

# THE SABBATH RECORDEE.

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## LABOR ON: REST COMETH.

Finish thy work, the time is short;  
The sun is in the west,  
The night is coming down; till then  
Think not of rest.

Rest? Finish all thy work, then rest;  
Till then, rest never:  
The rest prepared for thee by God  
Is rest forever.

Finish thy work, then wipe thy brow,  
Ungird thee from thy toil;  
Take breath, and from each weary limb  
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work, then sit thee down  
On some celestial hill;  
And of heaven's everlasting bliss  
Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work, then go in peace,  
Life's battle fought and won.  
Hear from the throne the Master's voice,  
"Well done! Well done!"

Finish thy work, then take thy harp,  
Give praise to God above;  
Sing a new song of mighty joy  
And endless love!



What Our  
Work Now  
Involves.

THE fundamental issues in all great reforms lie deeper than the average observer thinks. In all transition periods new phases develop almost before the closest observer is aware. These two facts are peculiarly applicable to the Seventh-day Baptists and their work just now. Whatever the Sabbath question may have been in the past, it is no longer a denominational peculiarity, nor a denominational issue. The main issue is no longer between the Sabbath and the Sunday as days. Among the deeper issues, and the far-reaching ones, which are now directly involved in the work of the Seventh-day Baptists, is the supremacy of the Bible as the final arbiter in religious questions. This involves the authority of the Decalogue as against the doctrine of "No-law," and the resulting doctrine of "Church authority;" and these questions directly involve the fundamental issue between Roman Catholicism and Protestantism. If the Bible is not the supreme and final authority in matters religious, Protestantism has no warrant for its revolt against Romanism and no guarantee for future existence. If it be the final arbiter on the Sabbath question as one which is fundamentally and supremely religious, Protestantism demands the restoration of the Sabbath as Christ kept it, and as it was before the development of No-lawism which was the historical and logical starting point of the doctrine of church authority, and is the central idea on which Roman Catholicism rests. All this the Catholics recognize and assert. On the other hand, the majority of Protestants, being wedded to the unscriptural doctrine of an abolished Decalogue, of an abrogated Sab-

bath and a substituted Sunday, still attempt to justify their rejection of the Sabbath and their revolt from Romanism.

This inconsistency cannot always continue. One prominent part of the work of Seventh-day Baptists in the immediate future will be to exalt the authority of the Bible and the true doctrines of Protestantism. Logically and historically, the Seventh-day Baptists have never come out from Romanism as the Protestant bodies have. The germ of the Seventh-day Baptist church was planted in Christian history when the Sabbath-keeping Son of God was baptized in the sacred Jordan. Though the history of Sabbath-keeping Christianity is more or less obscured by the gathered rubbish of the Middle Ages, the logical and actual line remains, and is represented in the Seventh-day Baptists of this time. They have been preserved to bear testimony at such a time as this: a time when error and false doctrines concerning the law of God and the Sabbath of God have borne abundant harvest of self-destructive fruit; a time when the friends of Sunday are looking in vain to new theories and new experiments for that restoration of Sabbath-observance in connection with Sunday which is impossible because of the errors that underlie the popular theories. Only one way of escape opens out of the chaos of these years and the ruin which false theories have wrought; that escape is by way of the Ten Commandments of God—Sinai with its rules of life and Calvary with its redeeming love.

Such a mission as God now calls Seventh-day Baptists to perform is glorious as to privilege, abundant as to honor, and certain as to final success. Careless men are unfit for such a mission. Indifferent men are unworthy of it. Fearful men cannot be entrusted with it. The Seventh-day Baptist who is fit for these years is consecrated and brave, strong of faith, clear-eyed as to hope, and unflinching as to purpose. Whoever does not rise to these will not be found worthy of these times, with their duties and privileges.



The  
Long  
Look.

If the long look is of special value in making plans for life, the longer look and the larger look are of double value in the work of Sabbath Reform. No reform stands alone; neither can it progress permanently alone. Evil and good constantly intermingle. Reforms of greater value must rest on great truths which underlie centuries of time and scores of indirect issues. The Sabbath question would have passed out of history

long ago had it not been fundamental and far-reaching. The Sabbath reformer, notably the Seventh-day Baptist, must become familiar with the larger look and the longer look in order to comprehend his work and be fitted to do it. Life is large, but truth is larger, and no truth can be wholly measured by sectarian standards or denominational lines. Denominations and parties that stand for some one important truth must also stand for the cognate truths and issues which are involved, with the specific one they are called to champion. Otherwise they will fall into narrowness and Philistinism.

The Sabbath question as it comes to Seventh-day Baptists includes the question of the authority of the Bible, the perpetuity of the Ten Commandments, the example of Christ and the practice of an un-Paganized Christianity in earlier years. From such a highland of view the broader and longer look must be taken whenever the work of the Seventh-day Baptists is considered. This consideration must be more than abstract and theoretical. He who is to bear any part in this work must seek fitness for it as a larger and enlarging work. He must study it as a whole and in detail. He must seek a stronger and sharper vision, that points beyond present range may be more clearly seen.

Plans must be adopted which cover the larger field. It is not a question of local and temporary campaigning. It is not a question of our generation, but rather of all generations. Changing methods and enlarging plans are essential features of all such reformers. Truths do not change, but the methods which men adopt to obscure and evade truth do change, and these changes the wise reformer must anticipate and meet. Nothing is needed by Seventh-day Baptists to-day more than the larger look and the larger preparation which that look demands. It means much, very much, to be a Seventh-day Baptist, or it means little, very little. No one who takes the larger look can doubt that it means much—though he cannot tell how much.

The publication of *The Sabbath of Christ* and the appeal made to the churches in its behalf are steps forward in our larger work.



What Can  
You Do?  
GOD has something for each of us.  
Wherever there is right to defend,  
or wrong to put down, truth to  
promulgate, and untruth to op-  
pose, strong ones to be encouraged or weak  
ones to be strengthened, there is something  
for each child of God to do. The best work

is done by those who are willing to do faithfully that which is at hand, whether it be a great work, or a seemingly insignificant one. Unfound pearls are hidden among the pebbles in our every-day path. The richest mines often lie just under the road where the careless feet of many generations have passed, unmindful of the gold beneath them. Thus truths lie for ages near the surface, waiting for brave and careful workers to bring them forth. So opportunities, rich with blessings to the workers and the world, often wait until anything but truth would give up in despair, for some willing hand to seize and wield them. There is no lack of place, if you have the heart and the courage and the patience to work under God. Two evils beset us. One, in that we think we cannot do anything effectively or of worth, because we are weak; the other, in that we want a greater and more glorious work to do. The first ignores the fact that human weakness is made strong through divine help—that God's glory and power are best shown through men and women who, unaided, can do nothing. The second evil is blind to the truth that great attainments are always the result of many little efforts; that no great work is accomplished but by the law of persistent endeavor and continual growth. We need willing hearts more than better opportunities. We need brave faith that will make common duties glorious more than we need great chances which may shed glory on ourselves.

These facts have direct application to the wish of Seventh-day Baptists as Sabbath Reformers, *i. e.*, to your individual work, each one of you.

At this time when influences outside our denominational lines are intensely active against all Sabbath-keeping, it is evident that we cannot remain unaffected. The important question to be considered is how we may secure ourselves from injurious influences and gain strength for better things and higher attainments. With the general decay of regard for Sunday and the growth of the idea that no day is sacred, we must share in that decay unless the denominational heart be kept pre-eminently healthful and strong. That it has not been kept as healthful and strong as our best interests require is undeniable. We do not mean to exalt the duty of securing strength for merely denominational ends. Our existence is the result of adherence to a great truth, and the healthfulness of our denominational life is important because of that truth and of what is demanded of us in behalf of that truth. We must not measure denominational strength or weakness by ordinary standards. Our position is that of a foolish minority, making an unjustifiable protest, or it is that of a majority, because allied with God and truth, but a majority waiting for recognition. This last view we believe to be the true one. Because of the greatness of the demands upon us and the serious evils which impend, touching the whole question of Sabbath-observance, our duty is clear. That we may secure denominational strength through broad views of truth and high spiritual attainments, we must give much greater attention to the development of denominational life. Of the imperativeness of this need the

RECORDER has no doubt. This need involves a larger development in spiritual life, a higher conception of the value of Sabbath-observance, more conscientious and devout Sabbath-observance in our churches, and a much larger conception of our duty to the world. The best means of accomplishing this revival of denominational faith and life may not be catalogued here, but an underlying truth which must be closely inwoven with all our thought is that we are called to a *specific mission which is yet to be accomplished*, and which cannot be accomplished unless we exalt the importance of it, and make greater and more consistent efforts to attain it. One cannot do good work for a failing enterprise. Enthusiasm, faith and effort are discounted in advance when we see only defeat ahead. To expect success is an unmeasured help toward attaining it.

ALL 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 for the soul to understand that when the restraints of faith in a divine law which forbids sin are gone the soul goes 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 that soul 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, or the short-sighted vision of physical science. The heart, obedient and believing, is the eye that discerns truth and sees God. It is above all science in its appointed realm. If the skeptic, vainly trying to learn of 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 can reveal the wonders of the physical universe, and thus much of God. But God and truth are found only by a loving heart. Thoughts are realities. Truths are veritable entities. They exist as distinct elements 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, *i. e.*, truth. 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 truth. Fancies are shadows of real thoughts; they are partial or imperfect truths. 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 or the gold mines of the mountains.

AT a Meeting of the Society for the Study of Life, held in New York City on the 13th of February, a brisk discussion was started when Mrs. Mary Hastings declared that children should be taught to reverence their fathers as ideals. Mrs. Hastings also

made a pertinent criticism upon our system of education when she said: "There is a chair in the college for everything except for the study of the deepest problem that awaits the young man and woman — that of parenthood." There is no wonder that many women in the meeting "were anxious to know what should be done when the fathers are not worthy;" and one remarked, "that wives might try to deceive themselves into the belief that their husbands were ideal beings, but it was impossible to delude the children." Whether these women had in mind their own husbands or those of their neighbors does not matter; it is too sadly true that a large number of men are not ideal fathers. No doubt, there are more women whose conceptions of parenthood are higher than their husbands, and that they are more nearly ideal mothers than their husbands are ideal fathers. Nevertheless, the discussion referred to was timely and ought to be repeated in every circle. Aside from those results which come from the law of heredity—as yet too little understood—the conscious and unconscious influence of parents in determining the character of their children, and hence of their children's children, is beyond measurement. The influence of parents upon their children, intellectually and spiritually, the influence of home life upon the physical development of the child, through food and physical surroundings, are determining factors during babyhood and earlier childhood. These determining influences are felt and these effects are produced upon the child before they can be tabulated by the most careful observer, and before even the anxious parent can detect them. It is said that the physical beauty of the Grecians was due in no small degree to the surroundings by way of paintings and statuary which filled the homes of Grecian mothers. If such influences, brought to bear upon children before their birth, were prominent agencies in securing a type of physical beauty, which is the envy of the world after 2,000 years, too high an estimate cannot be placed upon the influences of fathers and mothers after the birth of their children. It would be easy to extend the consideration of this theme into a long essay upon the sacredness of parenthood, and all but too easy to make a long list of the things that are not ideal in the life of the average father; but we must be content at this time in having said thus much, while we cherish the hope that what is here suggested will lead to richer results in helping to promote ideal fathers and mothers.

THE progress of mankind has not been a continuous flow, but a succession of ground-swells. History may run apparently on a dead level for decades—even centuries—and then revolutionary events crowd thick and fast upon each other in the formation of a new nation or a new society. In the long years which stretch between the movement, new life has germinated, gathered sustenance and grown toward maturity; but in fullness of time comes the crucial hour when it springs forth living and breathing, or dies because the influences of which it was begotten are too weak to bring it forth. Many a noble cause has been slain before its birth because the people to whom it was committed were too cowardly to endure the pain and bear the responsibility.

L. C. RANDOLPH.



## Prayer-Meeting Column.

TOPIC FOR MARCH 7, 1902.

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Theme.—Gathering up the Fragments.

John 6 : 1-14.

After these things Jesus went away to the other side of the sea of Galilee, which is *the sea* of Tiberias. And a great multitude followed him, because they beheld the signs which he did on them that were sick. And Jesus went up into the mountain, and there he sat with his disciples. Now the passover, the feast of the Jews was at hand. Jesus therefore lifting up his eyes, and seeing that a great multitude cometh unto him, saith unto Philip, Whence are we to buy bread, that these may eat? And this he said to prove him: for he himself knew what he would do. Philip answered him, Two hundred shillings' worth of bread is not sufficient for them; that every one may take a little. One of his disciples, Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, saith unto him, There is a lad here, who hath five barley loaves, and two fishes: but what are these among so many? Jesus said, Make the people sit down. Now there was much grass in the place. So the men sat down, in number about five thousand. Jesus therefore took the loaves; and having given thanks, he distributed to them that were set down; likewise also of the fishes as much as they would. And when they were filled, he said unto his disciples, Gather up the broken pieces which remain over, that nothing be lost. So they gathered them up, and filled twelve baskets with broken pieces from the five barley loaves, which remained over unto them that had eaten. When therefore the people saw the sign which he did, they said, This is of a truth the prophet that cometh into the world.

Nothing is great standing alone. Success comes by combining small sums of money, doing little duties, and using ordinary opportunities. In service for Christ the value of our work is not in itself, but in that it may become the means through which God works for the accomplishment of his purposes. In the parable which forms the lesson for this evening the actual worth of the stock in trade which the little boy had is below consideration. It represents the weak efforts of a child to secure a trifle of money. The added blessing of the Master made it bring comfort to thousands. Our lives cannot be measured by what we do or what we are apart from our relations to truth and God. If we are rightly related to these, and act in harmony with them, blessed results will follow, soon or late, and these will be as much greater than the intrinsic worth of our efforts as the feeding of the five thousand was greater than the original supply the bare-footed boy carried.

