted, "We have come to live with you!" and Mr. Ross fell on his knees on the river-bank in gratitude to God.

As soon as he touched the hand of the first white man to disembark, however, the earlier settler knew that the fever had got hold of him; the second white man that came ashore had the fever, and the third white man had the fever. A great war was going on among the natives, and these Englishmen had tramped on through forests and rivers and rains without rest or food. For twenty-two

hours thereafter the pioneer sat beside the bedside of one of his new friends.

"Do you hear those bells ringing?" the sick man asked that night.

"No, I hear no bells."

"Why, those bells are ringing across the Thames; they ring just by my mother's house."

Mr. Ross buried him the next morning, and that afternoon the second man also crossed the great river into rest. To keep his comrade, the third man, from knowledge of it, Mr. Ross sat on the edge of the little camp-bed for hours, humming tunes, till darkness permitted the removal of the body unseen. The next night the missionary sat for the third time in that grass hut, waiting for daylight to bury his dead. The hope of companionship in his work, quickened four days before by that flag and those three white faces, had passed away.

The missionary himself had lain many a time in the same little hut, burning with fever, with no one but a small native lad to watch him through his delirium and help him back to life. "But, oh," he said, "the tenderness of those boys! Two hundred miles two of them walked by the side of my hammock, when I was finally carried down from my station. Their little feet were lacerated searching everywhere for water for me in that land of burning thirst. Day after day they trudged on, ministering like two angels—angels in ebony—to my needs. There is a white heart and a big soul and tenderness like a sister's in the hearts of those natives, even the cannibal tribes, when once their hearts are touched by the finger of God."

The white man has sent his troops down the West Coast of Africa. He has crushed black nations to the north, to the south, to the east. He has sent traders to encircle the continent and squeeze out its manhood and gold and ivory, and slave-traders to mark great lines of blood across the land. Shall the white man say, then, that missions in Africa have been a failure, or wonder that the work is slow? No; because those things represent only one phase of the white man's activity. The other phase is the quiet, patient, unselfish work of the missionaries—the men and women through whom the heart of black Africa has been "touched by the finger of God." Already God's noble men and women have built a great kingdom of hope, and laid the foundation in deeds, that the Dark Continent will in His own time be as much in the light as we ourselves are in the light.—Youth's Companion.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

For the month of October, 1902.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer,

In account with

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

DR.

Balance in Treasury October 1, 1902.....\$ 1,902 77

Churches:

North Loup, Neb.....	5 15
Chicago, Ill.....	5 15
Gentry, Ark.....	10 00
Welton, Iowa.....	5 00
Plainfield, N. J.....	23 34
New York, N. Y.....	19 32
Nile, N. Y.....	8 00
Boulder, Col.....	3 30
Pawcatuck, Westerly, R. I.....	36 29
Adams Centre, N. Y.....	15 00

Sabbath-schools:

Syracuse, N. Y.....	1 00
Farina, Ill.....	13 76
Mrs. M. C. Parker, Chicago—Gold Court.....	3 00
Geo. W. Post, Chicago—For Cartwright, Wis.....	12 50
Evangelistic Committee—Collected by M. B. Kelly.....	32 00
Seventh-day Baptist Memorial Fund, Income missionary fund.....	\$21 34
One-half income D. C. Burdick bequest.....	85 26
"A Sabbath-keeper," Cincinnati.....	\$1.67; \$1.50
Junior Christian Endeavor Society of Alfred Station, N. Y.—Boys' School.....	2 00

Hattie Washburn, Earlville N. Y.....	50	
Interest on bank deposits.....	2 26	
		\$ 2,210 46
-Cr.		
O. U. Whitford—Balance salary and traveling expenses to Sept. 30, 1902.....	209 32	
R. S. Wilson—Balance salary and traveling expenses to Sept. 30, 1902.....	79 00	
Evangelistic Committee—Orders Nos. 281-284.....	255 60	
Interest.....	12 73	
Cash in treasury Nov. 1, 1902:		
China Mission.....	\$ 952 67	
Debt reduction.....	5 00	
Available for current expenses.....	695 24	1,652 91
		\$ 2,210 46
E. & O. E.		GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer.
OCTOBER 1, 1902.		

THE AMERICAN WAY.

The change of Government, by and through a change of those appointed to govern, executive and legislative, great and small, made on Tuesday by forty-two of the forty-five States of the Union was as impressive as it was characteristic of the great people who made it. The change was effected between sunrise and sunset. It was, in fact, a political revolution that was consummated, but there was no marching nor entrenched armies, no great captains in uniform commanding the rank and file, no argument of sword or gun was heard. The revolution was fought out to its conclusion with no other weapon than the ballot. Each individual citizen went to the polls and there recorded his choice of the Government, or its representative candidates, which he personally preferred.

That is the American way of accomplishing a political revolution. While the change was being effected the wheels of Government stood still; the Chief Magistrate of the country, members of his Cabinet, heads of departments and other high officials traveled hundreds of miles to cast their votes, and did it as did their humblest neighbors. At one poll a former President of the United States stood in line with the plainest and poorest of his fellow-citizens, waiting his turn to deposit his ballot. At every poll men of all conditions met together upon the common ground, the broad plane of American sovereignty, to exercise the highest privilege of American citizenship, that of choosing their government by choosing those who govern.

Before midnight of Tuesday it was commonly known which of the peacefully contending parties was victorious, which candidates were defeated. The heat and excitement of the prolonged campaign were as dead then as the proverbial door nail, as forgotten almost as the ship which foundered at sea a thousand years ago.

Yesterday the political revolution was nothing more than an incident in our national life, past and gone. The leaders and their followers went about their accustomed business or pleasure. The defeated accepted the result not less calmly or quickly than did the victors. There was no enmity shown on the one side, no unseemly elation on the other.

It is the American way that the majority shall rule. At the polls on Tuesday the majority made its will known, and with patriotic regard for the rule the minority freely acquiesced in the formally recorded verdict.

A revolution so effected in peace, law and order is a thing of which every American should be proud. The spectacle of the contest and its conclusion is one which no other country under the sun could present. It represents the potentiality of the patriotism, the will and power of a nation of 75,000,000 souls, of millions of individual citizens marching shoulder to shoulder along peaceful lines to the polls to express by individual action the controlling force and might of simple citizenship.—Public Ledger.

Woman's Work.

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

CRUSADE HYMN.

TUNE, ST. THOMAS.

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storm,
He gently clears the way:
Wait thou his time; the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear.
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

—White Ribbon Hymnal, p. 107.

THE W. C. T. U. CONVENTION.

[We are indebted to Mrs. George H. Babcock, of Plainfield, N. J., for newspaper accounts and reports of this Convention, from which we have been able to gather material for the following report. — EDITOR WOMAN'S WORK.]

The Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting of the National W. C. T. U. was held at Portland, Me., October 17-22. Portland seems a place eminently fitted for holding a Temperance Convention, inasmuch as it was well known as the home of Neal Dow, the father of temperance. Here, too, Miss Frances E. Willard, who might well be called the mother of the Union, came to confer with General Dow as to the comparative value, from a temperance standpoint, of license and prohibition. As a result of this conference, Miss Willard decided to give up her work as a teacher and devote her life to the cause of temperance. Her first speech on this subject was made in a church near the place of the present Convention.

The people of Portland felt that this was a most noteworthy gathering, and the delegates were welcomed by representatives of city and state, and much was done outside the regular program for the pleasure and comfort of the guests of the Convention. On the roof of the theatre where the Convention was held were electric lights that formed letters several feet in height, W. C. T. U., furnished by the electric light company of the city.

The Convention was one of such large proportions and great importance as to call together a small army of reporters from both daily and religious papers all over the eastern part of the United States.

The sessions were held in Jefferson Opera House, a theatre capable of seating sixteen hundred, but which during this Convention was often made to hold four thousand people. Every foot of sitting and standing room was occupied by temperance workers and their friends. The auditorium was beautifully decorated with festoons of evergreens and the national flag, while state and foreign flags were effectively used in many parts of the building. The pine branch as indicative of Maine was effectively used to decorate the badges of the delegates, the cover of the program, and in other ways.

The delegates were seated by states, but instead of the state flags that were formerly used to indicate position, a small iron marker on a slender iron rod was used, which was just as effective, and did not obstruct sight or hearing as the flags had done.

The whole day previous to the formal opening of the Convention was filled with preparatory sessions, when committees in various lines of work had met to consult together how they could best advance the work

intrusted to them. White Ribboners had been arriving for several days, so that these preliminary meetings were well attended. Delegates were present from United States and Canada, including representatives from South Africa, Syria, Japan, and other foreign countries. On Sunday many of the pulpits of Portland and vicinity were filled by delegates to the Convention.

When Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, herself a Portland woman, called the first session of the Convention to order, there were twenty-five hundred people in the audience. Forty-five states and territories were there represented by delegates or state officers, Louisiana being the only state not so represented. Mrs. Stevens' address, as well as many of the other speakers', is well worth reading in full, but we have space here for only a partial survey of them.

MRS. STEVENS' ADDRESS.

