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WHOLE No. 3015.

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought, be up and stirring,
Night and day!
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
Clear the way!

Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;

There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray!
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?

What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper, aid it, type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.

Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud about to vanish
From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo! the Right's about to conquer,
Clear the way!

With the Right shall many more
Enter, smiling, at the door;
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

—Charles Mackay.

What Seventh-day Baptists Stand for.

To ASSUME or admit that Seventh-day Baptists stand for little or nothing is to condemn them for folly and hurtful division among Christians. This folly is quite as evident when considering themselves as when considering others. Men wrong and injure themselves when they assume a position like ours without sufficient reason and an adequate and fundamental purpose. If these be lacking, our position is a farce and a mockery, and it will react on us, creating narrowness and denominational flabbiness. The failure to recognize that there are adequate reasons for our position, for the sake of interests which are more than denominational, is a prominent source of denominational weakness at this time. Our late Centennial Conference emphasizes one of two facts. If we are not to do more and be more than we have ever been, it is folly to continue efforts for readjustment of denominational machinery and forces. Even if these are, theoretically, abstract reasons for our existence, that existence is essentially meaningless without corresponding purposes and efforts. These are

logical facts, from which there is no escape. That for which we stand is measurelessly large, as to importance, or correspondingly small as to folly. The crying need among Christians for higher regard for the Bible, and for something to check the growth of Sabbathlessness, doubles the importance of our work, or doubles the weakness of our pretensions.

True to Convictions?

CERTAINLY. No man is worthy the name, much less may he claim to be an ideal Christian, who is not true to his conscience and his convictions of duty. But no man has the right to exalt a useless notion or a meaningless peculiarity into the place of a conscientious conviction. Conversely, no man is at liberty to treat a truth or a duty as a useless notion or a meaningless peculiarity. Duty is too large a word and obligation is too sacred a trust to be lightly held or carelessly considered. One of two positions must be taken. If truth and duty demand that we be conscientious Seventh-day Baptists, controversy as to our obligations is ended. Henceforth nothing but highest purposes, largest plans and consecrated living will suffice. Less than these is shirking, evasion or disobedience. To such conclusions and consequent action God holds us with the force of privilege, duty and destiny combined. To appreciate such privileges will ennoble us. To be true to such duties will uplift and strengthen us. To link our lives with God and truth, by rising as we ought to do, is to insure a glorious destiny. To fail in these directions is to insure general failure. We are held to these conclusions: Either we have no sufficient ground for conscience and convictions concerning our place and mission, or we are under highest obligations to be more and do more in behalf of the truth for which we stand. The storm of Sabbathlessness increases, each year. If our position offers the needed shelter for which men look in vain to Sunday, the emergency created by the storm is a partial measure of our duty at this time. A just conception of the demands will inspire us to deeper convictions, and to efforts commensurate with our place at such a time.

What About Results?

DUTIES and opportunities are ours. Results are God's. Best and final results cannot come in a moment. In a cause so great as Sabbath observance and Sabbath Reform final results can come only with the end of human experience. All work for God covers generations and centuries. Immediate results must be

noted, not so much as signs of victory as indications of what remains to be attempted and accomplished. Most of the results which come to any one generation of men, in great reformatory movements, are prophetic rather than final, and whatever seems final at a given time makes way for something larger farther on. He who is permitted to lay the foundation for future attainments and results has done as well as he to whom is given the final accomplishment. Attainment and accomplishment in reform are always progressive, and therefore, in a sense, always incomplete. This incompleteness is not failure nor defeat, but simply a stage of progress. Hence in reforms, as in personal experience, each successive result is part of one great whole, in which all previous results crowd into grander completeness. Our worth must not be judged now planned in view of what has been gained or lost up to date, but in view of what ought to be, of what God would have. We must aim at definite results, and well may we rejoice in each that is gained. Even that which is temporary loss may be great gain through the wisdom it brings, and the power it gives to avoid similar mistakes. Well-meant and consecrated effort is not lost, unless we fail to learn the lessons God teaches through experience. If, untaught, we persist in paths against which God warns, and hedges our feet, we increase results on which "woe" is written. Fill well your place. Do your work. Delight yourself in obedient effort, and God will care for results. But do not wait in idleness for God to do by miracle what is your plain duty.

Beautiful Ruins.

YESTERDAY we saw in an artist's window the cast of a headless figure, the original marble of which has been saved from the ruins of Rome. Though headless and marred, it is yet a thing of beauty, and from what remains it is easy to see that the lost head and face must have been a vision of sweet delight. As we stopped at the window the broken beauty taught anew the lesson that God is seeking to restore in us, his children, lost beauty, and power, and glory. We are not troubled to know how much or how little man "lost in Adam," but we rejoice that whatever was lost thus, or is lost now by our sins mistakes or failures, God is always seeking to restore. That restoring is a living process whereby the divine life in us removes the unbeautiful and deformed and gives the beautiful, spiritually. This life in us seeks to replace that which impatience mars with the grace that forbearance brings. The great-

ness and worth of men appear in the ruins which mar our lives, and at the worst we ought to find hope and comfort even when surrounded by the ruins of conscious disobedience and failure. Ruined Rome is full of the treasures of broken beauty, and human skill can do little more than gather enough to show how much art has lost. But it is not thus in the realm of salvation. Out of the worst of earth's ruins God is bringing, day by day, through patient love and lasting compassion, more and more of beauty, soul-beauty and spiritual glory. Surrender your life to him for remodeling and divine transforming.



Christ's Rest-fulness in God. THE universal and ever-present longing of men's hearts is for rest. Christ, from the human side, presents a beautiful picture of soul-restfulness. He represents not only the calmness of conscious power, but of one who is sheltered in the love of his Father in Heaven. We do not well when we think of Christ as not one with us in seeking such rest. It is possible to separate Christ from us, theoretically, until we lose a great source of help through him in this matter of spiritual rest. Though Christ was above us, he was not unlike us in needing and seeking the rest in God which is one of the richest results of being saved. Weariness of body and soul are inseparable from this earth life. Soul rest is equally inseparable from a true conception of our relations with God. When Christ taught us to pray "Our Father who art in heaven," he linked us with himself as one who dwelt in the everlasting rest which, being in God and with God, secures. This consciousness of safety and indwelling in heaven is the central note in the songs of salvation. One morning last summer a swift storm rushed down upon that part of the Atlantic coast where we were. Boats outside the harbor were swept out into the dangers of the open sea or thrown upon the destructive shores, through the blinding storm. But those at anchor in sight of our windows rode unharmed, rocked safely by the billows which would have overwhelmed them elsewhere. So our lives and destinies are more than secure when, together with Christ, we rest in the sheltering harbor of our Father's love.



The Ministerial Dead-Line. A FEW years since not a few foolish and unjust things were said about pastors and the "dead-line of fifty," as the limit of success in that calling. Less of that nonsense is said now, and a healthful reaction has set in, *i. e.*, if it be assumed that the "dead-line" talk was of enough account to be called an epoch in thought. Rev. Dr. Tupper, writing in the Christian Work and Evangelist, puts the case as follows:

"The dead-line in the ministry, as in any other calling, is the line of laziness. The lawyer may not use last year's briefs; the physician may not depend on last week's diagnosis; the merchant may not assume that a customer of ten year's standing will not be enticed elsewhere. And the preacher must be a live, wideawake, growing man. Let him dye his brains, not his hair. Let his thoughts be fresh, and his speech glowing. Sermons are like bread, which is delicious when it is fresh, but which, when a month old, is hard to cut, hard to eat, and hardest of all to

digest.' Principal Fairbairn was recently asked whether he thought the pulpit was waning in power, and whether he believed that it would be superseded. Hereplied: 'We have lowered the ministry by lowering the standard of the men who enter it. They tell us that the age of the pulpit is past. The age of the pulpit is only coming, but it will be the age of a completed pulpit.'

"In the last place, and chiefly, there is a spiritual culture, whose claim upon the Christian minister is as far above that of any other culture as the sky is above the clouds that drift beneath it. The possession of this is worth all else in us. In its form all genius is a fatal gift. There may be the manly form and the manly intellect, but the crowning glory of manly worth is wanting if the soul lack those high, transcendent virtues which are at once the garment of a man's beauty and the girdle of a man's strength. Spiritual character is nothing more or less than what one weighs morally, what he can lift, what he can do. It is the substance of life after the blowing off of the chaff. It is devotion to right in a large way and on a generous scale. One's character is one's specific gravity or levity, his worth or worthlessness. Most emphatically is it true that the man is more than the minister. Above all else in the ministerial career is unaffected integrity, a scrupulous conscientiousness, God-glorifying spirituality.

"A few months before his death, Mr. Spurgeon received a letter containing something in the nature of a threat. You may recall his manly reply: 'You may write my life across the sky: I have nothing to conceal.' Here was character incarnate. Truth lived is better than truth taught. When a man actualizes his ideals then his creed becomes vital, vigorous, victorious. 'There is no eloquence,' writes Emerson, 'unless there be a man behind the speech.' Cicero said he applied himself to philosophy, not to discuss it, but to live. Let the ministry apply themselves to theology, both to live and to make others live by faith in the Son of God.

"Let this then be emphasized: The Christian minister needs to keep his body strong and fresh, his mind full and active, his sympathy with truth and man deep and tender, his knowledge of the Word rich and increasing, and above all else his spirit in touch with God and the higher things of the eternal world."

That is well put. No man will fail whose life embodies such attainments and purposes as those noted above. Selfhood and Godliness mark the lines of power and usefulness, not birth-days.



Dr. Parker. ON the 28th of November, 1902, London, England, and the world, by the death of Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, lost one of the most original characters and striking personalities in public life. Coming so soon after the death of Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, the loss, though expected for some little time, created a painful feeling of national bereavement. These two men, though differing in many important respects, represented much of what is best in English society, using the word in its largest sense, although from that society both Dr. Parker and Mr. Hughes would have been excluded by the fact that they were Non-conformists.

Dr. Parker had great power, approaching

genius. He attracted for years the largest congregations in London, except those of St. Paul's and at Spurgeon's Tabernacle. It was not the common people only whom he attracted. Many of the foremost men of England were occasionally among his hearers. Gladstone, of whom he was an enthusiastic admirer, once gave a lecture in his church on the art of preaching. Lord Rosebery was frequently one of his congregation. Chancellor of the Exchequer Ritchie attended one of his last services. One needs to live in England, where dissenters are still despised, to appreciate the testimony to Dr. Parker's influence afforded by facts like these. The exclusiveness and fixedness of custom and prejudice, even in England, is compelled to recognize genius, ability and manhood.



Is Sabbath-Observance Fidelity? THE Milwaukee Sentinel of Nov. 22, 1902, publishes a dispatch from Baraboo, Wis., under date of Nov. 21, which says:

"M. D. Kneeland, D. D., of Boston, Secretary of the New England Sabbath Protective League, who delivered an address before the Wisconsin Sunday Rest Day Association here yesterday threw a bomb into the Seventh-day Adventist camp by declaring in his discourse that "among the worst enemies of the Christian Sabbath are the Saturday Sabbath-keepers who are allied with infidels, atheists, anarchists and the lawless."

Elder H. W. Reid, Adventist, made a fitting reply to these false charges by Mr. Kneeland. The main value of the incident is to show how much men like Mr. Kneeland fear the influence of the plain truth that the seventh day of the week is the only Sabbath, and to what unfairness and injustice that fear (and hatred?) impels him. Logically and historically those who reject the Sabbath, and proclaim that the Fourth Commandment and the example of Christ in keeping the Sabbath are of no account, have created a prominent source of unfaith in the Bible, and of the Godless holidayism which prevails. An unprejudiced reader of the Bible at once agrees that it demands the observance of the Sabbath, and many Christians who do not keep it acknowledge this fact without hesitation. Such a position teaches non-Christians to doubt the Bible as authority, since its friends thus set aside its plain teachings and substitute the Roman Catholic doctrine of Church Authority, or some less definite theory, as their ground for doing so. Whoever discards the Decalogue and ignores the example and teachings of Christ, as Mr. Kneeland does, promotes infidelity.

On the other hand, the position of Sabbath-keepers that the Bible—New Testament and Old—is the authoritative Word of God, not in any narrow sense, but in the light of all fact and of all true criticism, promotes consistent and permanent faith, the exact opposite of infidelity. Mr. Kneeland's false charges are another illustration of the general law that when men have created evil results by their own theories and actions they are likely to charge the evil results to those whose adherence to the truth they reject exposes their wrong-doing and inconsistency. Truth can wait. Whether Mr. Kneeland can afford to misrepresent the position and character of Sabbath-keepers, we leave him to decide. That he fears the influence of the truth they teach there is abundant evidence.

Improvement of Religious Education. THE American Institute of Sacred Literature, through its Council of Seventy, has sent out "A call for a convention to effect a national organization for the improvement of religious and moral education through the Sunday-school and other agencies, to be held in Chicago in February or March, 1903."

