

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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WHOLE No. 3016.

RESPONSIBILITY.

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But what some land is gladden'd! No star ever rose
And set, without influence somewhere! Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature? No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby!
The spirits of just men made perfect on high—
The army of martyrs who stand by the throne
And gaze into the Face that makes glorious their own—
Know this, surely, at last! Honest love, honest sorrow,
Honest work for the day, honest hope for the morrow,
Are these worth nothing more than the hand they make
weary—
The heart they have sadden'd—the life they leave
dreary?
Hush! the sevenfold heavens to the voice of the Spirit
Echo, "He that o'ercometh shall all things inherit!"
—Lytton.

THE first meeting of the Advisory
Meeting of the Council appointed at the late Gen-
Advisory eral Conference was held at Alfred,
Council. N. Y., Dec. 8-10, inclusive, Dr.
Geo. W. Post, of Chicago, presiding. Sixteen
of the seventeen members were present. Mrs.
L. A. Platts, representative of the Woman's
Board, being unable to attend, was repre-
sented by her husband, who was the repre-
sentative of Milton College. The following
members composed the Council in session:
Geo. W. Post, Geo. H. Utter, H. D. Babcock,
E. A. Witter, C. C. VanHorn, D. E. Tits-
worth, C. B. Hull, Geo. B. Shaw, A. E. Main,
L. A. Platts, E. M. Tomlinson, B. C. Davis,
A. H. Lewis, O. U. Whitford, T. L. Gardiner,
Mrs. H. M. Maxson.

Reports of the work of the Council will ap-
pear in subsequent issues of the RECORDER.
It is enough to say at this time that the
spirit of prayer for wisdom reigned, and such
earnestness prevailed as was commensurate
with the interests and issues involved. The
action taken was well digested and harmoni-
ous, and when the Council closed, after eight
long and crowded sessions, all felt that much
good had been attained and steps of impor-
tance had been taken toward actual gain in
denominational work, both as to purpose,
spirit and methods. The RECORDER asks
that pastors will note with care the reports
that will appear in these columns, and that
they call the attention of their people, often
and at length, to these reports and to the
interests which are involved. We also ask
those who have matured thought and definite
conclusions to present, or pertinent ques-
tions to ask, to use our columns for that
purpose.

The calling of this Council and the results
of its deliberations are part of a movement
which began at the Conference held at Brook-
field, N. Y., in 1867, at which time the follow-
ing initiatory action was taken:

WHEREAS, In unity there is strength, and

all those organizations are most vital which
come nearest the hearts of the people, and
emanate most directly from them; and
whereas, the economy of means and of labor
demands the reduction of all organized labor
to the simplest form compatible with the end
sought; therefore,

Resolved, That it would increase the
unity, strength and economy of our work as
Seventh-day Baptists to transact all of our
work as educators and reformers through
one organization of the nature of the General
Conference.

Under that resolution a committee consist-
ing of J. Allen, D. E. Maxson, N. V. Hull and
J. Bailey reported a new constitution for the
General Conference at the annual meeting in
Albion, Wis., in 1868. That constitution
was referred to the churches for discussion
and action. The final vote was taken at the
annual session in 1870. As the Conference
was constituted that year, 38 votes were
necessary to adopt the proposed constitu-
tion. Thirty-four churches voted "aye;"
twenty voted "nay;" and three did not vote.
Since that time several features proposed in
that constitution have been incorporated in
the Conference, and in the constitutions of
the various societies. While the present
movement is not the direct organic out-
growth of the efforts begun in 1867, it is in
the same line and is inspired by the same
general purpose. Thus one generation of
men passes the work connected with Christ's
kingdom on to the next, each adding some-
thing to the common stock of discussion, ac-
tion and results. All Seventh-day Baptists,
and especially pastors and "leading men,"
will be negligent as to duty and recreant as to
responsibility if they do not give this matter
careful, prayerful and continued attention
from this time until the next Conference in
August, 1903. To aid in the matter of in-
formation, etc., the RECORDER will aim to
promote such consideration week by week.

A Sinless
Christ.

SEEN from the standpoint of a
man among men, Christ appears
as one who never broke away
from a life of sin to one of obe-
dience and righteousness. The struggles
through which men pass in the experiences
of repentance and reform are often strong,
fierce and scar-producing. Paul, who stands
next to Christ in the shaping of Christianity
in its earliest stages, is a marked example.
All his life was colored by the soul-struggles
which came during that memorable journey
to Damascus. His discourses and writings
from that hour until the last day of his life

were painted by that experience of repentance
and reform. Nothing like this is seen in
Christ's words or deeds. His public life
began at an age when he must have been
near to his repenting and reforming experi-
ences, had such ever happened. He sum-
moned men to repentance and obedience, but
never as one who had gone through the fires
of conviction and of conscious sin. On the
contrary, goodness, self-sacrifice and highest
purpose as to obedience flowed from his life
as naturally as flowers open in summer, or
as perennial springs gush from mountain
side. What he was shows that he could not
have had such experiences as men do who
break from a sin-marked past, that they may
struggle toward high, obedient, righteous
living. Tempted we know he was. Weari-
ness and trials were familiar to him; but
calmly victorious in every struggle, he re-
mained tempted but sinless. We do not need
to consider any supernatural divinity in him
in order to see him as the sinless one. Thus
seen he is nearer to us and more helpful than
when he is so hedged about with unlikeness
to men as to be beyond the reach of tempta-
tion.

Religiousness
Was Para-
mount in
Christ.

WE use the word religiousness to
include all forms and phases of the
soul's relations with God, and
of man's relations with man.
Christ's relations with God, his Heavenly
Father, seem to enfold him and to absorb
his being. He proclaimed the worth of the
human soul as incomparable, and far above
all things earthly. "What shall it profit a
man if he gain the whole world and lose his
own soul" was the key-note of Christ's life
and words. All grades of thought and
emotion appear in his preaching. Accusa-
tion, reproof, entreaty, even irony, abound,
but without human bitterness or human
weakness. But withal there was never fanat-
icism, narrowness, or one-sidedness. In his
intensity he was no blind enthusiast. In his
condemnations, plain beyond measure, there
was no injustice. Wise answers silenced his
accusers. Simple parables solved problems
and cleared up mysteries for his hearers, but
everything he said or did, and every thought
he awakened in men glowed with religious-
ness, divineness, and helping, healing power.

In Closest
Touch with
Men.

THIS religiousness instead of separ-
ating him from men, or building
a barrier about him, brought him
into closest relations with every
phase of human life and experience. He was
at one with men, in joy and sorrow, mourn-

ing and laughter. Sickness and death, hunger and thirst touching his fellows, drew from him comfort, help and healing. He talked politics in words crowded full of fundamental principles, and entered with zest into social life and common experiences. All things furnished avenues of touch and intercourse between him and men. The sower and the reaper in the fields, the owner of a vineyard and the idle workmen in a market-place were as familiar to him, and he with them, as though he were "a man of the world"—one of them. The shepherd seeking his sheep, the jeweler dealing in pearls, and the house-keeper ransacking corners and moving furniture to find a lost coin, were sources of sermons which will endure through all generations because needed by all. With all this closeness to men, all this interweaving sympathy with them and their affairs, he was in a sense homeless—"had not where to lay his head." Nevertheless, he never seemed like a martyr, and he was farthest of all from being a complainer. He was not wildly ecstatic, like prophets of a lower type, nor was he like an heroic penitent who seeks honor because he has made sacrifices. He was a man carrying greatest burdens, but enjoying matchless rest of soul. His words strike the highest notes of truth and duty. He offers men inexorable alternatives, leaving no way for their escape except toward God and righteousness. All these things, and more, he said and did as easily and naturally as a mother teaches her child and comforts it with cradle songs. Such an one must have been religious through and through in the deepest and richest sense of that word. Herein he is our example.

God Our Safeguard. HISTORY shows that crimes increase in proportion as men lose faith in God and the consciousness of accountability to him. Science may not be able to explain this, but it is easy to understand that when the restraints of faith in a divine law which forbids sin are gone, the soul goes out with the temptation. When no power outside one's life forbids covetousness, or adultery, or theft, or blasphemy, it is the most natural thing to fall into disobedience. The behests of the tempted soul are too weak to keep it from yielding when left to itself alone. It is an universal fact that the divine behest is the most powerful motive to obedience. If one were to close his eyes and look with his fingers, he would fail to see. No less unwisely do these men act who insist on seeing God and truth with the fingers of the intellect alone. The heart, obedient and believing, is the eye which discerns truth and sees God. It is above all science. If the skeptic, vainly endeavoring to learn God through the agency of crucibles, and scales, and re-agents, would yield his will in loving obedience, the problem would be solved. The laboratory or the halls of science can reveal the wonders of the physical universe, and thus, much of God. But his character and his thoughts, *i. e.*, truth, are found only by a loving heart. Thoughts are realities. Truths are veritable entities. They exist as distinct facts of the moral and religious universe as much as the stars do in the firmament. When your soul goes out searching for God it finds him through his thoughts. These meet you, speak to you, warn you, encourage you, like so many servants sent forth from him. There is nothing mystical

or uncertain in the realm of religious truth. If you want to know more of God and truth and duty, go into the realms of revealed truth, seeking the companionship and guidance of his Spirit, and you will find richer gems than the diamond fields of Africa hold. Obedient love finds truth, accepts it, and is guided by it.

Character is Destiny. THE truth cannot be too often repeated that our future destiny is determined by character, and that character is determined by individual choices and purposes. The idea that God determines destiny by arbitrary rules, with little or no regard to our choices, must not be entertained. It is sometimes said that men are arbiters of their own fortunes. In a much larger sense it is true that men determine their destiny. Whatever allowances need to be made for our surroundings, and for those influences which we cannot control, God makes, with infinite wisdom and tenderness. Men need not plead with him to make such allowances, for it is a part of his justice and compassion thus to do. But each man must recognize that he is the maker of his own destiny through the choices which he is conscious of making. In the presence of this truth, one cannot shrink from those responsibilities in the matter of choice which each man is compelled to assume, whether he wishes to or not. If this truth is already familiar to you, you will still be helped by its repetition at this time. Keep the logical links in your mind: your choices and purposes determine your character, and your character determines your destiny.

The Sources of Religion. WHETHER in its simpler or more complex form, the religious sentiment starts in some conception of authority which exists outside of ourselves. As we generally think of the question, there are three such sources: the Bible, the Reason and the Church. Going still farther back, the simpler forms of religion, even the lowest, start in what is usually called the supernatural. God, or the gods, or spirits, good or bad, form in general the source of religious thought. The application of this general truth to ourselves, and in view of our larger knowledge, compels us to accept Christianity as a revealed religion, whatever view we may take of the Bible as a specific revelation. We are, therefore, to seek further religious development by cultivating love and regard for this power outside ourselves, which makes for righteousness. In doing this we find the sources of spiritual development through the ministration of the Holy Spirit and through that general Divine indwelling in which the sanctified soul delights. Through this recognition of the authority outside ourselves, great good comes in our struggles to overcome the weaknesses which beset us and the temptations which surround us. In a word, to recognize religious authority outside ourselves upholds, guides and strengthens, as no conception of authority within ourselves only can do.

Labor and Capital. CIRCUMSTANCES of the last few weeks connected with the coal strike have created new interest in the relation between labor and capital. It will be well if the fundamental

truths concerning these relations are forced to the front through the influences of the great strike, until all classes of men become familiar with them and are willing to recognize what they require. The following passage from the Message of President Roosevelt is a fine summary of these fundamental truths: "Every employer, every wage-earner, must be guaranteed his liberty and his right to do as he likes with his property or his labor so long as he does not infringe upon the rights of others." When these fundamental principles are recognized by both parties in any given contest between labor and capital, settlements of difficulties and misunderstandings will be easy. Well does President Roosevelt say: "We are neither for the rich man as such, nor the poor man as such; we are for the upright man, rich or poor." That is the principle on which our government is founded; the principle on which God's government is founded. The evils attending the late strike have been great and many; but we repeat, that if through these a few fundamental truths shall be clarified and impressed, both capital and labor will find cause for thankfulness, even though selfishness has made a severe lesson necessary, through which better things may be attained.

Imports and Exports. OUR exports of iron and steel products have been growing for several years and have reached enormous figures. But such are the intricacies and peculiarities of the commercial world that we are also bringing large amounts from abroad. This amount is larger this year than at any time during the past ten years. The figures of the Treasury Bureau of Statistics show that the importations of iron and steel manufactures in the ten months ending with October, 1902, are double those of last year, and three times as much as those of 1898, and are larger than in any year since 1891. The total value of iron and steel manufactures imported in the ten months ending with October, 1902, is \$31,987,056, against \$16,349,427 in the same months of last year, and \$10,531,090 in the corresponding months of 1898. In practically every class of articles the figures of the year just ended are larger, both in quantity and value, than those of last year, and in many cases the figures are more than double those of last year. Pig iron, for example, has increased from 39,336 tons in ten months of 1901 to 406,610 tons in ten months of 1902; bar iron has increased from 38,233,515 pounds in ten months of 1901 to 51,586,822 pounds in ten months of 1902; ingots, blooms, billets, etc., have increased from 14,791,617 pounds in ten months of last year to 497,304,854 pounds in ten months of the present year.

In matters commercial, as in other things, the world is more nearly one family than ever before.