The increase in membership of the W. C. T. U. for the last year has been most encouraging. Virginia and Wisconsin have doubled their membership; other states show large gains; the total gain has amounted to thousands, and the work is everywhere receiving greater recognition. The Union has been instrumental in bringing about an amendment to the Army Bill (following the anti-canteen bill) whereby \$500,000 have been appropriated to provide comfortable rest and reading rooms for soldiers and to give them improved rations.

The abolishing of the canteen is considered a success not only in the doing away with the canteen, but also in calling attention to the temperance cause. As a result of this public agitation, many railroads and large corporations have been aroused and are requiring total abstinence in their employees.

There are in the United States nine national soldiers' homes and thirty state homes. For each soldier in a state home the government appropriates \$100 annually, the state paying all other expenses and assuming full control of the home. Seventeen thousand men are cared for in the state homes, and more than twice that number in the national homes. A beer hall exists in all but one of these national homes, that at Marion, Ind., and in some of the state homes, though there are several where no beer has ever been furnished.

An effort has been made to abolish the selling of liquor at the immigrant stations, and now at Ellis Island, N. Y., for the first time, milk, tea and coffee can be obtained where formerly those coming to our shores for the first time could get only beer.

That part of the message of President Roosevelt was commended that recommended the prohibition of liquor to Indian tribes and to natives of the Pacific Islands.

In Kansas, though the law is imperfectly enforced, state officials and influential men claim that "prohibition has been of great value to the state, raised standards of good citizenship, destroyed in a large measure the vicious treating habit, greatly reduced drinking and drunkenness, helped to lessen pauperism and saved thousands of the youth of the state from the temptations of the open saloon. What is true of Kansas is true of all prohibition states."

Encouraging reports have been received from several states telling of the growth of temperance sentiment toward prohibition.

Work of temperance women in Texas has added thirty entire counties and thirty-four precincts to temperance territory.

In Arkansas, last year, the vote stood thirty-one against license and forty-four for it. This year the vote was exactly reversed.

Much opposition was met in New York City in the attempt to close the saloons on Sunday. Officials insisted that it could not be done, but the White Ribboners replied that Roosevelt did it when he was Chief of Police, and quoted from his words to that effect, "It is better to have the saloons on Sunday regardless of the law than to have them open by consent of the law." This work resulted in closing the saloons on Sunday.

Every state in the Union has now adopted a law enforcing scientific temperance instruction in all public schools, Georgia being the last to fall into line. A regular temperance lesson in the Sabbath-schools has also been secured.

California has enacted a law requiring humane education in public schools, and Colorado has done the same. In Maine a law has been passed prohibiting the sale or possession for sale of wild birds or parts of birds, other than game birds, and the law is being enforced. For the passing of these humane laws much credit is accorded to the W. C. T. U.

From North Dakota, Oregon and Illinois comes good reports of successful work in the department of mercy.

It was recommended that the Union should be more energetic in preventing immoral exhibitions, in condemning the advertising of wines and liquors in street cars and newspapers, that they should work against the christening of ships with wine and that greater efforts should be made to place temperance books in public libraries. Favorable mention was made of the kindergarten instruction in temperance inaugurated in Kentucky, and it was also a matter for congratulation that juvenile courts of justice have been established in many of the large cities.

A most enthusiastic greeting was given Lady Henry Somerset, of London, England, world's president of the W. C. T. U., when with some of her friends and co-workers she appeared on the platform. Each delegate had been provided with a small American flag, and when Lady Henry came to the front the audience rose and gave her the Chautauqua salute with handkerchiefs and flags and all united in singing the W. C. T. U. hymn,

"All around the world
The white ribbon is twined."

Mrs. Stevens added an artistic touch to the occasion by waving both the American and English flags. The following poem was later read in honor of Lady Somerset:

Grateful welcome, broad and free,
We each one extend to thee,
Who for us hath crossed the sea,
Friend of all humanity.

Clasp we hand and heart, and pray
To be worthy of this day;
To our winds, "blow soft" we say;
To our Father, "guard her way."

THINGS IN OREGON.

The readers of the RECORDER have seen from time to time articles from the land of sunshine and flowers. In fact the praises of California have been sung so much that in this letter I shall only speak briefly of the work done. Since arriving on the field in July, up to September 30, my work has

been looking up Seventh-day Baptists in Southern California and organizing them into a working force.

October 1st found me embarked on the Santa Rosa, en route for San Francisco. The "Jolly Tar" claimed a very quiet and pleasant voyage, but, however quiet the boundless sea, the bounded region of the digestion was much disturbed, and my berth was more attractive than the beauties of Neptune. I managed, however, to do justice to dinner on the last day, and at the table met our good brother, Lincoln Burdick, a loyal Seventh-day Baptist who manages to command good wages and yet honor God's law.

In due time my feet again touched earth and the tumultuous rollings of the unseen grew more calm.

Having a few hours to wait at Oakland, I sought out our former friend, M. C. Threlkeld, and his good wife, whom so many of us knew in Alfred as Miss Anna Fryer, and spent a very pleasant evening at their home in Berkley. While here I was made glad to meet one whom many about Alfred will remember as a very studious boy, but one whom we supposed had gone west to die.

One could but thank God for the California climate as he grasped again the hand of John Ashelman and realized that he was not dead; in fact to learn of the estimation in which he is held in the society of Berkley, and his position in the State University of California. It seems that he has shown himself very much alive. These friends, although separated from Seventh-day Baptists for some time, still have an interest in our people and work, which was evinced by the reception they gave and the financial aid my subscription list shows.

I arrived in Oregon October 3, and commenced work at Talent. I was surprised to find that instead of the proverbial rain and mud, that Oregon had weather of which California might be proud. I held five services at Talent with a reasonable degree of interest; then, in company with Bro. Hurley, climbed the Cascade Mountains, passing over to Klamoth Falls, where we found Bro. K. D. Jones, former pastor of the Talent church, and his family. These friends we found loyal in heart, but badly discouraged and, as they confessed, not doing all they should. Sabbath afternoon we got a few together for Bible study and service, which proved a very helpful occasion. We trust our visit was not in vain, but resulted in a mutual strengthening of all.

To speak of the country and our mountain trip might be of interest to some. A mountain trip with team was a new experience to the writer. The scenery was grand, as we passed over mountain peaks or under the majestic pines, or looked over valleys, or wound along the course of some rushing mountain stream. Then the birds and fish no less than the mountaineers were all items of interest. It is a matter of regret that my experience does not verify all the stories of Martin's "Oregonian." When one listens to "fish stories" of fish so large and plentiful in small mountain streams that horses are frightened until fording is difficult if not dangerous, one must conclude that the California stories are not the only ones.

But all things earthly have an end, and so had our mountain trip, and while at the time

I may have derived more benefit along the lines of physical culture in walking up hill and down in order to have the company of a good horse and buggy than I did of pleasure, yet the experiences of the trip and the stories of our traveling companion, tinged with Irish wit and brogue, are pleasant memories.

Returning to Talent, we again took up the work, and at our first service came a request to preach upon the Sabbath question, which I did on Sunday night to a full house. The attention was good, and I trust good was done, but this the future must reveal.

Of other work I will write later.

J. T. DAVIS.

PORTLAND, Oregon, Nov. 2, 1902.

TRACT SOCIETY—EXECUTIVE BOARD MEETING.

The Executive Board of the American Sabbath Tract Society met in regular session in the Seventh-day Baptist church, Plainfield, N. J., on Sunday, Nov. 9, 1902, at 2.15 P. M., President J. Frank Hubbard in the chair.

Members present: J. F. Hubbard, Stephen Babcock, L. E. Livermore, A. H. Lewis, F. J. Hubbard, J. D. Spicer, C. C. Chipman, G. B. Shaw, J. M. Titsworth, Esle F. Randolph, Corliss F. Randolph, J. A. Hubbard, W. C. Hubbard, Alfred A. Titsworth, O. S. Rogers, Mrs. Stephen Babcock, Mrs. Eugenia L. Babcock, A. L. Titsworth, and Business Manager J. P. Mosher.

Visitor: Geo. L. Babcock.

Prayer was offered by Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D.

Minutes of the last meeting were read.

The Supervisory Committee reported that a statement of the aims, plans and needs of the Society, for use by the Conference Committee, had been prepared and approved by the Supervisory Committee. They also referred the following communication to the Board:

To the Supervisory Committee of the American Sabbath Tract Society:

Gentlemen:—After an unbroken term of service of more than thirty years in connection with our publishing interests, and believing that at this time my duty to myself warrants a change in my business relations, I therefore tender my resignation as Business Manager of the Publishing House, and ask that the same be accepted, and that the date of effect be January 1, 1903.

It is with feelings of sadness that I take this step, as my relations with the American Sabbath Tract Society, with the Supervisory Committee, and with the co-workers in the Publishing House have been to me years of pleasure.

The results of my labors have not in every instance been what I had hoped to make them, but the purpose always to have them the very best has ever been present with me, and I do feel a degree of satisfaction in the thought that I have tried to perform what I believed to be my duty in connection with the publishing work of the denomination during the more than thirty years.

I desire to thank the Supervisory Committee, and through them the Board, for the unnumbered advantages that have come to me during our relations, and also for their kindly criticisms and help.

The publishing interests of our denomination will always be very dear to my heart, and I want to assure the Board of my every effort, to the full limit of my ability, to support them in a work to which I know they are giving their best efforts and unlimited attention.