Among other reasons for this movement which appear in connection with the call is the following:

"Further, it is a serious phase of the present situation that the religious and moral instruction of the young is isolated from their instruction in other departments of knowledge. The correlation of the different elements of education is incomplete, because the religious and moral instruction is received in entire separation from the general instruction of the public schools. The facts and truths of religion are the foundation and the imperative of morality. Present civilization rests upon the religious and ethical ideals of the past, and the civilization of the future depends upon a due recognition of religion and morality as essential factors in the growing welfare of humanity. The knowledge and experience of religious and moral truth must underlie and penetrate all knowledge and experience. The events and the ideas of the past, as of the present, must be viewed in the light of a divine hand as the creator of the universe, a divine power sustaining it, a divine wisdom guiding it, and a divine purpose being accomplished in it. The physical world about us, our fellowmen, and our own selves must all be interpreted by religion truly conceived and morality properly understood. It is therefore impossible to accomplish the ideal education of the individual when the religious and moral element is isolated from the other elements; still worse when it is not received at all by the majority of the children. All the elements of education must be woven together into an organic unity to produce a perfect result."

The need which this movement seeks to meet is great and pressing. It is too apparent to demand argument in favor of this effort to meet it. Those wishing to know more of it may address the Recorder of the Council, Professor Clyde Weber Votaw, Ph. D., The University of Chicago.

Congress in Session. THE second session of the Fifty-seventh Congress of the United States opened on Monday, Dec. 1, 1902; it will close by limitation on the fourth of March next. The President's Message was not presented until the next day. A large number of men who make up this Congress will be retired to private life at its close.

It seems to be pretty generally admitted that this short session will do very little outside of routine matters. The appropriation bills always bring much discussion, and it is comparatively certain that there will be no little delay incident to their passage. This will all take time. Besides there is a very general feeling that at present there is less political danger in resting quietly than in hurrying. It is not denied that certain questions demanding National legislation are in the air, but there is a wide difference of opinion as to just when such matters should be brought to earth. At present, at least, the inclination is to go slow.

The demand for legislation touching trusts is urgent, and something preliminary, if not final, may be secured.

In this short session there will not be time to mature satisfactory legislation on all the topics which are being pushed forward for action, and postponement of some of them to the next Congress will be preferable to hasty and ill-considered legislation. Congress will act wisely in getting promptly to business, and in keeping as steadily at work as possible from now until March 4; planning to do first the entirely necessary things and then to do as many others as it can in the order of their importance and urgency, and to do all these thoroughly and well. It is a short session,—too short for wasting time by "playing politics." It is not too short for the achievement of much good for the nation.

The Message. THE President's Message is brief, comprehensive and able. Conservatism and effectiveness are combined in it in an unusual degree. The following summary of it is from the New York Tribune of Dec. 3.

We still continue in a period of unbounded prosperity.

As a people we have played a large part in the world, and we are bent upon making our future even larger than the past. In particular, the events of the last four years have definitely decided that, for woe or for weal, our place must be great among the nations.

No country has ever occupied a higher plane of material well-being than ours at the present moment.

Never before has material well-being been so widely diffused among the people.

Of course, when the conditions have favored the growth of so much that was good they have also favored somewhat the growth of what was evil.

This industrial development must not be checked, but side by side with it should go such progressive regulation as will diminish the evils.

On the subject of the regulation of trusts the President says: "Our aim is not to do away with corporations; on the contrary, these big aggregations are an inevitable development of modern industrialism, and the effort to destroy them would be futile unless accomplished in ways that would work the utmost mischief to the entire body politic."

I believe that monopolies, unjust discriminations, which prevent or cripple competition, fraudulent over-capitalization and other evils in trust organizations and practices which injuriously effect inter-state trade can be prevented under the power of Congress to "regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several states," through regulations and requirements operating directly upon such commerce, the instrumentalities thereof and those engaged therein.

The passage of a law for this purpose is urged, and if needful an amendment of the Constitution to secure the power.

Reduction of the tariff is declared wholly ineffective as a means of reaching the evils of trusts, but tariff readjustment, to suit shifting needs, but with fixity of principles, is set forth as desirable, and one way of securing it is by reciprocity treaties. The consideration of the subject should be committed to practical experts to report to Congress.

On the theme of the securing fair treatment

alike for labor and capital the message says: "Every employer, every wage-worker, must be guaranteed his liberty and his right to do as he likes with his property or his labor as long as he does not infringe on the rights of others."

We are neither for the rich man as such, nor for the poor man as such. We are for the upright man, rich or poor.

The creation of a department of commerce is urged as an advance in dealing with the subject of great corporations.

The President says he hopes soon to submit to the Senate a reciprocity treaty with Cuba. In a sense, he adds, Cuba has become part of our international political system.

The construction of the Isthmian Canal is urged by the President, who says: "The canal will be of great benefit to America, and of importance to all the world."

It will be of advantage to the countries of tropical America.

No independent nation in America need have the slightest fear of aggression from the United States.

On the subject of the Pacific cable, the President says the representatives of the company acceded to the conditions formulated, and an all-American line between the Pacific Coast and the Chinese Empire, by way of Honolulu and the Philippine Islands, is provided for, and is expected in a few months to be ready for business.

The promulgation of peace and amnesty in the Philippine Islands on July 4 is referred to in the message, and the President says: "We have not gone too far in granting these rights of liberty and self government, but we have certainly gone to the limit that in the interests of the Philippine people themselves it was wise or just to go."

No policy ever entered into by the American people has vindicated itself in more signal manner than the policy of holding the Philippines.

Too much praise cannot be given to the army for what it has done in the Philippines, both in warfare and from an administrative standpoint, in preparing for civil government, and similar credit belongs to the civil authorities for the way in which they have planted the seeds of self-government in the ground thus made ready for them.

Every effort has been made to prevent such cruelties, and finally these efforts have been completely successful. Every effort has also been made to detect and punish the wrongdoers.

The Message urges the need of keeping the small army at the highest point of efficiency, and that there should be no halt in the work of building up the navy, and providing for the manning of the ships. The President adds: "There is not a cloud on the horizon at present. There seems not the slightest chance of trouble with a foreign power. We most earnestly hope that this state of things may continue, and the way to insure its continuance is to provide for a thoroughly efficient navy."

The Message says: "The striking increase in the revenues of the Post-office Department shows clearly the prosperity of our people and the increasing activity of the business of the country."

The need of scientific forest protection, and the prevention of the senseless slaughter of game, wise legislation for Alaska, providing for the future of the Indian, the promotion of scientific agriculture, the making of Washington a model city, and the cutting down of public printing, are advocated by the President in the document, with which he submits to Congress the departmental reports.

Prayer-Meeting Column.

Topic.—The Poverty of Earthly Riches.

(Lesson.—Isaiah 55.)

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. 2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. 3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live: and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David. 4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the peoples, a leader and commander to the peoples. 5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not; and a nation that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of Jehovah thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye Jehovah while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near: 7 let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto Jehovah, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. 8 For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith Jehovah. 9 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. 10 For as the rain cometh down and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, and giveth seed to the sower and bread to the eater; 11 so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth; it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. 12 For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing; and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. 13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree; and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to Jehovah for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

There are few things of great or permanent value that money can buy. When those things which can be bought are sought to the exclusion of better ones, degeneracy and ruin soon follow.

In this age of commercialism and materialism it is well for us to sit down and ask how many things we can buy with material wealth. Such a question reveals the fact that the best things of life are not for sale on any counter, but are given away to the open-hearted and locked up from the selfish. Even the simple pleasures of sky and field and mountain and ocean, the increasing joys of friendship and love and beneficence and service, all these may be the possessions of the man whose heart is right, but even these are not available to him whose only currency is gold and whose capacity for the best is destroyed by highly-seasoned and manufactured pleasures. When Isaiah talks of bread and that which is not bread, he illustrates spiritual experiences. Christ called the best "that bread which cometh down from heaven," and gives eternal life to those who eat it. Without price, means that our highest good and our redemption come through God's love and grace, and not through our wealth.

This fifty-fifth chapter of Isaiah is a great Oratorio of Divine love. Israel as a believing nation should be the priestly nation among all the nations of the world and should have a glorious future, but the unswerving condition was to be repentance and return to God. The seventh verse declares that the wicked in Israel must forsake their course of life, which was not God's way, and relinquish their plan of life which was low and not high; and abandon their alienation, which was the

result of their own selfish course and plan of life, and cast themselves upon God, whose mercy and abundant pardon were waiting for their acceptance.

To walk in God's ways and accept God's plan of life, and live in fellowship with God will furnish the conditions for feasting upon the bread of God and having the blessed prosperity which God appoints for his own beloved ones. Will you obey, eat, live?

THE CENTENNIAL VOLUME.

To Pastors and Church Clerks:

The work of the Publication Committee of the Historical Volume is much hindered by the fact that some of our churches have not yet sent in their lists of subscribers to the Volume. We earnestly urge each pastor or clerk to see that a thorough canvas of his church is made, and the list sent in as soon as possible. The Volume will be a valuable one, and every loyal Seventh-day Baptist ought to be interested in making it a success by securing the widest possible sale of it. The price is \$1.00, which is considerable less than actual cost, the deficit being made up by Conference. This fact ought to insure a subscription from every family. Lists should be sent to the undersigned.

ORRA S. ROGERS, *Sec. of Com.*

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

In the Standard, Chicago, for Nov. 29, 1902, Julian King Colford writes of Cardinal Newman and his hymn, "Lead, kindly Light," which is sung so much. Mr. Colford gives the *fac simile* of an autograph copy of the hymn, dated Oct. 28, 1872. We make room for the prominent parts of Mr. Colford's article, feeling sure that our readers will be glad to know more of a hymn which appeals to so much that is common to human experience.

There are some angels always on the wing. The spirit of a great emotion cleaves every sky and endures through every age. The passion of a great thought throbs on like the tides of ocean. The flowery days of June come but once a year, but to a world in the chains of death the music of a glad messenger comes all through the summer's verdure and the winter's snow. The soul's roses never fade. The fire on the altar never goes out. When the nineteenth century had run its sands one-third way through the hour-glass, there was born a trophy of song, a hymn immortal. That hymn has ever since trembled on the lips of childhood, expressed the helplessness, loneliness and longing of wandering but contrite hearts; hung as a bow of promise across the sky of triumphant faith; sent forth in a joyful fervor by ten thousand choirs; made the altar more sacred and the organ richer toned, because of its pathos, passion and power.

John Henry Newman was born in 1801 almost within the shadows of the Mansion House and the Bank of England. His father was of German descent, a disappointment to himself, a failure in business, and reached the grave while yet a young man. His mother was a Huguenot, stanch, noble, an angel-mother. Young Newman's scanty earnings were drawn upon to replenish the failing family purse. The home shelter was so strangely inconsistent that it seemed almost nomadic. Ever moving seemed to be the watchword.

After a thorough college preparation at Earling, then on the western fringe of London, the pathway of Newman opens up like a lane of light. We now follow him directly to Trinity College, Oxford, where at the early age of seventeen he won a scholarship, and at nineteen took his degree. Onward three years, he was elected a fellow of Oriel, the acknowledged center of Oxford intellectualism. Add one year to this and he became curate of St. Clement's church, Oxford.

There was "man-stuff" in the young preacher and student, no yardstick of man's making can measure, therefore, the molding influence of the four master-minds, then, and since then regal in life and letters. Whately, afterward Archbishop, always a high priest over the hearts of men; Hurrell Froude, brother of the great historian, a man with a pure soul and classic mind; Keble, whose rich legacies of poetry and song are still hoarded with miser care by the whole Christian world; Pusey, the theological revolutionist, the father of the Tractarian movement which stirred the Church of England to its innermost center. Such a book of influence must wait a long time for the appendix to be written.

THE SETTING OF THE HYMN.

We would love to stay in beautiful Oxford, if Newman would stay with us, but the harp-strings had been too tightly drawn. The over-strain caused by the preparation of his book on the Arians of the Fourth Century brought the climax. He must stop. He was alone in the world, save his friends, and to his friends he was most ardently and tenaciously attached. Alone, in fulfillment of a conviction, which came to him in the form of a vision in his early youth that he was never to marry. Thus it was that Newman and the Froudes set out for the Eden-land of Sicily. Here he witnessed nature in her most ravishing and inspiring moods. Here amid the perfumed gardens, for weeks, he wrote a poem a day, creating the larger part of his contribution to "The Lyra Apostolica." This matchless dream-land had drawn him, even from his friends, the Froudes, and he left them to wander alone amid its beauties. Here he fell sick of a fever until his life was despaired of.

THE KEY TO THE HYMN.

He looked upon this sickness as a crisis in his life, partly judgment on past self-will, partly a sign of special elective and directing favor. Newman's own account of his illness and state of mind at this period may be the key to the authorship of his hymn. He says: "The fever was most dangerous; for a week my attendants gave me up, and people were dying of it on all sides; yet all through I had a confident feeling I should recover. I gave the reason that I thought God had some work for me. And when, after the fever, I was on the road to Palermo, so weak I could not walk by myself. I sat on the bed on the morning of May 26 or 27, profusely weeping and only able to say that I could not help thinking God had something for me to do at home. I felt God was fighting against me, felt, at last I knew why—it was for self-will. I felt that I had been very self-willed. The bolt turns:

"I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years."

"Yet I felt and kept saying to myself, I have not sinned against light, and at one time I

had a most consoling, overpowering thought of God's elective love, and seemed to feel I was his. The door opens—

"So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on."

Through the rift the light streams, "When I got better I used to watch for the day and, when the light appeared through the shutters, there being no blinds, I used to soliloquize: 'O sweet Light! God's best gift.'" Hence comes the confident cry:

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on."

"I was aching to get home, yet for want of a vessel I was kept at Palermo for three weeks. At last I got off in an orange boat, bound for Marseilles; then it was I wrote the lines, "Lead, kindly Light," which have since become well known. We were becalmed a whole week in the Straits of Bonifacio."

