

THE SABBATH RECORDER.

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

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The Sabbath Recorder.

A. H. LEWIS, D. D., LL. D., Editor.
W. B. MOSHER, Acting Business Manager.

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GOD'S MERCY.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Savior,
There is healing in His blood.

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

—Frederick W. Faber, (born 1814; died 1863.)
He was a minister in the Established church of England from 1837 to 1845; of the Roman Catholic church afterward.

INQUIRIES come pouring into this office, as the weeks pass on, asking for copies of the Minutes of the late General Conference, and some of these, directly, or indirectly, suggest that the much-to-be-regretted delay is due to the lack of promptness on the part of the office. We must, therefore, explain that the delay is not due to lack of promptness or effort on the part of the office. The system of sending proof to various persons far away from the office, is the main cause of delay. These persons, whether at fault or not, retain proof for an indefinite time, during which time everything at the office is delayed. When the Minutes will be out we cannot say, and the business department of the office can make no promises. The experiences of the present year, so far as the Minutes go, emphasize the experiences of former years, and compels to the conclusion that two important reforms are necessary. First, such clerical help should be furnished to the secretaries and executive officers of the Conference and Societies as will enable them to furnish the office of publication with complete copy of all matter for the Minutes immediately after the close of Conference. Such complete copy having been furnished, the office should be left to care for the proof-reading without the unavoidable delay of sending various proofs to various persons at various points. In no other way can the prompt appearance of the Minutes be secured. We make this explanation in behalf of the Business Department of the Publishing House, and make it at this time not only to explain the present delay, and to assure our friends that we can give no date as to when they may expect the Minutes, but to call the attention of all concerned to the facts, so that at the next session of our Anniversaries all adequate steps will be taken to secure different results hereafter. Such delays not

only hinder the publication of the Minutes, but other business connected with the office is interfered with by tying-up type which is needed for other purposes.

Helpful Words.

THREE letters have come to hand within the last few days, from distant points, written by persons each of whom is surrounded by circumstances very different from those which surround the others. One says:

"I wish I could tell you how much I think of the SABBATH RECORDER. It seems to grow better all the time. I do not see how I could get along without it. I have been a Lone Sabbath-keeper for thirty years, and have had the RECORDER all that time to read on the Sabbath. Now I am so glad to have a sermon for each Sabbath, and I hope that the Seventh-day Baptist Pulpit will prove a success. I am sure I shall appreciate it."

The foregoing, as will be seen, is from a Lone Sabbath-keeper, whose home is in the great Northwest. The following is from a busy pastor, who is within two hundred miles of the Atlantic coast:

"I want to take occasion, in the first place, to express my hearty appreciation of the editorial work you have been doing on the RECORDER, not only recently regarding denominational readjustment matters, but during past years of such faithful work. Many times I have been inspired to better work, and my heart has been touched by the warm, spiritual tone of the editorial page."

The following comes from the distant Northeast, not far from the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence:

"We enjoy reading your editorials on denominational matters. The SABBATH RECORDER comes to us in our distant home as a welcome guest every week, and so welcome it is that our loneliness would be great if we did not have the kindly visits of such an instructive, helpful, yet quiet friend. How so many Seventh-day Baptists can do without it, I cannot understand."

These extracts are not given to repeat words of praise, but only that we may, if possible, increase the interest of those who already read the RECORDER in securing its circulation where it is not now permitted to visit those who are separated from others of like precious faith, or those who, although more favorably situated, fail for any reason to secure the benefits which the RECORDER seeks to bring them. The editorial staff of the RECORDER, including, as it does, representatives of our chief lines of work, through its department editors and their correspondents, is a

denominational paper in the largest sense. It ought to reach every home where Seventh-day Baptists or their friends are. It has, also, a still wider mission to all who love our Master, and to all who ought to love him. While it must necessarily give special attention to matters of denominational character, it aims to cover the whole field of Christian living, and to report all general news such as a weekly paper can find place for. That it is appreciated by those whose words are given above, and by hundreds of others like them, we feel sure; and the fact of its appreciation is an inspiration to its editorial staff and to the publishers, urging them to do their part in the best way possible, in order that the greatest good may come to its readers; and most of all, that the Gospel of Christ, the truths for which we stand, and incentives to the highest and holiest living, may be spread far and wide.