Praying that God's blessing may rest lovingly upon the work and the workers, I have the honor to subscribe myself

Fraternally yours,

J. P. MOSHER, *Manager.*

PLAINFIELD, N. J., November 8, 1902.

After an earnest consideration of the paper presented by Mr. Mosher, in which he and many members of the Board took part, with

reluctance, and from a sense of duty to him, it was voted to accept his resignation and to include in that action a full recognition of the long and valuable service he has rendered to the denomination, the Tract Society and those who have had its publishing interests in charge. We desire to record our appreciation of the loyalty and ability which have characterized that service, and to bear testimony to the pleasant and profitable relations which have always existed between him and the Board, and the editorial rooms of the Publishing House. While yielding to his conviction that duty compels him to make his resignation imperative, our best wishes will follow him, and we hope that good fortune will enable us to secure a successor whose services for the denomination will compensate in some degree for the loss which his going will insure. To these good wishes we add the hope that his future success may be proportionate to the excellent service he has rendered to our interests for so many years.

Voted that the matter of securing a successor to Mr. Mosher be referred to the Supervisory Committee.

The Committee on Distribution of Literature presented the following, which was adopted: "We recommend that the list of valuable books suitable for a minister's library recently completed be published in pamphlet form after its publication in the RECORDER, by an edition of 500 copies at an expense not to exceed \$50.00.

The Treasurer reported that he found conditions as stated in relation to drains in front of our property in Dunellen, and had arranged with the owners of adjoining property and the Borough Council to have the trouble remedied at an expense to the Society not exceeding \$15.00.

Correspondence was received from A. P. Ashurst concerning interests in Dry Pond, Ga., and referred to the Advisory Committee with power. His report for the last month noted the distribution of 24,500 pages.

Correspondence from J. T. Davis reported on his work for the last quarter.

Correspondence from Secretary O. U. Whitford stated that the Missionary Board at their last meeting voted to unite with the Woman's Board and this Board in the employment of Mrs. M. G. Townsend.

Correspondence from Mrs. Townsend noted her plans for beginning the work about the first of November.

The Business Manager reported that he had prepared and sent out a circular letter to pastors and RECORDER agents with a view to enlarging the subscription list to the SABBATH RECORDER.

Minutes read and approved.

Board adjourned.

ARTHUR L. TITSWORTH, *Rec. Sec.*

TRACT SOCIETY—TREASURER'S REPORT.

Receipts for October, 1902.

Mrs. Eliza E. Stillman, Webster, Mass.	\$ 5 00
Maria C. Stillman, Providence, R. I., 1st Payment on Life Membership	15 00
A. H. Lewis, Plainfield	10 00
Hattie Washburn, Earlville, N. Y.	50
W. D. Ficknor, Blanchardville, Wis.	50
Mrs. Sue Saunders, Los Angeles, Cal.	2 00
"New Brunswick, N. J."	10 00
Churches	
Adams Centre	20 00
Second Brookfield	10 00
North Loup	5 45
Pawcatuck	30 28
Gentry	10 00
Welton	5 00
Chicago	6 50
Plainfield	23 34
New York	19 32
Friendship	13 00
Boulder	3 30
Fouke	10 00

Farina Sabbath School	\$ 10 06
Collection, South-Western Association	13 00
Total	\$222 25
INCOME.	
Plainfield Gas and Electric Light Co., Interest	\$ 5 70
Seventh-day Baptist Memorial Fund:	
Tract Society Fund	11 54
D. C. Burdick	85 26
G. H. Babcock	\$129 20
" " " " " "	\$895 30—
Publishing House Receipts	114 24
" " " " " "	148 04—
Loan	500 00
Total	\$2,111 53
Total Outstanding Indebtedness	\$1,500
E. & O. E.	

F. J. HUBBARD, *Treasurer.*
PLAINFIELD, N. J., Nov. 1, 1902.

PROF. HILPRECHT'S LECTURES.

What is the importance of the work which supplies us with the facts, instead of critical theories, concerning the days of Daniel, of Abraham, of Nimrod? It is very near to the heart of the Christian public, and increasingly so as its results become apparent and a knowledge of it is increased.

The reception of Prof. Herman V. Hilprecht, at his lecture in Philadelphia, October 8, the first since his return to America this fall, was so cordial, and the numbers assembled were so large, that on October 15 his second lecture was given in the large church near the University, our own Dr. Wayland Hoyt's Epiphany. The place was crowded, and many stood. The attendance must have been over a thousand. Friends and supporters of the archaeological expedition were there to hear what had been accomplished. Philadelphia society and the ministry of all denominations were well represented. The committee has spent on this work \$110,000, and Prof. Hilprecht says it will take the best part of a century to exhaust the treasures of the one locality chosen by the University of Pennsylvania. Here is a work better worth memorial gifts than stained-glass windows.

The fourth expedition to Nuffar, or Nippur, the Calneh of Genesis 10: 10, one of the four cities of Nimrod, now has its treasures housed in the University museum's new building. There are cuneiform tablets of all descriptions, vases, statuettes, bowls, coffins, door-sockets, bracelets and various other objects. Prof. Hilprecht says that now the collection of this museum is of equal importance for the student of Biblical archaeology with the collections of the Louvre, the British Museum and the Imperial Ottoman Museum in Constantinople.

The official report of the expedition of 1898-1900 will not be out until about the last week in November, and this expedition will not be discussed in these lectures until the fifth and sixth lectures.

But fascinating glimpses are given in the chronological discussion of the work at Nippur of final results. Tablets unearthed twelve years ago have been read and compared with bits of history discovered later.

As the earlier work has been known to the public for some time, I will summarize only a few of the points mentioned of special interest to Bible students.

First, the River Chebar is the canal whose dry course is now called the Shatt-en-Nil. It must have been of the width "of the Scuykill at the Chestnut Street bridge," and fifteen or eighteen feet deep. The fields all about the city of Nippur, through which the Chebar's course extends, yield evidences of the presence of the captive Israelites.

The very absurd bowls, written in Hebrew, with charms against the household demons, whose portrait is also scratched on—looking

like a bad schoolboy's blackboard drawing of the teacher—belong to the period of the apocryphal books. They bear witness, the professor says, to the effect of Babylonian religion on the minds of the Jews.

In six weeks after work was opened on "Tablet Hill," at Nippur, 2,500 cuneiform inscriptions had been unearthed, the greater part belonging to the period 700-400 B. C. They reveal the daily life of the people, how they conducted their trade, stock-raising, irrigation, weddings, etc. They also reveal the completeness of their legal institutions and supply some historical facts of the time of Nabopolassar, which were unknown before.

Tablets of an older period carry the dates back to 2,000, 2,700, 3,000, 4,000 B. C. "Ur-go, King of Ur," restored the temple of Baal long before Abraham. Amraphel, who carried away Lot, has left his portrait for us, and a schoolboy of 4,000 B. C. had to write exercises about the tithes of the goddess.

Work on the temple hill was slow at first, as the rubbish from a Parthian fortress of 250 B. C. was seventeen feet deep over an area of from two to four acres.

The professor thinks they have now proved that the stage-tower or ziggenat construction dates back to the Sumerian peoples, before the Babylonian era.

The earliest fragment he showed was a vase which indicated a high degree of skill and civilization at the earliest period revived. The land of Babylonia, the plains to the south of Bagdad, between the two rivers, he declares, is a witness to ancient civilization and modern degeneration.

"Let anyone who has lost his faith in the Bible go to Babylon, where he will surely recover it in the desert solitudes."

Prof. Hilprecht has returned with his early judgments abundantly approved by his latest findings. "Tablet Hill" is the temple library, and rich are the spoils already. A noble degree of victory crowns his life work, but he returns, under the shadow of the loss of "the great and noble woman, my scientific collaborator, who has just fallen at my side after this struggle of fifteen years."—The Watchman.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Sad irons—handcuffs.
Uneasy lies the head that has no coal.
Velvet paws conceal sharp claws.
Waterspouts—temperance speeches.
Extreme measure—from head to foot.
An exciting subject—anthracite.
Bedridden—got the nightmare.
Cold storage—the ice-house.
Dark subject—the negro.
Everlasting—the shoemaker.
Fools do not always wear cap and bells.
Every man has his limit and some men have two or three.

A husband in hand is worth two that are beyond control.

One trouble about obstacles is that they are always in the way.

Some men are born with black eyes and some acquire them.

The wise weather prophet lays up an explanation for a rainy day.

Some women show their age and some cover it with a coat of paint.

Love may be blind, but it never fails to hear papa's footstep on the stair.

Young People's Work.

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

The Young Men's Baraca Bible Class.

Some of the happiest experiences of your editor's life have come to him in the past few weeks in connection with the Baraca class. It was organized only four weeks ago, with twenty-eight present when the committee was appointed to prepare a place of organization. The class has grown steadily since, till last Sabbath there were sixty present. It meets in the Young Men's Reading Room at the regular Sabbath-school hour and is a part of the Sabbath-school. The class has its own officers, committees, pin, written constitution and literature. The young men are working with great zeal, and the hour spent together is a delight. Last Sabbath Bro. D. H. Davis was present and expressed himself enthusiastically over what he witnessed. The class took up a collection of \$5.19 for the China work, and voted to give one-tenth of subsequent collections to the education of Chinese young men. It was also voted to make Bro. Davis an honorary member and to present him with the Baraca pin.