What Young Men Have Done. AS A stimulus to young men, we call attention to the following: Alexander the Great died at thirty-three. Napoleon had achieved all his victories at thirty-seven. Washington was twenty-seven when he covered the retreat of the British Army under Braddock, and not forty in 1776. At thirty-three, Jefferson

wrote the Declaration of Independence. At thirty, Hamilton helped to frame the Constitution of the United States. At twenty-three, Melancthon wrote the Loci Communes, which passed through fifty editions in his lifetime. At thirty-three, he wrote the Augsburg Confession. At twenty-nine, Ursinus wrote the Heidelberg Catechism. Zwingle wrote his chief works before forty, and died at forty-six. At the Disputation of Leipsic, Luther was thirty-five; at the Diet of Worms, thirty-seven. At twenty-seven, Calvin wrote the Institutes. Moses sent young men to spy out the land of Canaan, and Joshua sent out young men, as spies, to Jericho. Saul, David and Solomon achieved their greatest works before they had reached middle life. John the Baptist and the Apostles did their life-work as young men, and Jesus Christ finished his labors and endured his sufferings as a young man. Not a decrepit, worn-out life, but the warm blood of manhood's morning, did he shed upon the cross for the world's redemption. Reader, are you waiting till you grow older? May these examples incite you now to put your hand to the plow, and let the Lord work mightily through you. "I have written to you, young men, because you are strong, and the Word of God abideth in you." 1 John 2: 14.

By the signature of the Secretary of War an agreement has been effected between the United States and the Commercial Pacific Cable Company for the construction of an ocean cable from San Francisco to Honolulu, Guam, the Philippine Islands and China. The conditions provide that the company shall not combine with any other company; that its rates shall be reasonable; that the United States shall have the right to purchase the lines at an appraised value, and shall have full control of the cable in time of war. Of course, the whole arrangement is subject to revocation by Congress, but there is no idea that Congress will interfere with an arrangement which the President and the legal department of the Government believe is to be of great advantage to the United States. It looks now, by the perfection of the Marconi system and the cable extensions, as if Puck's declaration that he would put a girdle around the earth in forty minutes may become a reality. Certain it is that time and space separate men so slightly that the world is nearer one than ever before.

THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes takes this form instead:
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongues can speak a word whose speed,"
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sage doth this impart:
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole:
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

—Rev. Philip Burrows Strong.

BE brief: for it is with words as it is with sunbeams, the more they are condensed the deeper they burn.—Southey.

Prayer-Meeting Column.

Topic.—Simple Speech.

(Lesson.—1 Cor. 14. Note especially verses 6-19.)

1 Follow after love; yet desire earnestly spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophesy. 2 For he that speaketh in a tongue speaketh not unto men, but unto God; for no man understandeth; but in the spirit he speaketh mysteries. 3 But he that prophesieth speaketh unto men edification, and exhortation, and consolation. 4 He that speaketh in a tongue edifieth himself; but he that prophesieth edifieth the church. 5 Now I would have you all speak with tongues, but rather that ye should prophesy: and greater is he that prophesieth than he that speaketh with tongues, except he interpret, that the church may receive edifying. 6 But now, brethren, if I come unto you speaking with tongues, what shall I prophesy to you, unless I speak to you either by way of revelation, or of knowledge, or of prophesying, or of teaching? 7 Even things without life, giving a voice, whether pipe or harp, if they give not a distinction in the sounds, how shall it be known what is piped or harped? 8 For if the trumpet give an uncertain voice, who shall prepare himself for war? 9 So also ye, unless ye utter by the tongue speech easy to be understood, how shall it be known what is spoken? for ye will be speaking into the air. 10 There are, it may be, so many kinds of voices in the world, and no kind is without signification. 11 If then I know not the meaning of the voice, I shall be to him that speaketh a barbarian, and he that speaketh will be a barbarian unto me. 12 So also ye, since ye are zealous of spiritual gifts seek that ye may abound unto the edifying of the church. 13 Wherefore let him that speaketh in a tongue pray that he may interpret. 14 For if I pray in a tongue, my spirit prayeth, but my understanding is unfruitful. 15 What is it then? I will pray with the spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also: I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also. 16 Else if thou bless with the spirit, how shall he that filleth the place of the unlearned say the Amen at thy giving of thanks, seeing he knoweth not what thou sayest? 17 For thou verily givest thanks well, but the other is not edified. 18 I thank God, I speak with tongues more than you all: 19 howbeit in the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, than I might instruct others also, than ten thousand words in a tongue.

20 Brethren, be not children in mind: yet in malice be ye babes, but in mind be men. 21 In the law it is written, By men of strange tongues and by the lips of strangers will I speak unto this people: and not even thus will they hear me, saith the Lord. 22 Wherefore tongues are for a sign, not to them that believe, but to the unbelieving: but prophesying is for a sign, not to the unbelieving, but to them that believe. 23 If therefore the whole church be assembled together and all speak with tongues, and there come in men unlearned or unbelieving, will they not say that ye are mad? 24 But if all prophesy, and there come in one unbelieving or unlearned, he is reproved by all, he is judged by all: 25 the secrets of his heart are made manifest; and so he will fall down on his face and worship God, declaring that God is among you indeed.

26 What is it then, brethren? When ye come together, each one hath a psalm, hath a teaching, hath a revelation, hath a tongue, hath an interpretation. Let all things be done unto edifying. 27 If any man speaketh in a tongue, let it be by two, or at the most three, and that in turn; and let one interpret: 28 but if there be no interpreter, let him keep silence in the church; and let him speak to himself, and to God. 29 And let the prophets speak by two or three, and let the others discern. 30 But if a revelation be made to another sitting by, let the first keep silence. 31 For ye all can prophesy one by one, that all may learn, and all may be exhorted; 32 and the spirits of the prophets are subject to the prophets; 33 for God is not a God of confusion, but of peace.

As in all the churches of the saints, 34 let the women keep silence in the churches: for it is not permitted unto them to speak; but let them be in subjection, as also saith the law. 35 And if they would learn anything, let them ask their own husbands at home: for it is shameful for a woman to speak in the church. What? was it from you that the word of God went forth? or came it unto you alone?

37 If any man thinketh himself to be a prophet, or spiritual, let him take knowledge of the things which I write unto you, that they are the commandment of the Lord. 38 But if any man is ignorant let him be ignorant.

39 Wherefore, my brethren, desire earnestly to prophesy, and forbid not to speak with tongues. 30 But let all things be done decently and in order.

Corinthian nature was very like the human nature of our times. There were members of the church at Corinth who were vain of their gifts, and fond of display; who thought more of showing themselves to advantage before the public than they did of the service they might render to others, or the good they might do by the proper use of their gifts. The spirit of strife, jealousy and envy was rife among them. The branches of the Vine there needed severe pruning, and the Apostle did not spare the knife. Our lesson is an example of his method.

Paul did not disparage the gifts over which the Corinthians were contending. "Follow after them," he says; "Covet earnestly the best gifts,"—for they are the capital upon which the believer does business for the Master. Learning the power to heal disease, the art of eloquent speech or of soul-inspiring song are so many means by which one person may come into the lives of other people, and help and comfort them. All these things have real value and therefore are to be desired.

But they are to be desired not for themselves merely, or for the prominence and distinction they give to their possessor, but for the use that may be made of them. As Paul puts it, "edification," or service, is to be the ambition of the believer. It is to this end that we are to desire gifts,—not for show, but for use.

To edify is simply to build up, as a house is built up of the stones and timbers till it stands complete according to the plan of the architect. We speak in this sense of building up a business, a benevolent enterprise, a school, as we bring to these things the materials and support which establish them and enable them to do the work for which they are planned. So we may build up the church of Christ in its external organization, in its spiritual life, and in the character of its individual members. And as one of the leading "gifts," or means, by which the work of edification is accomplished, Paul specifies the use we make of speech.

Taking Jesus as our example, we note that a very large part of his ministry on earth was exercised through the power of speech. The teachings of Christ, the things he said, have left a more lasting impress upon the world than the mighty works or miracles he did. He preached the gospel with a simplicity that enabled the common people to understand, and his words have come down to us as the supreme model of clearness, directness and power in teaching. The apostles followed the lead of their Master in their preaching, and as Paul tells us, their speech was "not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power."

The more common fault in prayer-meeting is that of silence, and yet silence is golden compared with unwise speech. Most of the silence comes through fear of men, fear that someone will think we have spoken uselessly. But genuine expressions concerning personal experience with truth and in God-fearing endeavors is always timely and helpful. Seek not to be wise or attractive before men, much less skillful or sharp in condemning others, but whoever speaks simply from the deeper experiences of his own life speaks to edification and profit.

ABSTRACT OF A SERMON,

Preached by Rev. L. E. Livermore, of New Market, N. J., at the Yearly Meeting of the New York City and New Jersey Seventh-day Baptist churches, in Plainfield, N. J., Nov. 16, 1902.

Text, John 8: 12—"I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

Theme, "The Light of the World."

The declaration of the true character and the divine nature of Jesus always astonished and offended the unbelieving Jews. He was not King, according to their preconceived ideas of the Messiah. So it is to-day. Erroneous theories of Christ rob him of his essential character, leaving those in error to wander in darkness.

I. Jesus Christ has given us a true revelation of God and of human destiny. He declares that he is the Light of the World. Light reveals what darkness hides. So Jesus reveals God, heaven, destiny. Light in Scripture language signifies knowledge, while darkness is a symbol of ignorance. Sunshine illumines the earth, drives away darkness, dampness, death; so Jesus by the revelation of his Gospel drives away ignorance, floods the soul with the divine light of truth, discovers the hideous deformity of sin, and thus leads to the warm sunshine of God's love and pardon.

1. Notice the testimony of Jesus concerning his own divine nature. In Exodus 3: 14 God announces himself as "I AM THAT I AM." "I AM hath sent me unto you." This is the correct rendering of the Hebrew language. The Greek reads, "I am he that is;" the Arabic, "I am the eternal One who passeth not away."

Jesus says, "I and my Father are one; he that hath seen me hath seen the Father." "I am the Light of the World." "I am the way, the truth and the life." "Before Abraham was I am."

As the "Light of the World," Jesus would naturally be seen and acknowledged by many who were not his disciples. As the sun shines upon all the world, so this Jesus light must illuminate all the world. Hence we would naturally look for the testimony of his enemies as well as his friends. The witness of an enemy is often regarded as stronger evidence than that of a friend. Let us note therefore,

2. Some testimonies of unbelievers. "When he (Pilate) was set down on the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him, saying, 'Have thou nothing to do with that just man; for I have suffered many things, this day, in a dream, because of him.'" "When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just person; see ye to it.'"

"Now when the centurion saw what was done he glorified God, saying, 'Certainly this was a righteous man.'"

"Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought back the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying: I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood."

But uninformed skeptics frequently ask why there is not corroborative evidence of Jesus and his gospels in secular history? We reply, there is an abundance of such evidence. Read what Josephus, an impartial

Jewish historian, says in Book 18, chap. 3, sec. 3:

"About this time lived Jesus, a wise man, if it be proper to call him a man; for he was a doer of wonderful works—a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew over to him many of the Jews and many of the Greeks. He was the Christ. And when Pilate, at the instigation of the principal men among us, had condemned him to the cross, those who had loved him at the first did not forsake him. For he appeared to them alive again on the third day; the divine prophets having foretold these and many other wonderful things concerning him. And the sect of Christians so named after him are not extinct to this day."

Some of the Greek and Roman writers of the first five centuries speak more or less of Jesus as a historical character. Among these writers are Tacitus, Pliny, Suetonius, Lucian, Aristides, Celsus, Porphyry, Julian the apostate. These were heathen writers against Christ and Christianity, but in that very fact lies the evidence called for, outside of the Bible.

Continuing the testimony of unbelievers, we quote somewhat liberally from two or three skeptical writers of the Voltaire school of the eighteenth century.

Denis Diderot, a French philosopher and free-thinker, who died in 1784, was considered a confirmed atheist. He read the New Testament carefully, and, to the astonishment of his friends, taught the Bible to his only daughter! On one occasion, at a meeting of the most celebrated infidels of the century, after a free discussion of the Bible, and Christ, the founder of Christianity, Diderot astonished all present by remarking: "For a wonder, gentlemen, for a wonder, I know nobody, either in France or anywhere else, who could write or speak with more art or talent. Notwithstanding all the bad which we have said, and no doubt with good reason, of this devil of a book (the Bible), I defy you all—as many as are here—to prepare a tale so simple, and at the same time so sublime and so touching, as the tale of the passion and death of Jesus Christ; which produces the same effect, which makes a sensation as strong and as generally felt, and whose influence will be the same, after so many centuries."

Jean Jacques Rousseau, a famous French philosopher, who died in 1778, carefully studied the New Testament, and in his later years made the following remarkable statement: "I will confess that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the gospel has its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers, with all their pomp of diction, how mean, how contemptible are they compared with the Scriptures! Is it possible that a book at once so simple and so sublime should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage whose history it contains should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast or an ambitious sectary? What sweetness, what purity in his manner! What an affecting gracefulness in his instructions! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom in his discourses! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live and so die without weakness and without ostentation? . . . The death of Socrates,

peacefully philosophizing among his friends, appears the most agreeable that one could wish: that of Jesus, expiring in agonies, abused, insulted and accused by a whole nation, is the most horrible that one could fear. Socrates, indeed, receiving the cup of poison, blessed the weeping executioner who administered it; but Jesus, amidst excruciating tortures, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes, if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God."