* * * * *

THE GRAVE AT REDNAL.

No wonder we now turn to that little mound of earth, that unpretentious grave, in the little country grave-yard at Rednal—turn with loving, reverent look—for here lies buried since August, 1890, John Henry Newman. In compliance with his own wish, he was laid in the same grave with his life-long friend, Father Ambrose St. John, who died in 1875, more than fifteen years before he himself should follow. The lower part of the Greek stone cross holds the inscription of his friend, while the inscription Newman wrote for himself is chiseled in the upper part, and reads:

JOANNES HENRICUS NEWMAN,
EX UMBRIS ET IMAGINIBUS,
IN VERITATEM,
REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Still a prayer in stone for light—beautiful light! Freely given, the epitaph would read: "John Henry Newman, out of the shadows and phantasies, into the truth; may he rest in peace." The grave made a wonderful conquest, but its blighting shadows can never dim the luster of this immortal hymn. In all thirty volumes of his authorship, amid all the rich legacies of thought bequeathed from a spirit

"Pure as the icicle which hangs
On Dian's Temple"

there are no riches beyond the wealth of this cry of a hungry, lonely heart, but a heart with an upward look, a heart that breathed a prayer in which all noble and trusting souls of whatever creed may fervently join,

"And with the morn, those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, but lost awhile."

AMONG THE HILLS.

"Behind me lay the old work-a-day world, with its men and woman, busy with work to be accomplished, hustling with projects, feverish, impatient, care pressed. But there I was isolated from it all, at rest and satisfied—no longer identified with man's whims and the struggle for bread, but a pensioner freed from the tension of active service and the strife of a struggling world, drawing a bounty cast in nature's coin, and the only conditions were that I open my heart and be attentive to the secrets about God's life and man's that nature whispered. Somehow it seemed that the world had changed, and that while the framework remained the same, a strange fascination had descended and spiritualized it all. At such a time one comes

very near the real heart of nature, for she has laid aside her materialism and appears what she really is, so much silent, unbroken eternal force, swaying us nearer her own deepest life. The atmosphere around ceases to be so much breathing space for life to exist in, through which the south wind plays and sunbeams slant, but a great ethereal whispering gallery through which God speaks. The valleys nestling there become the mirror that reflect his love and truth. Those very mountains that seem to the careless observer only great monuments of rock and soil, now that you have thrown yourself trustingly at their base or scaled with silent tread their rugged heights, become great thoughts appealing for an entrance to the mind, even strange inspirations revealing hidden human capacities and instilling high aspirations; yes, even sweetest of benedictions filled with the peace and blessing of the unseen God. Midst such solemnity the soul comes to know itself as never before, and is not only able to pierce the silence around it and detect the source and life principle of the various movements there, but is able to look beneath the surface of its own existence and stripped of all exterior, sees itself to be a part of the same universal spirit that sweeps with its life vigor through the myriad veins of existence everywhere. That is the reverie that comes to one midst the solitude of the hills, a reverie filled with undefined thought, until all space is measured and the soul and God are one.—Doctor Mac Donald.

MATTER, LIFE, AND MIND, FROM GOD.

The ultimate fact of the universe is not an atom, or a group of atoms, but that Unseen Presence, by whom all things consist. The first and last fact of human experience is intelligence and will. Matter, pressed to the utmost, declares itself to be force. Force, pressed to the utmost, declares itself to be thought and will; and thought and will, pressed to the utmost, declare that they are the breath of the Spirit of God. The alpha and omega of human experience is spirit. Our science, when it has held up the world to the most searching scrutiny, must drop it back again into the hand of the Almighty, from whence it came. Reason, following motion from star to star, and into the infinite past, cannot escape the necessity of looking beyond the bounds of the visible universe for the first cause, which it always seeks, but never finds within the limits of the seen. We can bring nothing, then, from the whole domain of knowledge to contradict the Mosaic version of the spiritual origin of all created things. The prophet of old, so far as we can know, made no mistake in the first letter of his alphabet of nature. It enters into our latest and best speech of the creation. We cannot think without it. At the end of all our science, at the summit of all our philosophy, we stand to-day, where in the dim antiquity of an almost prehistoric age, one stood in the spirit of the Lord and said, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

Secondly, the opening chapter of the Bible refers through existing phenomena directly to a spiritual cause. It selects three points in the creation as special points of divine activity. Other links in the chain of existence may be dependent upon these points,

but these three are held up by the hand of God. These direct acts, or constant modes of divine activity, are, according to the Scriptural account of the origin of things, that divine act by which matter exists; that divine act by which life comes forth from the earth; and that divine act by which a human soul thinks and worships. The creation of the heaven and the earth (the matter of the universe endued with force); the springing up of life on the earth; and the birth of the soul of man, are the results of divine interpositions or words. God calls them forth—from what, or how, the Scripture does not presume to say. The distinction between these initial acts, or more immediate points of divine efficacy, in the creation, and other intermediate stages of the creative process, is indicated in the Mosaic Genesis. But it is not defined or explained in the Biblical philosophy of nature.—Newman Smyth.

EATING IN OLD TIMES.

The Romans took their meals while lying upon their low couches, and not until the time of Charlemagne was a stand used around which guests were seated on cushions, while the table only made its appearance in the Middle Ages, bringing with it benches and backs. The Greeks and Romans ate a kind of porringer. During a portion of the Middle Ages, however, slices of bread cut round took the place of plates. The spoon is of great antiquity, and many specimens are in existence that were used by the Egyptians so early as the seventeenth century B. C. The knife, though very old, did not come into common use as a table utensil until after the tenth century. The fork was absolutely unknown to both Greeks and Romans, appeared only as a curiosity in the Middle Ages and was first used upon the table by Henry III. Drinking cups—in the Middle Ages made from metal more or less copious, according to the owner's means—naturally date from the remotest age.

TROUBLES REFINE OUR GROSSNESS.

With more than a father's affection, with more than a mother's love, God sends pain to men. Suffering comes under divine commission. Sorrows do not riot through life. Men are not atoms buffeted hither and thither. Troubles are appointed to refine away our grossness; to transmute selfishness into self-sacrifice; to destroy vice; to transfigure all our life. Refused, troubles bruise without softening; crush without maturing.

Accepted and rightly used, they change their nature and become joys. Tears are seeds; planted, they blossom into joy and gladness. In his celebrated painting, Delaroche has assembled a court of universal genius. Around an imaginary art tribunal stand the sages, orators, philosophers, reformers and martyrs who have achieved eminence.

Strange, passing strange, that those who stand in the forefront, pre-eminent for their ability, are alike pre-eminent for their sufferings! Denied his ambition and the promised land, Moses leads the immortal band. Blind Homer feels his way. Then comes Paul, flogged and stoned out of all semblance of a man. Exiled Dante too is there, whose inferno in life best interprets his inferno of death. There, too, is Milton, broken-hearted and blind. Now comes One who leads all that goodly company. His name is "above every name." And whence his supremacy? This is his secret: "His visage was so marred more than any man's and his form more than the sons of men."—Newell Dwight Hillis.

Missions.

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

EVANGELIST M. B. KELLY reports; We are having a refreshing revival at Milton Junction. Many church members are being greatly quickened and sinners are accepting Christ as their Saviour. The work seems to be deepening all the time and we are praying for a far-reaching effect. Pray for the work here. Expect to go to Albion next.

EVANGELIST J. G. BURDICK reports under date of November 23 from Adams Centre, N. Y.: We have just completed two weeks here in our work. The interest is increasing. Yesterday we had a large congregation in a hard rain and a splendid after-meeting. One man who had been on the back ground made a new start. Last night when I asked for sentence prayers fifteen volunteered, which was quite a change, I tell you. There are three or four who are seeking the Saviour. It is a critical time, but there is a gain. Pray for us and the work.

MRS. TOWNSEND writes: Am enjoying my work and have improved the pleasant weather. Have been holding meetings on Sabbath-days and special ones on other days and evenings. Much interest has been manifested. The young people have been greatly strengthened and the opposition of some to the seventh day removed, and the tracts on the subject gladly received. Have organized a Benevolent Society in the Rock House Prairie church.

WE believe this winter should be a great harvest time in our churches. The unconverted should be brought to Christ and into the church, and into loving, earnest, faithful service for the Master and his kingdom. The churches should be spiritually uplifted and increase in spiritual power. Why not have a glorious visitation of the Holy Spirit with his convicting, converting, consecrating infilling and indwelling power in our churches as was never before known. Pastors, work for it. If you cannot have an evangelist, be one yourself, and if you really need help call in a brother pastor. God revive the churches.

LETTER FROM D. H. DAVIS, D. D.

For fear I shall not have the time to write you after I reach Frisco, I will improve the time while our train is waiting at Ogden, the point at which the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad connects with the Union Pacific. If nothing prevents I shall reach San Francisco Sunday afternoon at 4²⁵, but as we are now about an hour late will probably not arrive much before 6 o'clock. Thus far I have had a very pleasant and prosperous journey. I had planned to spend one Sabbath with the Chicago church, but found at the last that I could not do so. Perhaps I mentioned this to you in my last. After being in Chicago one day, in which I called on a number of the friends there and arranged for my railroad trip on westward, I went on to see my brother residing in Brookfield, Mo.

While in Brookfield I preached on the subject of missions and spoke to the Epworth League. At the close of the preaching service a man and his wife came forward to shake hands and left with me a dollar as a mark of his interest and appreciation. He wanted to know if there was not to be a collection. I told him no such announcement

had been made. He said he thought I ought to have received a good collection. It was very cheering to me to find a perfect stranger so much interested in foreign mission work. He said he was a laboring man and had just given five dollars for mission work, and he wished he was able to give me more. I felt if our own people had more of such Christian liberality our Missionary Board would not be so embarrassed for money.

I left Brookfield Monday night and arrived in Denver, Col., late Tuesday afternoon, where I spent two days very pleasantly with Prof. Wardner Williams. My first plan was to spend only one night in Denver, but finally concluded to remain until Friday morning. While here I took a trip to the Double Star Gold Mines, located at Boulder, in which Mr. Williams has a large interest. They have just begun the development of these mines and there is every prospect that they will soon be shipping very rich ore. Other mines in close proximity are turning out abundance of high grade ore, which is a good indication that Mr. Williams' company will soon do the same.

I regretted very much that I could not have arranged to visit the Boulder church. I had no idea that I should go anywhere near them until it was too late for me to make any appointment.

Denver is a very fine city—one of the finest to be found in the west. It has an elevation of 5,197 feet above the level of the sea. You can imagine what a delightful atmosphere there is at such a height as this. To the north and west may be seen snow-capped mountains sparkling with unwonted grandeur in the sun light. Denver is truly the glory of the state and the pride of every citizen. I took the Chicago and San Francisco express at 8 o'clock A. M. I was impressed with the thought that we must have a heavy up-grade as I saw two mammoth engines at the head of our train, and so it was. From Denver to Colorado Springs, a distance of 75 miles, we rise about 800 feet. To the west and at our right hand could be seen Pikes Peak looming up its towering hoary white head 14,000 feet, piercing the blue dome above. We run almost due south until we reach Pueblo, 119 miles from Denver, where we assume a northwesterly direction. At Leadville, Colo., we reach an elevation of 10,200 feet, the highest point we touch on the road. Some of the passengers complain of difficulty in breathing, but to me the atmosphere seems most exhilarating. One of the grandest sights I have seen in all the world is the wonderful Royal Gorge through the Rockies. No pen can describe or pencil paint the sublimity and grandeur of that scene.

The gorge is a narrow pass through which a mountain stream flows with just room enough for the railroad at the side. The solid rocks of every shade and color rise to the height of 3,000 feet, oftentimes almost perpendicularly above. As these varied colors were lit up by the bright sunlight they presented a picture most grand and awe-inspiring. We encountered quite a snow storm which prevented our making good time. On the Rocky and the Sierra Nevada mountains we had snow and ice. On two different occasions I saw boys skating. At Thistle Junction, in Utah, before we reached Salt Lake City, the trainman called out "ten minutes stop for *hog and bread*." I had no inclina-

tion to taste either, for Mrs. Wardner Williams had supplied me with a most excellent lunch in Denver. We arrived at Salt Lake City some three hours late. I had a strong desire to stop off here and see the wonderful temple built by the Mormons, but concluded it was not best for me to do so lest I be delayed and miss my steamer. The scenery down the western slopes of Sierra Nevada was most delightful, for we had passed from the snow-clad heights into green fields and gardens of flowers, from the land of "hog and bread" to a land of grapes and fruit.

From Denver to San Francisco I took a tourist car, for which I paid \$4.50, just half the price of a Pullman sleeper, and which I liked twice as well, so there was a profit of \$9.00. Tourist cars are becoming more and more popular. Our porter said that he had a better class of people than were carried on the Pullman cars. Perhaps he was soft-soaping us, but of course we did not mind that for he was very genial and gave us the best of service. We did not reach Frisco until 8 P. M. November 23d; should have arrived at 4 o'clock.

I am enjoying the hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Fryer during my short stay before steamer leaves. Yesterday, the 24th, Mrs. Fryer took me to see the grounds and buildings of Berkeley University. The grounds are very extensive and the buildings numerous, and some of them very large and commodious. A fine new building is now in process of construction, to be devoted to instruction in mining. I visited Dr. Fryer's class-room. At that time he was teaching a class of young men in Chinese. They are bright young men and under the able instruction of Dr. Fryer they are destined to become noted synagogues. In the afternoon I went over to the city (every one here speaks of San Francisco as being *the city*), to arrange my ticket and transfer of baggage, and was successful in getting everything satisfactorily arranged. From here on I shall have a good deal excess baggage as I am taking a supply of stores. The steamship company was very kind in allowing me all excess baggage free. The usual charge is three cents a pound for all over 350 pounds. I presume I shall have two or three hundred overweight. I appreciate the favor conferred in this matter.