## THE WAGES OF LIFE.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

What we get for our work in the world is quite a different thing from what we get for our life. The wages paid to us for the various kinds of labor that we perform can be reckoned in shillings, or dollars, or francs, or marks. But the wages of life, the reward that we get for simply living, is something that cannot be computed in any coin. It is just this—*more life*.

This thought has come home to me in the reading of a remarkable book called "A Child of Nature," by Hamilton W. Mabie. The book is remarkable not because it is in any way sensational, but because it narrates with such singular clearness, simplicity and charm the life-history of a human soul. It begins at the funeral of John Foster, a New England farmer, whose work had not been very well paid from the pecuniary point of view, and who died at sixty, a rather lonely, poor and obscure man. But he was not an unsatisfied man. His hard-handed and hard-

minded neighbors saw in his countenance, as they filed into the shadowed room to look for the last time at one of whom they had been used to think with something of pity and something of contempt, an expression of contented calm—"the assurance of success which rested on John Foster's face like a decisive judgment on his life."

They saw this, and half wondered at it, half resented it. It seemed to them as if he, the failure, had won something which they, the successful men, had missed. Like the first-hour laborers, in the Parable of the Vineyard, they felt injured because an eleventh-hour laborer, one who had done little work, according to their standard, had received full pay. And this pay, of which John Foster's peaceful face, with its tranquil lips half smiling, seemed to say such beautiful and grateful things—what was it? Doubtless the hard-minded neighbors could never quite understand what it was; but to those who have the sympathetic mind and the thoughtful heart the book makes the secret an open one. The signature of peace on John Foster's face was his receipt in full for the wages of life.

The story goes back to his boyhood, and shows the shy, solitary lad growing up among the hills, and coming into harmony with them. Patient, expectant, sensitive, he looked and listened his way through his little world.

"Earth and the common face of nature spake  
To him rememberable things."

"His body was often at work while his mind was at play; for birds sang over the meadows as he did his chores, and over the harvest field there was always the arch of the sky, with room enough for a boy's soul to range in and a boy's heart to make its home."

This fellowship with nature wrought its grace into his outward form. Something of the transformation which Hawthorne, in his story of "The Great Stone Face," describes in the countenance of Ernest, was accomplished in John Foster. The things that he saw and heard in the great world of everyday marvels were reflected in the light of his eyes and the tranquility of his brow. He inherited the insignia of one of nature's noblemen.

Then, one day when he had taken the Bible into the woods with him, the world of religion began to open itself to the boy. The book sang strange and sweet music to him, at first fragmentary and mysterious, but gradually growing clearer and more harmonious until at last he heard unmistakably the Divine Voice among the trees of the garden in the cool of the evening.

Other books, poetry, history, philosophy—those books which Wordsworth says "are a substantial world, both pure and good"—came into his possession and entered into his life. His horizon expanded. His interests ran far out beyond the bounds of his age and his habitation. His friendships overflowed the limits of his acquaintance. He knew more men and women than he had ever seen. He fell heir to a share in the residuary estate of humanity.

Then came love,—the miracle in which self is lost to be found. Why John Foster's romance had "no earthly close," the book does not tell us; there are no adventures in it; indeed, it hardly narrates a single definite

event. But though his love was untold, it was not fruitless. It pacified and enriched his heart by the adoration which it paid to serene and simple womanhood in the person of "one maiden only."

A long, still, steadfast life, full of small duties and large thoughts, bounded by narrow circumstances and expanded by lofty visions, poor in money, rich in meaning,—that was John Foster's existence. It satisfied him because through it all he knew that he was growing,—growing in self-control, growing in depth and wealth of feeling, growing in harmony with that

"One God, one law, one element  
And one far-off divine event  
Toward which the whole creation moves."

The power of self-expression was a gift that had been denied to this rich life. But through his later years Foster had kept some record of his thoughts and inward experiences, written in fragmentary diaries and disconnected notes. After his death, a young man, Ralph Parkman, in many ways his exact counterpart, came to live in his deserted house. Parkman was rich in power of expression but poor in inward experience; he had lived in the busy world and won many of its prizes, but had not yet entered into the full possession of his own life. Discontented with the abundant rewards of his brilliant work, he had come away to the quiet farmhouse among the hills as to a retreat, dimly hoping to find his better self. Nature welcomed him and healed him. The air of the old house, haunted by memories of its former tenant, tranquillized and elevated his spirit. The records of Foster's inner life, discovered one winter evening in the desk where they had lain unnoticed for many months, fell like vital germs into the fruitful soil of Parkman's mind.

Here was the truth for which he had been waiting. Here was the precious material upon which his shaping genius had been unconsciously preparing to work. "A little book went forth in the early summer from the old house, but it was very deep and beautiful; like a quiet mountain pool, it was far from the dust and tumult of the highways, and there were images of stars in it." It was John Foster's resurrection; the memorial of his secret and complete success; the translation of the hidden meaning of his existence. And I think it read thus:

"Better than the wages of work are the wages of life. For unto him that hath shall be given: and he shall have *life more abundantly*."—*The Interior*.

NONE of us can tell for what God is educating us. We fret and murmur at the narrow round and daily task of ordinary life, not realizing that it is only thus that we can be prepared for the high and holy office which awaits us. We must descend before we can ascend. We must suffer if we would reign. We must take the *via crucis* (way of the cross) submissively and patiently if we would tread the *via lucis* (way of light). We must endure the polishing if we would be shafts in the quiver of Emmanuel. God's will comes to thee and me in daily circumstances, in little things equally as in great; meet them bravely; be at your best always, though the occasion be one of the very least; dignify the smallest summons by the greatness of your response.—*F. B. Meyer*.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Lunacy Bill which has been before the Legislature of New York became a law during the past week. It makes radical changes in the management of the hospitals for the insane in that state. There are now 22,654 insane patients in the state, distributed in eleven hospitals. Serious charges have been made by Governor Odell, and others, against the local boards which have managed these hospitals hitherto. The new law has attracted much attention, and the question involved will probably go to the higher courts for settlement. The opponents of the law claim that it is a vicious measure in the interest of political patronage.

Direct discussion concerning the Sunday saloon question in the city of New York has disappeared from the public prints of that city, but the serious questions involved continue to interest thoughtful people. A suggestive article appeared in the *New York Tribune* for February 19, touching the decay of Protestant Christianity in the city of New York because of the decay of regard for Sunday.

A severe storm of snow amounting to a moderate blizzard visited the Atlantic Coast the first of the week. All traffic was greatly impeded by it. Fortunately the temperature was only moderately low.

On the 18th of February Rev. Dr. Newman Hall died in London, England. He was one of the leading Congregational ministers in Europe, and was well known in America. As preacher and author he had a wide influence among English-speaking people. Many of us remember with great pleasure his visit to America soon after the Civil War, and the enjoyment which his sermons and addresses gave to all who were fortunate enough to hear them. He was born in Maidstone, Eng., May 22, 1816.

At a W. C. T. U. Convention held in New York City on the 18th of February, facts were presented showing that the increase on insanity and of "Juvenile Crime" in the United States is largely due to alcoholic heredity. While other causes enter into these results, we think there is no ground to doubt that alcoholism is a prominent cause of the increase of both these evils.

During the week past the public prints have been filled with contradictory reports concerning the release of Miss Ellen M. Stone and Mrs. Tsilka, who have been in the hands of Bulgarian brigands since the 3d of last September. The exact situation is not known at the present writing. When final results connected with the case are reached, the editor of the *Woman's Page* of the *RECORDER* will give a full review of the case.

On the 19th of February a great mass-meeting was held in the city of New York to plead for favorable and just legislation toward Cuba. Influences in Congress in favor of Cuba along the lines of reciprocity have developed rapidly during the week.

During the week past the Senate has ratified the treaty with Denmark for the purchase of the Danish West India Islands. It is said that the inhabitants of the Islands are greatly pleased with the prospects of coming under American rule. It is also reported that Denmark will act promptly in the matter, and that the American flag may float over the Islands within ten days.

On the 19th of February President Roose-

velt's report in the case of Admiral Schley appeared. It sustains the Naval Court which censured the Admiral, and also joins in recommending that this unhappy controversy be no longer kept alive by unwise and unnecessary discussion.

On the 14th of February a train consisting of twelve cars, loaded with fresh fish, halibut and salmon, left Vancouver, British Columbia, for Boston. This is the first "through fish train" from the Pacific to the Atlantic Coast. It is to run on the time of a passenger express, landing the fish in Boston on Monday, the 24th.

An extensive riot has been in progress at Barcelona, Spain, during the week past. The government forces are out in full strength, and it is reported that hundreds of rioters and soldiers have been killed. Although starting in a strike by workmen, it is thought that Anarchists are at the bottom of it.

Early on the morning of Monday, Feb. 17, the Seventh-day Adventist Sanitarium, at Battle Creek, Michigan, was destroyed by fire. It is almost miraculous, that of the four hundred patients and inmates who were in the building—most of whom were asleep when the fire broke out—but one life was lost, and that only one serious injury occurred; one patient suffered a broken leg by falling from a fire-escape. The loss of property is estimated at \$500,000, about \$160,000 of which was covered by insurance. The loss of clothing and personal effects suffered by patients was large. While the beneficent work of the Sanitarium will be interrupted by this accident, the energy which began to rebuild before the ashes were cold is highly commendable.

## LOWER LIGHTS.

For Christ and the Sabbath.

2 Cor. 4: 6.

"AS WE HAVE OPPORTUNITY."

A woman called one Sabbath morning to inquire about the Sabbath question. I helped her the best I could, gave her some literature, and invited her to call again. These cases need our prayers, and demand our best efforts. Let us profit by such opportunities to show our light. If we are ready to enter the door of opportunity when it only stands ajar, God will open the door yet wider, until we shall have all the work we can do.

One lone Sabbath-keeper was inclined to be discouraged because she saw few definite results, and was tempted to think that one little light could do no good, when, by chance, she heard that a young man in the choir of the First-day church, where she attended, who had been kept out of the church by the inconsistencies of some of the members, said: "If I could be as good a Christian as Mrs. —, I should like to be one." Soon, from various quarters came the rumor that different ones said they believed that the seventh day was the Sabbath. Here were opportunities for personal work, for which she had been praying. So you see people are watching and comparing us with other Christians. For some reason, they expect us to be better than others; and if they are disappointed, how bitter it makes them toward the Sabbath! "Oh, yes, Mr. — keeps Saturday; but he—" then they proceed to mention sneeringly his failings.

Far more effective teaching  
Is living well than preaching.

We find many opportunities to let the Christ-light which is within us shine, not only in our immediate home circle, but as we go from place to place. A sister, who is now a member of the Lower Lights Circle, on her homeward trip from Conference, entered a crowded car. Finding no vacant seat, she sat down by a man whose seat was reversed so that he could face a man and his wife. The woman immediately gave herself a little shake, colored, and reminded our sister, as she said, of "an angry hen, ruffling her feathers," and scornfully said something about the "Baptist Camp Meeting!" At the next station another seat was vacated, and the despised "Baptist" proceeded to take it, first turning to thank the man for allowing her half of his seat. "I could not think of anything to say to the woman to help her, but I could not refrain from praying for her; for I felt sure she was not a Christian, and was sorry for her," the sister said, afterwards.

One young sister, at a depot, taking leave of some of her friends, noticed some would-be-young ladies curiously peering around a door as though viewing some strange sight, at which they laughed. Glancing at the corner behind the door, she saw a man and his wife, very poorly clad, the wife's coat and hat being at least ten years behind the latest mode. Between them they were vainly endeavoring to keep a little boy of three quietly sitting upon the seat. The mother held a tiny babe wrapped in a piece of faded shawl. Both parents looked so utterly hopeless and discouraged that the sister's heart was touched. She noticed that the babe had large, beautiful blue eyes. Indignant that the thoughtless girls should make sport of such unfortunate but apparently honest people, she crossed the room and spoke kindly to the mother, and asked permission to hold the babe. The mother smiled, and granted her request. She sat down by the mother, not far from the girls, who looked as though they had been chastised. After a time the oldest girl seemed to recover from the shock, and began to play with the babe. From foes they seemed to be instantly transformed to friends, and were chatting to the mother, whose face illumined with interest, exhibited much less of its woe-begone expression. When last seen, they were boarding the train, and our sister hoped that these bright young lives would make the journey less tedious for the disheartened parents. In relating the incident some time later, she said: "It was very hard at first to approach these poor strangers; but I am so glad that God gave me this little duty! It filled my heart with peace and gladness all the rest of that day, and paid me for the effort a hundred times over." Another sister assisted a woman with three children to make the "change of cars," sat with her, and cared for one of the children the rest of the journey. One task, not the least, was to hold the heavy child in her arms while it slept.

Many other incidents might be given from personal observation of the unselfish, heroic acts of our Seventh-day Baptist young people, who seem always to take the lead in kindly doing, while others look on, surprised. We thank God that there is so much unselfishness in our ranks still. Let us "press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. 3: 14.

ANGELINE ABBEY.



SPUTTERING CHRISTIANS.

An arc light hangs near the entrance of our home, and for several weeks we were amused—and somewhat annoyed—by the unsteady burning of the lamp. Instead of its wonted clear light, it sputtered, blinked, winked, sometimes went out, save for a dull red spark which had no illuminating power. One day I spoke to the man who came to replenish the burned carbons.

“What is the matter with that lamp?” I asked. “It has not given a steady light we could rely on for some time.”

“I rather think there has been a bad lot of carbons.”

“How bad?”

“Well, you see, the carbons ought to be perfect conductors. Sometimes they are made to be cheap, and there are impurities in them—little specks of nonconducting matter which intercepts the electric flow. Sometimes when I am this way I will bring two carbons for you to see—one of the best make—pure and smooth, and one of the others.”

He kindly remembered his promise. I could easily tell which was the best carbon by the feel; it was as smooth as fine slate to the touch, while the cheaper grade was coarse and gritty.