Hurrah for North Loup!

Our Western Nebraskans are so far removed from sister societies that they miss much of the denominational fellowship which others enjoy; but they are certainly holding the banner high. With their Junior Society taking the prize at the State Convention and one of their staunch young Seventh-day Baptists State Field Secretary and Editor of the Nebraska Endeavor News, we are justified in using the caption above. We give below Brother Rood's letter; but we wish to repeat here in italics his closing sentence:

"The writer has never yet attended a convention but that he has had an opportunity to express our position on the Sabbath question, and is known as a Seventh-day Baptist."

Letter From W. G. Rood.

OUR Endeavor Societies are alive, even if their distance from the center of our denominational interests seems so great as to make it almost impossible to partake of its life.

The Senior Society was organized in June of '86, since which time it has maintained its organization, and has endeavored to do something for Christ and the church. Sometimes we have been on the mountain tops, again in the slough of despond; but at all times God has seen fit to watch over and lead us and help us in selecting our own leaders. Just now our President is Dr. W. J. Hemphill, who, by his enthusiasm, has aroused an increased interest in the Society, and who is doing much to lead us to see the need of taking more interest in our business meetings, and to fully realize that business methods should be used in our Society's work; and that he is succeeding we well know.

But of our Juniors, what shall we say? We can say this much, however; at our recent State Christian Endeavor Convention, held Oct. 24-26, our Juniors captured the state banner for doing the best all-around Junior work and for sending in the best reports. For some time our Junior Society has been recognized as being one of the best in the state, but this is the first time we have competed for a prize. It was a proud moment for us when

our delegate, Orsen Davis, stepped forward and received the state banner from the hands of our State Superintendent, while the convention cheered more enthusiastically than at any other time.

At our Junior meeting Sabbath-day, Oct. 18, as shown by the Secretary's report, there were eighty Juniors present and seven teachers. But my! when I get to writing about our Juniors I don't know when to stop.

Our Society is recognized in our district and State Christian Endeavor organizations. The writer is serving his third term as President of our District Union, which is known as the "Heart of Nebraska," as it is composed of thirteen counties in the center of the state. At the State Convention the writer was also elected State Field Secretary, and by virtue of this office becomes editor of the Nebraska Endeavor News, our state paper, and agent for all Endeavor supplies. The writer has never yet attended a convention but that he has had opportunity to explain our position on the Sabbath question, and is known as a Seventh-day Baptist.

NORTH LOUP, Neb.

THE DEPUTY SHERIFF'S SERMON.

It was on a Sunday morning in 1886, in the thick of the anti-Chinese riots at Seattle, Washington. A Methodist preacher and his congregation had gathered for divine worship. The service had begun, when a messenger entered the church, walked up to the pulpit, and delivered a document to the preacher. A proclamation from the Governor of the territory called upon all good citizens to unite in maintaining order and in putting down the riots then breaking out. Every congregation in Seattle was receiving the same message.

The pastor read the proclamation aloud, and looked down upon the upturned faces. "My friends," said he, "you have heard the Governor's call. I will now dismiss the congregation. I am going down town to be sworn in as a Deputy Sheriff." And not until the following Wednesday night, when troops came to the rescue, did the Methodist Deputy Sheriff take his clothes off, or eat or sleep except as he could snatch a moment here and there.

The preacher had openly stood for the defense of the treaty rights of the Chinese who were legally on our shores. So he was a marked man. The mob surrounded his house to take him out and hang him. But he was not in his house; he was on duty down town with other defenders of the Commonwealth. Nothing daunted, the rioters boasted that he would be assassinated, that he would "never preach again."

The Deputy Sheriff went armed while on duty during the week. But the next Sunday morning found the preacher ready for divine service. He laid aside his revolver and took his Bible. Outside his church he found members of his congregation patrolling with Winchester rifles on their shoulders. Others inside had rifles under their pews. As the man of God looked out over his people that Sunday morning, he was morally certain that he was the only man in that building unarmed—with earthly weapon. He gave out his text from John 14: 27: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you." And he preached on the surety of spiritual peace to

God's children in the midst of earthly turmoil, if they would but have it so.

This was a characteristic incident in the life of Louis Albert Banks, D. D., who writes an article, "How to Illustrate the Lesson," every week for the Sunday School Times. Oppression of the helpless he cannot tolerate. Whether offering his life for despised foreigners in the Far West, or going down into the disease-stricken slums of Boston to study and disclose and mitigate the horrors of sweat-shop labor, this heroic championing of the weak has always characterized, and more than once, threatened, his life.

GENERAL LEE'S SOCKS.

The discipline of General Lee's socks was an "institution" peculiar to our hospital. Mrs. Lee, it is well known, spent most of her time in making gloves and socks for the soldiers. And she gave me, at one time, several pairs of General Lee's old socks, so darned that we saw they had been well worn by our hero. We kept these socks to apply to the feet of those laggard "old soldiers" who were suspected of preferring the "luxury" of hospital life to the activity of the field. And such was the effect of the application of these warlike socks that even a threat of it had the result of sending a man to his regiment who had lingered months in inactivity. It came to be a standing joke in the hospital, infinitely enjoyed by the men. If a poor wretch was out of his bed over a week, he would be threatened with "General Lee's socks;" and through this means some most obstinate cases were cured. Four of the most determined rheumatic patients, who had resisted scarifying of the limbs and, what was worse, the smallest and thinnest of diets, were sent to their regiments and did good service afterward. With these men the socks had to be left on several hours, amid shouts of laughter from the "assistants;" showing that though men may withstand pain and starvation they succumb directly to ridicule.—The Atlantic.

STEPS IN CRIME.

A young man had a good position in a large shoe factory, and was trusted by his employers with the charge of the shipping department. He had a lovely wife and four little children. One part of his duty was the delivery of the cuttings to the man who bought them. This man proved to be a thief and a tempter. He first gave the young man a drink of intoxicating liquor, and when his brain was muddled with drink, he suggested to the shipper that he should look another way while a few loads of cutting were put on the car, and he would make it worth his while.

This did not seem a great sin to the drink-dazed young man. He would not be stealing himself. So he busied himself another way while the buyer was stealing several loads of cuttings, and received several dollars from the tempter. The next time the dealer stole more cuttings and gave more drink. He then suggested that the young man should leave some whole leather with the cuttings, and gave more liquor. It was done. And so the downward steps in crime went on until the crime was discovered and the young man and the tempter both arrested and put in prison.

In crime it is the first step that counts. It is the first step that changes the honest man to the criminal. It is the first drink which leads to drunkenness.

Children's Page.

WHAT THE NUTS SAID.

Said the Shagbark to the Chestnut:
 "Is it time to leave the burr?"
 "I don't know," replied the Chestnut;
 "There is Hazelnut—ask her.
 I don't dare to pop my nose out
 Till Jack Frost unlocks the door;
 Besides I'm in no hurry
 To increase the squirrel's store.

"A telegram from Peanut says
 That she is on her way;
 And the Pecan-nuts are ripening
 In Texas, so they say."
 Just here the little Beechnut,
 In his quaint three-cornered hat,
 Remark'd in tiny, piping voice:
 "I'm glad to hear of that.

"For then my charming cousin,
 So very much like me,
 Miss Chinquapin, will come with them,
 And happy I shall be."
 The Butternut spoke up and said:
 "'Twill not be long before
 I'll have to move my quarters
 To the farmer's garret-floor."

WHY FELIX NEVER CAUGHT A MOUSE.

FLORENCE BEACH.

Felix yawned openly; he didn't even remember to put his paw in front of his mouth. Lucy often told him it was bad manners not to do so; at least, so her mamma told her when she forgot to put her hand before her mouth.

Oh, dear! it was a very long column of spelling. She was sure she would never learn it. How tired she felt! The cat yawned again. It made her feel quite sleepy. Felix was beginning to doze. Well, she must go on with the spelling. Just one more word—m-o-u-s-e, m-o-u-s-e.

Felix opened his eyes quickly. Why, she remembered that Nurse said Felix was a very bad cat because he wouldn't catch mice. Nurse said he was a "coward."

"Felix," she said, "I wish you would tell me something. Why don't you catch mice!"

Felix drew himself up and looked at Lucy. He appeared quite sad.

"It is a very unhappy story," he said, at last; "and a long story. Shall I tell it to you?"

"Oh, do!" said Lucy, eagerly. "I should love to hear all about it."

"I was born for company, not solitude," said Felix. "When I was a kitten I used to be very lonely and unhappy. I was always shut up in the kitchen at night while my mother went out to supper parties. I was an only kitten, you know. You should always pity an only kitten. At first I used to cry and cry, but no one took any notice of me, until one night I heard a little tapping on my basket. I lifted up my head and there, peeping over the basket, was a sweet little mouse, with soft, brown eyes and a kind expression. She looked so sorry for me that I knew she had heard me crying and had come to comfort me.

"'Would you like a bit of cheese?' she said.

"I said no, I didn't care much for cheese, but if she would stay and keep me company for a little while I should be so glad. So she came into my basket, and said she would stay with me for an hour or so, as Mother Mouse had gone to market to get food for the family.

"I soon grew very fond of her, and I know she was fond of me. She used to come regularly every night, and many evenings we spent together.