Napoleon Bonaparte, a man of gigantic intellect, a man of the world, brought up in an infidelic atmosphere, paid little attention to matters of religion until after his banishment; then at his leisure, he read with critical attention the New Testament. When discussing the merits of the Bible and the life of Christ with General Bertrand, he said: "I know men; and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires, and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between Christianity and whatever other religions the distance of infinity. . . . Everything in Christ astonishes me. His spirit overawes me, and his will confounds me. Between him and whoever else in the world there is no possible term of comparison. He is truly a being by himself. His ideas and his sentiments, the truths which he announces, his manner of convincing are not explained by human organization or by the nature of things. His birth and the history of his life; the profundity of his doctrine, which grapples the mightiest of difficulties, and which is of those difficulties the most admirable solution; his gospel, his apparition, his empire, his march across the ages and the realms—everything is for me a prodigy, a mystery insolvable, which plunges me into reveries which I cannot escape; a mystery which is there before my eyes; a mystery which I can neither deny nor explain. Here I see nothing human. . . . Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and myself founded empires. But on what did we rest the creations of our genius? Upon force. Jesus Christ alone founded his empire upon love; and at this hour millions of men would die for him."

Thus spake the great Napoleon, and thus multitudes of strong and impartial minds have seen and acknowledged this "Light of the World."

II. Notice the promise to those who follow this great Light.

1. They shall not walk in darkness. In the Scriptures the word "light" usually stands for knowledge; darkness, for ignorance. Following the light is walking with Jesus; that is, in his companionship, with his guidance; in loving obedience to his directions, or, as was said of that righteous couple, Luke 1: 6, "Walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless." With such there is no darkness.

Recently, in this city, a sermon was preached by one who has considerable reputation as a public speaker, but who represents that school of theology which robs Jesus Christ of his essential divinity. In the daily papers the sermon was reported to have been "heard by a large congregation which was visibly impressed by its deepness of thought and forcefulness of speech."

In speaking of the "utter impracticability

of seeking to learn one's destiny, and the being of God," it was stated that "The road to the being of God is through the knowledge of man, and as no one has the slightest intimation as to what is to become of the latter, progress stops."

Here is ample evidence of the darkness in which one walks who does not believe in the Scripture representations of the real nature of Jesus Christ, the God-man. If we have not "the slightest intimation as to what is to become of man," then surely the attempted revelation of God and human destiny through Jesus is a failure. "Thus," he continued, "it may be seen that absolutely nothing is known of the great beyond, as everything is learned by experience, and *no one has had that.*" The italics are ours, to call especial attention to this utter ignoring of the experience of the one through whom we derive so much of our knowledge of God and human destiny, and who declared of himself, "I am from above." Did not Jesus have that experience and knowledge of "the great beyond" and of human destiny, that would enable him to make a truthful and valuable revelation to man? Was not he with the Father "before the world was"? He said to his disciples, "Whither I go ye know and the way ye know;" and to the thief on the cross, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;" and yet says this preacher, we have not "the slightest intimation" of man's future destiny! "If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"

2. Those who follow Jesus will also be light-bearers. This is a distinguished privilege. Those who are illuminated by the great Light not only reflect that light, but they are so filled with the divine radiance that it shines out from the soul through the countenance, the voice, and the heaven-directed deeds. As soon as the soul receives this divine light it is "born again," and in its new light and life begins at once to bear its newly-found light to the souls that sit in darkness. One of the first and most marked evidences that a soul has passed out of its natural darkness into the light of Jesus is the new experience of love for others and an earnest desire to bring them into the same wonderful light. He who has this light must become Christ-like; for to save perishing men was the one distinguishing and only mission of Christ to this sin-cursed earth.

3. Those who follow Jesus will be sure of eternal life. He who said, "I am the light of the world," said also, "I am the way, the truth and the life." Hence he who has this light has also life. "These things have I written unto you that believe on the name of the Son of God; that ye may know that ye have eternal life."

Thus the light-bearer unconsciously becomes Christ-like, and is, in this way only, fitted for the kingdom of heaven. "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

THE ISRAELITES.

Moses became well acquainted with the varying characteristics of the children of Israel, in their prosperity and adversity, while migrating in the wilderness. At certain times they were obedient to the teaching of the divine precepts; at other times they were disobedient, and complained to Moses of their

destitution and privations. It therefore often became necessary for them to be brought into perilous circumstances, that the power and mercy of divine providence might be manifest to them. Miracles were wrought at various times, and under peculiar circumstances to convince them of their retrogressions, and bring them back to their allegiance to the divine will.

Moses, in his exhortion, after informing them that he could not be permitted to go over Jordan, but must die in the land where they then were, says, "When the Lord shall give thee great and goodly cities which thou buildest not, and houses full of good things which thou filledst not, and vineyards and olive trees which thou plantedst not; when thou shalt have eaten and be full, then, beware lest thou forsake the Lord." In his further exhortion he says, "Lest when thou hast eaten and art full, then thine heart be lifted up, and thou forget the Lord thy God. And thou say in thine heart, my power, and the might of my hand had gotten me this wealth. But thou shalt remember the Lord thy God, for it is him that giveth thee power to get wealth."

Moses was to the children of Israel what Christ is to us. He led them from Egyptian bondage and pointed them to the land of promise. Christ leads us from a worse than Egyptian servitude, the bondage of sin. Moses was not permitted to go over Jordan into the promised land. Christ not only leads us, and points by his teaching to a release from spiritual bondage, but will go over the rough and boistrous Jordan of death to that calm and pleasant land of peace. Moses portrayed the blessings which would follow a life of obedience, and the judgments inherent to a life of disobedience. Christ, in his Sermon on the Mount, made declarations of blessedness to particular virtues, and enumerates several, after which he says to his disciples, "Ye are the light of the world; let your light so shine that men may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." He also taught how prayer should be made, and after pronouncing woes on the hypocrite who acts from outward show, and on the worldly minded who lived for the purpose of amassing wealth only, he admonishes men to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."

The instructions given in this discourse are so plain that few there be who will be found guiltless if they do not obey them. We profess to be believers in Christ and the doctrines taught in the Bible, that one of two final destinations await the human family, one of happiness the other of misery; the first to be obtained by a whole and thorough consecration of life to the principles of Christianity, with implicit faith in the merits of Christ as the Redeemer from sin. The last will be realized if we neglect the first.

Do the actions of the Christian world warrant this belief? Do they not rather indicate the belief in a middle ground where neither happiness will be enjoyed nor misery experienced? Do not many act and appear to feel as though there were a place where God is not, and if they could be permitted to dwell there, they would be content? Delusive are all such beliefs and actions. No place can be found where God does not exist. Happiness or misery are caused by the presence of God. Negligence to secure the first or disbelief,—

pretended or real,—in the miseries of the wicked will not absolve us from the duties which Christianity requires. The claims of Christ are first and imperative. All others are secondary. Therefore let these truths be taught to the young, with warm hearts full of that love and kindness which should always characterize the true followers of Christ. Who need to learn these principles more than the young? They have human nature to contend with; the enemy of all righteousness is continually throwing temptations and allurements to draw them from the path of rectitude and virtue. Therefore they need the advice of the aged and experienced to help them to lives of purity and Christian service.

THE WINTER WORLD.

Nothing could be more erroneous than this mistaken idea that desolation possesses the earth for the enduring of a northern winter, says Country Life in America. Eyes have they, but they see not, these folk who talk of wintry wastes. Forgive them their error. Pity their ignorance.

Copse and field are not as barren of animal life as popularly supposed. On the contrary, a host of friends in furs and feathers will be met by one who invades their domain. And they are easier to study now for the exposure of their erstwhile hidden retreats. Sir Reynard is to be met with almost any morning. Br'er Rabbit and Puss are easily traced to their forms, and their acquaintance made by design instead of mere chance. Along open brooks one sometimes meets that warm-coated but shy fellow, the mink. On the meadows mice make little runways under the snow, watched by the rough-legged hawk, the weariest of his tribe. Of the birds there are many—social chickadees, quiet, industrious brown-creepers, noisy bluejays, Corvus the crow, cheerful and confiding tree sparrows from the north, snow buntings and gold-finches banded together in community of interests where the grass seeds are most plentiful, hairy and downy woodpeckers policing the orchard trees, sober-hued juncos, golden-crowned kinglets, in which the spark of life but burns the stronger as the cold strengthens, grouse and quail, our two noblest game birds, the two crossbills, the redpoll, the pine siskin, the herring gull—any or all of these and others, all in sober plumage, one is likely to meet during a winter ramble, to give the lie to those who cry, "The birds have flown." And even friends of June you may chance upon in warm, sheltered swamps, a few hardy robins, waxwings, blackbirds and bluebirds.

Nor are the beasts and the birds all that the keen observer will find for his delight. Seemingly gone is the insect world, yet like the trees these winged creatures of softer days do but sleep. On bush and tree-twig and on stout weed stalks, under rough bits of bark, fastened to post and rail of old fences, and under the eaves of buildings are quaint and curiously-woven cradles to be collected now for what they will bring forth when spring kisses the land and sets free all bonds. You who have eyes to see, go you forth, even in the winter, for verily your reward will be great.

We need never be alarmed at the perilous situation of truth. Of all things in this world that is the one thing which is best capable of taking care of itself.—E. D. Rand.

Missions.

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

"SEEK ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." That is the way God would have men start in life, but the great majority of them don't do it. They seek first this world, its wealth, its emoluments, its honors, its pleasures; and when worn out in such seeking, they then want the blessings of that kingdom the rest of their lives, and through eternity. What a mistake! In the case of most of such it is too late, there is no inclination to seek that kingdom, the summer is ended, the harvest is past, and their souls are forever lost. There is nothing so sure to give success as to start right. A right and good beginning is the safest and surest road to a right and good ending. It is sometimes said a bad beginning frequently makes a good ending. If ever so, it is the exception, not the rule. Starting on the wrong road will never bring one to the destination of the right road. He who sows wild oats will never reap tame oats. How important for young people to start right. Start with Jesus as Saviour, best friend, an active and abiding interest in his kingdom, a faithful service, and giving and living for the extension of his kingdom. No new home should ever start its career in any other way. Parents are very anxious, yea, too anxious, for their children to get on in the world. There is not a better way or surer way to get on in the world, in character, in influence, in honors, or in the things of this world, than to start life with God, Christ and the Holy Spirit, as all in all to the soul. But how can any one start otherwise and have the blessed life, activities and happiness of heaven forever and forever.

STARTING thus, there is the promise: "All these things shall be added unto you." What things? Food, drink, raiment, the things needed for life and comfort. That is a promise of God. Has he ever gone back on any of his promises? Do you trust in that promise, or are you fretting, worrying and stewing every day about having what you need of these things? What little faith in God, the maker and dispenser of all things! Seek first God, his kingdom, and his righteousness, and test his promise. David's testimony was: "Once I was young, now I am old, yet I have never seen the righteous forsaken or his seed begging bread." What reward and fruitage in starting and continuing life in that way. Salvation; possession of Jesus as Saviour, Mediator, Advocate, Elder Brother, Best Friend; soul development in holiness and righteousness; Christ-likeness; soul satisfaction; glorious attainments in spiritual life; the in-filling and in-dwelling of the Holy Spirit; the graces of the Spirit; and the good things of this world before we leave it, and then the best that heaven can give.

What are you seeking first and all the time? Whither are you tending? These are important and serious questions. Meet them honestly and right.

LETTER FROM G. VELTHUYSEN, SR.

HAARLEM, Holland, Nov. 25, 1902.

Rev. O. U. Whitford:

Dear Brother:—Yours of October 20 last arrived at due time. Thanks for it. We hope the state of health of you and of Mrs.

Whitford will have been improved since you wrote that letter. Mrs. Velthuisen and myself are quite well, and so it is with our son and his family. God be praised. The friends here enjoy the same privilege, and in our little church it is all quite well. The Lord constantly blesses us, although there are members who suffer greatly by the animosity of their dearest blood friends against their Sabbath-keeping. But at the same time they have the experience of the truth of God's promises to such ones that suffer for his name's sake. And whilst we are suffering with them in our hearts, we praise with them our Heavenly Father because he helps them to remain standing, and gives them amidst the tribulations the consolation and the gladness of the Holy Spirit.

Since the last week in Holland a (relative) great number of Christian Sabbath-keepers became apostate, viz., almost all the Seventh-day Adventists. They say: We have found that we were deceived by the declaration of the prophecies, by the excellence of the so-called prophetess, Mrs. White, and by the unfaithfulness of the assertion of the leaders of Seventh-day Adventism, that they acknowledge the Bible as the only guide. Now as for me, I always sought to impress their minds with the necessity of trusting in Christ, and in him alone, for salvation, and take his Word, and only his Word, as their guide, their only guide. Alas! now that they became aware of the errors and misleadings of Seventh-day Adventists, they not only reject that all, but also the Sabbath of the Lord. A few exceptions there are, but the mass has returned to their old path of error.