“You see, ma’am, there’s all the difference between carbons that there is between folks. Some are steady, serene-like; and others again are uncertain—bright one minute and then dark the next.”

In a quiet hour the comparison returned to my thoughts in even fuller force. Sputtering Christians! Carbons, perfect in shape and color, but containing impurities which interfere with the steady flow of the electric current! All the mechanical perfection of the lamp, all the power of the dynamos, cannot result in a clear light when these carbons are used.

Such are hearts not wholly cleansed from the taint of sin. There is a measure of righteousness, but also the presence of that foreign substance, sin, hindering a perfect work of grace and the result of steady shining of life.

There is nothing to be done with an imperfect carbon but to discard it, or put up with the sputter and the blinking and the uncertainty. But, thank God, hearts can be cleansed. “Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven!” For “ye were redeemed . . . with the precious blood of Christ.”

Until my understanding was enlightened touching the failure of the arc light, I was putting the blame upon the central power in the “plant.” Is it not thus that the unconverted people blame the church, and even blame God, for the intermittent life of Christians? How awful to have a “form of Godliness” without the Godly “power!” Not all the glory of heaven, not all the power of God, not all the machinery of the church, can use a sinful heart for the steady flow of the electric current of righteousness! Sin is a non-conductor of spiritual life. Perfect love is the fulfilling of the law; a heart cleansed from impurities is as a pure carbon, letting the light of God shine steadily in the world of darkness.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ keep our hearts from sin! So shall the light shine, and so shall men see the light, and glorify him in whom there is no darkness at all.—*Exchange.*

FOURTEEN RULES FOR BACKSLIDING.

W. L. DAVIS.

1. Neglect family prayers and do not recognize God by “saying grace” at table. Prov. 14: 14.

2. Do not bow your head reverently when others pray. Jer. 2: 13.

3. Offer your own prayers carelessly. Job 13: 4 and Isa. 43: 10.

4. Neglect the study of your Bible. Jer. 6: 19; Hosea 4: 6.

5. Take a backseat at prayer-meetings and other religious services. Heb. 4: 16 and 13: 6.

6. Do not testify for Christ publicly. Jer. 3: 22.

7. Do not pray in public. Hosea 14: 1, 2, 4-6.

8. Do not listen reverently to the preaching of the Word. Jer. 3: 12-15.

9. If you read your Bible at all, do it in an aimless way. Duet. 6: 6-9.

10. Fill all your leisure time with trifling amusements. Matt. 5: 16.

11. Overwhelm yourself with business. Matt. 10: 37, 38.

12. Yield to selfishness. John 15: 4.

13. Refuse to take up work or assume responsibilities for the cause of Christ. James 5: 20.

14. Cultivate loose views concerning Scriptural doctrines, and do not give your life to high and holy endeavor. Matt. 6: 31-33.

May God forbid that any one of us should do any of these things. Always be thinking, and remember that God’s Word reveals his thought and will to us, and that by it we are “made wise unto salvation.”

BLYSTONE, Pa., Feb. 19, 1902.

THE UNSPOKEN WORD.

It was the hour when the street was full of weary workers returning from the day’s labor. A little girl stood at the entrance of an alley, looking down the street, with a show of expectancy in her bright young face. Somebody was coming, surely, and in a few moments a man wearing the garb of a day laborer came in sight. Instantly the little girl came to his side and looked up into his face with a loving expression which told how glad she was to see her father coming home.

The man glanced at the child, but did not say a word, or take the little hand that evidently had hoped to be placed in his. The alley was the short cut to the home in the tenement building, two blocks away. They walked side by side, not a word being spoken, the child evidently too timid to speak if the father did not. The person who had been interested in this meeting followed on and could not help saying in a cheery voice to the father, “Why don’t you speak to the little girl and tell her you are glad she came to meet you, and take her hand?” “Oh, she knows it without saying it,” he replied in a gruff voice. Yes, that is the way so much cheer that would make life so much happier and easier for others is lost, the words are not spoken. We take it for granted our dear ones know the unspoken words we ought to speak. We do not say them when we should. In our homes with our loved ones how often we forget to say the words of commendation that is due them for kindness and self-sacrifice made in our behalf!

How many there are in the world who have unselfishly tried to do their best for us, to

whom no words of commendation have been given!

A little boy, not long since, came rushing into the house with a bunch of flowers which he had gathered for mother. He was only a mite of a boy, and did not know that a bit of golden-rod and a piece of “butter and eggs,” covered with the dust, and blighted by the adverse circumstances of growing in a city’s vacant lot, could not have much value. But to him they were flowers, and it was getting cold weather, and there would not be many more to get for mother. But mother was out and the thoughtless sister laughed and said, “Mother won’t care for those things. They are horrid.” The child’s enthusiasm was chilled, and he threw his precious offering away. It is the motive, not the value of the offering, that counts with our loved ones when they give the best they can.

Thank God, there are many true, good souls who speak the words of cheer and appreciation even to the little child; and how our hearts cling to them! What joy they are to us when the days are dark and the burdens heavy to bear! We may not have many of this world’s goods to give to our friends, but we can always give them kind words and loving ministrations at times when they need them. How often have weeping friends stood by the silent forms of those they loved and vainly wished they had spoken the words of love and appreciation that the dear ones merited in life! Let us be more thoughtful in our homes to speak words that will make the atmosphere of the home “sweet and pleasant” while the dear ones are still spared to us. Let us all try to dwell daily in the light of love and cheer, and not think of our own disappointments and troubles, but be always on the lookout to make “hospices of rest” and cheer for others. In the words of poor Jeanie Deans, “When the hour of trouble comes, as come it does, and the hour of death comes, as come it must to high and low, it is not what we have done for ourselves, but what we have done for others, that we think on most pleasantly.”—*Christian Work.*

THE TRANSFORMING POWER OF CHRISTIANITY.

Simply to be a Christian is enough to turn the world upside down. It turns the night to day, sorrow to joy, discord to harmony. To be a Christian is not simply to save yourself, but to become part of an organization. And to be loyal to your Divine Lord you are to suffer and serve with it to save the world. You begin your new and never-ending record this night. Do not delude yourself by waiting for the so-called great opportunity. Measured by its results, any opportunity may be great. A poor artist may want a square rod of canvas on which to begin his work, but a canvas, three inches square is a sufficient opportunity for Raphael to begin his masterpiece. A tyro musician may refuse to play till he has a perfect violin, but a Paganini holds you entranced with a single string across an old shoe. An indifferent writer may hesitate waiting for some great theme, but a Burns touches you with his sweet story of the “wee mousie” turned by the farmer’s plowshare. We must not forget that while we are to “forget the things behind” that we also are to press forward.—*M. E. Harlan, D. D.*

## Missions.

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

WE as a people have a grand mission to accomplish in the world. It is to bring men to the saving knowledge of Jesus Christ, and loving and loyal obedience to the entire law of God. It is to teach an entire and not a mutilated Bible, and preach a complete gospel. To fulfill that mission we must be alive to it individually, in our homes, in our churches, in both pulpit and pew. Indifference is a bane to the progress of any good cause. The chief hindrance to the extension of Christ's kingdom in the earth to-day, and the propagation and advancement of saving truth, is indifference. Apathy is bad enough, but cold and stolid indifference is deeper seated and more difficult to overcome. As a people we have too much of it, and it must be overcome. We must arouse ourselves to our God-given mission; be alive to our work and give to it consecrated lives and service, and sacrifice our ease, our time and our means for it.

WE have been running over in our mind the young men who have left the Sabbath the last five or ten years for business and position, and those who hold to-day the Sabbath loosely, and we find that one of the chief causes has been the sending of our boys, while in their character-forming period, to First-day schools instead of our own. Let anyone just run over our young men who have graduated within the last five or eight years in First-day colleges, which we might mention if we had a mind, yes even those who are students in some of them to-day, and where are they on the Sabbath question in thought or practice? Compare the loyalty of those who have graduated from our own schools within that time with these, and see the difference. Some have been afraid for our young men who are preparing for the gospel ministry to attend a First-day Theological Seminary, fearing they might be drawn from the Sabbath. There is but little danger of it in comparison to the college influence and life. We expect when a young man is ready to attend a Theological Seminary he is pretty well established in the Sabbath truth. He is old enough to know where he stands, and cannot be so easily influenced as the young college boy. Some of the parents send their boys to First-day colleges because they are nearer home, more convenient; others because they think a graduation diploma from a large and popular college or university will have greater weight in obtaining positions, or exert a larger and wider influence. The business world does not care so much for diplomas and certificates as it cares for ability, integrity and character. It goes without saying that the small colleges are giving to the world, in all its various activities, the best scholarship, the best discipline, the truest and noblest character. Parents, send your boys and girls to our own schools, where they will be established, grounded in Seventh-day Baptist principles, and not to those schools that will educate them from us, and then when it is too late you take up the lament that they have forsaken the Sabbath of the Bible and shipwrecked their faith.

It is one of the paradoxes—and yet the commonplaces—of life, that only by seeking the happiness of others can we truly find any for ourselves.

FROM MRS. SARA G. DAVIS.

The last home mail brought us a letter from Dr. Palmberg, written at West Hallock, where she was tarrying a few days on her journey toward the Pacific Coast, and we rejoice to think she is probably now within a week of Yokohama, and in another seven days we shall have the privilege of welcoming her back into our mission home. After fourteen month's absence, we hope she may return to her work greatly refreshed both in mind and body. We know from her letters she has immensely appreciated the association with so many of our dear Christian workers in the home-land, and has received new inspiration for her work here. We are encouraged at the prospect of her return.

These few days our schools are reviewing for their final examination before the China New Year holidays. The Day Schools will close the last week in January, and the Girls' Boarding School the week following. This will give a little over four and a half months of school work since the summer holidays. In the Boarding School there has been much cause for thankfulness in the general deportment of the girls, and also for unusual good health of all the pupils. The Day Schools have been the cause of more anxiety, as during the past few weeks there has been so much sickness among the Chinese—scarlet fever and diphtheria. Some of the school-children have fallen victims to these diseases. They have not only been very prevalent among the Chinese, but in the foreign community as well. Two European children have died with scarlet fever during the past week. One dear little girl, daughter of the teacher of our school at Loo-ka-wee, was taken home after a few days of terrible suffering. On going to the school one Sabbath morning I found the child very ill, and not knowing the nature of the disease suggested taking her to Dr. Reifsnnyder's Hospital. The parents were quite willing, so the mother came with her (I first thought of taking the child in my own jin-ricsha, then thought it might not be prudent) and I accompanied them to the hospital. As soon as the Doctor examined the throat she pronounced it a very bad case of diphtheria. They have, at the hospital, no accommodations for contagious diseases, so there was nothing to do, after receiving the medicine, but for the poor mother to take the child home again. She did not live many days. The little girl was a bright, interesting child, and the parents had given her to me to enter the Boarding School as soon as she reached the proper age. But our Heavenly Father had other plans for her. When I now go to the school it seems lonely and sad without her bright face and cheery greeting; but we can rejoice that she has joined the great throng of happy children who are forever "safe in the arms of Jesus." This is the fourth little child these parents have lost since the father became teacher of the school, some four or five years ago.

The Boys' Day School, in the city, has numbered over thirty-five pupils this term, and the Girls' School twenty. When I went in to hear their lessons, a few days ago, was told that one of the boys had died with diphtheria, and others from both schools were ill with the same malady. One very discouraging feature about infectious diseases in China is, the people have no idea of sanitary measures, and think the foreigner very fussy if he

suggests them. I again went in on Sabbath morning for the Sabbath-school, and found nearly the usual number in attendance, showing how little they fear contagion. This Sabbath-school is not divided into classes, and perhaps our boys and girls in the home-land would hardly name it a Sabbath-school; but the children seem to enjoy our little exercises and are almost uproarious with their "good-morning," when we arrive. We first have singing, then all remain standing. I tell the children they must all close their eyes and be very quiet while I try to lead them in a simple prayer. Those who have had to do with mission schools at home realize the necessity of due caution before attempting prayer, while most of our dear children in America would think it very strange to be treated thus. After the prayer each child, in turn, who is able to read, repeats the verse of Scripture selected for the day, after which it is explained to them. Mr. Davis goes to this school every other Sabbath, when, of course, he does the talking; but when I go Dzan Si-Sang, one of the teachers, talks a while and then I try to supplement their remarks with some practical thoughts; we sing again, one of the teachers offers prayer, and the school is dismissed. In the afternoon the schools are closed and the teachers come to the services at the Girls' Chapel near the mission home. As we have told you before, while the Sabbath-school is in session in the city, there is also one being held at Loo-ka-wee, in the country a mile west of the mission home. The city schools are not entirely charity schools, as the pupils give ten-cents a month, and this certainly gives them a different relation toward the schools, and I think more interest. There is no English taught in them. This school work is monotonous, and I fear you weary of hearing about it.

We had a pleasant time at Christmas, with the usual treat for the children and services at the chapel in the afternoon. Mr. Crofoot arranged two Scripture exercises for the smaller children in the two Boarding Schools, which added to the interest of the occasion. The girls had very prettily decorated the chapel. One of these girls and three of the boys complete their term of years in the Boarding School, this year. The question now comes, what are these boys to do?

I think we sometimes wish China was like our own America, where if the boy is not adapted to literary or professional work, he can find employment in the shop or factory, or on the farm, and not consider the work beneath him, or that it is degrading for him to do it.