"One day my mother said to me, 'Felix,

you are now growing up and will soon be a cat. It is time you went to school."

"Oh!" interrupted Lucy, "I didn't know cats went to school. After all, it's no better to be a cat than a little girl. Did you like going to school?"

"I hated it," said Felix, "but I had to go."
 "So do I," said Lucy, dolefully.

"The school was a high-class one. Only the sons of well-to-do cats could afford to go to it. Besides the ordinary subjects we were taught singing, and how to walk along a narrow walk gracefully, and how to carry our-tails with the fashionable flourish.

"But one of the first things I was taught, and Madame said it was the most important, was how to catch mice. I was horrified! Catch mice! Never! I asked Madame why I should be expected to kill mice. What had they done, poor things? Madame was very angry, and said I was too young to understand such things—I must do as I was told. Then Master Punch, who lived next door and went to the same school, laughed at me and said I was afraid of mice. Afraid of mice, indeed, when I spent all my evenings with one!"

"Well, I think you are very brave," said Lucy; "because Nurse always screams and jumps on a chair when she sees one!"

Felix took no notice of the interruption.

"One night I talked over the matter with the mouse. She grew very serious, and cried a little. She said her mother was a widow—her father had been killed that way when he was trying to find some food for the children.

"I promised her faithfully that I would never catch a mouse, never, never!"

"Ah!" Felix sighed deeply and looked very miserable. "One night, just as I was getting in the basket and looking forward to a chat with my dear mouse, my mother came and caught hold of me by the back of my neck and carried me off into the cellar. I wondered what was going to happen. Presently she put me down and said, 'Felix, it is time you came out. You are now grown up. I am going to take you to your first mice hunt.'

"'Oh, mother!' I said, 'I can't, I can't.'

"My mother looked at me in surprise.

"'What do you mean?' she said. 'Of course, you are nervous, I see. But I will show you how to do it.'

"So my mother started hunting round. I was so frightened. I knew it was no good making any objection, but how could I tell my dear little mouse that I had helped to kill one of her relations? She would never speak to me again. What should I do?"

"All at once I heard a crash. My mother had knocked down a piece of wood. Then I heard a rush and a terrified squeak. A voice I thought I recognized said 'Let me go, let me go!' I rushed to help the poor mouse, but before I could get there it was quite dead. My mother threw the dead mouse at my feet and said, 'There, Felix, you saw how I did it. Now you will be able to do it yourself. I have always been complimented on my skill in catching mice.'

"But I did not heed her. I was bending over the poor mouse. I turned the face toward me.

"It was my little playfellow — my dear mouse — killed by my mother. I called to her, but she couldn't hear me. It was dreadful. I have never got over it."

"Oh, poor Felix!" said Lucy. "I am so sorry—and the poor little mouse, too. So that's why you always look so sad."

"But promise me," said Felix, "that you will never tell my story to anyone. I couldn't bear it."

Now, when Nurse says to her that Felix is a coward, Lucy is very often tempted to tell her the story, but she remembers her promise, and just kisses Felix to show her sympathy.—Little Folks.

MISS SUSAN'S BURGLAR.

(Our Thanksgiving Story.)

"Yes, that's what the talk is," old Mrs. Jenks went on with the elation that a new piece of gossip always brought her, "I dunno what'll become o' them children. Jim was allays so lacking, an' now it'll be wurse'n ever."

Her listener drew the shawl more tightly over her head; in the November twilight her face took on a certain rigidity of aspect.

"People pays for their foolishness in this world, Mrs. Jenks. I see you got the shades up at yer best room. 'Spectin' Henry and his wife for Thanksgiving?"

"Well, yes, Pa some thought the boy'd come home. Thank the Lord, we've got enough an' no morgidge. Come in, Susan, don't stan' out ther'n the cold. My it's gettin' awful cold, ain't it?"

"I mus' go on home. I jest run over a minnit to see what you wuz goin' to do to-morrow. I like to see other folks enjoy themselves if I do hev to eat my dinner alone. 'Tis gettin' awful cold, we'll hev a rippin' frost to-night."

The hand that held the shawl together was already blue, and she gave its occupation to the other one, while she slipped the cold fingers underneath the heavy wool folds that covered her. The old lady at the door closed it almost shut that the draught might not penetrate the warm kitchen, and politely waited for her guest to say farewell, though she did inwardly wish Susan Whitehouse would not insist upon doing most of her visitin' on the steps in cold weather.

"Well, good by, Mis' Jenks," said the caller, at length. "I 'spose you'll be to meetin' to-morrow?"

"I 'spose so. It does seem kind uv outlandish for you t' eat your Thanksgivin' all alone, Susan, and they say you got a big turkey."

"I might better be alone than as some," retorted Susan somewhat aspersely. "An' I wuz allays fond uv turkey. Good by, lemme know when Henry comes."

As she hurried down the road to her own house, which stood with no buildings between it and its neighbor, the Jenks', the late afternoon sun smote the west windows in pleasant farewell. Susan had been born and bred in the house, and her father and mother had died there, every association of her life centered about some portion of it, and it was always with a sensation of thankfulness and of gratitude to the dead parents that she entered its threshold, after a brief absence around the neighborhood.

For the Whitehouse homestead had been at once the talk, the envy and the pride of Centerport. It was not enough that Emanuel Whitehouse had always kept it clear and free from encumbrance in the most troublous times, but it was always in first-class repair, clean and glittering in its yearly dress of

white paint with green trimmings. It was not enough for Elizabeth Whitehouse, widow, to have added the commodious red barn, with its fanciful modern mechanisms, and to have kept up garden and orchard after most approved methods, so that returns were always more than any one else's, but it remained for Susan Whitehouse, sole heir and legatee, to branch out into unwonted extravagances, spring bed and hair mattress, new parlor carpet and plush suit, new kitchen range and ornamental wood stove, to say nothing of at least two best dresses and a city bonnet.

People shook their heads at first, but the old lawyer whose counsel Emanuel had always sought, looked wise and said Emanuel, in spite of his up-to-date methods, had been rather "near," and he guessed the money would hold out for Miss Susan.

So from criticism, the little village passed on to the next step, acceptance and tacit approval, till the admonition, "Don't take me for Susan Whitehouse!" grew to be a check for all prospective spendthrifts.

Susan went in at the kitchen door, hung her wool shawl upon its accustomed hook, pulled up a curtain to let in the last rays of the afternoon light and opened the oven door, whence a most savory smell arose, with which the fabled odors of the spice islands compared feebly.

A black cat, sleek and fat, jumped from the cushioned rocking-chair with the slow movements that age gives to man and all animals, and with tail erect, rubbed vigorously against Susan as she turned one chicken pie around and, rising with another, deposited it upon the buttery shelf.

Near by, a huge turkey lay ready trussed for the morrow's sacrifice. Pies of pumpkin, thick and golden, jostled pies of mince, succulent, crisp and sugar-covered, and alternated with small fancy pies of apples, plums and dried cherries. Jars of preserves and jelly and pears with honey, had been brought up from the cellar to be in readiness, and a great pitcher of fresh cider, made from yellow spice apples, stood in one corner in solitary glory.

Susan opened the pantry window a bit, for the kitchen fire was hot, and contemplated the good things before her contentedly. To her they marked the day and she had all her life been accustomed to their abundance at this season. She knew she should take as much comfort in meeting to-morrow in the thought of her goodly store of provisions for the day, as in the satisfaction that her new black dress, soft and fine and becomingly made, would give her.

Closing the pantry door she returned to the warm kitchen with a yellow bowl of butter-nuts and kickory nuts which she began to crack for the Thanksgiving pudding, till the cat's persistent mewing reminded her that she had forgotten its supper, and she poured out a saucer full of cream and set it upon the floor near the stove.

Somehow, the attitude of Lord-I-thank-thee-that-I-am-not-as-other-men was particularly accented to-night by the memory of the Jim Hutton of years and years ago, when she was a girl at the Academy and he had several times accompanied her home and dallied with her books at the gate.

Poor Jim! Poorer than the proverbial church mouse, also, said the good village councillors rather addicted to some wild ways.

All of which, in connection with his very black eyes, made him an interesting character to Miss Susan Whitehouse, over whose delicately cut features lay the glamour and glow of youth. Papa Emanuel did not approve. A ne'er-do-well should never squander his substance in riotous living, and so before it fairly began the affair was ended. The next thing that happened was Jim's sudden marriage with Letty Bridgeman. People said they didn't know as they could blame him, he might as well take care of his own children as to have taken care of so many brothers and sisters, and one day Susan, looking down the road from the garden gate where she and Jim had often lingered, saw that the young couple had taken a tiny cottage a piece further on and there begun their nesting.

Years passed. One after another five little Huttons tumbled in and out of the cottage, and no other lover came to Susan. Pique glided into indifference and indifference into apathy, as she grew used to seeing Jim and his family. One day she looked in the glass, startled to find that she was 46, and that Jim Hutton had been a widower for half a dozen years.

The cold became more intense with the oncoming darkness. Susan finished the nuts, put the cat in the shed for the night, cut a piece of pie and buttered two biscuits for her supper, and put the tea kettle on to boil.

By this time the second chicken pie was baked, and she placed it by its fellow and, returning to the kitchen, ate her meal and washed up the dishes.