I have learned since arriving in California that his Excellency Woo Ting Fang, the Chinese United States Minister, has taken passage in the same steamer. I presume I shall have the pleasure of making his acquaintance unless he holds himself aloof from conversing with the missionary clan. Our steamer sails to-day at 1 o'clock P. M., and we shall soon be tossing on the bosom of the mighty deep. It is with a good deal of sadness that I go back to China this time, for I realize that many of the friends I have seen I shall see no more in the flesh, but I hope to meet them all in the land where there will be no more separations, no more sea to divide.

I have received two letters from Mrs. Davis since reaching California. She tells me that our boy Alfred has been quite ill again with bowel trouble. With so much sickness in the mission and with such a burden of work I am fearful that Mrs. Davis will herself give out. I am glad for all concerned that I did not delay my return to China later.

Oh, that the spirit and zeal of the Lord might come upon all our people, then would

all our work, both at home and abroad, be supplied with ample means, and the work of our hands would prosper and be established. I feel that I have been greatly blessed during my home visit, both in body and spirit. I have been much invigorated and received new inspiration for the work, and I pray I may have the strength and the courage for all that is before me in the years to come, and may the rich blessing of God rest upon all our efforts wherever put forth.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOV. 25, 1902.

NOVEMBER 25, 1902.

The purser has just handed me your letter after we are out to sea. We passed the Golden Gate a few minutes ago. There is a strong head-wind and the steamer has some motion. I have not had time to get sick yet. I trust I shall not be very sick. I mailed you a long letter this morning which I hope you will receive all right. I am sorry to hear of Mrs. Whitford's illness. Hope she will improve. Will you tell Mrs. W. H. Rogers that I received her letter also after we were out to sea. It was a great pleasure to receive these two letters.

The pilot will soon be going back to Frisco and he will mail this for me. God be with you all till we meet again.

Fraternally,

D. H. DAVIS.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

For the month of November, 1902.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer,

In account with

THE SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Dr.

Cash in Treasury Nov. 1, 1902.....	\$ 1,652 91
Churches:	
Plainfield, N. J.....	41 85
Chicago, Ill.....	3 50
Salem, W. Va.....	12 00
New Auburn, Minn.....	8 59
Fouke, Ark.....	10 00
Milton, Wis.....	10 25
Independence, N. Y.....	8 00
First Westerly, R. I., per N. M. Mills.....	5 00
New York.....	20 00

Sabbath-schools:

Alfred, N. Y.....	8 13
Dodge Centre, Minn., Infant Class.....	1 00
Salemville, Pa.....	3 50
J. H. Coon, Utica, Wis.....	6 00
Mrs. M. C. Parker, Chicago, Ill., Gold Coast.....	1 00
Dr. George W. Post, Chicago, Ill., Cartwright Church.....	12 50
A. B. Prentice, North Loup, Neb., Gold Coast.....	10 00
H. W. Stillman, Edgerton, Wis.....	25 00
Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society of South Dakota.....	10 00
Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Shannon, Crowley's Ridge, Ark.....	2 00
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Threlkeld, Memphis, Tenn.....	25 00

Young Peoples' Permanent Committee:

Dr. Palmborg's salary.....	\$ 75 00
General Fund.....	55 98
Income from Permanent Fund.....	268 40
Mrs. A. W. Berry, Independence, N. Y., Gold Coast.....	10 00
N. M. Mills, Marlboro, N. J., on life membership of Mrs. Mills.....	10 00
	\$ 2,295 61

Cr.

H. C. Van Horn, 9 weeks' labor on Berlin, Wis., field.....	17 28
G. H. Fitz Randolph, Fouke, Ark., salary and traveling, quarter ending Sept. 30, 1902.....	170 48
George Seeley, Pittsford, N. B., salary nine months ending Sept. 30, 1902.....	112 50
W. L. Davis, Blystone, Pa., salary, quarter ending Sept. 30, 1902.....	25 00

Churches:

Westerly, R. I.....	50 00
Niantic, R. I.....	18 75
Greenbriar, Middle Island, Black Lick, W. Va.....	25 00
Second Verona, N. Y.....	18 75
Hornellsville and Hartsville, N. Y.....	37 50
New Auburn, Minn.....	37 50
Cartwright, Wis.....	50 00
Hammond, La.....	31 25
Delaware, Mo.....	6 25
Cumberland, N. C.....	6 25
Gentry, Arkansas.....	25 00

D. H. Davis, traveling expenses, San Francisco to Shanghai, China.....	168 75
Interest.....	14 73

Cash in Treasury, Nov. 30, 1902:

China Mission.....	\$ 952 67
Debt reduction.....	5 00
Available for current expenses.....	522 95
	\$ 2,295 61

E. & O. E.

GEO. H. UTTER, Treasurer.

The man who saves up something for a rainy day is the man who knows enough to go in when it rains.

FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT.

Some two weeks ago, more or less, there was held in Boston a meeting or convention of clergymen, all of one denomination, to consider matters which are of importance to the church as a whole as well as to the particular denomination which they represented. Among the subjects discussed were such as the "Relation of the Church to Amusements," the "Relation of the Church to Social Conditions," the "Relation of the Church to the Government," and the "Relation of the Church to Politics." All of these subjects, it will be readily seen, were of a kind to guarantee interesting discussions, and the free exchange of many opinions formed under different conditions—as the attending clergymen came from all parts of the country, and, therefore, brought with them many ideas of many men. We have no doubt that much was said of a highly instructive as well as of a highly interesting character.

A meeting like this, however, gives occasion for a question as to whether the clergymen are not more solicitous concerning the fruit of their labors than they are concerning the forces which produce that fruit. Fruit of a moral kind is of slow growth; the seed may lie in the mental soil for a long time before it gives evidence of germination, and then it may be a long time in addition before the fruit ripens from the seed. But the character of the fruit will depend on the character of the seed and the care exercised in protecting and developing it. There is nothing surprising in the fact that men become weary waiting for moral fruit. They see the material affairs of the world being hurried along, and business men complaining if results are not quickly shown commensurate with their labors. This rush, which is evident the world over, has not unnaturally affected the mental and moral workers. Hence we find them many times, just as did these good men recently, seeking to find some short path by which the moral standing of the church can make itself more quickly manifest than it has been doing, or, indeed, than it was ever intended to do.

Suppose a lot of farmers should come together and discuss as to how they could make the good effects of grafting show by working directly on the apple, or how they could make the corn better by applying fertilizer directly to the ear, or how they could enrich the milk by putting in fresh grass. We would have a good laugh at them, and the comic cartoonist would have much to say concerning the "hayseed." But would such a course be much different from that followed by those who discuss how the church can make itself more of influence upon politics or upon amusements or upon social conditions? The church is only an organization of individuals, and church-membership is only one form of the fruit developed in the lives of those individuals because of the seed of Christianity which has been planted in their consciences. Hence if the church is to have an influence upon politics or social affairs or amusements, it must have it, because the individuals, in their individual lives, have an influence upon such affairs. And the only way in which this desirable result can be attained is to develop in the individual lives a high sense of what Christianity should be in all its practical forms, of which church-membership is only one. If a man renders unto God the things which are

God's, there need be no doubt that he will render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's.

It may be a little out of the rule, but if so simply because it is out of the ordinary, for a newspaper to say that the clergyman who will develop among those who come under his influence the highest Christian manly spirituality will exercise the greatest influence upon such matters as were discussed recently. If the church is to have a distinct influence upon public opinion, it must secure it through a right-minded membership, since the church as a church has no other relation to such subjects than does any social or beneficial organization. Good citizenship is only one "fruit of the spirit," and the church can do the most for that fruit by carefully selecting its seed and painfully cultivating its development. It may take a long, long time to bring about the results desired. But what are years in comparison with the right? It is man whose days are as grass; while for right a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. What the world needs to-day is a cultivation and a fertilizing of the spiritual soil, leaving to the Lord of the harvest the disposal of the fruits.—The Westerly Daily Sun.

DO PLANTS THINK?

Do plants think? Ellwood Cooper, of Santa Barbara, California, believes they do, and here are some of his reasons for thinking so:

Through Mr. Cooper's garden there ran some years ago a sewer made out of red-wood timber. This sewer was again cased by an outside sewer, which in course of time had partially decayed. Across the sewer there was built a brick wall many feet high, and in such a way that it was pierced by the inner sewer, which it enclosed tightly, while the outside sewer ended abruptly against the wall. As I said, the outside sewer casing had, in course of time, decayed, and a eucalyptus tree some sixty feet away had taken advantage of this, and sent one of its roots to the coveted spot in as direct a line as possible. Here the root entered the outside sewer and followed its course as far as it could; at last it came to the wall, which shut off its course, and here it could get no further, the inside sewer being perfectly tight. But on the other side of the wall the sewer and its double casing continued, and this eucalyptus tree evidently knew how to get there. Some three feet high in the brick wall there was a little hole one or two inches in diameter, and this eucalyptus tree was aware of, as its big root began to climb the dry wall and face the sun and wind until it found the hole, through which it descended on the other side, and entered the sewer again, and followed it along as formerly. Was ever such instinct known before, or are similar traits in plants of daily occurrence, only we are not aware of them? How did the tree know of the hole in the wall? How did it know that the sewer was on the other side? Did it smell, and if it did, how could it direct its root to go and find the place with such precision? There is, of course, another explanation to this phenomenon. The roots of any plant grow always and unerringly in the direction of its food, just as those of the eucalyptus tree did.—The Great Divide.

Woman's Work.

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

We've heard the last of the wild bird's call,
We've watched the loose leaves flutter and fall;
There are empty nests on the naked bough,
There's a dream of snow on the mountain's brow;
The summer's work is over and done,
And the brown fields sweep in the waning sun;
Fruit of the harvest is gathered in,
And grain is heaped both in barn and bin.

And up from the homes that are richly blest,
Dowered with abundance and crowned with rest,
And up from the hearts that in highest mood
The lowliest bow in their gratitude,
Anthems arise to the Giver of all,
Whose love beholds if a sparrow fall,
Whose matchless grace on the earth has smiled,
Like a parent's look on a cradled child.

From near and far as the household bands
Cluster and clasp in the best of lands,
That eye in the wash of the silver sea
Hears the lofty music of liberty,
That still where its mighty rivers flow
Sees peace and learning and progress grow—
From near and far to the God above
And lifted the strains of a nation's love.

And even from those who must sit apart
In the glimmering twilight of the heart,
Whose hopes have faded, whose dear ones lie
With pale hands crossed 'neath the autumn sky,
Because there is healing after strife,
And a conquering faith in the better life—
From the sad and the worn, as the last leaves fall,
There ascends a psalm to the Lord of all.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

It seems as if never before have so many people put to the test the scripture, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," as in the Thanksgiving just past. Friday's papers were filled with accounts of dinners given to hospitals, prisons and homes for the poor, the needy and the distressed. Newsboys, bootblacks and hundreds of other people were made happy by a good dinner on Thanksgiving Day. We recall hearing a man say once that he had never had a turkey in his life. It would seem hardly possible for a boy nowadays, no matter how poor he may be, to grow up in one of our large cities who does not have turkey at least once a year.

The Young Men's Christian Associations all over the land open their doors on Thanksgiving Day and invite all men, away from their homes, to come and enjoy a turkey dinner. At the Bowery branch, which is only one of many in New York City, six hundred homeless men were fed. More than a thousand men and women were given soup, turkey and mince pie at the Five Points House of Industry. Every one, no matter how poor, was welcome to come and eat all he wanted, without even waiting for an invitation.

Nine hundred children in a Hebrew orphan asylum, fifteen hundred in a Catholic school for boys, three hundred children in a colored orphan asylum given Thanksgiving dinners and a day of pleasure are a few of the items gathered from one paper. One institution gave an early breakfast to homeless men, distributed dinners in baskets to poor families and gave dinners to five hundred men.

In Boston forty-five hundred children were fed by the Salvation Army alone. Some societies make an effort to keep families together by sending out dinners in baskets, consisting of turkey or chicken, vegetables and fruit, so that the dinner can be prepared in the home, and all members are thus interested.

The prisons in the vicinity of Boston and New York furnished either a turkey or an extra good dinner to their inmates. The House of Correction used sixteen hundred pounds of turkey with plenty of vegetables and plum pudding.

For ten years Mrs. Frederick W. Vander-

bilt has been in the habit of giving a Thanksgiving dinner to the newsboys and messenger boys of Newport, R. I., and this year three hundred and seventy-five boys partook of her bounty. Many more instances of public and private charity could be cited, and what is true of New York and Boston is doubtless equally true of other large cities.

And what is the good of bringing all these things to your notice after Thanksgiving is past? Just this. That you may know and realize that all over the world hands are being stretched out to the brother or sister in need; that the world is full of a kindness that is the spirit of Christ and that money is being freely used, and not alone for selfish pleasure.

Have you had any part in this Thanksgiving and thanksgiving? Will you not deem it a privilege when another holiday comes to find someone who needs your help and to give to them of your abundance? You have little money? Gifts are not necessarily of gold or silver. They may partake of your time or your strength or your love, but whatever form it assumes, let it be given freely and with a glad heart, and you will yourself be blessed.