But we sincerely hope and believe China is changing, and that some glad day we are going to have a new China. This may be gradual, but it is "sure to come," so say our prophets. We rejoice in having the Emperor back in Peking, and though no doubt he is still much hindered in his desires for reform, by the Empress Dowager, there is much more hope of his being able to exert some power for good where he now is, surrounded by the foreign legations, than away in some interior city. I regret to say that we have it on good Chinese authority "the Empress Dowager is no more favorable to reform than she was before," but she finds it policy to appear so at present. She wants the world to believe that "she is anxious to inaugurate reform" in the Empire, it being the present policy of



the rulers thereof to assume a friendly front toward foreign nations at large. There seems too, to be something of a restoration of friendliness at Peking. "The United States Minister, on Christmas Eve, had a company to dinner consisting of ex-Governor Hu, the two Vice-Presidents of the foreign office, Wa Tung and Lien Fang, and the Secretary Tsen Kung-lien. The same gentlemen were invited the next day to a dinner at the Japanese Legation. These officials expressed their pleasure at the cordial way they were received and at the sumptuous repast provided. It is said to be thought fitting that these two Legations should take the initiative in resuming social intercourse, as they represent a friendly attitude toward the Chinese."

As Americans, and especially those who have met Dr. Martin, you may feel interested in the following notice which appeared in one of our recent Shanghai papers. Speaking of the Doctor's recent book, "The Lore of Cathay," the writer remarks: "I regard this as one of three books on China that should be in every man's library. The others are 'Travels in Tartar, Tibet and China,' by the Abbe Huc, and William's 'Middle Kingdom.'" Speaking of Dr. Martin, he says: "Of all the men I have known in China or out of it, Dr. Martin had the greatest capacity for sustained intellectual effort. He worked during the day and he burned the lamp of the student far into the night, yet he never seemed weary nor to lose delight in the free play of his remarkable powers. He knew many languages, ancient and modern, and his conversation was rich in classical allusions. His memory was prodigious. He was not at all an inductive philosopher, but the 'Lore of Cathay' would give suggestions for study to a whole college of inductive philosophers. He was a missionary who taught that the work of a missionary should be sympathetic. . . . His literary faculty could be likened for its grace to the play of sunshine over the landscape. His manners were those of a courtier. His temperament was that of a poet. It should be a ground of pride to every American that two of the three great writers on China were Americans, and that their lives were beneficent to a great people who have suffered much, and who need interpreters to the world in an unequalled measure."

May we not only take pride, but have true thanksgiving in our hearts to him who rules over all nations, that our own America has done and is still trying to accomplish so much for the enlightenment and Christianizing of this great land.

May our Heavenly Father make us quick to hear and willing to obey the call which comes to each of us to bear our humble part in the world's evangelization.

WEST GATE, Shanghai, China, Jan. 16, 1902.

#### THE ESCAPE FROM THE DANGERS OF THEOLOGY.

More than one correspondent, who have read the editorials on the dangers of a liberal or a conservative theology, have written to ask us how we are to escape from them; indeed, some have told us that the dangers, from one side or the other, were fatal, were inherent in the falsity of the one theology or the other, and could not be escaped. We would present a few simple and patent considerations by way of encouragement. The concern and anxiety seem chiefly to attend the coming in of liberal theology, and it is of

its accompanying dangers, already defined, that we would especially speak.

And first, it must ever be kept in mind that the question of the danger of a changed theological view is not a primary one. The first thing to be considered is not the danger, but the truth or error of the views. If they are false they are intrinsically dangerous; if they are true they cannot be permanently dangerous, but in the long run will be beneficial. What is most wanted is a careful, frank, thorough investigation, such as is now going on; and those who are making it without fear of results ought to be encouraged and thanked, and above all things they ought not to be ecclesiastically punished for doing what it is their duty to do. In a fair field, without favor, the result of such investigation can be relied upon. Already, in our view, the liberal position in reference to the Bible has presented such arguments and obtained such general consensus of support that it practically holds the field. It does not appear that the old conservative doctrine of the Bible as a product of inerrant inspiration can be maintained, so few are the scholars who still hold to it. If the predominant majority are wrong, it is the duty of the generation of younger scholars to revise the arguments and correct the conclusions. But with the decision apparently already rendered, it would be only weakness and pusillanimity to worry about the dangers of the new views, as if that could be made an argument to suppress investigation.

For be it ever remembered as a supreme rule, that truth once found is safe; that nothing else is safe. And be it further remembered, that to attempt to suppress or discourage the search for truth is like attempting to screw a cap on a volcano.

Once more, it must be acknowledged that a change for the truer or better always has its accompanying dangers and evils. Those evils and dangers are the stock argument of conservatism. The change from hand labor to machinery makes paupers of many workmen. The introduction of railroads into China starved coolie carriers of goods, and was one cause of the massacre of missionaries. The American Declaration of Independence, with its pronouncement of the rights of man, involved the guillotine of the French Revolution. Not all whom Luther severed from the authority of Rome found a new faith to bind them to Christ, and bloody wars were the consequence of the Reformation. Nevertheless the Reformation and the Declaration of Independence, and railroads and machinery, are good things and are justified by their fruits; only it requires a strong faith in God and truth and a large view of the philosophy of human progress to persuade a reformer to look over and beyond the "high-climbing hills" of visible danger, from whose brow, when once reached, he shall survey the "glistering spires and pinnacles" as it were of the city of God.

But the question recurs: If offenses must come, if the great sacrifice of our Lord involved Peter's denials and Judas's betrayal and suicide, how can the danger and loss inseparable from a revision of theological belief be made as small as possible? We know of but one way, and that is that a man keep in mind the utter subordination of the intellectual to the spiritual element in religion. Let him hold fast to God, and remember that

God no less is, even if this and that story about God's talking with men some thousands of years ago should prove to be only an edifying tale. If God did not keep Jonah alive in the belly of the great fish, or the pious Jews in the fiery furnace, yet God remains God and is still our Father, and we owe him love and service and prayer, and may look for his sympathy and care. The life of consecration does not cease at all to be a duty, and the purpose to live this life of devotion to the love of God and man should be repeated day by day. But this is simply the religious life of everybody, what there is of it worth while, whether he be a liberal or a conservative; everything else is husk and chaff. And this is the only safety for anyone's spiritual life, and so the only protection against the dangers of a change of intellectual base, as it is against the dangers that accompany any other change of condition, such as that from riches to poverty or that from poverty to riches. The Christian spirit and the Christian purpose are utterly independent of these differences of belief, for they far underlie the froth of creed.

We are well aware that what we have said is very primary, very simple. We are glad it is. All we can say is that we must avoid the danger of irreligion by being religious, just as we cease to do evil by learning to do well.

But if there are those that do not wish to be religious, that do not wish to do well, that are held to belief in God solely by the reports of epiphanies to men who died thousands of years ago; if there are those that can submit to no discipleship of the Christ who brings the prodigal son back to a forgiving Father, but that must first ask a sign, then it may be that no sign will be given them. Such there will be, unspiritual, irresponsible prodigals, glad to escape to a far country. Such there will be, but were they much nearer to their Father's heart while living in the Father's house?—*The Independent*.

#### JESUS A TRANSFORMING PRESENCE.

Jesus is dominant in the gospels; the Spirit of Jesus in the Acts. He is the only continuous personality from first to last. He is the common denominator of the book. The first twelve chapters group about Peter, the remaining sixteen about Paul, but distinctly above both they all group about the Holy Spirit. He is the one dominant factor throughout. The first fourth of the book is fairly aflame with his presence at the center—Jerusalem. Thence out to Samaria, and through the Cornelius door to the whole outer non-Jewish world; at Antioch the new center, and thence through the uttermost parts of the Roman Empire into its heart, his is the presence recognized and obeyed. He is ceaselessly guiding, empowering, inspiring, checking, controlling clear to the abrupt end. His is the one mastering personality. And everywhere his presence is a transforming presence. Nothing short of startling is the change in Peter, in the attitude of the Jerusalem thousands, in the persecutor Saul, in the spirit of these disciples, in the unprecedented and unparalleled unselfishness shown. It is revolutionary. Ah! it was meant to be so. This book is the living illustration of what Jesus meant by his teaching regarding his successor. It becomes also an acted illustration of what the personal Christian life is meant to be.—*Rev. S. D. Gordon*.

## Woman's Work.

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

### THE RED DAYS FAR EXCEED THE BLACK.

AMELIA E. BARR.

I said one day a year ago,  
I wonder, if I truly kept  
A list of days when life burnt low—  
Of days I smiled, of days I wept—  
If good or bad would highest mount  
When I made up the year's account.

I took a ledger fair and fine,  
And now, I said, when days are glad  
I'll write with bright ink the line;  
And write with black when they are bad.  
So that they'll stand before my sight  
As clean apart as day and night.

I will not mind the changing skies,  
Nor if it shine, nor if it rain;  
But if there come some sweet surprise  
Or friendship, love, or honest gain,  
Why, then it shall be understood  
That day is written down as good.

And if to any one I love  
A blessing meets them on the way,  
That will a double pleasure prove,  
So it shall be a happy day;  
And if some day I've come to dread  
Pass harmless by—I'll write it red.

When hands and brains stand labor's test  
And I can do the thing I would,  
Those days when I am at my best  
Shall all be traced as very good.  
And in red letters, too, I'll write  
Those rare strong hours, when right is might.

When first I meet in some grand book  
A noble soul that touches mine,  
And with his vision I can look  
Through some "Gate beautiful" of time;  
That day such happiness will shed,  
That golden lined will seem the red.

And when pure thoughts have power  
To touch my heart and dim my eyes,  
And I, in some diviner hour,  
Can hold sweet converse with the skies,  
Oh, then my soul may safely write  
"This day hath been most good and bright."

What do I see on looking back?  
A red lined book before me lies,  
With here and there a thread of black,  
That like a passing shadow flies;  
A shadow, it must be confessed,  
That often rose in my own breast.

And I have found 'tis good to note  
The blessings that are mine each day,  
For happiness is vainly sought  
In some dim future far away.

Just try my ledger for a year;  
Then look with grateful wonder back  
And you will find—there is no fear—  
The red days far exceed the black.

—The Pinehurst Outlook.

### THE POINT OF VIEW.

The train, laden with a merry party, crept slowly over the high trestle, and all were intent on the natural beauty spread out before them. Far below, the mountain stream plunged headlong over a cliff in a mass of foam and then hurried and dashed and plunged between the wooded banks on its journey to the sea. Suddenly, while we were admiring the grandeur of the scene, the massive rocks, the trees, the falling water and the blue sky over all, there came one thing more to make the picture complete, God's emblem of promise, the rainbow, that reached in all its beauty from shore to shore. We gazed entranced at the unexpected beauty of the scene, when just as suddenly as it came the bow had disappeared. The water was just as beautiful in its foaming whiteness, the trees tall and stately in their majesty, the sun still shone in all his glory, the bow only was missing. Gone to us, though still there to gladden the eyes and cheer the heart of the next comer. The onward sweep of the train had taken us beyond the point where the bow was visible to us. The rainbow was still there, but we had changed our point of view.

Do you ever stop to think what a difference it makes how we look at a thing or person?

It is the story of the two sides of the shield all over again, where one man said it was made of gold and the other of silver, and still each was right, for each saw a different side.

Speaking of a well-known writer, one woman said, "I have no confidence in him. He is a Unitarian." (He wasn't, by the way.) Another who heard the remark made reply, "He has helped me to see the strength and beauty and helpfulness of the religion of Christ more than any other writer I know." Just a difference in point of view, but one had been greatly helped, while the other had missed the blessing and had in her heart only distrust and dissatisfaction with the man who in his own way had tried to help his fellow-men.

We are not always the only ones who fail to receive help. We often deprive others of the aid due them because we persist in looking at only one side of a question. A woman at the head of a large establishment had in her employ a young woman, a stranger, who had come to her on trial. When the time of probation was over, the manager said the young woman was not fitted for the place, so she did not receive a permanent position there. Not long after, the woman learned something of the life of this girl, how unaided and against great odds she had made a great struggle for an education, till at length the battle was won and she was ready for work. Alone, a stranger, homesick and standing in awe of her superior, she had naturally failed to do her best work. When told her story, the older woman said in sorrow, "Why didn't I know of this before; why didn't I guess the poor girl was homesick? I could have helped her, comforted her and made her work much easier. Perhaps she might have done our work after all, had I given her a little encouragement." The point of view was changed.

On your own account, as well as for others, see all sides of a question. In the home, in the school-room or the world, try to put yourself in your friend's place and look at the matter from his point of view.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY is one of the women who has kept young. She presided at one of the meetings of the Suffrage Association in Washington last week, and that date was also her eighty-second birthday. One who listened to her said, "Her hearers miss none of the quaint turns of speech and unexpected flashes of humor which delighted them in the past. Her demure fun will be alive as long as she is. Age cannot wither it, and nobody ever gets too much of it, that custom may stale. The most alluring thing about her humor is the absence of any cut and dried element. Things come into her head and she says them, and only the twinkle in her eyes shows that she sees the fun of it as clearly as anybody else. She is alive and alert, with the quickness which an active life bequeaths to a strong old age. She can be as interested in all that the workers of to-day are doing as if she herself were at the helm, and what is considerably more rare in a looker on, she can let them do as they see fit without trying to help or hinder. The spirit of Susan B. Anthony is still a motive power of the Suffrage Association, because it is a force, and there is no way of making it anything else."

COMMIT a sin twice and it will not seem to thee a sin.—Talmud.

### CURE FOR FORGETFULNESS.

A successful business man said that there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen years old, and which were ever afterward of great use to him, namely: "Never to lose anything and never to forget anything." The story of this lesson is printed in the *Country Gentleman*:

An old lawyer sent the young man with an important paper, giving him definite instructions what to do with it.

"But," inquired the young man, "suppose that I should happen to lose it, what shall I do then?"

"You must not lose it," said the lawyer, frowning.

"I don't mean to," said the young man, "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to. I shall make no provision for such an occurrence. You must not lose it."

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything.

He found this equally true about forgetting. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay. He used to declare:

"When a man tells me that he forgot to do something, I tell him he might as well have said: 'I did not care enough about your business to take the trouble to think of it again.' I once had an intelligent young man in my employ who deemed it sufficient excuse for having neglected an important task to say, 'I forgot.' I told him that would not answer; if he was sufficiently interested he would be careful to remember. It was because he did not care enough that he forgot. I drilled him with this truth.