Some months ago I felt bound to say something in our monthly about the practices of Seventh-day Adventists, and I made the statement: I must confess that the capacity of Seventh-day Adventists and their prosperity in converting people and forming churches of Sabbath-keepers surpasses all what we are able to do. But at the same time I have to state that we pray God for non-capacity in that way. Their tact is not what we desire, and in our esteem their success is like an artificial fire. Dear Brother, writing thus, I did not dream that time was so near that the whole temple of Seventh-day Adventism in Holland, whereof they always were boasting and glorifying contrary to our people, should fall in pieces like as now is the case. I trust some of them will remain faithful, but all their leaders, canvassers, elders of their church and preachers are now anti-Sabbatarians, with the exception of Elder Klingbeil, who two times fell off and two times returned in this movement. The Haarlem church was asked by two of those that remain Sabbath-keepers for acceptance. Bro. Bakker, of Rotterdam, wrote to me that one at Rotterdam asked there the same. From all sides I now get letters from friends that heretofore refused to have any contact with me. I hope some sincere hearts will follow and join with us.

Permission was given to me by the Mayor of Haarlem to preach on Sunday about Christian Temperance in the open air; the same permission was given to me by the magistrate at Hellegom. Now the season, or rather the temperature, is an obstacle to this work. So we will wait till spring, if God pleases to let us, in the struggle for victory.

During the trip of Bro. F. J. Bakker to Germany and Denmark, I served two Sabbaths the church at Rotterdam, and our Deacon, Bro. Spaan, did the same. I visited Groningen, because there dwell two of our church-members, to see and edify them.

Because of my presidency of the Haarlem Christian Temperance Society, the evening of every First-day takes my time for that work; and further, the regular services and labor in the church here are provided as well as God gives me strength and wisdom.

Sister Maria v. d. Stenr has been here four weeks. After an absence of nine years, she is now taking some rest—perhaps a year. Notwithstanding the unfaithfulness of her brother John, she has kept always the Sabbath, and rejoices now with great gladness in our conversation.

Sister Mary Jamz, Java, is doing a good, a heroic work for the Lord. She has founded a colony, and not less than seventy poor people are under her care; of course, only for Christ's sake. We ask the prayers of all our beloved friends in America also for this work.

What good news from the Gold Coast—six baptisms! How good is God! Always there is a protest in my heart against Peter's imprudence that caused his death. But it was the imprudence of love for his Master's cause. We mourn always, but not as those who are without hope. I expected the Centennial Conference would give two brothers who would give themselves for the Gold Coast. But till now I don't see that expectation fulfilled.

As far as I know, dear brother, I have told you what there is to be told. So I will close. God bless you, your dear ones, and all our beloved friends in your country. No doubt they will go on in the service of our Lord and Master, and also in praying for Holland. Give us your sincere prayers and God will help us. With Christian salutation to all the brotherhood.

FROM G. H. F. RANDOLPH.

Think I wrote you last about the time we began work at DeLuce. We remained there till Sunday night, Nov. 16, five nights in all; also held services on Sunday morning. The congregation grew to be very large, and the interest great. Many engaged in the Master's service as they never had before, and quite a good many declared their determination to live different lives. The time came all too soon for us to leave in order to meet our engagement at Fouke.

We arrived here Tuesday morning, Nov. 18. Begun meetings that night, Bro. Hurley preaching. There was quite a good turnout and a fair interest. The next day Bro. Hurley was sick and was not able to preach again till Sunday morning. The doctor advised him not to try preaching again after Sunday night, for a while, owing to condition of his throat. The weather had been very unfavorable all the time since our coming to Fouke. It seemed doubtful about materially increasing the interest under existing circumstances. So, after a general consultation it was decided to close the meetings Monday night, Nov. 24.

The unfavorable conditions brought a sad disappointment to our people here, and we hear many expressions of regret from people outside our own. We are exceedingly grateful for the help you have thus given us on this needy field. May God give the increase.

FOUKE, Ark., Dec. 1, 1902.

Woman's Work.

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

JOY.

M. B. CLARKE.

What was the joy before him set,
Whose brightness could allure
The Son of God, to bear the cross
And all the shame endure?
He, who had with the Father dwelt,
In glory all his own,
Through the uncounted years of God,
Before the world was known.

The joy of service freely given
God's purpose to fulfill;
A loving and obedient son,
"I come to do thy will";
The joy of bringing back his own
Redeemed and purified,
Made worthy and accepted through
The grace his love supplied.

The joy of victory over him
Who man's destruction sought,
The world's and God's great enemy,
Who death and ruin wrought.
Ring then bells of joy, oh, ring,
Christ's triumph we may share,
Henceforth, "oh! death, where is thy sting?"
Oh! grave, thy victory, where?"

MRS. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON seems a woman who is a worthy helpmeet of her husband. We have several times told of the work she has done among the women of her own race, and many of the lessons she has tried to teach them have been such that we could all learn with profit to ourselves.

She has organized mothers' clubs, where the women gather and discuss the problems of their lives, how to elevate the condition of the colored race. At a meeting of a federation of colored women's clubs in Brooklyn, Mrs. Washington urged the women to use every effort to make their homes more attractive. She says:

"In the mothers' club movement lie limitless possibilities for good, not only for her own race but for all people. She emphasized the need of keeping the children employed in interesting occupations and pastimes. Mothers' clubs should exist, she said, in every locality, for the mother practically has almost everything to do with the shaping of character and the making of good citizens."

At this same meeting it was shown that the women are becoming interested in the work. Thirteen new clubs have been added to the association during the year, making the number of allied societies forty-three. It is a characteristic of the new organizations, as well as of all those which made reports, that practical work, not social or purely literary purposes, has called the women together. As the general secretary of the society, Miss Mary E. Jackson, of Providence, expressed it: "We colored women have not the time for purely selfish purposes, such as the establishment of societies for recreation or social pleasures. We must leave that to those who have leisure and means. It is ours to work for the uplift of our people."

Much good has been done in a general way, as shown by the reports rendered.

The Woman's Industrial Club of Brockton, Mass., has opened an employment bureau, and has contributed periodicals to the public library of the town. Other clubs supported kindergartens, conducted children's and young people's clubs, were engaged in village improvement, were working to interest the children and keep them off the streets and to improve the homes. Many of the clubs have mothers' departments. Among the efforts, none showed greater enthusiasm than those employed to interest the people in owning their homes.

One speaker told of a Free Kindergarten Association for colored children that supports one school, three girls' clubs and one boys' club, beauty in the home and village improvement, and subjects that interest these sisters of ours when they meet together.

WHAT WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

Have we not all, amid earth's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a nobler life
That once seemed possible? Did we not hear
The flutter of its wings, and feel it near,
And just within our reach? It was! and yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
And now live idle in a vague regret;
But still our place is kept, and it will wait
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen;
We always may be what we might have been!
Since good, the only thought, has life and breath—
God's life—can always be redeemed from death,
And evil, in its nature, is decay,
And any hour can blot it all away;
The hopes that lost in some far distance seem
May be the truer life—and this the dream.

—Adelaide Proctor.

THE COLLEGE BRED WOMAN.

In an article on "Why Women Need a College Education," published in "Leslie's Weekly," Mary Mills Patrick says in part:

I will, for the sake of convenience divide college women in America into two classes—those who intend to do some definite, serious work, and those who do not. The profession in which women have done the best is medicine. Medical women seem to understand what a profession demands; that it is not play, but work, and is not the pastime of a few years, but something for life. In the medical profession the line of separation between the results of work of the two sexes is really disappearing, and a woman doctor who does the same work as a man receives the same pay. The reason may be partly that the success depends entirely on the individual. A woman doctor goes out into the world alone, and proves that she can do as well as a man by doing it, while if her position depended on the decision of an executive body, as it does, for instance, in the case of teachers, she would not have the same opportunity as a man.

Very few college women in America have gone into business, and that is to be regretted, as there would be another field where the success would depend on individual effort. In general, thus far, women who work select something requiring small outlay. They will not risk a large money investment, or many years' preparation, but usually crowd into the teacher's profession, where there is so much competition already that the supply exceeds the demand. Some college women are doing well in journalism, a field that is always open to individual effort, and the woman of real genius can make her way as a writer in any land. . . .

Let us consider, however, especially the large number of married college women, and the part they take in society. In the first place, wherever they may be found, their superiority to other women is usually recognized. Very few of them earn money, for their husbands do that for them. If they are in comfortable circumstances, the care of the household and children does not absorb all their energies. Their college education has given them a love of study and a desire to do something. The result is a multitude of women's clubs and societies for all kinds of philanthropic work. One advantage of these clubs is the training they give in public speaking, as all the political and social questions of the day are freely discussed in them,

and there is an opportunity for public discussion, as the work of the club is presented in the form of a programme, in some hall belonging to the club or engaged for that purpose. . . .

In consequence of these numerous clubs and societies, the amount of intelligence and philanthropy is increasing very rapidly, especially among women. There are, however, certain phases of this state of affairs that are abnormal. The husband has to work hard all day for his family and for himself, and has no time for literary or philanthropic societies, however much he might enjoy them, but after leaving his place of business he needs to rest or to be amused. The wife works just as hard as the husband, but altogether for culture or for other people, and her work brings in no financial return. The division is rather an unfair one, and its tendency would be in time to make men more practical than women, and women more intelligent than men. It gives one sex all the work of supporting society, and the other that of educating society.

WHY GRACE WAS OMITTED.

A tiny girl of seven gave a dinner party the other day, for which twelve covers were laid, and that number of small maidens sat down to dine. It was a real little girls' dinner, and the hostess herself presided, sitting at the head of the table. She had been very anxious, in looking-forward to it, to do everything as it should be done.

"Mamma," she asked, shall we say grace?"

"No," said mamma; "it will be a very informal dinner, and I think you need not do that."

That meant one ceremony the less to be gone through, and was a relief. But the little lady was anxious to have all her guests understand it. So, as they gathered about the table, she explained:

"Mamma says that this is such an infernal dinner that we need not have grace to-day!"
—Baltimore Sun.

SOME COSTLY DUCKS.

We had been hunting for ducks on the upper Schroon River, and had failed to bag a single one. We were warm, tired and disgusted, and in a mood when a hunter will kill "anything," when, paddling around a bend of the stream, we saw a little clearing, a log camp, and a long, lank, old woodsman, who was seated on the bank complacently smoking a corn-cob pipe. Directly in front of him a flock of tame ducks were swimming in the river.

I've a good mind to take a shot at those tame ones," said my friend. Then, raising his voice, he called out to the man on the bank:

"I'll give you a dollar if you'll let me have a shot at those ducks."

"Hand over your dollar fust."

It was done, and my friend let fly both barrels, almost annihilating the flock.

"You didn't make much on that deal," said my friend.

"Oh, I dunno. I don't care. They ain't my ducks. They b'long to the Frenchman up the river."

When a man buys a piece of property for a song he may regret his vocal ability later on.

Nothing jolts the harmony out of an orchestra like the trombone-player who gets off his bass.

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.

SCOTT, N. Y.—It is a long time since any word from Scott has been seen in the SABBATH RECORDER. Though we have no pastor we are still striving to let our light shine as much as possible. We miss our late pastor very much, and are making efforts to obtain another. As yet we have not been successful. We are praying and hoping that the Lord will soon direct our minds to the one whom he in his wisdom sees will be the right one for this place. We are very glad to read the interesting reports from churches, and the various fields of our denominational work. We hold our Sabbath-school exercises from ten to eleven o'clock on Sabbath mornings. This is followed by the regular service of singing, Scripture reading and prayer. Then a sermon is read by some person previously appointed. Either Dea. Hazard or Dea. Potter has charge of these services. Sometimes we have testimony meetings. November 22 the "Bible lesson about the Sabbath" received our attention. It had been more or less carefully studied in our homes, and that day we did not divide into classes as usual, but were all taught by our Superintendent, Mrs. G. F. Barber. The lesson was not only a very interesting one, but we think such lessons are very important to us as a denomination. We hope we shall have more of them from time to time. For only as we take more interest and give more study at home and in our churches to these vital points of Bible teaching, can we hope to grow in strength and usefulness. At the close of this study our senior deacon, E. H. P. Potter, read a paper on the "Israelites." It was so well received that it was requested for publication in the SABBATH RECORDER. Deacon Potter is 83 years old, but he reads easily by artificial light without the aid of glasses.

MRS. D. L. BURDICK,
Sec. Sabbath-school.

DECEMBER, 4, 1902.

DERUYTER, N. Y.—The regular time for our Yearly Meeting at Lincklaen is the last Sabbath of this month, but there is so much sickness it seems best to postpone it for a while. The Lord has been very merciful to save so many of the sick and given them fair prospects of regaining their health, but our former chorister, Prof. Henry C. Coon, so widely known and so well remembered, died a few days ago at the home of his daughter, Mrs. W. P. Campbells, in Seneca Falls. He was brought to the dear old home in DeRuyter for burial.

L. R. S.

AFTER THE INAUGURAL.

M. G. S.

Yes, it was my happy privilege to be present on that Red Letter Day of a generation in Milton. Of course, a great hit never strikes two different persons just the same. If it shall be of interest to send forth the following impressions, let it be read with all proper allowance.

It was a special "Commencement," and a great privilege to see so many of the widely-scattered friends of our Alma Mater. On this occasion much interest was felt concerning two professional men from our great inland metropolis. The one, a lawyer, whose income

per year is a thousand as many times as our best preachers, as attorneys for the kingdom of God can get. He comes in his own private car, bringing the star speaker of the day.