A PRESENT HELP.

There is never a day so dreary
But God can make it bright;
And unto the soul that trusts Him
He giveth songs in the night.
There is never a path so hidden
But God will show the way,
If we seek the Spirit's guidance,
And patiently watch and pray.

—American Mother.

CHANGES IN CHINA.

REV. WILLIAM ASHMORE.

Missions have passed through deep waters in China; they are coming up dripping from the blood-dyed river, but they are coming up leaning upon the arm of their beloved. That makes all right.

A little over a year and a half ago the missionary "ticker" (when they had one) could not report disasters fast enough as they occurred in China. "One war is passed, and behold another cometh quickly"; and this time, alas! it was on the heads of the saints that it came. It was as bad as it was in Job's day—"While he was yet speaking," and "while he was yet speaking," and still again "while he was yet speaking." Calamities overlapped and trod on each other's heels in their hurry to get in and worry poor Job. They took the words out of each other's mouth; each one was a bigger misfortune than the one ahead of him. Satan evidently loved a climax in misery.

So it was with the Chinese missionaries. Word came that the Boxers had risen, and the alarm was great; while he was yet speaking, lo! the missionaries were flying for their lives; while he was yet speaking the Pao-tung-fu massacres took place; and while he was yet speaking the Shansi butcheries followed and the awful surmises from Peking; and while he was yet speaking the Yangtse danger loomed up, which was averted by the better sense of two viceroys, to whom Western nations owe a vast deal of gratitude; and while he was yet speaking the conflagration began in South China, which was also quickly stamped out by a viceroy.

And now it is all the other way. The favors come as thick and fast as did the trouble. In some places the missionaries have fairly rolled up successes. Governors

and high officials are asking them to return, promising to make good all damages; and now the new educational move is inaugurated, and missionaries are put at the head; and now viceroys are advocating reform; and now the officials are glad to have calls from missionaries, and to exchange notes with them; and now one sends in five hundred dollars to help "the Society for the diffusion of Christian and general knowledge"; and another, one thousand; and another, immediately following an article by Mr. Richards on "Religious Liberty," three thousand!!! Just let me put some exclamation points after that, for they are deserved. You are not to infer from this that men like these think of becoming Christians. But they are coming to see the secular value of missionaries. That is something. Then these same high officials have been sending for missionaries to come in and help them re-adjust matters all deranged by the boxers.

But now what I want most to speak of is a matter distinctly in the line of your "women's work." You Christian women of all denominations started the education of women in China. Well, you have been at it long enough for your "wares," as the heathen would call them, to become known in the market. Educated girls are found to be so much superior to their own. And now they are full of the spirit of the education of their own women. Some striking evidences of this I may send you hereafter, but just now I want to make a quotation from The China Mail, published in Hong Kong. A leading editorial appears with the following heading: "Education for Chinese Women." The editor introduces the subject with these remarks:

"A somewhat remarkable paper has just been published by a Chinese gentleman of education, culture and wide outlook. He faces the question of his country's difficulties and dangers fairly and squarely, and does not pass on without some attempt at answering a few questions. He says there has been enough talking; it is time to be up and doing."

The Chinese gentleman now comments a bit on the situation as regards the foreigners. He does not think they have all got to a full understanding, so he puts his own hand to the pulse and declares 'the disease lies in the home.'

"How can the Empire increase in wealth and weal when the home is dismanaged, a school for deceit, and a place where the sound of wrangling never ceases?" He goes on to ask:

"How can you expect the manly virtues of courage and straightforwardness to be inculcated by mothers who spend all their time over the toilette, when they are not gossiping, and who 'see nothing, hear nothing, and can have nothing to give out?' Go to the root of the evils from which we as a nation suffer, and educate our women. Establish schools for girls; make attendance in them compulsory; educate our women so they can write a letter in their own language. Teach them the sciences, so that they can sound the depths of their own ignorance; teach them systematically in all things reasonable, that they may know the importance of the influence they wield, and wield it to good purpose in the education of their family."

Just see how sensible Chinamen are beginning to talk,—"beginning," I say, for you will hear plenty of it by and by. Such evidences

show you the transcendent value of the work you are doing in your genuinely Christian schools. You are sending out "samples," and there is getting to be a demand for them.

What impresses me most of all is the immensity of the field open before you. Here in China good statisticians reckon an average of five persons to each family, and therefore China has eighty millions of families that need to be renovated. There are more families in China than there are single individuals in the United States. Did the women of America ever dream of such a magnificent field as God, within a few short years, and by a few wonderful providences, some of them seemingly disastrous, has opened before them?

It is no time for the women to be slack handed, and no time for some of the men to be advising them to break up, though perhaps this latter has ceased to be heard of. "Loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion." That is the way Isaiah puts it. Micah is very bold, and saith, "Arise and thresh, O daughter of Zion." Women make as good threshers as we have got. Send us more of them.—The Helping Hand.

PREHISTORIC RELICS WANTED BY DEPARTMENT OF ARCHAEOLOGY.

ANDOVER, MASS., NOV. 28, 1902.

To the Editor of the SABBATH RECORDER:

Philips Academy, Andover, Mass., has recently established a Department of Archaeology. My object in writing to you is to encourage the preservation of stone, bone and clay prehistoric art forms. In your section of the country are frequently found various "Indian Relics." These have a direct bearing on the history—or rather pre-history—of America, and as such should be preserved in fireproof buildings for the study and edification of present and future generations.

I am persuaded that there may be persons who have found some remains of the ancient Indian tribes, "Mound builders," etc., and that, possibly, they would be willing to send them to us. We shall be glad to pay express charges on any and all boxes of specimens sent to us, to mention the gifts in our report and to give the donors due credit in our exhibition cases.

All these axes, pipes, spear heads, clay vessels and "strange stones" should be carefully preserved somewhere, where they may be of service to the public and to science. Archaeology—technically followed—is a new science in the United States and it is more important than the average reader imagines, for these "stone relics" have a direct bearing on the antiquity of man. I shall be glad to correspond with persons who have "relics" in their possession. Thanking you, I am,
Yours very truly,
WARREN K. MOOREHEAD, Curator.

THE MAN WHO GROWS ON YOU.

Your most delightful acquaintance is the man who grows on you. You know people in plenty who do not gain in your appreciation; every time you meet them they seem more shallow and more petty than before. Indeed there are times when your discoveries of inner character within the circle of your associations run so much to the revelation of paltriness that you feel in danger of being

compelled to discount all human nature as a deceiving sham. But the man who grows on you saves you from cynicism. Every day you are finding in him some factor of manhood that you had not suspected; every day he proves in a new test to have resources of strength upon which you had not counted in your estimate of him. He is a continual satisfaction and therefore a continual tonic to your confidence in humanity. One character better than you believed offsets a dozen that are worse than you thought, because the surprise of it is twelvefold more surprising.

The man who grows on you is worth analysis. The breadth of a life that is not to be compassed in the first few days of familiarity is fascinating. If you could get a plan of it, you would like to lay off your life too by the same generous scale. You would like yourself to be a man who grows on your friends. What then are some of the data and measurements which define the sweep and the boundaries of a personality that improves upon acquaintance? Let us attempt a survey.

If you think of it, you will remember especially that the man who grows on you was not effusive toward you the first day that you met him. He was cordial and friendly enough—as cordial as gentlemanliness and a warm heart could rightly be expected to be. But you never imagined that he was making an effort to impress you well; he wasn't putting his best foot foremost. You can count up any number of folks who did make that effort with painful solicitude at the first introduction, and they certainly have not been able to muster a better foot since. But the man who grows on you did not then betray, nor has he betrayed from then till now, the least anxiety about whether you should think him a great man or a small one. He has all along been himself and manifestly has respected himself for it, and meanwhile he has respected you and made no rash demands upon your admiration. You have learned to like him because you have learned to believe that he was not trivial enough to be particularly concerned for your liking.

And as a matter of course, these things being true, you have never heard the man who grows on you boasting of anything. You have never seen him do a handsome deed and then pose for applause. The earliest sign which has revealed to you the flaw in many another man has been that poor little apology of introduction for self-praise: "If I do say it myself." But the man who grows on you has no seedy pride to dress up in such pretentious humility. He owns too much native capital to need to beg the alms of cheap recognition, and he knows that merit gets no added worth by being spread out in the sunlight. You find him doing his duty and getting through his work and being glad that work and duty are done, but never worrying for the want or for the abundance of laudation. And then you appreciate him greatly, for you know he is a rare man.

And you must realize, too, that the most striking characteristics of the man who grows on you do not show on the surface. That a man is a jolly companion, you can learn in the first hour with him as well as in a year of association. A month of acquaintance will doubtless discover to you his sound business standing and his respectability

among his neighbors. A few conversations will afford you a pretty accurate gauge of the caliber of his general education. But the man who grows on you, as you have found out by this time, was not exhausted by these hasty superficial estimates. One day some chance words show how persistent he is in putting the best construction on the behavior of his friends, and then you begin to suspect what a deep well of human charity is driven through his heart. Another day you will see him helping a child or old woman in distress, and you know that his courtesy is more radical than a society politeness. Again a neighbor tells you the distressed in his community lean upon him, and you mark him then for one of the members of that thin-ranked company—the keepers of the second great commandment. You go yourself to him for council, and you will find that the man who has never paraded his views for the pride of making you consider him a profound thinker, cultivates secretly a use of reflection and reasoning deeper than you had dreamed. The man who grows on you has the chance to grow on you because he is so much more than he advertises himself to be.

And he grows on you because you can depend on him. When a man fails you where you were relying on him, he drops inevitably out of your esteem. But the man who grows on you fulfills every engagement that he makes. He meets every duty that he assumes. He promises nothing for the sake of agreeable compliance, but he complies with all he promises. As you perceive how fixed is the habit with him, you give him heartily your admiration, and as from year to year you see that fine habit of faithfulness stretch out over his lengthening life without breaking, the admiration intensifies. Reliability is an indefeasible patent to the peerage of character, and there is never a questioner to gain-say its right.

The man who grows on you is certainly an excellent pattern. Indeed, dare we not say the best pattern? For after all, who is a truer exemplar of the type than—let us speak reverently—our Lord Jesus Christ? That is what everybody who knows him well says of him—that he becomes more lovable and precious the longer one associates with him. Is not he meek and lowly? Has not he ever been more anxious to help others than to get glory for himself? Are not the rarest qualities of his character hidden except from those who abide with him? And is not he more to be depended upon than any man or than all men? Is not he in very deed the Man who grows upon us all—who is growing upon the world to-day, challenging its appreciation and its devotion as no other personality of all the ages?—The Interior.

TRACT SOCIETY.

Receipts for November.

C. W. Threlkeld and wife, Memphis, Tenn.....	\$ 25 00
N. M. Mills, Marlboro, N. J.....	2 00
Yearly Meeting New York and New Jersey churches, balance	
half collection.....	3 31
East Portville, N. Y., J. C. Burdick collector.....	2 03
Quarterly Meeting, Linckleau, DeRuyter, Scott and Otselic	4 00
Young Peoples' Permanent Committee.....	55 98
Churches:	
Adams Center, N. Y.....	15 00
Plainfield, N. J.....	41 85
Milton, Wis.....	10 25
Pawcatuck, Westerly, R. I.....	9 57
Chicago, Ill.....	5 00
New York City, N. Y.....	20 00
Publishing House Receipts.....	\$ 205 65
	223 82—
Total.....	\$ 623 46

F. J. HUBBARD, Treasurer.

Young People's Work.

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

LETTER TO ENDEAVORERS.

At the recent Conference a committee, made up of a representative from each of the six Associations, was appointed to continue the Chain Letter plan of communication between the Endeavor Societies, inaugurated last year. The plan seemed to be an advisable one, and was fairly successful last year, but all Societies did not respond, some not at all, and others so late that it greatly retarded the work.

The Corresponding Secretary of each Society will receive from the representative in its Association a request to send a message from their Society to be compiled into a Chain Letter to be sent to every Society in the denomination. Please look upon the request as a personal one, and attend to it AT ONCE. You can readily appreciate the fact that the success of this undertaking depends on the promptness with which each one complies with the request.

When the completed Chain Letter reaches your Society, please be just as prompt in complying with the requests in the explanatory letter which will accompany the Chain Letter.

This is an opportunity for service. I wish every Society had the plan in heart and hand. We cannot come in personal contact with many of the Endeavorers, but we can do this much. What these messages will bring to Christian Endeavorers will depend upon you, whether you enter into the plan enthusiastically or not.

Pres. F. E. Clark says: "My opinion is that the decline in Christian Endeavor is due largely to lack of union. We do not give the stimulus and inspiration that it is possible for us to give."

What shall the story of the New Year be in our Christian Endeavor Societies? It is for you, fellow Endeavorers, to write something to encourage, inspire and uplift the discouraged, dissatisfied, weak ones.

By a sort of wireless telegraphy, which is a part of the spiritual kingdom, we desire to encourage and stimulate one another.

And this Chain Letter plan seems to be the most feasible way of accomplishing the desired end. Will you do your part?

Yours in Christian Endeavor,

ERNESTINE C. SMITH,
Chairman of Committee.

THE LAYMEN'S CHRISTIAN INFLUENCE IN SOCIAL LIFE.