"I guess he'd bin better off," she reflected, as she rocked peacefully before the stove, and the thought of the half-ragged, ever-hungry little Huttons obtruded upon her reflections. "I reckon there'd bin plenty t' go round, ennyway, but Lord! I guess I'm jest as well 'ithout 'em!"

Then she inspected her doors and windows, fixed the fire and went to bed; there was no envy of living or dead in her heart, her state of life supplied all of her simple needs, and she would not have exchanged her position for that of any multi-millionaire.

It was about 3 o'clock when she awakened suddenly, conscious of a sound that did not belong to her household. She listened and then sat up in bed. There it was, again and again, somebody was moving stealthily about the kitchen and the pantry just beyond.

A chill not begotten of the frost-laden night rambled up and down Susan's spine.

"And I, a lone woman!" she murmured, "well, ennyhow, there's no money here and my will's made. It must have been that I forgot the buttry winder."

Just then a sneeze, sudden, vigorous, youthful, followed by crash of crockery, broke in on the darkness; filled with indignation Susan thrust her feet into her felt bed slippers, threw on a double-gown, lit her candle and calling out: "What d'ye want in this house?" appeared upon the scene before the strange personage could make an exit.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Miss Whitehouse, contemptuously. "Nice thing fer you, Jim Hutton, an' yer father a church-member. Don't ye know yer a thief?"

The lad squared his shoulders defiantly, though there was shame in the great black

eyes, so like another Jim's at his age. In spite of her anger, Susan remembered that.

"Don't ye know yer a thief?" she repeated searchingly, "don't ye know I kin hev ye arrested?"

"I s'pose you can," the culprit answered sullenly. "You better hurry up and do it before morning."

"What'd ye break in there?"

"A dish, I afraid."

"Yer afraid? What a pretty idea I call this! What d'ye s'pose yer father'll say? He's a church-member?"

"Father'll whale me," said the lad coolly, but a moment later he cried:

"It's isn't father, Miss Whitehouse, that I care for, it's Mary, and she cried herself sick last night because we couldn't hev no Thanksgiving! We ain't got no call to hev Thanksgiving this year, with father's loosing the only thing we ever did hev, on a morgidge."

The lady of the house turned away from him quickly and walked into the pantry where the strong smell of cider informed her that the pitcher had been broken, by some unfamiliar touch in the darkness. Sure enough, there was the window open. After all it was her own fault that she had had a burglar.

"Unhandy, like all men folks," she commented as she dried the floor and closed the window, but all the while some instinct was urging her to pardon.

No call to have thanksgiving, yet she so near by, had never had more occasion to be thankful for her continued prosperity.

"What made you come here?" she asked suddenly.

"I didn't mean to. I thought I would take though from somebody thet had plenty, and as I went down the road I saw that there pie in the window and the window was a little bit open."

"And, ye didn't think it was wrong to steal, I s'pose?"

"I didn't think much about it. I only thought of how badly Mary felt, and that she'd feel a heap worse when father told her uv th' morgidge."

"How old's yer sister?"

"Fourteen last month; we're twins."

"An' how many more uv ye?"

"Two boys an' a girl."

Miss Whitehouse began to pack a basket of eatables.

"Yer a bad boy t' steal," she said, "an' I surmise ye'll come to a bad end, but I'm not goin' t' harm ye this time. I'm goin' t' send ye home with enough t' eat and not say ennything about it t' yer father er ennybody else. After all, I shouldn't hev left th' winder open."

To her intense surprise a pair of muscular young arms went around her neck, squeezing her breath out and disarranging the tight thin knob of hair under her nightcap.

"Well, I never!" she began, "ye've no more manners than a bad bred pup!"

"Yer so good!" said a boy's voice huskily, "but I shan't touch your things, Miss Whitehouse. I ain't a beggar if I am a thief, an' father wouldn't eat a dinner o' charity."

"Ye ain't very hungry then."

"I'm hungry enough. We hed some Indian meal mush fer all day yesterday an' day before."

"I never heard o' such work," protested Susan, vehemently, to hide her feeling.

"Here, if yer so proud ye wunt eat good

vittles, ye can do a little wurk an' earn yer brekfus. Take this 'ere pitcher, th' mate t' the one ye broke, go down sullar an' draw it full, from the bar'l on yer left. Then ye kin fill up my spare wood-box in the shed. I like t' hev plenty handy, an' when yer through ye shall hev a good brekfus."

His quickness surprised her. "I might adopt him. After all, it might seem good t' hev a man around," she reflected, watching him drink his coffee in great gulps and munch away at a plate of doughnuts, the like of which his soul knew not before, while she interspersed his home confidences with frequent iterations of her pet exclamation:

"I never heard o' such work!"

"Don't ye never steal ag'in, Jim," she admonished; "it's awful wicked, an' there'll be some better times coming fer ye. Ye mark my words."

And as he tramped up the road with a full stomach, force of habit impelled her to call after him:

"Shet the gate tight. I don't want no dogs in here."

Susan continued to look in the direction of his retreating figure, until the youthful burglar passed out of sight behind a clump of trees that separated the Hutton house from the highway. The thought that it was only an accident of fate that prevented her from having been Jim Hutton's wife seemed to bring the lad and his misdemeanor nearer to her.

"He'd a bin diffrent brought up, though, ef he wuz mine," she said half aloud, as she began the day's work, and let the cat in for its breakfast of cream. Somehow the festival plenty suffocated the woman—the thought of that abundant dinner enjoyed in solitary grandeur appalled her for the first time.

Over the sitting-room door hung a motto, worked by Susan in her Academy days. Its cheerful counsel, "Do as you would be done by," appealed to her with a new sense this morning.

"I b'lieve I jest will," she declared mentally.

It is not recorded that Saint Anthony was ever tempted by appetizing odors, but not even this paragon of fortitude could have withstood the smells of Miss Whitehouse's kitchen that Thanksgiving morning. The turkey, whose size had aroused Mrs. Jenks's criticism, proved to be a king of good fellows, and as he slid, a tight fit into the oven which would complete his martyrdom, Susan put her shawl over her head and exclaimed:

"I'm goin' t' do it ennyway. Everybody has got somebody an' I h'aint. I never heard o' such work."

Then she too hurried down the road and vanished behind the trees.

Meeting was out, and Mrs. Jenks stood before the sitting-room looking-glass, taking off her best bonnet, and wondering if she had not better run over to find out the reason for her neighbor's absence from church, when she spied a file of persons stopping at Susan Whitehouse's gate.

"Mary, come here quick!" she called to her daughter. "Ain't those the Huttons goin' into Susan's? What in the world! Those ain't the Huttons, are they, all of 'em?"

"Yes, they are, ma," replied her daughter. "There's Mr. Hutton an' Mary, an' Jim an' Letty an' the two boys."

"What in the world!" repeated Mrs. Jenks,

with lively interest, sitting down in the rocking chair and peering, while Mary hung over the arm. "Of all human beings, Susan Whitehouse is th' queerest!"

But neither she nor Mary could hear Jim Hutton's admonition to his son as they entered the gate he remembered so well:

"See thet ye don't go t' misbehavin' here an' worryin' her. Ye've got the making of a man before ye, an' she's a good woman."

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.

ALFRED.—Brother D. H. Davis expected to spend Sabbath-day, Nov. 1, in Chicago, but was detained here, providentially, as we believe. The farewell message which he gave us was, in a sense, a denominational one, inasmuch as representatives were present from all over the denomination. It deeply touched and impressed all hearts. Brother Davis was himself much affected, and the audience was melted to tears, as he spoke of the consecration service in the same church twenty-three years before, when he and Mrs. Davis and Miss Fryer were set apart to the work; of the last good-by this side the river which he had just spoken to his aged mother; of his son in Alfred University; of the great and growing work in China, to which he is giving his life; of his interest in all our work as a people. Life impressions must have been made that morning.

Alfred University has been brought into unusual prominence in the public press through the event of Nov. 11, when the 'Varsity football team defeated the University of Buffalo by the score of 12 to 0. Whatever may be said against foot-ball on general principles, the game was clean and free from rowdyism, and one of the most beautiful exhibitions of athletic skill ever seen on any gridiron. Neither was the victory lacking in a moral element; for our athletes are young men of comparatively clean habits.

October 25 Pastor Randolph preached on the principles of giving, urging that our voluntary offerings under the gospel should be at least as much as was required under the old dispensation. The immediate application of the sermon was to the church debt of \$1,024.17, which it is proposed to provide for before the close of the year. When that is raised the Ladies' Aid Society are planning to undertake the erection of a new building on the vacant lot fronting the street back of the church, this building to contain prayer-meeting and Sabbath-school rooms and church parlors.

AN IMPORTANT CHARACTER.

At a little dinner the other night the statement was made that the colored race had longer memories than white folk. Mark Twain, who was present, agreed with the remark, and to prove it told the following:

"Some years ago, when South, I met an old colored man who claimed to have known George Washington. I asked him if he was in the boat when General Washington crossed the Delaware, and he instantly replied, 'Why, massa, I steered dat boat.'

"Well," said I, "do you remember when George took the hack at the cherry-tree?"

"He looked worried for a minute, and then, with a beaming smile said, 'Why, suah, massa; I dun drove dat hack mahself.'"