UNLESS our observation is at fault, the attainment of reading aloud, whether in public or private life, ought to be cultivated far more than it is. Like all similar attainments, cultivation on this point should begin at an early age. To read aloud well is a valuable attainment, to be sought not alone for the sake of others; it is an important feature in the general education of a child, and of great value in enabling one thus reading to understand that which is read, and to enter into the spirit and thought of the author. In the earlier years of childhood there is a naturalness of expression and a co-ordination between voice, and manner, and thought which are important in both mental and spiritual training. With later years, the choice of literature to be read and the companionship which comes from reading aloud—for there must be at least one listener, and it is better if there are many—become an influential and valuable form of culture, social and intellectual. If the literature selected for reading aloud be appropriate and of high character, not only is genuine culture secured, but an amount of interest is assured that can come from no other form of social life.

AN unfortunate feature of social life is upon the increase in many circles of society, which is deleterious to reading as well as to every form of higher social and intellectual culture—gaming. Gaming, and especially with cards, has become a prominent function

Gaming Contrasted With Reading.

within the last quarter of a century in many circles wherein such gaming was entirely unknown before. Of course, gaming has always been prevalent in the lower circles of social and intellectual life. If nothing else could be said against gaming beyond the fact that it drives out the tendency for reading, whether in silence or aloud, takes the place of intelligent conversation, cultivates the habit of "taking chances," etc., this were quite enough to demand that it give place to higher and better things, such as reading aloud. The issues involved in what we here suggest are much larger than matters of personal entertainment or of personal taste. A game of whist is a definite element in education, an element which is likely to be repeated from generation to generation, and to spread from family to family. When considered in the light of intellectual, moral and religious training, and set over against the reading of good literature, especially reading aloud, whereby one person may entertain, impress and instruct many, the possibility of comparison almost ceases, because of the valuelessness of gaming and the value of reading. It would be well, indeed, if the influence of our schools and the customs of social life could hasten the bringing back of reading aloud as a social function in family life and in the larger circles of social life. If through this, only a few in any given community, or one in any given family, could be induced to become "an excellent reader," that one would have vantage ground for himself and for all others, not easily attained, if attainable at all, in any other way.

OUR pastor preached last Sabbath administering bath from the text I Peter 4: 9. God's Gifts. In the course of the sermon he named the following gifts which are referred to in the Epistle of Peter. Faith, love, joy, honor, grace, meekness, hope, holiness, truth, love of the brethren, purity, honesty, knowledge, patriotism, freedom, submission, loyalty, courteousness, conscientiousness, patience, rendering good for evil, peacefulness, good works, not quarrelsome, long-suffering, soberness, God-fearing, watchfulness, prayerfulness, charity, hospitality, courage, humility, vigilance, steadfastness, stability, and immortality. This picture of God's goodness toward us and of the gifts he puts in our hands that we may administer them one to another, is so beautiful that we reproduce it for sake of the inspiration and help it will give to our readers. Many, if not all of these gifts and graces are demanded from each of our readers, many times and in many ways, year by year. Men often fail to realize how richly God endows ordinary life with the means of blessing others. He who helps others by administering such gifts, gains unto himself abundant blessing, and brings honor to the Father from whom every good and perfect gift comes. We have not space to enlarge upon the many themes suggested by this list of God's manifold gifts, but it cannot be that any reader can go over the list without desiring to read it again and again; that he may the better understand how rich his own life is, or may be, through these manifold gifts of God. Seen in the light of this picture, every life is rich in those things that are permanent, and which, by being administered as we ought to administer them, are changed into Heavenly treas-

ures that are kept in reserve to welcome God's children. In prayer-meeting the other night, speaking of being submissive to the will of God, and attaining that faith which knows that God doeth all things well, one said: "He who has gained such faith is a spiritual millionaire." So he is; and each one who learns to administer such gifts as are named above, will be in the way to become a spiritual millionaire, both now and hereafter.