"He worked for me three years, and during the last year of the three he was utterly changed in this respect. He did not forget a thing. His forgetting, he found, had been a lazy and careless habit of mind, and he cured it."

### ONE STEP AT A TIME.

George Manning had almost decided to become a Christian. One doubt held him back.

"How can I know," he said to himself, "that even if I do begin a religious life, I shall continue faithful, and finally reach heaven?"

He wanted to see the whole way there before taking the first step. While in this state of indecision and unhappiness, he one evening sought the house of his favorite professor, for he was a college student at the time, and they talked for several hours upon the all-absorbing topic. But the conversation ended without dispelling his fears or bringing him any nearer the point of decision.

When he was about to go home the professor accompanied him to the door, and observing how dark the night was, prepared a lantern, and handing it to his young friend, said:

"George, this little light may not show you the whole way to your room, but only one step at a time; but take that step, and you will reach your home in safety."

It proved the word in season. As George walked securely along in the path brightened by the little lantern, the truth flashed through his mind, dispelling the last shadow of doubt.

"Why can I not trust my heavenly Father,"



he said to himself, "even if I can't see my way clear to the end, if he gives me light to take one step? I will trust him, I do trust him."

He could hardly wait till he reached his room to fall on his knees and thank God for the peace and joy that filled his soul.

Early next morning the professor was summoned to his door. There he found George Manning. With beaming face he looked up to his teacher, and as he handed him the lantern, said significantly:

"Doctor, your little lamp lighted me all the way home last night."—*Early Dew.*

**RESPECT THE CHILD'S INDIVIDUALITY.**

Children are not alike, each has his own individuality. Cultivate the gifts of each. If Mary is artistic, let her make pictures and arrange the flowers. Let the family respect her efforts and encourage her to increase her talent. So also with John. If he is of an ingenious turn of mind and wants to whittle out a wheel for some great labor-saving contrivance, teach him to clean up his shavings, and let him whittle. Shavings are clean, for the boy's soul at least, and while he is making them he is daily growing in knowledge and skill. If you take an interest in his work and speak a few kindly words of praise, 'twill warm his heart and draw him still closer to you.—*Good Housekeeping.*

**NEW GLIMPSES INTO THE UNKNOWN.**

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D.

The remarkable discoveries in physics that have been made within the last few years are a great shock to the self-complacency of those philosophers who have imagined that the atomic theory and the Darwinian hypothesis solved all the mysteries of matter, dead and living. The atomic theory, though serving the chemist a useful purpose as a working hypothesis, has for many years been growing weak in its knees as a lucid explanation of phenomena. The discoveries made in relation to light and electricity have shown clearly enough that there must be something associated with matter quite different from ordinary atoms and molecules as understood by the atomic theory. The ether hypothesis has helped to piece out, but this, too, has fallen short. Now the X-ray and the Becquerel ray, and other phenomena are brought forward with an array of phenomena which quite unsettle things for the chemist and physicist, and leave us all at sea respecting the ultimate constitution of things.

The discovery of a light that could penetrate such opaque objects as a hard-wood plank, two or three inches thick, and even thin sheets of metal, was sufficiently startling; but then the X-ray was produced by the electrical current, and we have become accustomed to look upon electricity as a sort of scientific wizard, and to expect new and startling things from those engaged in the study of this agent. It was not long, however, before the discovery was made that the X-ray, while opening to view the most obscure nooks and corners of the body, even penetrating the largest bones, and revealing the movements of the heart and lungs, and thus rendering the greatest service to surgeons and physicians, was at the same time a powerful agent for mischief, causing deep sloughs of the skin when too long applied, which showed great obstinacy in healing. But then this very baneful property was soon

turned to good account in the treatment of certain parasitic skin diseases, particularly lupus, or tubercular disease of the skin.

But now comes the surprising discovery that the X-ray is not the result of any human invention, that it is not dependent upon electrical machines nor electricians, but that it is widely produced in nature, that the aurora borealis may be a manifestation of this marvelous force emanating from the sun.

The discovery has been made that there are earthy substances closely resembling lime or chalk in appearance, which as found in nature, and without manipulation of any sort, are constantly giving off X-rays in great quantities. Two of the substances, barium and uranium, have been long known to chemists; but a new substance, radium, has recently been discovered, which possesses this property to an extent ninety times as great as any previously known.

The new element possesses light in itself. It seems to be, in fact, a sort of crystalized or solidified light. A few grains of it shut up in a closed glass tube give off a light of sufficient intensity to enable one to read a book. A mass as big as an apple would serve as a table lamp; and a ceiling covered with it would secure perpetual daylight in a room.

Professor Thompson and others have shown that these luminous earths give off minute corpuscles which are less than one-thousandth part as large as the molecules of hydrogen, heretofore supposed to be the smallest of all existing atoms. These corpuscles, or particles, are continually flying off into space at a speed almost equal to that of light, or nearly 100,000 miles a second. So small are these particles, however, that the ceiling of a room twenty feet square would, according to Professor Becquerel, give off only one-two-hundredth of a grain of radium in one thousand years. Supposing the amount required to cover such a ceiling to be one hundred thousand grains, the supply of light would not cease or diminish in less than one hundred million years.

A wonderful property of this light is that, while it is given off by a cold body, it is capable of heating the objects on which it falls. The writer has seen a piece of platinum glowing at a white heat under these wonderful rays. They produce chemical effects as do the sun's rays. Many other astonishing properties have been pointed out.

These observations throw a new light upon the constitution of things. We no longer need think of the sun as a big bonfire, likely to burn out some day, and leave the solar system to freeze up. The sun may be a vast mass of radium corpuscles, or of some similar material. It has been noted that radium or X-ray corpuscles will combine with nothing on the earth, but fly away into space. Who knows that this luminous matter is not being continually given back to the sun as fast as it is given out? At all events, the slow rate at which the supply is exhausted, must lead our scientific authorities to revise their estimates of the length of time the sun will last.

The spectacle of light and heat coming out of a cold, opaque body like chalk, opens a field for scientific speculation not likely to be soon exhausted. It may be that the scientific world will discover at last that the Inspired Word which declares, "God is light," is a simple statement of a profound and fun-

damental scientific fact. The discoveries of Becquerel, Currie and Sequin in relation to the emanations from metals, open new and most wonderfully interesting fields for thought, and give hints of greater discoveries, whole new fields of discovery, yet to follow. At last we may all be able to see clearly the deep philosophy in Paul's declaration, "In him we live, and move, and have our being."—*Good Health.*

**HEALTH HABITS OF YOUNG MEN.**

A very curious and interesting table might be made by a thoughtful physiologist and hygienist, showing each person where his strength goes, and I am not sure that a young man could do a better service for himself than seek counsel of some wise physiologist, tell him frankly all his habits, and have such a table prepared, not only to guard him against excess, but to show him his weak places, and point out where he will be most likely to fail. Some of these tables would no doubt read very much as follows:

Spent in digesting a big dinner, which the body did not need, force sufficient to raise thirty tons of matter one foot high.

Spent in getting rid of several drinks of liquor, force to raise twenty tons one foot high.

Spent in smoking cigars, force sufficient to raise ten tons one foot high.

Spent in breathing bad air, force sufficient to raise fifteen tons one foot high.

Spent in cheating a neighbor out of \$30 in a business transaction, force sufficient to raise fifteen tons one foot high.

Spent in reading worthless books and newspapers, force sufficient to raise five tons one foot high.

Spent in hesitation, doubt and uncertainty, force sufficient to raise five tons one foot high.

Total—120 tons one foot high.

Left for practical and useful labor only enough to raise fifty-five tons one foot high, or to do less than one-third of a day's work.

Sometimes there would be a draft on the original capital of considerable force, so there would not be enough to keep the body warm, or the food well digested, or the muscles plump and full, or the hearing acute, or the eyes keen and bright, or the brain thoughtful and active.

Very often a single debauch would use up the entire available power of the whole system for a week or a month.

There is no end to the multitudinous ways in which we not only spend our working capital, but draw on the original stock that ought not to be touched, and the result is imperfect lives, rickety bodies, no ability to transmit to our children good health and long life, much physical premature decay, with all the ends of life unaccomplished. How sad is all this! How terrible to be born into this world and leave it without adding something to its wealth, its virtue, and progress!—*Herald of Health.*

**HOME READINGS FOR 1902.**

C. E. Topics and Home Readings have been prepared by the Permanent Committee, and the same have been printed, and are now ready for all who will send in their orders to the Publishing House. They will be supplied at the following prices, postage paid:

100 copies.....	\$1 50
75 " .....	1 15
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Single copies.....	08

## Young People's Work.

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

### "The Fox of Past Sin."

Let me share with you a letter which has just come to me from a young man of my acquaintance. Well do I remember the night we sat for three hours by the entry fire at the church while we fought out the great question. We both felt that it was a decisive point in his life, and now it seems good to read such words as these:

"Let me thank you in the beginning for the blessings you have shown me the way to possess. You taught me the lessons and reasoned with me till I began to see the light which has since grown more bright and blessed from day to day.

"There were two things, Pastor, which kept me back so long from accepting Christ as my Saviour and owning him before the world; and these things I am going to tell you. The first was the belief in self-righteousness. This failed me. When this failed, the belief then arose that past sins and sorrow could not be shaken off, but must be carried. This made me reluctant to accept the Word. I felt that it was not for me to be able to say and feel that past sins are forgiven, and that henceforth one walks as a free man, if he walks in the path of righteousness.

"But now I know and have the assurance that God did not intend man to wrap the fox of past sin within his mantle to tear out his soul and destroy his benefit to the world; but that he should cast it from him and let the claw-marks be the warning for the future to beware of Satan and sin.

"I am trusting in God for my guidance and in Jesus Christ for my redemption. What little distance along the pathway of life I have traveled since the first step has been more blessed and joyous from day to day."

### Laying the Foundations of Life.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to add here a brief extract from the above letter to drive another nail into the doctrine which I would like to preach from one year's end to another—that our Seventh-day Baptist schools lead the world for the character-forming years of life. Hear this:

"I must say that Alfred is the best place I have found for a young man to lay the foundations of life. A large University like this—and I know this is no exception—is certainly not the best place in the world in which to cultivate religion and morals."

### Next Week.

My dear young people, every Tuesday I say to myself, "Well, this is pretty small copy you are sending this week—or none at all—but next week you shall see." Next week and next week comes—and you know how it has been; but just wait till *next* week. There are lots of things I want to talk to you about. It is like a visit long deferred, and all the sweeter when we can get together. I am watching you, individually and severally, with deep interest. You are the hope of the future. These theologues who are now working for an education, and doing their own washing, will one day be our denominational leaders. These boys and girls pegging quietly away are the strong men and women of tomorrow.

## THE SUCCESSFUL CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR WORKER.

Is gentle.  
Is strong.  
Is thorough.  
Is teachable.  
Avoids strife.  
Has no hobby.  
Is an optimist.  
Is enthusiastic.  
Is business-like.  
Never criticises.  
Avoids contention.  
Exalts principles.  
Has faith in God.  
Stands by the Cross.  
Encourages the timid.  
Is not easily offended.  
Speaks without guile.  
Is hopeful and joyful.  
Is not worried by trifles.  
Tenderly talks to triflers.  
Makes no long speeches.  
Seeks no earthly reward.  
Stands strong for the pledge.  
Is sensible, but not sensitive.  
Is powerful because prayerful.  
Has strong action for week-days.  
Welcomes others to the society.  
Is a good-citizenship enthusiast.  
Is zealous for the missionary cause.  
Bears the Word hidden in his heart.  
Is sanctified, but not sanctimonious.  
Has a silent time with God each day.  
Aims at a high spirituality for the Society.  
Cares more for quality than for crowds.  
Is greatest because he serves the most.  
Is always on the lookout for latent talent.  
Is less of an orator than an Endeavorer.  
Keeps informed on new Endeavor methods.  
Is thoroughly furnished unto every good work.

Looks after the absent and visits the sick.  
Lives in closest sympathy with the pastor.  
Is eager to participate in the prayer-meeting.

Minimizes the "I" and magnifies the Cross.  
Is willing to spend and be spent for Christ.  
Believes that genuineness is more than genius.

Would rather save souls than make a reputation.

Wears the ornament of a meek and lowly spirit.

Esteems his position more as a place in which to glorify God than to gain honor for himself.

His motto: "Wherefore also I am ambitious, whether at home or absent, to be well-pleasing unto Him." 2 Cor. 5: 9.

## ENCOURAGING GIVING AMONG THE CHILDREN.

W. H. MCDANIEL.

Having been for some time associated with the children, and having studied psychology in its relation to the child mind, I became convinced that the hope of our church, our country, and of our homes lies wrapped in the children's training. The following plans are submitted for encouraging giving among the children:

1. Hold at least one missionary meeting each month. Provide a program for the children, letting them know that they are to a great degree responsible for the success or failure of the meeting. If the Junior Superintendent be a worker, she will see to it that part of the children are provided with declamations and readings bearing directly upon the subject, and that the Scripture lesson

and songs are appropriate. Have sentence prayers for missions, missionaries, and the heathen.

2. Let the Superintendent prepare an interesting talk upon some heathen country, the manners and customs of its queer people, their religion, and work being done by our missionaries. This must be put into child-hood language. I have made a success of this, having some country each month in the year. Not only does it inspire children, but when announced the older folks fill the church. But for all the work it has caused me I have been paid a thousand times over. The people are eager to listen.

3. Systematic giving: We require the children to pay two cents per month for dues, which is used for missions. This, of course, is small, but it implants a habit within them of systematic giving, and a consciousness that they are doing a part of this great work.—*Gospel in All Lands.*

## CITIZENSHIP.

Secretary John D. Long says of good citizenship in the *Christian Endeavor World*, "These are the essentials of good citizenship. Personal integrity of character, honest dealing, a clean private life, a constant regard for the wholesomeness of the community in which one lives, and loyalty to one's country. I look hopefully to this large Society of Christian Endeavor for the citizenship of the future. It has an opportunity no other organization has."