Ladies, please allow me to pass over in silence what the men wore; but what did this chief say, and did it make us think something worth while? Even in this electro-imaginative generation, with our mountains of story-books and papers and our millions of prosperity, the speaker gave it as his opinion that education ought to have some religion in it. That ought to be a more popular opinion than it is. A little further in his speech he said, "The religion should be reasonable, or the scientists and philosophers would reject it." What about the rest of the world? It reminds me of something the Apostle Paul said so long ago: "Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service." Paul also told Timothy to "avoid profane and vain babblings and oppositions of science falsely so called." The apostle suggests that scientists may not be reasonable.

Again let me quote from the speech: "Religion, like education, hurts some." I was a little puzzled over this statement, wondering a while wherein it might seem something or nothing. The old apostle came to my rescue again: "As he reasoned, of righteousness, temperance and judgment to come, Felix trembled." He felt hurt. Again, in the Scriptures James says: "Thou believest that there is one God. Thou doest well. The devils also believe and tremble." Judas, whom Christ calls a devil, seemed much hurt with what Jesus did and condemned himself to death. Remember those demons coming from some tombs near the Sea of Galilee, crying out, "What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? Art thou come hither to torment us before the time? They went into the herd of swine, and the herd perished in the sea." See how they were hurt by religion.

That is the class of beings who to this day make themselves quite uneasy where there is religious force. This may not elucidate the question, but it gives some resulting suggestions.

On my pillow that night I slept briefly, and dreamed of fishing in a brook. My hook caught in a snag. Awaking, I felt the limited field of my mind crowded with the big ideas of the day, plunging and driving about like football men, and one of them coming forth from our own new college chief seemed to force through the mass to goal and to victory. It was Milton's old slogan in the war on ignorance. A liberal education includes the most practical training and pushes the hardest toward perfection.

Again, the Apostle Paul would say amen. "We wish even your perfection." "Let us go on to perfection." Milton's new President is ably, duly, legally and formally qualified. May the richest blessings attend the whole faculty.

THE POOR OF PORTO RICO.

It has often been said that "one-half of the world does not know how the other half lives." The island of Porto Rico is a small part of what has been to us the "other half" of the world. I shall try to tell you something of life as it is lived and seen by the missionaries in the little mountain town of Lares, says Mrs. Charles B. Scott, in "The

American Missionary." The town itself is situated in a valley in the midst of beautiful hills, ever green with the foliage of the orange, the banana and the coffee. Naturally shut in from the outside world by the mountains, crossed only on pony-back over the narrow mountain paths, the people here continue in their accustomed ways, unaffected by the influences which have made so many changes in the towns and cities of the coast. Life in such a place is necessarily simple, and the missionaries find it easy to do without many of the so-called necessities of the homeland, and are comfortable and content sleeping on the canvass covered cots, with dressing tables made from drygoods boxes and draped with muslin, and a curtain across one corner of the room instead of a closet.

After the work of the day is over the family find rest and comfort in the pleasant, airy living rooms, but for the all-important refreshing of the body they are dependent upon the offices of the cook; so you, as well as they, may have some interest in our good-natured black Candida, who, when she is not in the kitchen, is holding the American baby, much to the satisfaction of both.

The Porto Rican stove is especially interesting. In shape it is something like a carpenter's bench, about two feet wide, five feet long and as high as an ordinary table. The outside frame is of wood, and when the kitchen is being freshly painted the stove must not be neglected. The top and inside are made of bricks and cement, so arranged as to leave an opening running from end to end below the fireplaces for a draft. Along the top and at regular intervals are four iron fireplaces, five inches square and four inches deep, so set into the stove that the tops are on a level with the top of the stove. A maid who often neglects one fire would feel overburdened with the care of these four separate fires at the same time, as is necessary with these stoves. The American housewife who prefers to have her food baked can use a gasoline oven over one of these fires, and the result is quite satisfactory.

But even this stove, however crude and inconvenient, is seen only in the better homes of Porto Rico. After good-natured Candida has finished her day's work and has found her way down the hill along the steep, narrow path that leads to "Shacktown", where she lives, if she wishes to prepare an evening meal for hungry children she will bring out from the corner of the room an empty oil can, which has been given her by the missionary, and which has been fitted up by the tinsmith with a grate near the top and an opening below for a draft. The making of the stove has cost her twenty cents, and she possesses a better outfit for housekeeping than many of her neighbors. The writer had one of these stoves made for her own use, and, as it can be easily carried about, it is very convenient. Many times has she sat on a low bench and popped corn over the coals in the oil-can stove, while one or more wondering natives stood around seeing the operation for the first time, and afterward some of them would try to pop their own corn. Charcoal is the fuel used in these stoves, but many of the poor people are too poor to buy charcoal and make their fire with bits of wood and sticks which can be picked up.

Small, green bananas are the most common food of the poor people; cooked with a

little codfish they are considered a great treat. If I want to give especial pleasure to my cook I furnish the bananas and codfish and she will prepare her favorite dish.

To the housekeeper who is providing for the needs of a large family the daily supply of milk is important, and in the home of the missionaries we can always depend upon the coming of Mary, the milkwoman. She walks barefooted two or three miles, often coming through the mud and pouring rain. If you go to her home you will find a house, standing in the midst of orange and banana trees and the fragrant coffee; itself the only thing to mar the beauty of the tropical landscape. Inside you will find her three children; not as clean as herself, and in a room still less so. All the time that the mother is gone, which is usually half the day, these children are alone, caring for one another, and the oldest is only six years of age. Father? They have none. Like thousands of children in this beautiful island, they have no father to own them. Although these fathers sometimes live with their families, it is with the sanction neither of priest or magistrate. The condition of morals is accounted for when we are told that in the past the marriage ceremony was not performed except upon the payment of a sum too large for many of the poorest people to save from their small earnings. But now, thanks be to the preaching of the gospel and the work of the missionaries, the sacred rite is performed without money and without price.

We have been called pioneers in Porto Rico and many times what we do and see reminds us of some of the stories we have heard our grandfathers tell of the pioneer days out West, when many of the needs of the family were supplied by labor within the household. Many times I have difficulty in buying cornmeal, which is a favorite article of food in the family. One day, after an unsuccessful search for the meal, Candida helped me out of my difficulty by offering to have the corn ground for me in her own mill, and I gladly accepted the offer. Candida's mill, like those seen throughout the interior of the island, differs little from the mills used in Bible times. It consists of two stones, resembling grindstones, each a foot or more in diameter and from three to five inches in thickness, the "upper and nether millstone" of the Scriptures. The lower stone, which rests on the floor, has its upper surface slightly hollowed, and into this concavity fits the convexity of the upper stone. Through the center of the upper stone is a hole, through which the corn passes down to the grinding surface between the stones. Near the outer rim is another hole for the end of the handle—a pole, seven or eight feet long, with its upper end slipped into a loop fastened to a beam above. Occasionally this pole is replaced by a short handle only six or eight inches long, as in the mill used two or three thousand years ago.

The women or children who do the grinding sit on the floor and slowly pour the corn or rice into the central opening as they rotate the upper stone, the fineness of the meal being determined by the amount of pressure, the rate of rotation or the number of times it is passed through the mill. The meal escapes at the sides from between the stones. Traveling along the mountain roads of the interior the "sound of the grinding"

can often be heard. It is slow work and tiresome, and the workers have to "change off"; but the result is satisfactory and the meal is always fresh. They grind the rice in the same way, and from both kinds of flour Candida can make fritters that are very pleasant to the taste.

THE MENACE TO ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE.

Recent developments of trust methods show that the intention of the magnates is to stop at nothing short of a complete control of industry. Recent developments of trade union methods, on the other hand, show that trade union leaders on their part aim at nothing less than the establishment of a despotism which shall deprive non-union workers of any possible opportunity to earn a livelihood, and shall extend to union workers only such opportunities to earn barely so much income as the union may dictate.

Between these two efforts, that of the trust on the one hand and that of the trade unions on the other hand, economic liberty is in serious danger.

How the greater trusts, like the Standard Oil Company and the United States Steel Corporation, for example, have compelled smaller enterprises to enter the combination under penalty of ruin, is too familiar a story to need repetition. Hitherto trust methods have been employed chiefly within the field of production. Within that field there are left to-day few opportunities for the man who would prefer economic independence to a life of service as a salaried employee. Many thousands of ambitious young business men, who a generation ago would sturdily have fought the battle of existence for themselves, are to-day industrial dependents, receiving fixed salaries and liable to dismissal without warning, not for incompetence only, but merely because a trust decides to modify its plan of operations.

The field of retail business has suffered serious inroads here and there by trust methods. The so-called Cracker Trust, for example, has a grip upon retail trade which is felt by every cross roads and corner grocery in the land. Department stores also, which, under another form, are essentially like trusts in their methods, have been multiplying in every large center of population. Nevertheless, until now there have remained many business opportunities in retail trade to which men of ambition and independent spirit, but possessing only a small amount of capital, have been attracted. That these opportunities are as rapidly as possible to be extinguished in the further evolution of trust methods has of late been made quite clear.

The story of the means by which the American Tobacco Company is driving the retail tobacconist out of business in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago and Kansas City, and in scores of smaller towns as well, has recently been told. Having by successive operation secured an effective control of the wholesale tobacco trade and of the manufacture of the various brands of tobacco and cigars, including a very large part of the Cuban output, the American Tobacco Company is now engaged in taking over the retail field; and apparently no expenditure necessary to accomplish the result will be considered too great. Innumerable retail tobacco stores, undoubtedly backed by the trust are offering cigars, pipes

and tobacco at prices which no independent dealer can meet. Thus brought face to face with ruin, the independent dealer is approached by agents of the trust, who offer him a moderate price for his stock and fixtures and a salaried position as a selling agent. If the offer is rejected two stores are opened, one on each side of him, and, regardless of loss, a competition is established which can end only in the speedy ruin of the weaker party.

That these methods will succeed in retail business, as they have succeeded in production, is at least probable. Other trusts are already to some extent embarking upon undertakings similar to that of the American Tobacco Company; and it is alleged that among them may be found even the enterprise that is acquiring control of the cut-flower business. It seems certain that before long it will be impossible for any man on his own account to engage in even so simple a business as selling smoking tobacco and cigars, retailing cut-flowers, selling newspapers, or even peanuts and bananas on the street corner. Every man who is not a multi-millionaire will be a millionaire's man, dependent upon the good-will of a superior for his daily bread.

Could there be a more melancholy outcome of our great American attempt to build up a civilization in which every man might be independent and self-respecting?

But this is not the worst. As the number of economic dependents increases, their desperate necessity to resist the arbitrary power of their employers drives employees to methods which are further destructive of individual liberty. At every moment facing the dread possibility of discharge at the decision of a trust, wage earners cling with desperation to "the job" and begin to look with hatred upon the man who would step in and take it for a smaller remuneration or on more humiliating terms. Consumed by this hatred they yield their consent to the employment of any means which their more reckless leaders suggest solidarity of the union interest.

What will happen when nine-tenths of those who, under the business conditions of former years, would have been independent business men, find themselves in the same condition that the wage earner is in to-day? There is little risk in predicting that they will unite in organizations that will employ trade union methods, and that we shall see innumerable unions within the salaried class, each striving to bar out competition, to limit the amount and quality of work, and, in short, to maintain a rigorous monopoly of "the job."

And where then will there be any economic liberty? Where will independent manhood be? What manner of people shall we be in this "land of the free and home of the brave?" No more serious problem than this confronts our country to-day.—The Independent.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S STICK.

President Roosevelt has received from Dr. Thomas H. Haggerty, of Saint Louis, a remarkable present in the form of a walking stick made from wood from a tree on the battle-ground of Wilson Creek, a tree on the Lookout Mountain field, trees at Gettysburg, the frame of the Liberty Bell, Grant's log-cabin, Sherman's house, the house in which Lee surrendered, the Springfield home of Lincoln, the Morro Castle at Havana, and the cruiser Christina Regina, sunk in Manila Bay. The ferrule was made of the iron of cars dumped into a creek by General Marmaduke. Dr. Haggerty was a chaplain in Sherman's army.

Young People's Work.

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

Young People's President at Milton Junction.

Brother Kelly writes: "The Lord is graciously blessing us at Milton Junction. Sinners are giving themselves to God and backsliders are returning. There is to be baptism to-night. We had a glorious meeting yesterday. It seemed that almost everybody was broken up to the depths, and the Holy Spirit was with us in power.

???

The guessing contest has resulted in a victory for Dr. A. C. Davis, who writes:

"I guess Carl Parker was the victim who wrote what you referred to in the RECORDER; so you may send me the book; might as well send me Moody's complete library while you are about it."

Mr. Herbert VanHorn was a close second.

Your Editor expresses his thanks to Mrs. Arletta E. Rogers for the compliment of the following note:

"In response to the question in guessing contest, I present the following name: Lester C. Randolph, as the writer of the item."

EXPERIENCE.

Someone has said that all people are divided into three classes with respect to their attitude toward life. Some learn from the experience of others; they are happy; others learn from their own experience; these are wise; and there are those who learn neither from their own experience nor from the experience of others; they are fools. A close observer readily discovers the truth of the declaration.

The experiences of individuals differ, though there are some which are sufficiently similar to be called common. The differences of experiences are due chiefly to dissimilar environments and diversities of personal temperaments. However, the deposit in the human soul resulting from experience is far more dependent upon the temperament and desires of the individual than upon environment. It requires not only intellect and discernment, but also spiritual insight to perceive the truth in and behind the experience.