SERMON.

(Concluded from page 725.)

is responsible for his own lack of spirituality; and that each one is responsible to a degree for the spiritual life of the church of which he is a part. If Christ is not in us it is because we do not fully open our hearts to him. Trust and obedience are one and inseparable. When a man commits everything to the Lord Jesus Christ, he will trust him implicitly and will obey in every detail without question. Then will burst forth in all their richness the fruits of the Spirit.

"When we walk with the Lord, in the light of his word,
What a glory he sheds on our way.
While we do his good will, he abides with us still,
And with all who will trust and obey.

"Not a shadow can rise, not a cloud in the skies,
But his smile quickly drives it away.
Not a doubt nor a fear, not a sigh nor a tear
Can abide while we trust and obey.

"Not a burden we bear, not a sorrow we share,
But our toil he doth richly repay.
Not a grief nor a loss, not a frown nor a cross,
But is blessed if we trust and obey.

"But we never can prove the delights of his love
Until all on the altar we lay.
For the favor he shows, and the joy he bestows,
Are for all who will trust and obey.

"Then trust and obey, for there is no other way to be happy in Jesus than to trust and obey."

"I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." "For to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace."

ORDINATION OF E. F. LOOFBORO.

A Church Council summoned by the First Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City gathered at the home of Dr. P. J. B. Wait, 412 Ninth Avenue, New York, on the evening of Nov. 7, 1902, for the examination of Mr. E. F. Loofboro with reference to his ordination to the gospel ministry.

Stephen Babcock was chosen Moderator and Frank L. Greene, Clerk, of the Council.

Rev. L. E. Livermore, representing the Ordination Committee of the Eastern Association, was requested by the church to conduct the examination, and Rev. A. H. Lewis and Rev. Geo. B. Shaw were invited to assist.

After prayer by E. E. Whitford, and a gospel song, the candidate was requested to give a statement of his religious experience, which he did. The examination was then conducted at some length, and at its close it was unanimously voted:

Resolved, That we, as a council, are satisfied as to the preparation and fitness of Bro. Eli F. Loofboro for the gospel ministry, and that we do therefore recommend his ordination.

In accordance therewith the ordination services were held on the following day, Sabbath, Nov. 8, 1902, at the usual place of meeting, Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square, south; and the following exercises were carried out with much solemnity and impressiveness:

Music.
Invocation and Responsive Reading, Rev. Geo. B. Shaw.
Music.
Scripture Reading and Prayer, Rev. L. E. Livermore.
Notices and Collection.
Music.
Sermon, Rev. Geo. B. Shaw.
Consecration Prayer, Rev. A. H. Lewis.
Charge to the Candidate, Rev. A. H. Lewis.
Charge to the Church, Rev. L. E. Livermore.
Music.
Communion, Rev. Geo. B. Shaw assisted by Rev. Eli F. Loofboro.
Music.
Benediction, Rev. A. H. Lewis.

STEPHEN BABCOCK, Moderator.

FRANK L. GREENE, Clerk.

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.....	

GIDEON AND THE THREE HUNDRED.

For Sabbath-day, November 29, 1902.

LESSON TEXT—Judges 7: 1-8.

Golden Text—It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.—Psa. 118: 8.

INTRODUCTION.

Chapters 6-8 of the Book of Judges tell the story of Gideon, one of the great leaders who in the name of Jehovah delivered the people from their oppressors. Gideon was not at all a man of prominence, and his family was not well spoken of; but the angel of Jehovah sought him out. The Midianite conquerors of Israel had reduced the people to the direst poverty, taking away their domestic animals and coming at harvest time to reap their crops. The Israelites were so disheartened that they made no resistance, and strove only to conceal what they had. They were for the most part so supine in their adversity that they continued in the service of the false gods on account of which they had fallen under the displeasure of Jehovah. They were disposed even to resent Gideon's interference with their altar to Baal and the sacred pole or Asherah. When, however, Gideon called for the people to follow his leading against the oppressors, some joined his army and stood ready to meet the Midianites who perhaps had heard the rumor of a rebellion against their authority in the land of Israel, and had so come up to battle with a mighty host.

The story of the signs given to Gideon illustrate how God condescended to weakness of faith, and how a man of no repute with the blessing of God became the greatest in Israel.

TIME—In the age of the Judges. The precise date is uncertain.

PLACE—The two armies were probably encamped in or near the plain of Jezreel. The place of battle may have been very near that of the famous battle of Mt. Gilboa when King Saul was defeated.

PERSONS—Gideon and the thirty-two thousand of Israel; the Midianites. The home of the Midianites was in the lower part of the Sinaitic peninsula near the Gulf of Akiba. They were a nomadic race and we need not be surprised to find them far from their home land.

OUTLINE:

1. The Timid are Separated. v. 1-3.
2. The Three Hundred are Selected. v. 4-6.
3. The Promise of Jehovah. v. 7, 8.

NOTES.

1. **Jerubbaal.** The name given to Gideon in connection with his destruction of the altar of Baal at Ophrah. Compare ch. 6: 32. **And encamped beside the spring of Harod.** Gideon was evidently taking favorable ground to be ready for the invasion of the Midianites. The word "Harod" means trembling. The place was evidently named from what occurred there at this time. See v. 3. **And the camp of Midian was on the north side of them,** etc. The location

is not quite clear. **Moreh** means *teacher*. The oak or terebinth of the teacher mentioned in Gen. 12: 6 was near Shechem. Some have supposed that this hill of the teacher was in the same locality; but from ch. 6: 33 we are to infer that the scene of our lesson is in the valley of Jezreel.

2. **And Jehovah said unto Gideon.** We do not know just the manner of this communication. It was to the mind of Gideon definite and certain like the divine commands to the prophets. Compare 6: 25 and other passages. **The people that are with thee are too many,** etc. Jehovah is now to deliver the people from their Midianite oppressors. That they may rightly apprehend this deliverance as wrought of God and not at all as of themselves, it is necessary to diminish the number from thirty-two thousand.

3. **Whosoever is fearful and trembling,** etc. Compare Deut. 20: 8. Although the army of Israel was not as large as that of Midian, yet their numbers were in some sort of comparison. The real strength of Gideon's army did not correspond to its numbers, for the faint-hearted ones, who had come because others came, or perhaps because they felt compelled, would be a decided hindrance rather than a help in the hour of battle. **And depart from Mount Gilboa.** This line is very surprising as Gilboa was on the other side of the Jordan. Some think that we should read, "Mount Gilboa." It is probable that there is some mistake in the Hebrew text as transmitted to us. Perhaps the true reading is, as some German scholars suggest, "and so Gideon tested them." It is safe to say that we do not know what the true translation is.

4. **The people are yet too many.** Ten thousand men might boast that they had gained a victory, especially as it was evident that they were no cowards. **And I will try them for thee there.** That is, test them. The verb is used of refining the precious metals.

5. **Every one that lapped of the water with his tongue as a dog lapped.** The precise nature of this test is not evident. One theory is that this test separated those who were extremely circumspect and careful—who dipped up water in the palm of their hand and drank therefrom while looking about, who satisfied their thirst sparingly while in the presence of danger. Another theory is that the comparison to the lapping of a dog points out the men who fell flat on the ground to drink with their faces to the water, and that thus were selected those who would go about any business with dogged earnestness. The second theory seems more probable.

6. **And the number of them that lapped putting their hand to their mouth was three hundred men.** The words "putting their hand to their mouth" should probably be omitted. They are omitted by some manuscripts of the Septuagint, and by other versions, and their presence here obscures the distinction between the two classes; for putting one's hand to one's mouth would be just the opposite of lapping like a dog. **Bowed down upon their knees.** And so probably taking the water to their mouths with a gourd or other cup, or possibly with their hands.

7. **By the three hundred men that lapped will I save you.** Whether the fact of their lapping indicates anything as to their character as suggested above or not, the most significant feature of their choice is that Jehovah was with this small number to bring deliverance for Israel. **And let all the people go every man unto his place.** The nine thousand and seven hundred as well as the twenty-two thousand fearful ones were to be sent home forthwith.

8. **So the people took victuals in their hands, and their trumpets.** This probably means that those who remained accepted the provisions left by those who went home, and that they also kept the trumpets or horns of all the companies of the whole thirty-two thousand. This would explain how each was supplied with a horn. 9-15. The verses between the two portions selected for our study tell of Gideon's personal reconnoitering in the camp of Midian and of the dream so ominous for that host, and encouraging for him.

16. **And he divided the three hundred men into three companies.** Gideon now prepares for the attack, and arranges to have his little band represent three armies. **Trumpets . . . empty pitchers . . . torches.** It seems more than probable that

our author of Judges has in this paragraph combined two narratives, not only because torches within pitchers in addition to trumpets would more than fill a man's hands, but also because of the repetitions, for example in v. 17. The horns or trumpets are from one narrative, and the torches within the jars or pitchers are from the other. The jars were for concealing the lights, that they might not be shown till the proper time.

18. **For Jehovah and for Gideon.** The words "The sword of" of the Authorized Version are not in the original.

19. **In the beginning of the middle watch.** The night was divided into three watches, the first, the middle, and the morning watch. The time here mentioned is between ten and eleven o'clock. In the New Testament we find the night divided into four watches after the Roman custom. Comp. Matt. 14: 25; Mark 6: 48.