E. E. HYDE.

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss what influence is. The Greeks had a correct idea of it. When a suppliant came to the mystic shrine at Delphi and saw the mysterious vapor rising from the sacred fountains and diffusing itself in the air, he knew that the divinity which he sought had answered his petition. In some way the Christian has a power going out from his life which tells men of hidden sources of strength and life that proclaims to the world the life of Christ within. The thought of carrying out in social life the message of Christ has engrossed the attention of our best Christian workers. A few years ago organizations of various forms were thought to solve the problem. Someone has said that the key to religious and spiritual growth lies

in the social power of the church. While we do not fully endorse this statement, we find that those churches which make the most of social organizations, and which employ the best means for improving intellectual, moral and spiritual life, have the greatest growth in membership.

Dr. Judson, after much study of the questions which confront the church of the present day, said that the masses could only be reached through the social power. We do not suppose that he meant the modern church social, but the spirit of helpfulness which should characterize all our dealings and associations one with another.

The greatest hindrance which lies in the way of evangelization is the careless way in which the life of Christ is manifest by his followers. The unsaved are continually pointing out the shortcomings of professed Christians. While we do not approve of this method of criticising the church, we find that the lives of many Christians are covered with abnormal growths which conceal the light within. It may be that our own lives are filled with prejudices and habits that hinder our usefulness and keep others outside of the kingdom.

It is recorded of a light-house erected on a tropical shore that it came near to failure for the most unheard-of reason. When first kindled, the brilliant light drew about it such clouds of insects that they covered and darkened the glass. There was a noble light which shone out into the darkness and vanquished night that all the winds could not disturb nor all the clouds and storms hide, but the soft bodies and gauzy wings of myriads of insects, each insignificant in itself, effectually veiled the light and came near defeating the purpose of this gift to the mariners.

In our Christian life, while we may have power to resist strong temptations and to avoid fearful dangers, there may be little insects of thought or action which successfully hide the light that every Christian should desire to give. Some one has said that life is made up of little things; that the great mass of humanity never attain greatness. So "heaven is not reached by a single bound," but by little sacrifices and self-denials which lift the soul toward God. The converse is equally true; men do not at once commit flagrant crimes. There are first wrong methods of thinking, perhaps years of contemplation of wrong lines of life, shaped before any overt act appears. There is gradually a loosening of the moral fibre, or a gradual deadening of the spiritual nature. Beecher says we are all like Penelope except in purpose—"We knit one day and the next day we unravel what we have knit;" our lives consist of zigzags. Perhaps you have climbed a mountain where the road consists of long parallel lines, one built directly above the other with only a short turn between. You go back and forth on the mountain-side and think, "I can never reach the summit." But each turn brings you a little higher, and each line is a step in advance. So it is in Christian life. We do not move Godward by perpetual, straight-forward progress. If we would have our influence far-reaching, we must have strong, vigorous, Christian lives. We cannot be forever following one ordinary path. We are like the Children of Israel, wearing out our lives in the wilderness instead of having

courage to enter the land which God has promised to his children. We need the inspiration which force of character and life can give.

Some one has said that Christian influence is like a mirror. While in its perfect state it reflects perfect images, and you do not have to break it to spoil its usefulness. Let some one go behind it with a pencil, or a needle of the finest point, and with delicate touch make the smallest line through the silver-coating on the back. The next day let him make another at right angles to that and the next day another and soon the mirror is worthless. So the slightest deviation from truth is disastrous to character and influence. Influence is scattered like seeds lost by the wayside, to reappear in unexpected and distant places. This is true of both good and evil. We may never know how far our influence may go toward making the lives of others. Everything in the universe has been weighed or measured. The planets and the farthest stars as well as the most minute things have been analyzed and their relations disclosed. But no one has yet fathomed this immense force, and nothing short of eternity will reveal its hidden power.

NORTHERN LIGHTS IN THE LABORATORY.

The aurora borealis is imitated on a small scale by Professor W. Ramsay, whose experiment has been exhibited to the London Royal Society. A powerful electromagnet, placed vertically, has pole pieces extending horizontally from both the upper and lower ends, and between these pole pieces is an exhausted glass globe containing in its upper part a metallic ring. A powerful alternating current passed through this ring produces an annular glow discharge. On passing a current through the coils of the magnet the glow discharge is deflected downward, producing streamers closely resembling those of the sky, and highly rarefied air in the globe gave the lines of krypton that appear in the spectrum of the aurora.

ODDS AND ENDS.

It is easier for the landlord to raise the rent than it is for the tenant.

Any man who lives within himself is apt to be troubled with indigestion.

Even in a thorny path a man can avoid stepping on all the thorns.

Man can see a sorrow at twice the distance he can see a blessing.

Bookkeepers and washerwomen always know where to draw the line.

When people actually carry out their good intentions the millenium will be in full blast.

Men who are always telling you things for your own good mean well, but they are awfully tiresome.

Contentment may be better than wealth, but the most of us are compelled to jog along without either.

Misfortune is no respecter of persons—and neither is fortune for that matter.

Of course brains count, but they frequently get mixed up in their calculations.

The nickel jingles as loudly in the contribution-box as the \$5 gold piece—and much more frequently.

Some wire-pullers are telegraph line-men and some are politicians.

It is difficult to persuade yourself that a man is a liar when he says nice things about you.

Children's Page.

LITTLE JACK.

Little Jack Frost went up the hill,
Watching the stars and the moon so still,
Watching the stars and the moon so bright,
And laughing alone with all his might.
Little Jack Frost ran down the hill,
Late in the night when the winds were still,
Late in the fall when the leaves fell down,
Red and yellow and faded brown.

Little Jack Frost walked through the trees.
"Ah," sighed the flowers, we "freeze, we freeze."
"Ah," sighed the grasses, "we die, we die."
Said Little Jack Frost, "Good-bye, Good-bye."
Little Jack Frost tripped 'round and 'round,
Spreading white snow on the frozen ground,
Nipping the breezes, icing the streams,
Chilling the warmth of the sun's bright beams.

But when Dame Nature brings back the spring,
Brings back the birds to chirp and sing,
Melts the snow and warms the sky,
Little Jack Frost will go pouting by.
The flowers will open their eyes of blue,
Green buds peep out and grasses grow;
It will be so warm and scorch him so,
Little Jack Frost will be glad to go.

"GRIP," THE TALKING CROW.

EUDORA BLACK.

Grip came into my possession in this wise: One day in April I chanced to meet a couple of urchins who had been robbing and destroying crows' nests, thinking they were doing a vast good for the farmers by exterminating the robbers of their corn-fields. I had long believed that the crow was not so black as he was painted, and that for every kernel of corn he stole he destroyed many grubs and insets, which would have injured the crops far more than the bird could have done with all of his depredations.

A sorrier object I never saw than this poor kidnapped baby crow crouching in the folds of a ragged and tattered old hat. He was ugly in his half-fledged feathers, with large head and long beak, but he looked so pitiful that my heart went out to him at once.

We had soon made a bargain. The boys then ran off with happy faces and still happier hearts, clutching a few dimes in their little fists, while I proceeded homeward with my newly-found pet wrapped in my handkerchief.

As soon as I reached home I placed him in a good-sized chicken-crate under a large pine tree in the front yard, where I fed him bread and milk, which he gulped down greedily, and, like Oliver Twist, kept crying for more, until I thought his appetite never would be appeased. I kept him in the crate for several days, feeding him very often. When he saw me approaching he would spread his wings, open his mouth and shrilly "Caw, caw, caw!" for something to eat. His appetite was voracious. He would eat anything given to him; meat, bread, cake, fruit, eggs, all went greedily into his gullet. I wondered how the parent crows ever kept filled the maws of a hungry family.

Grip's babyhood did not last long. He grew so rapidly that in three weeks he was a full-fledged crow, with beautiful glossy black feathers, of which he was very proud.

A large bed of pansies near the house, which was my pride, was his especial delight. Every morning I would pluck the blossoms, which were so like little faces that smiled up to me. Grip was always on hand to assist me; but he would ruin every flower by snipping it off, and he did it so spitefully, I knew he was jealous of the flower I loved.

"Go 'way, Grip, go 'way," I would say to him, sometimes using a little switch to drive him off. The moment I was out of sight,

however, down he would swoop again into the pansy-bed, and "snip, snip" would go their heads. There was scarcely an hour in the day when some one was not calling out, "Go 'way, Grip, go 'way," for the whole family kept watch over the pansies.

At times Grip would be very loving. Alighting on my shoulder, he would cuddle down close to my face, uttering soft little croaking notes. Then he would slyly pull the pin from my collar, and begin snatching at the hair-pins in my braids. At other times, when I called him, he would not come to me, but would alight near me, and look at me impishly while I pleaded, "Come here, Grip; come, Grippy, come here."

One day I was coaxing him thus as he hopped along on the top board of the fence. He put his head down and seemed to be choking and swallowing. After several such spasms he uttered the words, "Go 'way, Grip, go 'way," very distinctly. I could hardly believe my ears. Grip, my crow, could say three words, "Go 'way, Grip." For a long time he had chattered and made guttural noises. He would scream and laugh like a young imp. But now he could talk, and, aside from being surprised, I was delighted. He soon learned to say "Go 'way, Grip" without an effort, and not long after that I heard him say, "Come here Grip; come, Grippy, come here," in the same coaxing tone I used to him.

Rainy days were his delight. Then he held high carnival on the wood-pile, where he would chatter and laugh, coax and scold by turns: "Come here, Grip, come here," in a soft, coaxing tone; then harshly, "Go 'way, Grip, go 'way." It sounded as if two children were quarreling.

Later he learned to say, "All right," "Hurry up"; and almost any hour in the day he could be heard, if not seen, practising his new accomplishments.

During that fall I taught the district school, half a mile from home. It was a pleasant walk, in good weather. Grip was on hand to see me safely on my way each morning. He would hop or fly along, or ride on my shoulder, until he came to the bridge which spanned the creek just half-way to the school-house. Then he would fly up into a tall willow tree bending over the water. Thus far would he go, but no farther.

One morning, however, he alighted on the window of the school-house, tapping loudly with his beak upon the glass to be let in. The children all knew Grip. He was famed throughout the neighborhood for his powers of speech and his impish and cunning pranks. Immediately the hands went up to beg permission to let him in, with promises to be good and to study hard.

The unanimous request was granted, and Grip flew to my desk and began picking up pencils and pieces of chalk. Then he went from one desk to another, looking for more pencils. No doubt he thought he had struck a rich field. I must confess that lessons were forgotten, so intent were the children in watching this strange bird, which hopped from desk to desk and peered into their faces in such a curious way.

Alas! he came to an untimely death. One night he failed to meet me at the willow upon my return from school. No one had seen him that afternoon.

I found him in a shed, crouched upon an old barrel, looking very sick and miserable,

and with green stains upon his bill. The can of Paris green was found overturned in the barn, and that told the story. The poor fellow had been eating the poison. He refused food, uttering plaintive little croaks as I stroked him and said, "Poor Grip!" I left him for the night, hoping his crow constitution was strong enough to resist the deadly poison.

In the morning I found him sitting as I had left him, but no soft croak greeted me. He was cold and stiff in death. Do you wonder that my tears fell freely, and that I felt no shame in weeping for a dead crow?—St. Nicholas.

WHERE WERE THE SLIPPERS?

One of the intelligent animals described in that entertaining new book by Edgerton Young, "My Dogs in the Northland," is Jack, a St. Bernard, who, in his prime, was thirty-three inches high at the fore-shoulder and weighed from 180 to 200 pounds. He was invaluable on the trail and had so much affection and discrimination that he became a valued member of the household. Dr. Young writes:

"In various ways he was useful about the house. When coming in after a heavy day's work, footsore and tired, all I had to do was to shout out, 'Slippers!' At once Jack understood and immediately the search for the slippers began. As sometimes, to try his skill, they had purposely been hid, it was amusing to see how diligently he searched every room in the house until he found them. The longer the search, the greater seemed the pride with which he proudly brought them to me. One day when he was out in another room, while I was in my study, I called out:

"'Slippers, slippers!' Jack at once began his usual search. He hunted every room. He bothered the women folks until they had to open closets and drawers for him. Failing completely, at length he came into the study, as it were to report his want of success. At once his quick eyes detected the long-looked-for slippers on my feet. He gave me a look which, if it had been on a human face, would have been called one of disgust. Then turning round he haughtily left the room and did not return to it again that day. After that, when I called 'Slippers,' while he was too loyal to disobey, he always came at once to the study and examined my feet for the called-for articles. If they were there he would give me a look that seemed to say:

"'It is a pity that my master is becoming so absent-minded.'

"No shouting of slippers would cause him to pay the slightest attention during the rest of that day."

NOT HOOKED.

A fisherman may have the worst of luck and still catch something, as the following paragraph shows.

He had fished up the stream and down the stream and used flies, paste, worms, and every other form of bait that the ingenuity of man could devise, but without result, and as he wended his way homeward, at the close of the day, his temper was high and his fish-basket empty. Still, there was no occasion to publish the latter fact to the whole world, so when he met a friend next day the following dialogue ensued:

"Been fishing?"

"Yes."

"Had a good day's sport?"

"Yes."

"What did you catch?"

"The 6.30."

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.