Life is too short and fraught with too many possibilities for happiness to learn everything by personal experience. One would attain to only rudimentary wisdom if he believed only that which he experienced. Real and lasting wisdom and happiness are secured by enriching the spirit by the discovery and appropriation of the spiritual significance of our own experiences and of the experiences of others.

The peace of mind and spiritual insight of the Apostle Paul was largely due to his receptive attitude. He acknowledged his obligation both to the Greek and to the Barbarian; both to the wise and to the unwise. The significance of the experiences of the heathens of the wise and of the unwise was discerned and appropriated by Paul.

Though young people fail many times to appreciate the advice of those of more and broader experience because of the seeming inappropriateness, yet they will do well to meditate upon Paul's method. If such a man as Paul could appropriate from the experiences of the heathen Greeks and the Persians, the

wise and the unwise, that which necessitated an open acknowledgement of his indebtedness, cannot each one of us learn something of life from the experiences of every other one?

Young man, young woman, it is for you to decide whether you will be happy and wise or foolish.

THE CONSECRATED CHORE-BOY.

ORA A. GRANDALL.

She was Mrs. Vine, the earnest teacher of a Sabbath-school class in the small village church. He was Dickie Thorne, the most stubborn one in that class of mischievous, patience-trying lads. As they came down the street, engaged in serious conversation, her sweet face seemed to grow more worried and kindly in its expression, while his remained sullen and troubled. When they stopped at her home, she asked again, with evident feeling:

"Now won't you promise, Dickie? Just some little duty done in His Name and for Him will return you a blessing greater than you can imagine. Of course, I expect you to do all your work for Him, but please try this little plan of special consecration with the rest of the boys, and tell us about it next Sabbath. Won't you?"

He hesitated for a moment longer, and then said, as though in sudden decision, "Yes, Mrs. Vine, I'll try it. Good-bye."

Inside her room, the lady dropped on her knees and sent up an earnest and passionate petition to the All-Wise to be with those boys, to bless their efforts in service; and especially that Dickie, her favorite, whose sturdy soul was struggling against the convictions she could see were hard-pressing, might become willing to surrender himself entirely to the Master he was just beginning to know. She realized that his better nature had gained a great victory when he had given his promise to perform some duty of the week for the special glory of God, and knew that the promise meant more to him than to some of the others who would break it as carelessly as they gave it. So she prayed:

"O Thou, who readest the heart and knoweth the frame, give to that boy just what is needed to lead him into a perfect understanding of right. May he feel Thy presence with him, and see Thee as a true Redeemer and Friend. As a Father be very dear to him, and bless him for Thy Son's sake. Amen."

Dickie's six-mile ride to his country home was a very thoughtful one, in which the crisis of youth was reached and passed. All the rebellion of abused childhood fought against the new sense of duty and his half-formed resolutions. Ned, his little pony, walked along more slowly, with his head low, as though in sympathy with the mood of his master. And how can we say how much the silent sympathy of his dumb pet helped the lonely orphan in his debate with self during that Sabbath ride along the dusty road between Nebraska fields.

At last the clouds cleared away, leaving his tanned face more cheerful, and Ned received a hint to make up for lost time.

"Yes, I will try it," he said to himself. "But what shall I do? If God will bless a service done in His Name, he will not be particular about what the service is. I should think a little thing that doesn't amount to

much, but is hard to do, ought to be just as important to him as a grand one. I hope it is so, for Mr. Lewis won't let me do any heavy work on the big stacks or shredder or anything like that; I just have to ride on the horse-rake or drive cows and milk. I suppose one of these things will do as well as running the engine of the threshing-machine. So I'll ask his blessing on driving up the cows to-night. That isn't very great, but it is the meanest job I have to do. Old Speck is so hateful. Mrs. Vine didn't say much about the blessing, but most likely she meant that things would go off better, and we would have an easier time of it. Probably Speck will drive better to-night, and Mrs. Lewis won't say I am late, and the dog will mind. Get up, Ned, it is time we were at home."

A few hours later, again on the pony, he set about his consecrated duty of driving up the milch cows from the pasture. He had taken a similar ride every evening during the season, but it seemed to him he had never seen the country so beautiful. The little stream behind the barn looked so clear and the grasses and weeds on its edge, already cool with dew, were so fresh and pretty. On the high pasture land he could look off into the valley and see the green outline of the willow-fringed river winding among the farms, and beyond spread the yellow wheat fields and green-brown pastures like a great coverlet laid over the rounded forms of distant hills. On the other hand were nearer hills, among which few houses could be seen—only the long lines of barbed fencing and the groups of lowing cattle indicated habitation. But he was not lonely. It was all so beautiful, and somehow he felt like pushing back his hat from his forehead, lifting up his face toward the sky, and saying something that sounded as he felt—something grand, and clear, and peaceful. But words did not come, and he made no sound, except to give a peculiar whistle to the herd, whose bell he heard tinkling on the other side of the hill. He could not tell why he should feel so happy, and so much like doing exactly right—he was not philosopher enough to associate cause with effect. He only thought, "I am glad I feel so much like doing it for him."

Old Speck gave as much trouble as usual that evening. She ran off with the herd of yearlings, and had to be chased out with the customary hide-and-seek game. But no hot words came to Dickie's lips; he and Ned seemed to enjoy the fun. And when she was at last singled out and started, bellowing after her proper associates, Dickie found the rest scattered by the dog, whose race with a "cotton-tail" had frightened them out of their home course, and some of them were grazing in the canon below. These were the evils which made driving the cattle such a patience-taxing task for the boy whose orphan life had been spent in the village until a few months before the time we speak of. Now they did not seem at all annoying.

"What's the difference," he thought, "if she won't drive good? It gives me more ride. Funny I never thought before that riding is as much fun in the pasture as anywhere else. I suppose Rover forgets how he ought to help drive the cattle when he sees a rabbit—he is just a pup, anyhow. Well, it wasn't nearly as bad as usual—Speck didn't seem so stubborn, even if she did run farther."

He was still smiling when he closed the corral gate behind the last cow and turned to go to supper with Mr. Lewis. Mrs. Lewis met them at the door with a reproof for having kept her waiting so long, but it did not bring the sullen, downcast look to his face which fault-finding often did. When the work of the night was finished, and he brought his brimming pail-full of milk to the cellar, the good-natured Irish girl remarked, as she strained the frothy whiteness into shining pans, "Faith, my boy, ye look like ye was that happy ye didn't know what ye was at."

"That's the case, Katie," he replied, laughing. "I guess I'm going to like farming, after all."

In his own room, with the light turned out, he tried to think it all out. Did he really do that work for God? if so, why did he not receive something for it? why should he feel so happy, and so much like trying again, when his trial had so far failed that God had in no wise recognized his efforts? He thought it over in the darkness, trying to answer the question. Suddenly he sat up in bed and gave his pillow a sound blow with his fist.

"Why, Richard Everett Thorne, you little idiot, don't you see that God made you feel so good to pay for your work? Isn't that blessing enough? and he settled down again, laughing softly with himself.

And Dickie had learned the lesson that sometime must bring its comforting assurance to all, that Christian service is its own reward, and that no richer blessing could be sought than the consciousness of Divine presence and help.

A FATHER'S PART IN TRAINING A BOY.

"Strange how fathers neglect the training of their boys," writes "Pater Familias" in Good Housekeeping.

"They shirk the responsibility off upon the mother, expecting to assume it when the child is older. But then it is too late. If the father loses his hold on the boy when young, he is seldom able to regain it later. The influence of the mother upon the boy of five to twelve years of age is marvelous, but the father's wise counsel and companionship at this age are also essential to ideal training.

"No time to bother with children," is not an excuse for the busy father. My boy of ten has a bed in my room, or adjoining, so that during my very busy periods I see and associate with him in the morning and evening. Many confidences may be exchanged between father and son under these circumstances that would be missed otherwise, and these interchanges are often quite as beneficial to the father as to the son.

"Father's training must supplement mother's. At five or six, one of our boys seemed disposed to develop into a sensitive, shrinking, weak nature, but through our combined efforts he is growing into as sturdy a character as he is strong physically. We early agreed not to say 'don't' to him except when absolutely necessary—to throw him on his own resources, to let him play with so-called tough boys, to encourage adventure and daring, to discourage his coming to us with complaints or whims, but yet to foster his confidence in us."

Everything related to our happiness depends upon our point of view. We may lift up our eyes to the hills even when walking in the valley of the shadow.—Charles Newcomb.

Children's Page.

A LITTLE DEAR.

FELIX LEIGH.

For me to have another doll
I somehow felt the time had come,
For Adeline had lost her hair,
And Jane, the one that cried, was dumb.
Of hearing me explain the case
Papa grew weary, it was clear;
"You're tired?" I asked, and he replied,
"A little, dear!"

That very day, when he got home,
He had a parcel in his hand,
And mother smiled, and I did, too,
For I began to understand.
"With her extravagance," he said,
"This child will ruin us, I fear;
Some toys are cheap, but this one came
A little dear!"

I clapped my hands, and hugged papa,
And then, when he'd the string untied,
I took the paper off and found
A dainty cardboard box inside;
And when I pulled the lid off that,
I saw a lovely face appear—
And oh, my newest doll is such
A little dear!

—Little Folks.

WALTER'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

MARTHA CLARK RANKIN

You could never guess what it was, if you tried all day, so I will tell you at once. It was a baby raccoon.

Now perhaps you don't know any better than you did before, that is, if you live in the city where "coon" is only another name for a "darky." Even Walter, who had lived in the country all his life, didn't know what to call the funny little bundle of fur when he first saw it.

Walter's birthday was the 25th of May, and he and his father and mother were just finishing breakfast when Uncle John came in with something in his arms which he took right up to Walter, with a bow, saying, "Here's a present for you, my boy, and wishes for many happy returns of the day."

"Christopher Columbus!" exclaimed Walter. "What is it? A little bear? or a fox?"

"Neither one," said his uncle, laughing. "Don't you know a raccoon when you see it?"

"Is it really a coon? And for me to keep? Where did you get it?" And Walter hugged the pretty little creature who was looking up at him out of the brightest of black eyes.

"I happened upon the whole family when I was in the woods yesterday," replied Uncle John. "At first I wasn't going to disturb them; but then I remembered that your birthday was to-day and I didn't believe that Madame Coon would know the difference, so I picked out the prettiest one for you."

It seemed as if Walter could not possibly leave his new pet and go to school; but he hadn't missed a single day yet, and if he could keep on just three weeks longer he would get a medal; so he finally ran off just in time to get to his seat before the bell rang.

Of course most of the boys and girls came home with Walter after school to see the General, as Walter had already named him.

An old hencoop with some hay inside made a very good house, and Walter brought a tub and filled it with water, as his uncle had told him to do. Immediately the General put his head and fore paws into the water, but no one could prevail upon him to get the rest of his body wet. Whenever anything was given him to eat, instead of smelling it as a dog or cat would do, he felt it all over with his paws, then lifted it up and dropped it into the water. He would never eat anything without first dipping it into the water.

Walter grew very fond of his pet, who seemed as happy and contented as could be, and indeed he was a pretty creature. He had long, thick fur, of a mixed gray and brown color, and a large and shaggy tail with black rings around it. His eyes were very bright and circled first with jet black and then with white. Three black marks ran up from his nose, one straight, the others toward the ears, and these gave him a very wise expression.

His paws were soft and dainty and looked like little hands. His hind legs were much longer than the front, so he had a curious wobbling way of walking or running. He was fond of climbing trees and several times Walter thought he was lost, but after much searching discovered him high up in a hemlock or an elm. The only sound he ever made was a sort of snarl or growl when he was angry or in distress.

There seemed to be no danger of his running away, and at first Walter let him go where he pleased; but it didn't take the General long to discover the pantry, and as he was fond of sampling every kind of food, Walter's mother insisted on having him chained unless some one was watching him.

He was exceedingly fond of sugar and Walter taught him to stand up on his hind feet and catch a lump in his mouth, but he was too lazy to learn to do any tricks.

He would follow Walter about like a dog, but he liked best to curl himself up and sleep on the hay. Sometimes Walter found him asleep right by a setting hen on the nest. Often the hens ate out of the same dish with him and they always seemed to be on the best of terms, so that Walter said he didn't believe all that the farmers said about coons robbing their hen roosts. But Walter always took care to have the General chained up when night came, for he knew that coons, in their wild state, spend the night prowling into all kinds of mischief.

One October morning, when Walter went out to give the General his breakfast, there was no coon to be seen. The chain was there and had evidently been broken off right where it was fastened to the collar.

Just then Walter's father called him to the chicken yard and there lay five dead hens. Each had a hole in the neck where some animal had sucked the blood.

"Did you know that the General is gone?" asked his father.

"Yes, have you seen him?" asked Walter, eagerly.

"No, but he evidently had a good breakfast before he left," and he pointed to the lifeless hens.

"O, father do you think he did it? I can't believe it. They always seemed to be such good friends."

"He'll come back if he didn't," was his father's reply. "But I'd never put faith in a coon."

This was months ago and the General has never been seen since, though Walter has searched fields and woods for him. But even yet he will not admit that his dear little pet killed the chickens, and he asks all the hunters to let him know if they ever see a coon with a collar on.—The Congregationalist.

WHAT ROY KNOWS ABOUT BANANAS.