20. **The sword of Jehovah and of Gideon.** More literally, The sword! For Jehovah and for Gideon!

21. **And they stood every man in his place.** They needed not to strike a blow. The battle was the Lord's. **And all the host ran,** etc. They were filled with sudden alarm. **And they shouted.** It is better to regard this and the following verb as referring to the Midianites: and they cried out and fled.

WORK WHERE YOU ARE.

God placed a sword in the hand of Gideon. He put trumpets in the hands of the soldiers under Joshua. He put a needle in the hand of Dorcas. What has he placed in your hand? "To every man his work" means that none shall be idle. Has he placed a shovel in your hand? Dig well in the ditch. Has he placed a pick in your hand? Toil faithful in the mine. Has he placed your hand upon the throttle? Look watchfully ahead. Has he placed in your hand the saw? Build strong and good. Do not get discouraged because you cannot do some great thing. There are more little things to do than big ones. The thing done as unto the Lord will be the best thing that can be done. Do not lose heart in your work because you cannot be a Moses, a Joshua, a Paul, a Luther, a Knox. You may not be called to give the law of Sinai; you may not be called to storm the battlements of Jericho; it may not be your privilege to preach the gospel on Mars Hill; you may not be called to start a reformation; these things are only given to the few. The thing that you can do best is the thing you are called to do. I went down into a coal mine once. Down, down the shaft I was lowered till 1,500 feet below the surface. All around was darkness, but I had with me a tiny candle. How brightly it shown in the darkness! The very blackness of the passage made its brilliancy more apparent. That little candle was of more value to me in that mine than an arclight. An arc light would have blinded; the candle gave light. My brother, be content to be a tiny candle in this world, but be sure you shine. A shining candle is worth more than an arc light that is not alive with the current.—The Watchman.

FOURTEEN MISTAKES.

An English paper gives a list of what it terms "the fourteen mistakes of life." While there are undoubtedly other mistakes than those mentioned, the list is a fairly comprehensive one.

It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to yield in immaterial matters; not to alleviate all that needs alleviating as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything.

And the last and greatest mistake of all is to live for time alone, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

No "NAMELESS sadness" or "unaccountable discouragement" can live an hour in the person who puts on his hat and hunts up some one who needs help and cheering, and who goes to work like a man with a smiling face to relieve somebody's real difficulty.—The American Friend.

MARRIAGES.

GREENE — OLIVER.—In the town of Sinn, Walworth county, Wis., on Sept. 28, 1902, by Rev. M. G. Stillman, Harvey L. Greene and Minnie L. Oliver.

JOHNSON—BURDICK.—At Walworth, Wis., Nov. 3, 1902, by Pastor M. G. Stillman, Harry M. Johnson, of Stonefort, Ill., and Flora G. Burdick, of Walworth, Wis.

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.

SHIE.—In Walworth county, Wis., Sept. 30, 1902, John D. Shie, aged 68 years and 21 days.

He was born in Germany, came to Ohio in 1852, and moved to Walworth county, Wis., in 1899. He was a member of the Lutheran church all his life. Funeral in the Seventh-day Baptist church, with service led by Pastor M. G. Stillman. Burial in the Walworth Cemetery. M. G. S.

BIRD.—Elizabeth Stanford, beloved wife of George Bird, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Craig A. Waldron, in Plainfield, N. J., Nov. 4, 1902, in the 70th year of her age.

Her marriage to Mr. Bird took place forty-nine years ago, and their "Golden Wedding" was almost at hand. She made public profession as a Christian in early life, and died in the membership of the Baptist church at Somerville, N. J. The farewell service was conducted by the Editor of the RECORDER, assisted by Rev. George B. Shaw. A. H. L.

SPENCER.—Frederick Rufus Spencer, son of Job and Wealthy Spencer, was born in DeRuyter, N. Y., Oct. 6, 1842, and died in Bolivar, N. Y., Nov. 2, 1902, aged 60 years and 27 days.

When six years of age his parents moved to Corning, N. Y., where they lived till 1852, when they moved to Bolivar, N. Y. Since then he has lived in Bolivar and Little Genesee, N. Y., and for twenty years in Michigan. His last fourteen years were spent in Bolivar. In 1862 he enlisted in the Civil War, and served his country faithfully to the end of the war. On Nov. 7, 1872, he was married to Emma A. Cornell. When in Michigan he professed faith in Christ, but never united with a church. He was a kind and indulgent husband and father. He leaves a wife and son and three brothers and two sisters. The funeral was conducted from his home, Nov. 4, 1902, by the writer. Burial took place in the Bolivar Cemetery. D. B. C.

A CAREFUL SENTRY.

Booker T. Washington recently told a gathering of negroes that one of the great faults of his race was a disposition to exhibit knowledge under any and all circumstances, and asserted that, until the negro learned not to display his vanity, he was useless in any confidential capacity. By way of illustration, he told a story which, he said, might be or might not be apocryphal, but which was good enough to be true. General Sherman had been told that the soldiers of a negro regiment in his command were very lax when on sentry duty, and showed a fondness for passing doubtful persons through the lines just to indulge their power to do so. To ascertain if this were so, he muffled himself one night in a cloak, and tried to get past a black sentry. After the "Who goes there?" the "A friend," and the "Advance, friend, and give the countersign," had been exchanged, Sherman replied:

"Roxbury!"

"No, sah!" was the polite but firm response.

"Medford!"

"No, sah!"

"Charleston!" Sherman next tried.

"No, sah! No, sah!" said the negro, determinedly. Then he added: "Now, seea-

heah—yo' can go fru th' whole blamed jog-gafry; but Massa Sherman he done say that nobody can get pas' me without sayin' 'Cambridge!'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

HEART-KEEPING is very much like house-keeping. There must be a continual sweeping out of dirt and clearing out of rubbish—a daily washing of dishes, and a perpetual battle of all sorts of vermin. If heart-cleaning could be done up once for all, then the Christian might discharge all his graces, and have an easy time of it. And just because the assaults of subtle temptations are so constant, and the uprisings of sinful passions are so frequent, and the task of keeping the inward man what it ought to be is so difficult, many a one who begins a religious life gets discouraged and makes a wretched failure. The question with every Christian is: Shall these accursed Amalekites of temptation burn up all of my spiritual possessions and overrun my soul? Shall outward assault or inward weakness drive me to discouragement, and disgrace me before my Master and before the world? Or shall they drive me to Jesus Christ who will give me the victory?—Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

Literary Notes.

NO SERIES which has appeared in any magazine is more interesting than that which The Cosmopolitan is publishing under the title "Captains of Industry." The names of the men included in this series are not only constantly appearing in the news of the day, but their lives almost always illustrate the development of an entire art or industry. Take, for instance, those included in the November number. From Chaldean clay tablets to the movable types of Gutenberg lies a period of ten thousand years. From Gutenberg to Robert Hoe the gap in processes and results is quite as broad, though in time it is only five centuries long. The scribe of Nippur probably produced one tablet an hour. Gutenberg may have finished one sheet a minute. Hoe prints, with his machine, a strip of paper three feet wide on both sides, at the rate of one hundred and twenty miles an hour. The life of the late W. S. Stratton, incidentally, is interwoven with the mining development of the Middle West; that of James R. Keene illustrates the highest development of the Wall Street speculator; that of Tom L. Johnson casts interesting side-lights on political conditions in Ohio; while the life of Ferdinand W. Roebing cannot be written without a thorough knowledge of the wonderful evolution of modern bridge-building.

Special Notices.

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.



HAVING been appointed Missionary Colporteur for the Pacific Coast, I desire my correspondents, and especially all on the Coast who are interested, to address me at 302 East 10th Street, Riverside, Cal. J. T. DAVIS.

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

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

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

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

SEAL A. W. GLEASON,
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LUMBER BUSINESS.—A Seventh-day Baptist, acquainted with saw-milling and lumber business, may learn from the subscriber of a good location about 70 miles from Kingston, Ontario. Fine opportunity to establish prosperous business. Six to ten thousand dollars, required. JOSEPH BAWDEN,
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JUST OUT, a beautiful new waltz song entitled, "The Last Waltz." To quickly introduce same, we have reserved a limited number of first edition, regular 50 cent piano copies, which we will mail, postpaid, upon receipt of 10 cents. We also publish a beautiful Ballad entitled, "She Sang the Song My Mother Loved." Regular 50 cent piano copies mailed, postpaid, upon receipt of 10 cents. Complete words and music of both songs, 18 cents, postpaid. WILLIAM H. MOYER,
3143 Sheridan Street,
Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED!

A man who observes the Sabbath, and is unmarried, to live in family of employer, to drive team and make himself generally useful around farm and shop. Address C. T. ROGERS,
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If this property is taken soon, I will give the purchaser a SPECIAL BARGAIN.

A business and residence property at Milton Junction, Wisconsin. An opportunity for Seventh-day party. Correspondence solicited. Address A. B. JONES, Milton Junction, Wis. Reference, W. B. West, Milton Junction, Wis.

WANTED.

A woman under 35 years of age, Seventh-day Baptist, competent to serve as nurse and governess to children under 8. One who appreciates a good homerather than a high salary. Address GOVERNESS,
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