## DEATH IN DISH TOWELS.

Dish towels are an important item in most families. One may have cheap and woolly hand towels, very ordinary sheets and pillow cases, and many other things of inferior quality, but the good housekeeper knows, to her sorrow, what cheap dish towels mean. Their use entails almost double the labor required if one has those of poor quality. The lint and dust from cheap goods cover the china and glass, and lodge in every nook and corner of her belongings. Round-thread Russian crash is far and away and always the best dish toweling that one can use. It absorbs water almost instantly, and can be used a long time before becoming unavailable because too wet. Who has not worried with the ordinary checked-glass toweling in common use, rubbing and twisting and patting, trying to make it absorb the water from the dishes, while it is yet new? This sort of goods acquires value when it begins to grow old. Russian crash is in perfect condition after the second or third time of using. Dish towels should be thoroughly boiled whenever they are washed, where scalding does not answer the purpose. The intense heat of boiling is absolutely necessary if one would have health and cleanliness in the kitchen. A merely scalded dish towel is unfit for the use of any woman. It takes more than just hot water to remove the disease germs and impurities that may lodge in these domestic necessities. Because a dish cloth looks clean, it does not in any sense follow that it is clean. Many a family has had its number reduced by death because of the persistent refusal of the maids to boil the dish towels as they should be done and remove the incipient causes of disease.—*United Presbyterian.*

The entire nature of the man is the garden which is given him to cultivate.—*Gladstone.*



## Children's Page.

### PA'S AWFUL IGNORANCE.

Most every day when I'm at school  
The teacher tells us things  
About the birds and animals  
And Presidents and Kings.  
And then at night, when I ast pa  
If what she says is so,  
He reads his paper right along  
And says: "Oh, I dunno!"

One day she told us that the world  
Is round, just like a ball,  
And that there's nothing down below  
It's standin' on at all.  
I ast pa if she told the truth.  
He read his paper though,  
And put his feet upon a chair,  
And said: "Oh, I dunno!"

I used to kind of think, somehow,  
That my pa knew a lot—  
But that was wrong, or, if he did,  
I guess that he's forgot.  
Since I've started into school,  
Most every day or so  
I h ar about a hundred things  
Pa doesn't seem to know.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

### TWO HEROES.

A diminutive specimen of the genus "small boy," very ragged and far from clean, was meandering along 119th Street, near Eighth Avenue, the other evening, whistling through his fingers from time to time to a dingy little cur that nosed about the doorways for some dainty dropping from the morning's garbage can. The boy carried a huge parcel of old clothing, and did not look as if the picking of a bone or two on his own account would go amiss. Every now and then the dog would trot back to his master long enough to sniff his bare legs reassuringly in acknowledgment of the periodical whistling. Presently a great mastiff, wild with the thought of an hour's freedom, bounded down the steps of an apartment house into disastrous collision with small boy and bundle, knocking one flat and rolling the other into the gutter. Quick as a flash the cur was at the great dog's throat. He was hardly half the size of the mastiff's head, but for ten seconds he did battle not unworthy his big enemy, putting all the love and loyalty of his homeless little heart into this attack upon the giant that had assailed his master. Instantly, however, the boy was on his feet, calling him off, and the mastiff walked soberly on. Evidently he had understood the matter perfectly, appreciated the cause of the little contretemps, and let it pass after the manner of his magnanimous kind. "Good doggie," said the boy, releasing one grimy hand from the bundle long enough to pat the head of the breathless little dog, who greeted this acknowledgment of his services with ecstatic waggings of his sandy stump.

But there was a sequel. It chanced that this particular pugnacious cur had some time since been bereft of one eye; and now, essaying to cross the avenue, the oncoming-car was at his blind side, and the "L" overhead wiped out all surface sounds. Boy and bundle were half the street's width in his rear when a swerve of the motorman's hand gave the car a head-long plunge. The fender was hardly a foot from the unconscious dog when his master, quick as a flash, dropping his load, with one spring seized the dog round his lank body and bounded on the fender, clinging like a crab to the sagging steel bands. Then, as the car slowed up with a screech and growl from the brakes, master and dog descended and raced back for the bundle again. Neither seemed to regard the incident as any-

thing unusual; it was all in the day's work of outwitting a fate that kept both at their wits' keenest to stand off starvation and other shapes of death. A man in the car had risen breathlessly in his seat; two or three of the evening paper fraternity had cheered, and a pedestrian or two turned inquiringly at the sound. The motorman probably thanked his stars that he had not ground the fool-hardy little imp to powder—and that was all. Yet to at least one onlooker life afterward seemed a thing richer, finer and infinitely more worth while just because of this dog's loyalty and this boy's love.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

### THE BABY'S NURSE.

"Yes," said Mr. Hillier, as he carefully dug around my pansy bed; "oh, yes'm, I've seen elephants in India many a time. I was stationed at one point with the English army, you know, where I saw one who used to take care of the children."

"Take care of the children! How could it be? What do you mean?"

"Well, he did, ma'am. It was wonderful what that elephant knew. The first time I made his acquaintance he gave me a blow that I had reason to remember. I was on duty in the yard, and the Colonel's little child was playing about; and she kept running too near, I thought, to the elephant's feet. I was afraid he would put his great, clumsy feet on her by mistake, so I made up my mind to carry her to a safer place. I stooped to pick her up, and the next thing I knew I had had a knock which sent me flat on the ground. That elephant had hit me with his trunk. One of the servants came along just then and helped me up, and when I told him about it, said he: 'I wonder the old fellow didn't kill you. It isn't safe for anybody to interfere with that baby when he has it in his charge. I have you to know that he is that baby's nurse.'

"Well, I thought he was just saying it for sport; but, sure enough, after a while the nurse came out with the child fast asleep in her arms, and what did she do but lay it in the elephant's trunk, as though it had been a cradle. And the great fellow stood there for more than an hour, watching that baby, and rocking it gently now and then!

"He was real good to the other children, too. It used to be his business to take the family out riding. The Colonel's lady would come out and mount to her cushioned seat on his back, and then, one by one, the three children would be given to the elephant, and he would hand them up to the mother nicer than any nurse or servant could, you know, because he could reach, and knew how to do it. Oh, an elephant is an uncommonly handy nurse when he is trained to the business, and faithful, I tell you. You can trust him every time."—*Pansy.*

### LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

Mamma came into the bungalow with her garden trowel in her hand, smiling softly to herself. The little boy said, "What is it mamma?" When mamma smiles like that there is always something, and the little boy did not like to be left out.

"Why," said mamma, "I was digging at the roots of the bouganvilla creeper that runs up over the veranda, when I heard two little gillaries (squirrels) at play on the mud roof just above my head. One on the very edge

seemed to be teetering up and down with his arms spread, getting ready to jump, as though he were shouting in gillary-Hindustani: "One for the money, two for the show, three to make ready, and four to go-o-o!" and plump he came down beside me, so close that he was almost upon me. His astonishment was a sight to see. 'Oh,' he seemed to say, 'I didn't know—I beg your pardon!' and gathering himself up before he had well alighted, he scurried away so rapidly that he looked like a gray streak. Do you think he was blushing under his fur? The one up above saw, and in gillary-Hindustani seemed to snigger tauntingly: 'He-he-he-e-e! the memsahib saw you! better look before you leap! he-he-he-e-e!'" Then the little boy laughed, "Ha-ha-ho-ho-ho," and felt glad he had not missed the fun.—*Watchman.*

WE at one time owned a pet pigeon who seemed to dislike every member of the family but father, to whom she took a great fancy, following him about wherever he went.

One morning my father started for church; but when a short distance from his house he heard the flutter of wings; and in an instant the pigeon was on his shoulder, cooing softly and ruffling her feathers.

He turned, and taking her back to the house, deposited her on the porch, again starting on his way to church.

But again came the whirl of wings; and Puff was once more on the shoulder of her beloved friend, only to be carried back to the house again.

Three times was this repeated, when poor Puff was finally shut up, allowing father to go in peace.

Puff dearly loved music; and, whenever she caught the sound of the piano, she would quickly fly to the door, beating against it until allowed to enter, when she would fly to the piano.—*Selected.*

### ATE.

A hostess always finds that it requires more tact to keep the ball of conversation rolling while her guests are at table than any other time. The following suggestions taken from *What to Eat* may prove of value as an ice-breaker:

To each guest give a card, on one side of which is a dainty pen-and-ink sketch of some vegetable, an artistic bunch of celery, lettuce or fruit. On the opposite side have the heading, "How Some Other People Ate." Below have the following statements, the descriptions to be answered by words ending in "ate":

- No. 1 never ate alone—Associate.
- No. 2 never ate with his superiors—Subordinate.
- No. 3 ate very daintily—Delicate.
- No. 4 ate in the most lusty way—Invigorate.
- No. 5 ate like somebody else—Imitate.
- No. 6 ate so that he constantly grew worse—Deteriorate.
- No. 7 ate in high places—Elevate.
- No. 8 ate in a way that compelled attention—Fascinate.
- No. 9 ate with other representatives—Delegate.
- No. 10 ate with politicians—Candidate.
- No. 11 never ate to-day what he could leave until to-morrow—Procrastinate.
- No. 12 ate so his food was well chewed—Masticate.
- No. 13 ate more than was necessary—Exaggerate.
- No. 14 was the last one to eat—Terminate.

## THE "BLACK NORTH."

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

Mr. W. E. Burghardt DuBois has lately finished his series of advisory lectures to the Negroes. Just now our poor black brother is the most advised man in Christendom. First of all, he has as counselor Booker T. Washington, whom God has sent to pull him out of the slough as surely as he sent Moses to bring his people to the Promised Land. The next generation may appreciate the common sense, the piercing sagacity, the moderation of this black leader, but his race do not appreciate it now. Each man among them who has achieved any kind of an education shouts out a differing order to the struggling dumb hosts below him.

"Aim at the highest," cries one. "Get a college education; get Greek, mathematics, logic, though you have to earn your bread as a barber or a baker."

"Learn a trade," commands another.

"Go to the North."

"Stay in the South."

"Make friends of your old masters. To follow peace with all men is Christian and expedient."

"Fight for your rights! Organize! Drill! Form into companies. Be ready to strike when the hour comes!"

Is it any wonder that the Negro, dazed and perplexed by this multitude of counsel, staggers this way and that on his upward road? The miracle is that he goes up it at all.

White men are equally noisy concerning him. "The Negro" is the one theme on which every American feels competent to pronounce a final judgment. Down to the unwashed emigrant limping on shore in his rags each one of them is ready to decide the place and future of the Negro. Is he not black? Are they not white? What other authority do you want? The ignorant white finds down among his squalid mean thoughts a dislike to a dark skin—just as he may dislike a harelip or a hunchback. But he parades it as "a racial instinct," God-given, irremovable, and because he has this puerile prejudice demands that a whole nation, noble in their high aim, their courage and their patience, shall be sentenced to perpetual defeat and ignominy. Could anything have been more ludicrous than the spasm which convulsed the country the other day when the President asked Mr. Washington to dinner? Your white American will sit calmly every day while a Negro shaves him, rubs his face and hair, touches his eyes and lips with his black fingers; or he will eat bread kneaded by other black fingers, or meat which they have seasoned or cooked; he will put his child into the arms of a black nurse; he will come, in a word, into the closest personal contact with the ignorant and often unclean low class of Negro, and yet, when Mr. Roosevelt asks one of the foremost leaders of thought and action among Americans, a gentleman by instinct and habit, to sit down near him and be helped to the same mutton and potatoes he shrieks with dismay, the Republic is in peril! Unimaginable horrors will follow this recognition of the fact that a man with a dark skin is a leader in thought or a gentleman in instinct and habit.

The most absurd explanation of this action was given by certain Southern editors who gravely assured us that as soon as the Negro was admitted to the table of the

white general miscegenation would follow! Nothing could stop the white woman of the South from marrying him. The white woman of the South certainly had no reason that day to thank her champion for his defense!

It is a significant fact that the Negro journals were much more calm and temperate in their comments on this incident than were those of their white brethren. They were not unduly uplifted by the invitation to dinner from the President to one of their race. The fact is, the Negro is less excited by the desire for social recognition than the whites imagine. This is partly due to a dignified self-respect common to the upper class of colored people, and, perhaps, to a certain funny trait of self-esteem common to the lower class—a vanity which makes them ridiculous, perhaps, but which comforts them enormously in their desperate climb upward. It is like the conceit and self-confidence of a child which carries him over obstacles in youth, but which he outgrows, and at which he laughs when it is no longer necessary to him.

Mr. DuBois in the papers lately finished takes his usual pessimistic views of the fortunes of his race, but his advice to them is good, except, as it seems to me, when, after acknowledging that the Negro can find work in the South, which he cannot find in the North, he insists that he must not for that reason remain there. "A certain sort of soul," he says, "a certain kind of spirit finds the narrow repression, the provincialism of the South almost unbearable."

This may be true of the young educated Negro who has ambitions and longings in him for—he scarcely knows what—although Booker T. Washington and my friend, the venerable Dr. Crummies, and many other black men whom I am proud to call friends, who are doing steady, vigorous work for their race in the South, are apparently not tormented by any such vague discontent.

These sentimental objections to "the provincialism of the South" fade into nothingness in face of the great fact that the Negro to live must find work, and that his old masters will give him work, and his new friends in the North will not. The trades unions here shut him out. But there is not a town in the South to-day where a black mason or carpenter or blacksmith cannot find work and wages. The real difficulty there in his way is that, as a rule, he will not work steadily. Every capitalist who has operated in the Southern States will tell the same story of the Negroes who would work for a week, and as soon as they were paid would "lay off to rest up" for a fortnight. It is this unconquerable habit of the Negro workman that has closed factories and phosphate works from Carolina to the Gulf.

On the other hand, you will scarcely find a town or village in the South that has not its industrious, shrewd, successful Negro—a mechanic, a trader; an employer of other men, self-respecting and respected by his white neighbors.