I suppose you know that bananas grow in hot climates. The United States are trying to grow them in Florida and California, but without a great deal of success. Now the

bananas can be prepared in a great many ways besides being eaten raw. In Africa they pick the bananas and take the peelings off and dry them and grind them into powder out of which is made a delicious kind of bread. Bananas grow on a palm tree called a banana palm. Something that is not generally known is that bananas grow upside-down, that is opposite the way you see them hung up in the stores. The reason of this is that when the bananas are young and green they grow straight up, but when they get larger and consequently heavier they begin to turn over from their own weight, and after a while they hang down instead of upward. A banana peeling will lift a heavy man just as well (if he happens to slip on it) as a steam derrick, and a good deal quicker. Did you ever notice a heavy man that is very pompous step on a banana peeling and see how quick his vanity has a fall? Well, this is all I know about bananas except they are very, very nice to eat.—Men of To-morrow.

BOOK IDEALS.

Ideals are the masters of the world. Much is said of the shaping power upon man of his birth, environment and circumstances, but after all it is his ideals which make or mar him. It is not what a man is or has, but what he is to be and to have that makes his life worth living. Any man who loses his vision of a future betterment or joy sinks into a state of apathy or becomes a destructive power in the social state.

It is to set forth ideals that authors write and books are made. The best novelist is a prose poet appealing to the imagination. If we but lend our ears to the beginning of the tale of an interesting story writer he so charms and captivates us that we are held willing prisoners until he finishes. The Socialist wins his book audience by exaggerating the present evils of society and the industrial world and making men dissatisfied with them, then, in the most optimistic language, he paints the glorious ideals of the co-operative commonwealth and the coming universal brotherhood of workers. The grave philosopher, who has pondered deeply upon life's problems at length evolves a system of thought, which, if men will only adopt it, will, he declares, at once uplift them. The traveler comes back from his journeys and tells of his adventures in a book, which is read in a comfortable chair, with a certain rosy glow over it all. Even the historian often cannot resist the temptation to idealize his subject and touch up the bare plain facts with which he has to deal.

It makes a difference what books we read, in that they have so much to do with our ideals of life and character. There are books which spoil the whole outlook of life; they cultivate the evil and bring out the brute. The taste for books may be developed along lines which breed dissatisfaction, unrest and look to unattainable and unwholesome ideals. Some books should be shunned as the plague. Psychology tells us that the body is the sounding-board of the mind. The evil conditions of living, of which social workers tell us, arise not so much from the causes to which they ascribe them as from low ideals. To raise a man to any high plane of living he must think high and pure thoughts and cultivate great ideals. A book filled with the spirit of hopefulness and helpfulness

acts like a tonic upon the mind and through the mind invigorates the body. A good book drives away ill humors from the brain and takes one up upon a mountain to view a glorious prospect. The strongest plea for the reading and studying of the Bible is in the fact that it presents the highest and best attainable ideals. It is optimistic. It presents the possibility of the conquering of the hardest and most difficult conditions of living. It compasses a glory for two worlds, the one that now is and the one that is to come.—The Advance.

A RUINED YOUTH.

"Than Saul, history tells of no youth more attractive in his rich and gifted personality, or more glorious in his promise. To him was given that nameless charm that fascinates the multitude, those magnetic qualities that command the enthusiasm of the people. Fortunately for his work, he stands near the dawn of history when foundation work was to be done, when institutions were in the gristle, and when one blow for the right did more than a hundred blows in after ages, when things had gotten into grooves. Great was his opportunity, but the youth was great also, and the man and the hour met in happy conjunction. He was a warrior and, like Agamemnon, he stood head and shoulders above his army. Like Napoleon with his old Imperial Guard, to Saul there came a company of noble youth, of fine stature and brawny beauty, asking to be ever with their king. As Launcelot was the leader of the knights, and lost his leadership through sin, and at last fell so low that at length he took up arms against his benefactor, whom he had injured, so Saul was a leader untrue to David who had saved his life; he was a friend faithless to his friendship, and through jealousy he sought to kill one who should have been dearer to Saul than his own soul. Like that Grecian youth, who played the part of traitor, found himself deserted by his own soldiers, and saw his men go over to his rival, so Saul angered his people, saw the tides of popular enthusiasm turn towards his rival, passed from peace to black despair and jealousy filled his mind with madness. Crowned king at a moment when the strong hand and the true word would have destroyed the old order, and ushered in the new day, when the people were ready to give up their old idols, pull down their clay gods and re-establish forever the worship of the one True Ruler, when one, clear, ringing word would have resounded throughout the land, the young king hesitated, took counsel of expediency, played politics and so frittered away his golden opportunity. Beginning a generous, frank and chivalric youth, power had made him proud. Position separated him from his people; at last his heart became ice and stone. One day when the people cheered young David as he passed through the streets, Saul hurled his javelin at the youth who had yesterday saved his life, and so Saul passed under the contempt of all good men.

"Soon sin began to veil his reason, to bewilder his judgment and weaken his will. As the sun seems to grow dark when a film covers the eye, so when Saul had tampered with his conscience, God seemed to have withdrawn from sight, and there came a day when the king over men went forth to counsel with a fortune teller, an old witch, a tooth-

less hag, a traveling gypsy, who studied beads and amulets, and at last the crazy soothsayer controlled the acts of this once glorious monarch. Oh, it was a piteous tragedy! This ruin of man's soul; its cause, selfishness and pleasure; its results, strife in the palace, treason in the army, bitterness for the heart, madness for the brain. One day when Saul had lost his battle, and his brave soldiers lay in heaps about him, he came and planned suicide, and flung himself upon his own sword. So the long life-tragedy ended, and when the people wept it was not for the suicide of their king; they wept because they remembered the noble youth, with his fine beauty and his stainless youth, from whose career men once thought they could never hope too much; whose career gave promise of a new era for his people; who, his friends thought, was to put his nation forward a full hundred years, but who died an unfulfilled prophesy. How are the mighty fallen! How is the palace devastated by fire! And the vineyards and forests ruined by the cyclone, and the city overtaken by the earthquake. In some Lisbon and Pompeii or Carthage we find the type of Saul's ruined life."—Doctor Hillis.

FEATHERED HIGHWAYMEN.

The man-o'-war hawk is a somewhat large bird and an expert fisher, but he does most of his fishing in the air. When the booby bird comes home from abroad he finds the man-o'-war hawk "layin for him," and however persistently he may seek to escape by dashing flight, with much screeching and screaming, he finds that before he can safely set foot on the land he must disgorge a fish or two, which the swift pursuer adroitly catches in the air. It seemed, however, to be generally understood, as a modus vivendi between the fisher and the pirate birds that their contentions were only on the wing, and that, once on land, they should dwell peacefully in their separate camping grounds.

The boobies are awkward and unwieldy on land, and may be easily captured. They rarely seek to escape when a man approaches, but, accustomed to meet the demands of their familiar enemy, the man-o'-war hawk, by disgorging a fish in the air, they frequently resort to the same process and lay at the feet of the intruding stranger what stock of fish they have available. The man-o'-war hawks turn this practice to their own advantage by following after any man who might appear among the nesting birds, circling in the air just overhead, ready to pick up the fish which the frightened boobies might give up as a peace offering. The man-o'-war hawks were generally eager for anything, and would hover closely, ready to take from the hand of a man whatever he might toss in the air. On one occasion one of these birds swiftly snatched a notebook which lay for a moment on the ground, and sailed away, dropping it, however, on finding it to be neither fish nor rat.—Century Magazine.

"MAY I GO ACROSS WITH YOU?"

I was just going to cross Broadway the other day in company with a gentlemen with whom I was conversing. The trolley cars were thick, and the carriages and trucks were thicker, so that we had been hesitating a moment until they should clear a little before making the attempt. As I saw a way opening, I reached my right hand up and

caught my friend by the arm and said: "Now is our chance." Just then a trembling voice attracted my attention from just behind me on the other side. The voice said: "Wont you please let me go across with you?" I stopped and looked back, and there was a very old, white-haired lady, very feeble, far too feeble to have been in such a place unattended.

Instinctively I put up my arm, and, taking her hand, drew her arm through mine, and said as if I were her own boy, "Certainly, you shall go across with us; and we big boys shall be very glad of your company."

When we got across to the other side she looked up in my face in a pathetic way that touched me, and said: "I thank you very much. When we get old, we feel a little scary and uncertain going alone."

All the afternoon the pathetic old face framed in white hair kept coming back to me, and I thought how much happier the world would be if all the time the strong people were quick and sensitive to hear the cry of the weak, who are saying, "Won't you let me cross with you?"—Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D., in C. E. World.

HIDDEN POWER.

"In the great voyage of life we find the two classes here described. First, those who are equipped by nature or by training to care for themselves and something more. Second, those who must supplement their own weakness or inexperience by every available help if they would escape shipwreck. Some men there are, of splendid reserve power—men who carry oil in their vessel with their lamps. They have something to draw upon when the night is long and the darkness heavy. These are the men who move straight on; who break up the world's night and make it beautiful. A few years ago I saw a pleasure fleet in our bay. It was calm and they were rocking in the tide, almost as motionless as a painted ship upon a painted sea. But I noticed a sloop with sails hanging limp, forging her way through the fleet and toward our wharves. On she came, the envy of every calm-bound boat. It seemed like some enchantment. You know the secret, for such sights are common now. It had power within. Hidden from sight, with no throb of engine or splash of wheel, that secondary power was doing its work, and the miracle of conquest was explained.

"Every Christian, by virtue of the indwelling Christ, professes to have a power that makes him superior to the winds and tides of life. And if he has the spirit of the Master he must realize his indebtedness of helpfulness to the man who needs him. The measure of a man's power is the measure of his debt to the powerless. A Christian who does not help and does not sympathize is a contradiction of terms. What added power has the coming of Christ into your life brought you? What do you do that you were not able to do before his advent, and what acts more gracious and helpful than those of the unchristian appear in your life?"—Dr. C. L. Goodell.

THE BELL OF JUSTICE.

A beautiful little story is told which is well worth repeating here. In one of the old cities of Italy, so the story goes, the king had a bell hung up in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it the "Bell of Justice,"

and commanded that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the judge of the city to come and see that justice was done.

In the course of time the end of the bell-rope rotted away, so a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it. One day an old and starving horse, that had been turned out by its cruel owner to die, wandered into the tower, and in trying to eat the vine rang the bell to which it was attached. When the judge of the city came to see who had rung the bell, he found this old horse. Then the judge sent for the owner of the poor horse and ordered that, since this animal, which had been so wronged, had rung the "Bell of Justice," he should have justice done to him. He commanded the owner, therefore, to take the horse home and to feed and care for him as long as he should live.—Apples of Gold.

ICE DRIFT BORE SHIP WITHIN 600 MILES OF POLE.

ST. LOUIS, December 2.—Wilson R. Mizner, brother of Rev. W. Mizner, pastor of the St. Stephen's House Episcopal Mission, of this city, has returned from an involuntary trip which he says he took to the Arctic regions in an ordinary vessel that had been caught in a mass of moving ice and borne, he avers, to within 600 miles of the North Pole. Mizner, who bears the appearance of having undergone some privations, relates a thrilling tale of his adventures. The vessel in which he sailed was the steamer Portland. Said he:

"We started from Seattle April 26, expecting at the time to avoid the ice and reach Cape Nome in about fourteen days. We got to Dutch Harbor, in the Aleutian Islands, all right, but two days out from there we encountered huge fields of slush ice. Nevertheless, we were enabled to steam through, aided by strong southerly winds, and about May 13 we began packing trunks and writing letters, expecting to reach Nome on the morrow.

"On the 14th we became aware that we had drifted into a different sphere of ice. Great icebergs loomed up on either side of us, 1,500 feet thick, and as far as the eye could follow from the crow's nest on the topmast. Ice banked up fifty feet above the decks of the ship. Finally, we became aware that we were caught in the Arctic drift and were being borne away from Nome. Two days later we passed through the Bering Straits at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, without steam, the huge drifts of ice moving with us, carrying us along and rendering escape out of the question."

Mizner's account of the perils and experiences of the trip with the icebergs is detailed. He says that the whaling ship Genia, which left Seattle, bound also for Nome, became imprisoned in the same drift, and was sighted in the Arctic Ocean, about 150 miles northwest of Cape Lisborne, seventy or eighty days after leaving the Aleutian Islands. They were in need of food, which was furnished them. The two vessels lay in sight of each other for several days, then the drift parted them, and Mizner and his companions drifted on and on, nearer and nearer the Pole, the sun never sinking below the horizon, and the weather being unendurably cold. Finally, he says, a gale from the north set in, which parted the ice and enabled the vessel to escape.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ONLY A BOY.

There is a striking story of a certain missionary who was sent for, on one occasion, to go to a little village in an out-of-the-way corner of India to baptize and receive into church-fellowship sixty or seventy adult converts from Hinduism.

At the commencement of the proceedings he had noticed a boy about fifteen years of age sitting in a back corner, looking very anxiously and listening very wistfully. He now came forward.

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

"Yes, sir."

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

No sooner was this said than all the people rose to their feet, and some, speaking for the rest, said: "Why, sir, it is he that has taught us all that we know about Jesus Christ."

And so it turned out to be. This was the little minister of the little church, the honored instrument in the hand of God of saving all the rest for Jesus Christ.—Forward.

The manner of saying or doing anything goes a great way toward the value of the thing itself.—Seneca.

The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the water of life is faith.—Jameson.