MARQUETTE, WIS.—This little village of about three hundred inhabitants is located on the southern shore of Puckaway Lake. It is one of the oldest towns in Central Wisconsin, having been first settled by white men in 1835. For many years it was the "county seat." The nearest railroad station is Markesan, ten miles to the east. A large part of the inhabitants are German Lutherans, who hold Sunday services in two churches. The M. E. people have a church of about one dozen members, which is supplied with preaching by the pastor from Kingston. Their Sunday-school seems to be composed of one old gentleman, the Superintendent, four or five women and about twelve children. The preaching service following, it has a congregation of about thirty, including several Seventh-day Baptists. Our little church of fourteen resident members uses the Methodist church for its Sabbath and Sunday evening services. This church is worthy of commendation for its activity. Although it is deprived of the help of a pastor for one-half of the time, or more, it maintains, regularly, a Sabbath evening service of devotion and Bible study, a Sabbath-school faithfully attended by most of the members and a few others, and a preaching service following the school on Sabbath afternoon, when, in the absence of the pastor, a sermon is read by one of the members. When the pastor is with them they hold a Sunday evening service also. The congregation at this service has increased until last evening it numbered forty-six. The most of these are young people, who have taken very little interest in Christianity, and are members of no Bible-school.

The Semi-annual Meeting of the Berlin, Coloma and Marquette churches meets here Dec. 12-14, and we are hoping for a good spiritual feast. We expect Brother M. G. Stillman of Walworth to be with us, and will preach several times. Come, all who can.

O. S. MILLS, *Pastor.*

DECEMBER 2, 1902.

UNCLE 'LIJ' GIVES A FEW STRAIGHT TIPS.

JUDSON KEMPTON.

It was County Fair Week. Carrol Corners was lively. Uncle 'Lijah sauntered into the store just at the close of a heated argument on the relative merits of Will Renner's "Fan," a trotting mare, and "Black Ben," a horse from down Chadwick way. The discussion ended when a stranger offered to lay twenty-five dollars on the Chadwick horse for the race that was due at the Fair Grounds that afternoon.

Simon Thompson, to whom the bet was proposed, hesitated, partly because he was a little careful when that amount of money was in the balance, partly, perhaps, because he was a Methodist—not very "active," but still solid on the roll. So a momentary silence fell. Simon turned to the old man, who had just come in, and who was now concealing the top hoop of the empty and upturned mackerel-barrel with the tail of his sack coat.

"Uncle 'Lij," he said, "you know Will Renner's mare. Can't you give a feller a straight tip on what to do this afternoon?"

The Illinois philosopher looked from man

to man, took in the situation, looked out the door, and then back at his questioner.

"B'lieve I can, Simon," he said. "Yaas, I b'lieve I kin give you a valybal tip er two."

There was a large crowd present, but the whole store gave Uncle 'Lij attention. He generally spoke in a rather low tone and slowly, but there was some quality of voice and expression of face which never failed to obtain for him the floor when he had anything to say. Pointing backwards with his thumb toward the grocer, who was busy wrapping up brown-paper parcels, he continued:

"Reube here was down to Dixon last week, an', when he come back, I ast him ef he seen anything of my old friend Cy Payne. I knowed Cy twenty-five er thirty years ago, when he was jest startin' in his career, workin up the big cannin' business that is now worth mor'n a million dollars. He was the brains uv th' hull thing. Invented haff the machinery himself. I sized him up as the likeliest feller I knowed of, outside the city of Chicago. An' I cal'ate I was kerrect, fer, since then, whenever I'd ask fer news from Dixon, someone 'ud tell what an uncommon wide swath Cy Payne was mowin—nothin' less than mayor whenever he'd condescend to take office—one time, presentin' the city with a marble fountain—then, a park, and agin a public library. Had 'em build hard rock roads clear out onto the prairie, so th' farmers cud d'rive in in all weathers, an' every store in Dixon felt the benefit in trade. So I says t' Reube, 'What's Cy been doin' lately?' an' I looked to hear about a new bridge across the Rock River, er a haff-million-dollar addition to the cannin' factory.

"Reube looks at me, an' says he, 'Do you mean Cyrus Paine?'

"'Yes,' says I. 'Sure.'

"'He's jes' ben dismissed,' says Reube.

"'Who dismissed him?' says I. 'I thought he owned the hull concern.'

"'No,' says Reube; 'he was only on a salary. Course it was a big one—twenty to twenty-five thousand a year; but he spent it faster'n he earned it, with horses, and wild-cat specklations, and gamblin' of one sort er nuther. He plunged so deep at last he lost his control of stock in the Corporation, an' lately he's got so everlastingly unsafe they couldn't put up with him any longer, and they've fired him!'

"'That so?' said I, an' after I'd chewed on it a while I says, 'How does folks take it in the city?'

"'Well, sir,' says Reube, 'I was a leetle surprised at the way they look at it. You'd think, after all he's done for Dixon, they'd be up in arms fer him—but they ain't. The papers don't say much, of course, one way er the other; but they's a giner'l feeling' that th' old man did more injury to the young men of the town with his fast horses, an' bettin', an' poker games, than all the good he done with the parks an' fountains an' drives.'

"All I could say was, 'Ef that true story was put in a Sunday-school book, folks would say 'twas made to order.'

"Now, Simon, comin' back to your question, s'posin' I knowed to a certainty which trotter would win this afternoon, an' giv' you the tip, what good would it do you?"

"He'd be twenty-five dollars ahead," said

the stranger who had proposed the bet. Then he pushed his hat back until the rim was perpendicular, and laughed coarsely, repeating the words, "He'd be twenty-five dollars ahead!"

"Yes," said Uncle 'Lij', with sudden and surpassing energy, "he'd be twenty-five dollars ahead; but lemme tell ye, stranger, that ain't all. *He'd be a character behind, an' Simon Thompson's character in this community is worth consid'able more than twenty-five dollars!*

"The winning of less money than twenty-five dollars," he continued, dropping back into his even monotone, "has started many a feller out, an' set him up in business as a gambler, and *a gambler is good fer nuthin else.* He's not only useless, but he's dangerous. Ef he continues in the business, in six months he's a liar, and in a year he's a thief. Ninety-nine and one-hundredths of the four-jarees, 'mbazzalmunts, an' breeches of trust I read about in the Chicago papers can be traced back to gamblin' as their ancestor, an' you don't have to go far tell you come to it. I know business men that will put up with a drunkard, because, poor fellow, he's 'his own worst enemy'; but any man who would keep a gambler in his employ would be considered a fool, even in Carrol Corners."

"That's all right, Uncle 'Lij'," said Captain Hickman, who had just come in, and wasn't quite up with the drift of the conversation; "but playin' cards and gamblin' is two different things. Now, *I believe in lettin' my boys play cards at home. Make home attractive for 'em, an' they won't want to go to these other places.*"

It was well known that the Captain himself, when he was not playing cards at home, was at a poker game in the back room of the saloon. So when he added, "That's the way my father, who was a good old deacon, raised *his boy,*" a general smile went around.

Seeing that the Captain had unwittingly and sufficiently answered himself, Uncle 'Lijah did not waste words, but turned to Simon Thompson.

"You ast me ef I cudden give you a tip fer this afternoon, Simon, an' I've tried to do it, an' here's a few more in the same line:

"The best bet on a horse-race is—bet-ter not.

"The best cut uv a deck a cards is—cut loose from 'em altogether.

"The best throw uv the dice is—throw 'em away.

"An' the best thing to do with this here whole gamblin' business is no-thing.

"You'll find them straight tips, Sime, an' I won't charge you nuthin' fer 'em."

And, with a wee smile pulling at the corner of his mouth, the old man relinquished the mackerel-barrel to another loafer, and slowly moved away.—C. E. World.

HEROD'S REMORSE.

When Herod heard of the fame of Jesus a species of resurrection occurred. The night of bacchanalian revel came back; the holy prophet's blood dripped upon the palace floor again; and the soul said, "This Jesus is the man whom I murdered!" There is, so to speak, a moral memory as well as a memory that is merely intellectual. Conscience writes in blood. She may brood in long silence, but she cannot forget. The revel passed, the dancing, demon-hearted daughter

went back to her blood-thirsty mother, the lights were extinguished, and the place relapsed into the accustomed order; but the prophet's blood cried with a cry not to be stifled, and angels with swords of fire watched the tetrarch night and day.

All men are watched. The sheltering wings of the unseen angels are close to every one of us. The eye sees but an infinitesimal portion of what is around—we are hemmed in with God. This great truth we forget; but exceptional circumstances transpire which for a moment rend the veil, and give us to see how public is our most secret life—how the angels hear the throb of the heart, and God counts the thoughts of the mind.—Joseph Parker.

"TAKE HEED HOW YE HEAR."

There is a grace of kind listening as well as a grace of kind speaking. Some men listen with an abstracted air, which shows that their thoughts are elsewhere. Or they seem to listen, but by wide answers and irrelevant questions show that they have been occupied with their own thoughts, as being more interesting, at least in their own estimation, than what you have been saying. Some interrupt, and will not hear you to the end. Some hear you to the end, and then forthwith begin to talk to you about a similar experience which has befallen themselves, making your case only an illustration of their own. Some, meaning to be kind, listen with such a determined, lively, violent attention that you are at once made uncomfortable and the charm of conversation is at an end. Many persons, whose manners will stand the test of speaking, break down under the trial of listening. But all these things should be brought under the sweet influences of religion.—F. W. Faber.

GAINING A REAL TREASURE.

A precious treasure may be ours for the asking if in early life we begin to memorize passages from the Bible, from Shakespeare, Tennyson and Wordsworth, and from the hymn writers whom we love.

Not only are our vocabularies very much enlarged and enriched by the familiarity which is gained by frequent repetition of a beautiful sentiment or a stirring speech or a comforting chapter, but our ideals are elevated and our critical faculties are developed. And much time is saved for us in the busy years when time presses if our minds are our convenient reference books, so that when we hear an illusion in a sermon or meet a quotation in a newspaper we can instantly verify or place it, or recall its context because it is one of the treasures committed to memory.

You know nothing about it now, my bright-eyed friend in the blithe strength and gladness of the twenties; but there may dawn a day in the long march of the days when you will not sleep as you sleep in youth. If one must lie awake when others sleep there is great joy and consolation in having some pleasant food for thought. The hours drift by slowly, it is true, but are neither desolate nor unprofitable when stanzas of poetry, thrilling lyrics, fine ballads, and beautiful scenes from favorite books come at a call and give one "songs in the night."

Commit to memory's keeping many texts of Scripture, and a few beloved chapters of Isaiah and St. John and St. Paul; learn by heart the Beatitudes, and, indeed, the whole

Sermon on the Mount. You will find your intellectual equipment vastly greater and your power of assimilation in every direction much increased by this simple process.—Margaret Sangster.

FOLLOW THE ANGEL.

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

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

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

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

OLD MEN WORKERS.

Men of thought have always been distinguished for their age. Colon, Sophocles, Pindar, Anacreon, and Xenophon were octogenarians. Kant, Buffon, Goethe, Fontenelle and Newton were over eighty, Michelangelo and Titian were eighty-nine and ninety-nine respectively. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of blood, lived to be eighty. Many men have done excellent work after they have passed eighty years. Landor wrote his "Imaginary Conversations" when eighty-five. Izaak Walton wielded a ready pen at ninety. Hahnemann married at eighty and was still working at ninety-one. Michealangelo was still painting his giant canvases at eighty-nine, and Titian at ninety worked with the vigor of his early years. Fontenelle was as light hearted at ninety-eight as at forty, and Newton at eighty-three worked as hard as he did in middle life. Cornaro was in far better health at ninety-five than at thirty, and as happy as a sandboy. At Hanover Dr. Du Bolsy was still practicing as a physician in 1897, going his daily rounds at the age of 103. William Reynold Salmon, M. R. C. S., of Cambridge, Glamorganshire, died on March 11, 1897, at the age of 106. At the time of his death he was the oldest known individual of indisputably authenticated age, the oldest physician, the oldest member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, and the oldest Free Mason in the world—Chambers' Journal.

OUR debt to the dead is unspeakable; for, good or ill, the world is largely ruled by the dead.—B. Fay Mills.

Popular Science.

H. H. BAKER.

IT may be of interest to the readers of the articles in this column to learn the reason why they have failed to appear of late. From an accident caused by falling, the writer was incapacitated for writing or study; and by advice has concluded to take a vacation for a little time, having for over seven years contributed weekly articles.

Bro. Baker says: "As soon as I feel like it, I will resume, and give my readers the latest news from both Polar regions, with late accounts of the active work of volcanoes and earthquakes in the torrid belt; also the progress made in the temperate zone by organizations, federations and strikes to compel people, through fear of freezing, starvation and explosions, to support a class of people who desire shorter hours and plenty of money."

THE HORSE AS AN EXAMPLE.

Horsemen always take great pride in being able to see all the good points in a horse; but one man found a good point in a horse which his driver had never noticed before.

Dr. Plummer was once riding on the box of a stage-coach alongside of the driver, who was a Jehu in his line of no common order. He was profuse in his praises of his team, and especially of one of the horses, interlarding his praise with oaths: "You have omitted one good point," said Dr. Plummer, with a twinkle in his eye. "What is that, sir?" said the driver. "What is that? I have studied that horse over and over, and I did not think there was anything about him I did not know. "What is it you have discovered?" "Well, sir," said the doctor, "it is this: We have ridden so many miles, and up to this point I have not heard a profane word out of his head." The driver looked at the doctor in surprise, and there was the same demure look, with a twinkle in his eye. "Thank you, sir," said the driver, "thank you. You have made a good point, and I think I will try to go as long without swearing as my horses will."—The Common People.

DIFFICULTIES are God's errands; and when we are sent upon them we should esteem it a proof of God's confidence.—Beecher.