The sum of the whole matter is, that both the white and black leaders of the race have fallen too much into the habit of considering it as a unit, of urging it here and there, and of prophesying defeat or victory of it as a whole people.

The fact is that the defeat or success of the Negro, as of the white, depends upon himself as an individual. He has, it is true, to con-

tend against an absurd and cruel prejudice. But every man has to contend against some difficulty—a dull brain, or deafness, or a tendency bequeathed by his grandfathers to drink, or to lie, or to steal. Whoever he is, be sure that he has his fight to make.

The Negro, almost without a fight, has gained freedom, suffrage and education—now he wants work and has difficulty in getting it, just as women had thirty years ago. *They have it now.*

In spite of this difficulty, I should like to show him that he can succeed, if he keeps his head, works steadily to his purpose, trusts in God, and deserves success.

I have now in mind a freed slave who came to Philadelphia in the sixties. He had only learned to read and write; he had not a dollar nor a friend in the city. But he was honest, he had keen mother wit, unflagging capacity for work, and that fine natural courtesy in which his race so far surpasses ours. He began work as a waiter, then became a caterer; then employed other men and women and made his establishment an universal aid to housekeepers. He laid your carpets, he draped your curtains, he cooked and served your meals, he took charge of your moving and carried you from one house to the other as quietly as if you were on a magic carpet. In word and work he never was known to be slack. His business increased rapidly. He took enormous buildings into his care, his huge vans were seen in every street. When the town fell to sleep in summer, he went to a seaside resort and opened a great *café*. When he died he left a comfortable fortune to his children and an honorable name. Everybody felt that Philadelphia had lost one of her most useful and worthy citizens.

What one man has done others may do. It is a significant fact, however, that there was not an educated young Negro in Philadelphia ready or willing to take the goodwill of this man's business or to carry it on when he died.

I have known other freed slaves in the same town who, unaided, made their way to comfort, even luxury, as purveyors, coal-dealers, even brokers. Success waits for the black or white man who works for it. No man is the sport of any god. The Negro leaders do irreparable damage to their people by their incessant melancholy wails of complaint and defeat.—*The Independent.*

## A CHILD'S DEATH.

In his autobiography the late W. J. Stillman has told us the story of his crippled boy, loved best of all for his very helplessness, and how the last hour came upon the child suddenly and far from home. The father carried the boy in his arms from the railway to a cottage, laid him tenderly upon a couch, and tried to prepare him for the solemn change that was so near. But there were few words to say, not much of faith or of hope for father or son, for the father had lost his faith long before, and the son had never known much about any love but his father's, the love that held him close and warm and safe in all his pain. So they clung together until the little fingers were loosened and the frightened eyes closed in the final peace.

"And when the last long breath was drawn, and the limp, deserted body was all that was left to me of my thirteen years of passionate



devotion, my pride and hope, and the nursing care of so many years, I walked out into the midnight and left my boy to Death. It was only a child's death, a common thing, almost as common as family existence, but it gave a new color to my life, establishing forever a sympathy with the common grief, and a community of sorrow with all bereft fathers and mothers in the premature dissipation of the hopes of their future, and the lapse of a dear companionship into the eternal void. This is the human brotherhood of sorrow, sacred, ennobling, sanctifying where it abides, the deepest lesson of the school of life. My feet have wandered far, and my thoughts still further from the places and beliefs of my childhood; but whatever and wherever I may be, this grief at times catches me and holds me in a pause of dumb tears. I have never been able to find a consolation for that loss, for it carried with it the future and its best dreams."

Heaven is full of children. God takes so many to be with him before they have even learned who he is. Oh, the vast multitude that have breathed their little lives away in mother's arms! From every land, and from every tribe and people they have passed so easily to the Saviour's arms. And how it changes our thought of heaven to remember how large a part of the human race dies in infancy or childhood. Devout minds have pondered on the question, whether the children that leave this world helpless, untutored and unformed are nurtured in the perfect pedagogy of the skies and so developed into men-souls and women-souls as the years go by; or whether the mother, when she goes to meet her baby, will find him still a child, still needing her ministry and care as well as her love.

These mysteries we cannot fathom, nor is it best that we should. But it is a new heaven that we possess when we first come to grasp this great thought: That those who earliest left us went freest from earth's stains, and so fittest for the heavenly molding. Native citizens of the city that is above, they merely return after a brief absence to be with God, who sent them forth. And how far beyond us, who have struggled with sin and doubt these many years, however sustained by heavenly strength, they must have gone in knowledge of things divine; ready to guide our faltering feet into the way of peace here while we journey still, if we will let them; ready to welcome us when we are past all wandering, and to make us feel at home in heaven.

This is the thought that comes to us finally, after the death of a child: Heaven is so full. "Are there few that be saved?" Millions upon millions who never heard of Jesus upon the earth sing his praises there; child-souls from everywhere fill the heavenly spaces with childlike joys. And they have been redeemed by One who himself glorified childhood and made the child-spirit the law of his kingdom. No; we cannot now hear the one little note that belongs to us in that celestial chorus; we cannot cease to long for the human touch and the bodily presence that can never return. But so thin is the veil that parts us from the unseen world—drawn aside sometimes in hours of vision—that the lost one is lost no longer, the gleams of the present and the glory of the future brighten a gloomy past; and we know that our citizenship, too, is in heaven.—*The Standard.*

## Popular Science.

BY H. H. BAKER.

### Science in Worshipping God.

"GIVE unto the Lord the glory due unto his name: bring an offering, and come before him; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

"EXALT ye the Lord our God and worship at his footstool for he is holy."

"We will go into his tabernacles; we will worship at his footstool."

"And Cornelius said, Four days ago I was fasting until this hour; and at the ninth hour I prayed in my house, and behold a man stood before me in bright clothing and said, Cornelius, thy prayer is heard, and thine alms are had in remembrance in the sight of God."

"O COME, let us worship and bow down, let us kneel before the Lord our Maker, for he is our God: and we are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand."

THE happiest man is he who learns from nature the lesson of worship.—*Emerson.*

Thus saith the Lord, the heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool.—*Isaiah.*

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers.—*Tennyson.*

### Peary in the Arctic Region.

Our latest news from Mr. Peary is down to August 29, 1901. Since having heard from him previous to that date he had spent two full seasons of Arctic work, and a year had passed since Mrs. Peary, with her daughter, had sailed north to meet her husband. No news had arrived from him since parting with his convoys in August, 1899. The Arctic ship Erik was sent to carry supplies and find Peary. She sailed on July 14 last, and had the good fortune to cast anchor beside the "Windward" in the harbor of Etah. On the Windward were found Mr. and Mrs. Peary, their daughter, the family surgeon and Capt. Bartlett, who, with the ship's crew, were all in perfect health.

During the two years Mr. Peary had rounded the northern coast of Greenland and found the farthest point of land to be in 83 degrees and 27 minutes.

Mrs. Peary, on the Windward, became ice bound at Cape Sabine, and for eight months the party were imprisoned in the ship. The party attempted to reach Fort Conger and join Mr. Peary, but were unsuccessful. Mr. Peary coming south met the party at Cape Hays on April 30, 1901, when they all returned to the ship Windward, which they reached on the 6th of May.

Mr. Peary reports having made excellent progress in exploration, and as having good luck, so to speak, in securing a larger number of dogs than ever before, and in capturing a plenty of walrus and musk oxen; that he had plenty of food for the dogs and that they were in excellent condition. His intention is to start as soon as it is day-light and strike a "bee-line" for the Pole. We wish him bon-voyage.

### The Longest Bridge in the World.

The Southern Pacific Railroad in connection with the Union Pacific is commencing to bridge the Great Salt Lake in Utah, which

will be of great importance to the Union Pacific, but the bridge is to be made on the central lines.

From the time of the survey of the Union Pacific a bridge over Salt Lake has been looked upon as very desirable to all concerned, yet not feasible, for the want of means.

This bridge will be twenty-three miles long, and twelve miles of the distance will be through deep water, which will require permanent trestling; the balance will be over shallow water, on dirt embankment, faced with stone. It is estimated to cost \$25,000,000. Work will commence immediately.

### A New Way to Use Light for Signaling.

The electric light now on the Light-Ship on Diamond Shoal can only be seen at a distance of thirteen miles. It is now proposed to erect a search-light between the masts, and throw a thirteen-inch stream of light from the ship to the sky, which can be seen forty miles away, and, as the ship naturally has a rolling motion, the light on the sky will show a vibratory motion, by which it will be known as coming from the Light-Ship.

### A New Spectograph.

An American, naturalized in France, claims to have invented a spectograph by which any person using a telephone can see the person with whom he is conversing and all the things with which he may be surrounded. If this is a fact, the question naturally arises, cannot space and time be annihilated? When sight and hearing are instantaneous, what is there between?

### PARENTAL DUTY TOWARD CHILDREN.

MRS. E. E. KELLOGG.

All parents owe it to the children intrusted to their charge not only to give them proper physical care, but also so to educate them in regard to the body and its requirements that they may be able to render intelligent obedience to nature's laws. Every child should be taught to look upon his body as something lent to him by his Creator for use in his service, and that he has no right in any way to cripple or abbreviate its usefulness through lack of proper care of it. He should understand that a headache is one of nature's reminders of some transgressed laws, and that the discomfort experienced might well arouse within him a sense of shame akin to the consciousness of guilt which ought to follow the transgression of moral laws. He should be taught that his body, so fearfully and wonderfully made, was created in the image of God, and that it is his duty to preserve it as nearly as possible in conformity with the original pattern; that he should in no wise defile or deform it; that by every means within his power he should cultivate it, seeking if possible to improve its faculties and its vigor, that it may become more like the perfect pattern. He should be taught that God made man upright; that for this reason he should try always to stand erect, to look up, to strive for the best things. He should be encouraged to aim to possess a good physique, a good digestion, a countenance aglow with health, strength of sinews, and grace of movement, that he may the better fulfill the purpose of his Maker, and the more fittingly represent him before the world.—*Review and Herald.*

## Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

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

### INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1902.

#### FIRST QUARTER.

Jan. 4.	The Promise of Power.....	Acts 1: 1-11
Jan. 11.	The Promise of Power Fulfilled.....	Acts 2: 1-11
Jan. 18.	The Early Christian Church.....	Acts 2: 37-47
Jan. 25.	The Lame Man Healed.....	Acts 3: 1-10
Feb. 1.	The First Persecution.....	Acts 4: 1-12
Feb. 8.	The Sin of Lying.....	Acts 5: 1-11
Feb. 15.	The Second Persecution.....	Acts 5: 32-42
Feb. 22.	The Arrest of Stephen.....	Acts 6: 7-15
Mar. 1.	The Stoning of Stephen.....	Acts 7: 54-8: 2
Mar. 8.	The Disciples Scattered.....	Acts 8: 3-13
Mar. 15.	The Ethiopian Converted.....	Acts 8: 29-39
Mar. 22.	Temperance Lesson.....	Eph. 5: 11-21
Mar. 29.	Review.....	

### LESSON X.—THE DISCIPLES SCATTERED.

For Sabbath-day, March 8, 1902.

LESSON TEXT.—Acts 8: 3-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word.—Acts 8: 5.

#### INTRODUCTION.

One of the foremost disciples of Jesus was slain and the others were scattered. Truly here appears a great triumph for the enemies of our Lord. But "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." The disciples were scattered, but their message was scattered with them. They were like the leaven hidden in three measures of meal. The history of the Christian church is now no longer confined to the doings of the disciples in Jerusalem. We come to the second stage of the witnessing referred to in Acts 1: 8. Here is the logical beginning of the second part of the Book of Acts.

The Samaritans were not altogether of an alien race from the Jews. There was a foreign mixture in their blood and some heathen elements in their religion; but they traced their ancestry back to Jacob, and claimed the Pentateuch as their Holy Scripture. In spite of blood relationship and similarity of religion, the Jews and the Samaritans were never on friendly terms, and cordially hated one another.

Philip's journey is, on the one hand, not to be regarded as a foreign missionary enterprise, and on the other hand is to be counted as a striking example of brotherly kindness. Not yet has the time come for carrying the gospel to those outside of the Jewish nation—the chosen people; but already are the barriers being broken down so that the law of love may assert itself.

TIME.—Immediately after last week's lesson.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, and the city of Samaria.

PERSONS.—Saul, the persecutor; Philip, the evangelist; many people of Samaria, Simon in particular.

#### OUTLINE:

1. Paul Persecutes the Christians. v. 3.
2. Philip Preaches and Heals in Samaria. v. 4-8.
3. Simon is Attracted by the Teaching of Philip and is Baptized with the Rest. v. 9-13.

#### NOTES.

3. *He made havoc of the church.* This verb is used only here in the New Testament. It expresses very vigorously the zeal and cruelty of the great persecutor. He ravaged the church. *Haling.* This word is now almost obsolete; it means, literally, hauling. Saul's zeal carried him to the persecution of women as well as men. *Committed them to prison.* It seems that the death penalty was not usually inflicted. Saul showed great earnestness and thoroughness in this persecution.

4. *Therefore they that were scattered abroad, etc.* With this verse begins a new paragraph. The American Revision is correct in putting the word "therefore" in a little less emphatic position; for the preaching of the gospel is not occasioned so much by the severity of the persecution as from the fact that the disciples were scattered. *Went everywhere.* This translation is a little too strong; literally, they went through. The disciples went to various places; but it is evident from the context that they did not as yet go to the Gentiles. *Preaching the word.* This expression is one word in the Greek—evangelizing, that is, declaring the good news.

5. *Then Philip went down, etc.* We are told now of a particular instance of that which is mentioned in general in the preceding verse. This Philip is the same as the one mentioned in chapter 6: 5, and also in chapter 21: 8, where he is called "the evangelist." Perhaps he gained this title from the work mentioned in the eighth chapter. *The city of Samaria.* By this expression

probably is meant the chief city of the province of Samaria, Sebaste, built upon the site of the ancient city Samaria. [Some manuscripts read "a city of Samaria."] *And preached Christ unto them.* It is a mistake to omit the article before the word "Christ," for it was not yet used as the proper name of our Saviour. Literally, "And proclaimed the Messiah unto them." He told them about the prophecies of the Messiah, fulfilled in Jesus.