TRUTH itself will not profit us so long as she is but held in the hand and taken upon trust from other minds; not wooed and won and wedded by our own.—Loche.

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Edited by

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1902.

THIRD QUARTER.

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

REVIEW.

For Sabbath-day, December 27, 1902.

Golden Text.—Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.—Psa. 90: 1.

NOTES.

Our lessons this quarter have to do with the establishment of the Israelites in the Promised Land, and the first period of their sojourn there. The first six lessons are from the Book of Joshua, and refer to the conquest, and matters pertaining to the beginning of the sojourn of the Israelites in Canaan; the other five [not counting the Sabbath lesson] give us some idea of the character of the people and their doings before the time of the Monarchy. In all of these lessons the guiding of Jehovah is manifest and his loving kindness toward his people.

After the death of Moses, Joshua was [Lesson 1] inaugurated by Jehovah as the leader of the people, and was strengthened and encouraged. He led the people across the Jordan [Lesson 2] which, like the Dead Sea, had been miraculously dried up for their passage. Jehovah greatly encouraged the people by the manifest token of his help in the conquest of the land by the miracle of the overthrow of the walls of Jericho [Lesson 3]. Caleb is shown [Lesson 4] as the model Israelite, although he was not born of the stock of Jacob. The cities of Refuge [Lesson 5] serve as a symbol of the refuge of the distressed soul in God. Joshua's farewell address [Lesson 6] is a model of vigorous exhortation.

Our first lesson in the Book of Judges [Lesson 7] shows the prevailing tendencies of the times and how difficult it was to serve Jehovah. Gideon illustrates how much can be accomplished by Jehovah through one faithful man [Lesson 9]. The faith and devotion of the Gentile Ruth [Lesson 10] are an example for all ages.

Samuel, as a child [Lesson 11] and as a man [Lesson 12] shows himself one near to Jehovah and ready to be used by him.

TWO COLLEGE BOYS.

Most boys are anxious to get a post where they may have easy work, and live in what they call a genteel style. Such, however, do not get the best work in the world. The ambition to work, to be doing something useful, no matter what, is what the sensible world wants to see in a young man or woman. The following has a moral for those who want to get on in life:

Two boys left home with just enough money to take them through college; after that they must depend entirely upon their own efforts. They attacked the collegiate problems successfully, passed the graduation, received their diplomas from the faculty, also commendatory letters to a large ship-building firm with which they desired employment. Ushered into the waiting-room of the head of the firm, the first was given an audience. He presented his letters.

"What can you do?" asked the man of millions.



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"I should like some sort of a clerkship."

"Well, sir, I will take your name and address, and should we have anything of the kind open, will correspond with you."

As he passed out, he remarked to his waiting companion, "You can go in and leave your address."

The other presented himself and his papers.

"What can you do?" was asked.

"I can do anything that a green hand can do, sir," was the reply.

The magnate touched a bell, which called a superintendent.

"Have you anything to put a man to work at?"

"We want a man to sort scrap-iron," replied the superintendent.

And the college graduate went to sorting scrap-iron. One week passed, and the president meeting the superintendent, asked, "How is the new hand getting on?"

"O," said the boss, "he did his work so well, and never watched the clock, that I put him over the gang!"

In one year this man reached the head of a department and an advisory position with the management, at a salary represented by four figures, while his whilom companion was "clerk" in a livery stable, washing harness and carriages.—Selected.

LOVE IN SEARCH OF A WORD.

The difficulties of missionary pioneer work, especially in learning languages and reducing them to writing, were recently described in a thrilling manner by Willis K. Hotchkiss, an American missionary of the Society of Friends, who has just returned to his work in Central Africa among the Wakamba. He first built his own house assisted by two coast men, as the tribe was hostile and suspicious. Gradually they became friendly and he began to learn their language. Willis Hotchkiss said in a missionary address in England:

"The first word I secured was 'Ni-chau,' meaning 'What is it?' Day and night I pestered every man I met with that question. In the brick-yard muddy hands and pencil added to muddy paper the swelling list of words. In the garden, hoe and spade were dropped for pencil and note-book, as some new word dropped from the lips of the black fellows at my side. So it went through the day with its varied duties, and then at night, by candle light, the day's treasures were gathered up, classified, and made ready for their blessed service. For two years and a half I searched for the word 'Saviour.' As each day and week and month passed by, it grew bigger with meaning in the light of the frightful need which faced me—a need which I knew I could meet if I could bring that word to bear upon it, but before which I was powerless until that golden key was discovered. But it finally came, and the toil of years was recompensed. Around the evening campfire I sat with my men, listening to their stories and watching eagerly for the coveted word. Finally my head man, Kikuvi, launched upon a tale which I hoped would bring it. He told how Mr. Krieger had some months before been attacked by a lion and badly wounded, and how he had been rescued. But to my great disappointment he did not drop the concrete word for which I was looking. Sick at heart, I was about to turn away, when in a modest way he turned to me, saying, 'Bwana nukuthanie na Kikuvi' (the master was saved by Kikuvi). I could have shouted for joy, for having the verb I could easily make the noun; but to prove it beyond the shadow of a doubt, I said, 'Ukuthanie Bwana?' (you saved the master?) and he replied 'Yes.' 'Why, Kikuvi,' said I, 'this is the word I have been wanting you to give me all these 'moons,' because I wanted to tell you that Yesu died to Ku—' I got no further. The black face lit up, as in the lurid light of the camp-fire he turned upon me, exclaiming, 'Master! I see it now! I understand! This is what you have been trying to tell us all these moons, that Yesu died to save us from the power of sin!' Never did sweeter word fall from mortal lips than that word 'Saviour' as it fell from the lips of that black savage in Central Africa."—The Bombay Guardian.

THE OLD RELIABLE



THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

MARRIAGES.

MAXSON—EAGLESFIELD.—At the home of the bride's parents, Gentry, Arkansas, Oct. 7, 1902, by Pastor J. H. Hurley, Mr. Edwin Maxson and Miss Grace Eaglesfield.

STILLMAN—CARPENTER.—At the home of Rev. J. H. Hurley, and by him, Oct. 14, 1902, Mr. Laverne Stillman and Miss Addie Carpenter.

POTTER—McHENRY.—At the home of the bride's parents, at Alfred Station, N. Y., August 5, 1902, Mr. Clarence D. Potter and Miss Gertrude B. McHenry.

LUSK—WITHEY.—At Alfred Station, N. Y., Sept. 27, 1902, Mr. Chas. S. Lusk and Miss Grace A. Withey.

HENDERSON—SMITH.—At the home of the bride's parents, in Alfred, N. Y., Oct. 3, 1902, Mr. Earl S. Henderson and Miss Elnora C. Smith.

POTTER—TINKHAM.—In Scott, N. Y., on the evening of Nov. 27, 1902, by Rev. W. F. Kettle, Mr. Bourdon H. Potter and Mrs. Elnora Tinkham.

DARLING—FENTON.—In Scott, N. Y., on the evening of Nov. 27, 1902, by Rev. W. F. Kettle, Mr. Isaac Darling and Mrs. Amelia Fenton.

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.

CAMPBELL.—Rebecca W. Campbell, daughter of Sarah and Amasa Ayars, was born in Cumberland county, N. J., Jan. 18, 1823, and died in Walworth, Wis., Nov. 16, 1902.

The above is here inserted to correct the obituary given in the RECORDER of Dec. 1. M. G. S.

VARs.—At his home, in Edelstein, Ill., Oct. 31, 1902, Thomas Vars.

Mr. Vars was born in Berlin, N. Y., Sept. 7, 1824, and was the son of Benjamin and Olive Walker Vars. He was married Oct. 28, 1848, to Helen M. Hull, who survives him. To them were born four children, three of whom are living, viz: Lily M. Ayers, Mortimer B. Vars and Olive M. Vars, all of Edelstein, Ill. Mr. Vars was one of the oldest settlers of Hallock township. He came of sturdy stock, and was held in high esteem throughout the community and county, being occupied many years in various positions of honor and trust. His membership was with the Berlin, N. Y., Seventh-day Baptist church, with which he united in early manhood. He was a good citizen and a staunch supporter of every good cause in his community. F. E. P.

PALMER.—Lydia M. Palmer, daughter of the late Deacon Chas. D. and Susan Langworthy, was born in the town of Alfred, N. Y., Jan. 12, 1840, and died at Rome, Ga., July 3, 1902.

She was married to Milo L. Palmer, of Jackson, Mich., May 7, 1862. Her husband and six children and nine grand-children survive her. L.

LLNGWORTHY.—George Allen Langworthy, son of the late Chas. W. and Lydia Langworthy, was born in the town of Alfred, N. Y., August 18, 1864, and died at Greytown, Nicaragua, June 30, 1902. L.

STILLMAN.—Mary Louise (Vincent) Stillman, wife of Henry M. Stillman, of Westerly, R. I., died at her home on Moss Street, Dec. 1, 1902, having just entered her 61st year.

She was born in Almond, N. Y., Nov. 30, 1842. In

March, 1868, she was married to Henry M. Stillman, removing to Waterford, Conn., and a few years later to Westerly, R. I., where she has since resided. In early life she accepted Christ and united with the First Alfred church. For many years she had been a member of the Pawcatuck church. She was also active in the work of the W. C. T. U. She was an earnest Christian and was most highly esteemed in the church and community for her many Christian virtues, and especially for her faithfulness to the duties and responsibilities that in late years had been laid upon her. The pastor spoke briefly at her funeral from the Master's words, "Thou hast been a faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things." She leaves a husband, two sisters, a brother and a host of friends. S. H. D.

PALMITER.—Alva Palmiter was born in Hartsville, N. Y., March 26, 1835, and died of a "stroke" Dec. 1, 1902.

He was one of eleven children born to Silas and Elizabeth Saunders Palmiter, only two of whom are now left. This was one of the earliest pioneer homes, and its hospitable doors swung wide to many guests. Mr. Palmiter was Justice of the Peace, a prominent man in the church and community. Alva has always lived in Hartsville and passed away at his home, about a mile from the old homestead, where he was born. He was married to Charlotte A. Emerson Nov. 16, 1865, and to them were born two children, Elvira, now deceased, and Ebert E., who survives, to be his mother's support. Mr. Palmiter was baptized by Elder H. P. Burdick Oct. 21, 1865, and joined the Hartsville church, of which he and his wife have since remained members. He was a good man. The Bible was his solace and God his stay. Funeral services at Hartsville church Dec. 3, conducted by Pastor Randolph of Alfred. L. C. R.

BURDICK.—Infant son of Elno Burdick, died of the grip Dec. 7, 1902, aged 15 days.

Brief services were conducted at the home Dec. 10 by Pastor Randolph. The body was taken to Scio for burial. L. C. R.

SAUNDERS.—At his home, in Niantic, R. I., Oct. 16, 1902, in the 65th year of his age, Charles H. Saunders.

He was born in the house where his funeral was held Sept. 10, 1838, and had lived the greater part of his life in his native town, Westerly, and at the homestead the past twenty-seven years. In early life he gave his heart to Christ and united with the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist church. At the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted in Troop A, First Rhode Island Cavalry, from which he received an honorable discharge at expiration of term of service. He leaves to mourn their loss an aged mother, two daughters, three sons, six grandchildren, three sisters, one brother, with a host of relatives and friends. S. H. D.

Literary Notes.

The Ownership of Children.

It is only in late years that lecturers and writers have taken it upon themselves to counsel fathers and mothers upon the proper bringing up of their children, and it may be said, incidentally, that since the world began generations have developed into healthy manhood and womanhood without such advice. It is very difficult to advise beneficially on such a subject. Methods that are applicable in the training of one child are not always applicable to his brother. The subject will not admit of universal or even general statements. However, in one point, at least, we do agree with Mrs. Birney, the writer of a paper in the January Delineator entitled Childhood, that "the erroneous sense of proprietorship with which parents are wont to regard their children is a source of many mistakes in their management." If the point of view of privileged guardianship would supersede that of ownership, the little ones, in many cases, would be happier.

THE Cosmopolitan for December, 1902, is on our table. Always interesting, the present number is unusually so in the quality of its illustrations, both as to their extent, variety, and general character. The literary features of this number are enriched by Part Eighth of "Captains of Industry." This series of articles has been of unusual value, not only in bringing out given men who are leaders in the industrial world, but because of the suggestion they contain, which are helpful to young men looking for success in life. This issue also contains Number Four of a series of articles on "Mankind in the Making." "The Beginnings of the Mind and Language" form the theme of the Number Four. The discussion is valuable as a study on the development of the mind and body. The suggestions are helpful to parents and

teachers. All in all, the Cosmopolitan stands at the head of the magazines, which cost only one dollar per year. Address, Irvington, N. Y.

THE Critic, always good and attractive, anticipates Christmas time by a number of unusual value and attractiveness. Among many excellent pictures, "Crows in the Snow," though less elaborate than others, is a scene of wonderful vigor, while "The Unnatural Mothers" is fiercely pathetic. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Special Notices.

THE next Covenant and Communion season of the Albion Seventh-day Baptist church will occur January 3, 1903, and all members of the church, whether resident or non-resident, are earnestly requested to respond at that meeting, either in person or by letter. As far as possible letters will be forwarded to absent ones, and in order to mutual helpfulness we hope responses may be received in return. In behalf of the church. S. H. BABCOCK, Pastor.

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.

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 cure 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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