SPOKE THE TRUTH.

Some time back a certain Colonel's gardener was going through the woods belonging to his employer, when he saw a man gathering nuts.

Since the Colonel had given strict orders that no one was to pick the nuts this year, as had hitherto been the case, the gardener said to the man: "You'll have to clear out of this. I've orders to keep all these nuts for the Colonel this year."

"It's all right," replied the man: "that's what I'm getting them for."

The gardener, satisfied, then passed on.

Meeting the same man a week after, he said: "Look here, you were not getting those nuts for the Colonel, at all."

"I tell you I was," was the emphatic reply. "Do you think I was getting 'em for the shells? Not I."

IN the minister's life it is not the few exceptionally great things that are reckoned, but the many ordinary little things.

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: 6-15
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.....	

SAMUEL THE JUDGE.

For Sabbath-day, December 20, 1902.

LESSON TEXT—1 Sam. 7: 2-13.

Golden Text.—Prepare your hearts unto the Lord and serve him only.—1 Sam. 7: 3.

INTRODUCTION.

Samuel soon became a recognized prophet in Israel. The message which he had received concerning the house of Eli found its fulfillment in the death of Hophni and Phineas in the battle with the Philistines, and the death of Eli when he heard the news of the great disaster. Hophni and Phineas had presumed to take the ark into battle in imitation of their enemies who carried the images of their gods with them. But the divine presence and assistance is to be secured in no such artificial way. Although the Philistines were victorious and captured the ark, they soon found that they had triumphed over the Israelites but not over Jehovah. The image of their god Dagon was dishonored and the people were themselves afflicted so that many of them died. They sent the ark back therefore with a costly trespass-offering.

At Beth-shemesh the Israelites also were punished for irreverence in regard to the ark. It was removed to Kiriath-jearim, and there remained in the house of Abinadab until David took it away many years later. The twenty years in ch. 7: 2 probably refers to the time that Israel was sunk in idolatry before they turned and sighed after Jehovah.

TIME.—The time is uncertain; probably twenty years after the death of Eli, which may have been ten years after the call of Samuel.

PLACE.—Mizpah, five miles northwest of Jerusalem.

PERSONS.—Samuel and the Israelites; the Philistines.

OUTLINE:

1. Samuel's Exhortation. v. 3, 4.
2. Israel Repents at Mizpah. v. 5, 6.
3. The Philistines Draw Near and are Discouraged. v. 7-11.
4. The Memorial Stone. v. 12, 13.

NOTES.

3. **If you do return unto Jehovah,** etc. These words imply that representatives of the nation of Israel had come to Samuel with expression of penitence for their idolatry. We may imagine that Samuel had been preaching and teaching for twenty years and longing for this day of turning unto Jehovah. **The foreign gods and the Ashtaroth.** Equivalent to "the Baalim and the Ashtaroth" of the following verse. See an explanation of these names in note on Judges 2: 11, 13, in lesson 7 of this quarter. **And direct your hearts unto Jehovah.** They were not only to turn away from the false gods, but to turn with heart service unto the true God. **And he will deliver you out of the hand of the Philistines.** During this period of idolatry and apostasy they had evidently been in abject servitude to their conquerors.

5. **Gather all Israel to Mizpah.** This

locality served as a meeting place for Israel upon other occasions also, as for example when Saul was elected king. [ch. 10: 17.] The word Mizpah means *watch-tower*. It is not strange that there should be several places of that name. It is sometimes spelled *Mizpeh*. **And I will pray for you.** That is, that their sins might be forgiven, and that Jehovah would bring deliverance from the Philistines.

6. **And drew water and poured it out before Jehovah.** Such a ceremony is not mentioned elsewhere in the Old Testament. It probably symbolized the pouring out of their hearts in penitence. Comp. ch. 1: 15. In later times the Jews had a ceremony of drawing and pouring out water in joyful celebration of the Feast of the Tabernacles. This is probably alluded to in John 7: 37, 38. **And fasted on that day.** As upon the day of Atonement. They thus expressed their humility and deep earnestness of spirit. **And Samuel judged Israel.** This probably does not refer to judicial proceedings—to the settlement of disputes; but means rather that at this time Samuel became the acknowledged leader of the nation, a judge like Gideon.

7. **And when the Philistines heard that the children of Israel were gathered together,** etc. The Philistines at once concluded that such a gathering meant rebellion against their sway. It is evident that the Israelites had continued in their assembly several days. **They were afraid of the Philistines.** They would naturally fear in the presence of the Philistines to whose force they had so often been obliged to yield in the past years.

8. **Cease not to cry unto Jehovah.** Literally, Be not deaf from us, so as not to cry unto Jehovah. We might paraphrase, Do not thou turn a deaf ear to us, but rather continue to intercede on our behalf with God.

9. **And Samuel took a sucking lamb,** etc. Thus do we see Samuel combining the office of Priest with that of Judge. Compare the offering of the priest on the day of atonement before he made the intercessory prayer. **And Jehovah answered him.** This is much better than "heard him." The answer was by the thunder mentioned in the next verse.

10. **Thundered with a great thunder.** Literally, with a great voice. The Philistines recognized it as a portent from heaven and fled in terror. The Israelites pursued and overtook them, and killed a great many of them. Demoralized by their fright, the Philistines were in no condition to make resistance.

11. **Beth-car.** The location of this place is unknown. It has been conjectured that it was upon a hill overhanging the road on the way from Mizpah to the land of the Philistines.

12. **Shen.** The site of this place also is unknown. It was evidently in the immediate neighborhood of Mizpah. **Eben-ezer.** Liter-



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ally, the stone of help. It is interesting to notice that it was at this spot that the Israelites had been defeated by the Philistines when this period of servitude began. Comp. ch. 4: 1, where the name Ebenezer is evidently given by anticipation, as the record was no doubt made long after the victory recorded in this chapter. The setting up of memorial stones was a common way of commemorating a great event. Compare the crossing of the Jordan. Jacob set up a pillar at Bethel. **Hitherto hath Jehovah helped us.** It was plain that the victory was not by their own strength, but from God's direct interposition.

13. **So the Philistines were subdued.** Their power was broken and they were completely humbled. **They came no more within the border of Israel.** This expression goes to show that the Israelites did not completely reverse the tables and subjugate the Philistines as they themselves had been subdued, but simply that the Philistines ceased to be invaders. **And the hand of the Lord was against the Philistines all the days of Samuel.** This probably refers to the days of Samuel as judge before Saul's accession, for in the early part of Saul's reign it seems that the Philistines were again oppressing Israel. [ch. 13: 19 ff.] And that they invaded the land with an army. [ch. 13: 5.] This does not however minimize the great victory under the leadership of Samuel; for if the people had been true to Jehovah they would never again have suffered from the Philistines.

DIDN'T NEED THE JOB.

A lady in Portland, Me., passing by a garden saw a rather shabbily dressed man working on some trees.

"What are doing to those tree trunks?" asked she.

"Girdling them, madam, with printer's ink and cotton, to keep off the canker worms," answered the man.

"How much does it cost?" inquired she.

"About 25 cents apiece," was the reply.

"Well, I wish you would come and girdle ours. What is your name?"

"Hill," the man replied; but, although the lady repeated the request about going to girdle her trees, the man returned an evasive answer. That night she spoke to her husband about the occurrence.

"Why," said the husband, laughing, "that man is Rev. Dr. Hill, late President of Harvard University, and recently appointed pastor of the First Church."

ENGLISH SENSE OF HUMOR.

At a boarding house in New England one day the waiter asked one of the guests, an Englishman, what he would have for dessert, naming all kinds of pie, namely, pumpkin, apple, lemon, mince, custard and squash. The Englishman answered that he would try some pumpkin, lemon, mince, custard and squash; wherefore the waiter asked "What's the matter with the apple pie?" All at the table laughed, in which the Englishman joined, but after dinner he asked one of the guests, "What was the matter with the apple pie?"

THE OLD RELIABLE

ROYAL

BAKING
POWDER

Absolutely Pure

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

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.

VANHORN.—Francis Marion VanHorn was born in Jackson Centre, Ohio, Feb. 8, 1848, and died at his home in Welton, Iowa, Nov. 20, 1902.

When he was a small child, his parents, Ai and Rachel (Loofboro) VanHorn, removed to Peoria county, Ill., locating near Farmington. In 1856, they settled at Welton, Clinton county, Iowa, at which place Bro Van Horn lived the greater part of his life. June 6, 1868, he was united in marriage with Miss Malinda F. Davis, who survives him. Of the eight children born to them, four sons, Alvah M., of Milton, Wis., Leonard A. and Willard M., of Welton, and Edgar D., of Milton College, and three daughters, Mrs. Oscar A. Davis, of Welton, Mrs. Myrtle L. Furrow, of Garwin, Iowa, and Orra Van Horn, of Welton, are still living. Two brothers, Rev. T. J. VanHorn, of Brookfield, N. Y., and C. C. VanHorn, of Gentry, Ark., and two sisters, Mrs. John Hurley, of Welton, and Mrs. D. B. Coon, wife of the pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church at Little Genesee, N. Y., also survive him. When quite young Bro. VanHorn was baptized by Elder Lewis A. Davis, and joined the Welton Seventh-day Baptist church, of which he was a member at the time of his death. He bore his long and painful illness with patience and Christian fortitude, and was a witness to the power of grace to sustain in the time of trouble. G. W. B.

WHERE THE BIRDS GO.

A great host of travelers are making their way South; a huge army welcomed by the best and most discerning entertainment, untroubled with baggage or time tables. They aren't millionaires disporting themselves in private cars. They are much more important to the world's enjoyment—just birds. Everybody in Northern habitudes sees them go and sends a farewell after them, but few concern themselves with the destination to which they wing their energetic way. But bird lovers know all these things and send a sympathetic thought to other friends of birds to whom the winter means the coming, not the going, of the melodious tribe.

The migration in the autumn is simply a matter of necessity, for food supply, and is much more soberly undertaken than the spring migration. Then they start joyously with their new clothes all spick and span and with their songs in their throats. Like true gentlemen the heads of families start ten days in advance of their wives.

In protected places in the Eastern and Middle States a few birds may be seen all winter, but they are rare, except the junco, chickadee, or titmouse, and nuthatch.

The beloved and brave robin, however, may be seen throughout his range, which is from the Atlantic to the Rockies and Manitoba to Mexico. He is the "bird of the morning", and rests from the arduous toil of the summer of providing worms for the three or four broods of hungry babies. He has also the responsibility of sounding the reveille in the morning and of awakening all the other birds to their daily matins. The robins and bluebirds winter in the Middle States to the Gulf States, and in New Mexico the robins have been seen covering an area several hundred feet square and two or three feet deep. On this occasion it was late in the winter, when there seemed to be an unusual stir among them. Evidently preparations were going on for the spring migration.

Following the silence of the birds which prevails in August and part of September comes the call of the robin, coming back to the scene of its meeting place. Song sparrows and goldfinches are also heard calling to their mates, and it seems like a touch of June, but they are the good-bye songs which will live in remembrance until the spring returns. The meadow-larks remain late in the vicinity of their resting places and harmonize well with the russet leaves and golden stubble field.

There is an unusual stir in the bird world just before the autumn migration; there seems to be the usual bustle and suppressed excitement observed in families when about to take a journey. One wonders what it is all about, for there were no trunks to pack, or luncheons to prepare, cabs to engage or time tables to consult. Possibly it may be due to the very idea of the long, perilous trip through wind and rain, with the eye of the man with the gun ever seeking them out.

The migration to the South or food supply does not seem so strange, but why the birds should make the long journey at the very time when insects and berries are to be found where they are has not been fully explained. Neither is it known why the male birds go North a week or ten days in advance of the females, or why the order is reversed in the southern migration.

Some ornithologists believe it is the return of the nestling season which takes them on their long journey, and F. C. Chapman, that authority on birds says "that it is paralleled by the migration of shad and salmon and other fishes to their spawning grounds."

There is always left to the bird lover the opportunity to take to the woods even in those localities where winter has spread its blanket of snow over field and fen. One may see the deserted home of a robin, or the adobe house of a woodthrush, a few juncos may cheer a winter's tramp, and that scrobat of birds, the white breasted nuthatch, may be seen head downward hunting out insects from the bark.—Washington Star.

NO DIFFERENCE WHICH SIDE.

Mr. Booker T. Washington tells this story of a man who belonged to the "po'h white trash" of Alabama.

A black man who ran a ferry was one day accosted thus:

"Uncle Mose," said the white man, "I want to cross, but I hain't got no money."

Uncle Mose scratched his head.

"Doan' you got no money 'tall?" he queried.

"No," said the wayfaring stranger, "I haven't a cent."

"But it done cost you but three cents," insisted Uncle Mose, "ter cross de ferry."

"I know," said the white man, "but I haven't got the three cents."

Uncle Mose was in a quandary. "Boss," he said, "I done tole you what. Er man what's got no three cents am jes' e well off on dis side er de river as de odder."—C. E. World.

DUTY comes to us as something hard, and we shrink from it. No one is a large man if he does not feel that his duty is larger than himself.—Alexander McKenzie, D. D.

Some men spend half their lives in making a reputation and the other half in trying to live it down.

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.

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 New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist church, Washington Square South and Thompson Street. The Sabbath-school meets at 10 45 A. M. Preaching service at 11.30 A. M. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors.

E. F. LOOFBORO, Acting Pastor,
326 W. 33d Street.

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of 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.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury, as mercury will destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physician, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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