6. *And the people with one accord gave heed, etc.* Philip's preaching met with ready attention. It is more than probable that some of his hearers remembered the teaching of Jesus when he stopped in Samaria a little while a few years before this. *And seeing the miracles which he did.* Their faith in his teaching was strengthened by the miracles. The word translated "miracle" is more accurately rendered sign. Our author views the miracles as marks of the Divine approval of the teaching.

7. *For unclean spirits, etc.* His miracles were very much like those wrought by Jesus. By unclean spirits we are to understand actual evil spirits who had gained almost complete control of the mind and body of those whom they afflicted. The writers of the Biblical narratives sometimes speak of those possessed of demons as if the demons had really usurped the personality of the men whom they afflicted. The literal translation of the first clause in this verse is, For many of those who had unclean spirits crying with a loud voice, were coming out. The grammatical subject is "many of those who had unclean spirits," but the logical subject is the "unclean spirits" and with this subject the participle "crying" agrees in gender and number. Compare Luke 8: 30. *Taken with palsies.* That is, paralyzed.

8. *Great joy.* On account of the blessings of health.

9. *Simon.* There are many traditions in regard to this man. He is regarded as the first and chief of all heretics. *Beforetime.* He was already in the city and was well known before Philip came. *Used sorcery.* That is, practiced magical arts. He doubtless claimed supernatural powers, and by slight-of-hand and jugglery deceived the people. *Bewitched the people of Samaria.* That is, amazed them. He was really a man of great ability and had as it seems more than local reputation. *Giving out that himself was some great one.* Thus also do modern quacks flourish. The greater pretension they make, the more likely are they to be believed.

10. *To whom they all gave heed, etc.* His popularity was great with all classes. *This man is the great power of God.* Much better, "This man is the power of God which is called great." There are various explanations. Perhaps they meant no more than Simon was one of the angels of God—that is, a messenger, and that among these messengers or powers of God he held a place of prominence, and so was called Great. They evidently said of him what he had taught them.

11. *They had regard.* This is the same verb which is translated "gave heed," in verses 6 and 10.

12. *But when they believed, etc.* In spite of their former erroneous beliefs, many of them were convinced by the sound teachings of Philip, and accepted the gospel, and were at once baptized.

13. *Then Simon himself believed also.* He may not have been wholly insincere, but his belief rested upon the signs and wonders wrought by Philip rather than upon the truths of the gospel. It is to be noted that the word believed is used sometimes in the gospels, not of true, deep-seated faith, but of a passing enthusiasm without forethought. Compare John 2: 23. *Wondered.* This verb is the same as that translated "bewitched" by the Authorized Version in verses 9 and 10, and by the American Revision, "amazed," in all three places.

14. *Samaria.* This word may refer to the city mentioned in verse 5, or possibly to the region. In the latter case there may have elapsed some time in which the gospel was spreading. *They sent unto them Peter and John.* Very likely for the express purpose of imparting the Holy Spirit—perhaps for completing the work of Philip and making the church of Samaria united with the church at Jerusalem.

15. *Might receive the Holy Ghost.* Some say that those baptized had already received the Holy Spirit, and that the reference is here to a special impartation of the power of the Holy Spirit to be manifested by speaking with tongues or in some such external and obvious manner. While this latter view is not excluded (for that is evidently what attracted Simon's attention), it seems hardly possible that our author does not intend by the word receive the actual presence of the Holy Spirit by which a man enters the new life of holiness and is sustained and directed in the path of duty.

16. *Only they were baptized, etc.* This action of the apostles does not show that the baptism of Philip was invalid.

## 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.

MAXSON.—Lucy Ann Maxson was born in Rockville, R. I., Oct. 21, 1816, and died Jan. 28, 1902.

When married to Varnum P. Maxson, they settled in Little Genesee, N. Y. Since that time sister Maxson has always lived in the township of Genesee, and for more than 60 years in the neighborhood where she died. Her husband passed from this life about twenty years ago. She was the mother of eleven children, nine of whom are living. In early life she united with the Seventh-day Baptist church. She died in the same faith, being a member of the East Portville, N. Y., church. Funeral services were conducted by the writer in this church Jan. 31, 1902. Text, 1 Cor. 15: 57. D. B. C.

PERKINS.—Daniel B. Perkins was born in Williamstown, Mass., Feb. 6, 1837, and was found dead in his bed at Hesberia, Mich., Feb. 8, 1902.

He was the second of seven children born to Maxson and Betsey Galusha Perkins. The family removed to Alfred New York when Daniel was about thirteen years of age. He was married to Anna Saunders on the 27th of Nov., 1861. Three children have been born to them. The cause of Mr. Perkin's sudden death is not certainly known, but it is supposed to have been heart trouble, which he was known to have. The funeral was held at the house Friday morning, Feb. 14, the coffin being placed by the bed of the invalid wife. Services were conducted by Pastor Randolph. Text, John 9: 4. L. C. R.

CHESTER.—Mrs. Fannie E. Chester was born Sept. 30, 1825, and entered into rest Feb. 13, 1902, in her 77th year.

In early life she accepted Christ and united with the First Hopkinton Seventh day Baptist church at Ashaway, R. I. In November, 1848, she was married to Oliver B. Chester, who, with a son and a daughter, survives her. In late years she removed with her family to Westerly, but continued her membership with the church at Ashaway. For the last few years of her life she has been an invalid, but has been most tenderly cared for by her daughter, Mrs. Nathan B. Lewis, of Kingston, R. I., at whose home she died. The funeral was conducted there by the pastor of the Pawcatuck church. During the years of waiting she was strengthened by him who said: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled neither let it be afraid." S. H. D.

ALLEN.—Joseph P. Allen was born May 9, 1808, and died in Shiloh, N. J., Feb. 11, 1902, at the residence of his son Robert, with whom he has made his home since the death of his wife, Dec. 7, 1882.

Mr. Allen was baptized and united with the Seventh-day Baptist church of Shiloh, Sept. 3, 1831, during a great revival when 102 people were converted and united with the church. Feb. 21, 1833, he was married to Miss Clarissa Davis. Three of their children, Thomas, Robert, and Mrs. E. R. Pope, of Plainfield, N. J., are living. In early life Mr. Allen belonged to the "Friends". He was a consistent Christian, remarkably cheerful, and patient always, and in his last days when confined to his bed by old age and weakness, he constantly praised God for his wonderful goodness, and had only kind words for all, and especially his daughter-in-law who has been so devoted to him for nearly twenty years. A large attendance at the funeral service held at the home showed the esteem in which Mr. Allen was held by all. 2 Kings 20: 1. E. B. S.

HAVEN.—At Leonardsville, N. Y., Feb. 12, 1902, of apoplexy, Mrs. Mary F. Haven, in the 60th year of her age.

Mrs. Haven was born in Leonardsville, N. Y., June 13, 1842, and was the daughter of Erastus S. and Lucy Ann (Davis) Fitch. Her early life was spent in the parental home at Leonardsville. In 1865 she married at Leonardsville Mr. Charles R. Maxson, who died after three years. In 1871 she married at Leonardsville Mr. Horace M. Haven, with whom she lived for three years at Milton, Wis., removing again to Leonardsville shortly after her husband's death in 1874. By the former marriage she had one son, and by the later marriage she had one daughter, Miss Ethel A. Haven, of Leonardsville. Since 1874 Mrs. Haven lived in Leonardsville with her only surviving sister, Miss Ellen Fitch, the two sisters being devotedly attached to each other. Mrs. Haven was baptized in 1866 and became a member of the First Brookfield church, with which she always remained





**Light Biscuit**  
**Delicious Cake**  
**Dainty Pastries**  
**Fine Puddings**  
**Flaky Crusts**

connected. Nine years ago she was seized with an attack somewhat similar to the one that caused her death, which followed nine days after the stroke. Funeral services were held at her home Feb. 14, 1902, conducted by her pastor, assisted by the Rev. M. E. Duesler, pastor of the M. E. church. Interment in the cemetery at Leonardsville, N. Y.

W. C. D.

**GREENMAN.**—Ellen Lucy Peck Greenman was born at Waterville, N. Y., Aug. 31, 1835, and entered into rest at the home of her son, 3328 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill., Feb. 9, 1902.

When sixteen years of age she came to Ashaway, R. I., where she was converted under the ministry of Elder Chas. M. Lewis, by whom she was also married to the late Capt. Silas B. Greenman of Westerly, in January, 1856. On coming to Westerly she united with the Pawcatuck Seventh-day Baptist church where she held her membership until called home. She was a woman of positive character and strong personality, a faithful and earnest worker in the church, a charter member of the Ladies' Aid Society and one of its efficient supporters. She was brought to Westerly for burial, and the funeral services were conducted at the church by the pastor. Her only son, Earl Canfield Greenman, survives her. The calling from earth of such Christians as sister Greenman suggests that word picture of the poet:

"Beautiful twilight at set of sun,  
 Beautiful goal with race well run,  
 Beautiful rest with work well done."

S. H. D.

**SHERMAN.**—Albert Bowen Sherman, son of Josiah and Sally Berry Sherman, was born in Norway, Herkimer Co., N. Y., Feb. 9, 1834, and died Feb. 8, 1902.

The family moved to Alfred in January, 1837. Albert was the oldest of five children, of whom only one sister, Mrs. James R. Crandall, now survives. Mr. Sherman was married Oct. 17, 1857, to Jemima R. Ennis, of Richmond Switch, R. I. She died April 13, 1890. Two of the three children born to them remain, living in Alfred. He was married Jan. 1, 1891, to Elizabeth Hemp-hill Beckwith, who survives him. He was baptized when a young man of about seventeen by Eld. N. V. Hull, and joined the First Alfred church. He was for some time a clerk of the church. He subsequently became a member of a church at Cowanesque, Pa., where he moved. His love for his old home seemed to grow with advancing years. There was no place for him like Alfred. It was his eager desire to be back there to live and to die. He loved the cause of God. There were regrets; but he went into the eternity with his trust in an unfailling Saviour. He loved Christian people, especially the Seventh-day Baptists, and was deeply interested in the advancement of the cause. The SABBATH RECORDER was always a prized visitor to his home, and there was scarcely an attendant at the last Confer nce who was more absorbed in its sessions than he. Services were conducted in the First Alfred church Sabbath afternoon by Pastor Randolph, assisted by Principal Saunders. Text Psa. 29: 4.

L. C. R.

**GOOD SAYINGS FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.**

The husks of emptiness rustle in every wind; the full corn in the ear holds up its golden fruit noiselessly to the Lord of the harvest. Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny.

"When men are cast down, then thou shalt say, There is lifting up; and he shall save the humble person." The Apostle Paul knew what it was to be let down in a basket as well as to be caught up to the third heaven.

If we thoroughly examine, we shall find that pride, policy, and power are the three principal ingredients in all the disturbance of churches.

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track—but one inch between wreck and a smooth rolling. If men would but hate themselves as they do their neighbors, it would be a good step toward loving their neighbors as they do themselves. During distress God comes; and when he comes it is no more distress.

Endeavor to take your work quietly. Anxiety and over-action are always the cause of sickness and restlessness. We must use our judgment to control our excitement, or our bodily strength will break down. We must remember that our battle is to be won by strength not our own. It is a battle that does not depend upon the swift and strong.

There are four kinds of pride of which we should beware: Race pride, pride in our ancestors. Face pride, pride in our beauty. Place pride, pride in our position. Grace pride, pride in our religion. There is more bitterness following from sin's ending, than ever there was sweetness from sin's acting. You that see nothing but weal in its commission will suffer nothing but woe in its conclusion. You that sin for your profit will never profit by your sins. Nothing can be plainer than that ignorance and vice are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the composition of free-thinkers, who, in propriety of speech, are no thinkers at all.

The less a person knows the more certain he is that he is right.

Luck whistles; labor whines.

**TAKE HEED LEST YE FALL.**

There are times for plain utterances of God's truth. Are we of the Christian ministry wholly guiltless in regard to widespread collapses of character? Have we all lived up to the Bible standard? Have we preached Sinai as well as Calvary? Let us not forget that God speaks from both mountains. Has there not been too much rose-water preaching about "God's love," and "developing the manhood within us," and an easy, velvet-footed religion which ignores the sinfulness of sin, and the certainty of hell? This is no time

for letting down bars either in Christian doctrine or Christian practice. From that dust of humiliation and sorrow in which many fallen ones are lying, comes a solemn voice of admonition to every pastor and every preacher of the Word. Let that minister of Christ who thinketh he standeth on the sure rock of divine truth take heed lest he fall into compromise with error, or concealment of God's just threatening, or into connivance with soul-ensnaring sins!—Cuyler.

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**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.

**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.

**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. Pastor's address, Rev. M. B. Kelly, 223 Jackson Park Terrace.

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

I. L. COTTRELL, Pastor.

29 Ransom St.

**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. The preaching service is at 11.30 A. M. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services.

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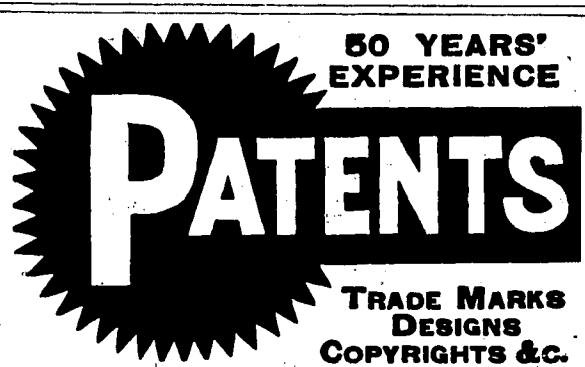
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