DESIRING to forward the permanent interests of all our schools, the RECORDER has entered into correspondence with the Presidents of those institutions, from whom full information has been received concerning scholarships connected with their respective schools. The plans adopted are essentially the same, any differences being in slight details. The amount necessary to found a scholarship in Alfred University or in Milton College is \$1,000; in Salem College, \$800. Scholarships may be founded by the payment of the full sum at one time or by a series of payments according to established terms. Scholarships may be founded by individuals, societies or churches. The founder of a scholarship is entitled to name it, and also is entitled to name the student who shall receive the benefits of the scholarship. The terms established by our schools are favorable, and through them it is possible for individuals, with comparatively small expense, to express their interest in the cause of education in any one or all of our schools, with a slight outlay of money at any one time, and with a certainty of thus establishing a permanent arrangement through which the work of the schools will be continued, the name of the founder will be honored, and the cause of education, and of Christ, will be advanced through the succeeding years. The RECORDER urges upon its readers the desirability of founding such scholarships. Aside from the satisfaction which individuals, societies and churches may feel in becoming thus permanently associated with the cause of education, there is a much larger consideration in the fact that the founders of scholarships become active workers in sustaining the cause of education long after they have passed from the earthly life. If there be those who must retain whatever of worldly goods they possess for their own use during life time, it is wise that they make provision by will for the founding of such scholarships at, and after their death. Or if one may be able to do so, it would be wise to found one or more scholarships during life, and to provide for further scholarships after death. Whether the founding of a scholarship shall be done during life, or at death, the interests of the schools will be equally advanced, and those who thus provide for the investment of such sums as the Lord may have intrusted them with, will be acting along the highest lines of duty and wisdom.

It is a fact long since established beyond question that every form of higher education demands a greater outlay of money than the individual student can afford. The higher grades of the public schools demand an income from taxation of property which, in comparison, increases with each

grade of study, and which must always be greatly disproportionate to the number of students pursuing the higher courses, or graduating from them. The same fact appears in connection with all professional and collegiate education and with the higher interests of education of every form in every department. If the students in our schools were compelled to pay the full expenses necessary to their training, college education must cease at once. It is not therefore necessary to enter into any argument setting forth the necessity of scholarships as a form of endowment. Perhaps the strongest argument in favor of the scholarship plans which our schools have adopted is the ease with which scholarships can be founded and maintained, the large number of persons who may thus take part in the support of our schools, and quite as important as any other consideration, the fact that such support continues indefinitely after the death of those founding the scholarship. The desire to have ones name and memory perpetuated is natural and universal. Seen from the narrowest standpoint this may appear selfish, and the motive unworthy, but seen from the true standpoint, the motive is worthy, and the result praise-worthy. Life means little if the best things one may attempt and the influence one may exert do not continue beyond the hour, and the time of effort, or the brief life which even those who live longest, spend here. We place monuments of marble and granite over the dust of our friends, since these remain in spite of the laws of decay. Such monuments do nothing more than tell to succeeding generations that such ones lived and wrought. But through scholarships, and similar provisions, men being dead continue their work through their gifts, which work enlarges from generation to generation, and in many instances accomplishes more than any life can accomplish during the brief period of human existence. Churches and societies founding scholarships continue their good work in the same way. We might add column to column in telling the beneficial results which must come through every scholarship founded in connection with our schools. But it must suffice that we refer our readers to the Presidents of the various schools, who will promptly furnish detailed information, blank contracts, explanations, and all other facilities for those who desire to inquire concerning the founding of a scholarship, or to take steps toward such a result. Next to the support of the church of Christ, and closely allied with it is the support of a school wherein a high standard of scholarship is sought, through which the development of Christian manhood and womanhood is promoted, and the interests of which reach out into every department of life, fostering all that is good and desirable. Therefore it is that the RECORDER finds pleasure in making an earnest plea with the friends of the various schools, whether in their local relations, or in the larger relation as friends of education, Christianity, and the Cause of Truth for which we stand. Found a scholarship in each school if you can.

LIFE-fellowship with Jesus is the only school for the science of heavenly things.—Andrew Murray.

SLANDER, the worst of poison, ever finds an easy entrance to ignoble minds.—Harvey.

Prayer-Meeting Column.

Topic.—Invitation and Response.

(Memory Text. Matthew 9: 9.)

The memory text chosen for this evening represents Christ's universal attitude toward men, whether they are those who have already begun to follow him, or those who, following as they are able, are continually invited to come closer to him and to higher attainments in spiritual life. The love of God, revealed to us in Christ, is set forth with exceeding beauty in the fact that Christ's attitude toward men is one of constant invitation rather than compulsion, of pleading more than of command. All that Christ said and did, presupposes that men know what they ought to do; that, having the commandments of God before them, men need to be aroused to obedience more than they need to be instructed, in a theoretical way. One prominent feature of the invitation to Matthew, was, that from the religious standpoint, as religion appeared among the Jews, Matthew was almost a hated man. The office of tax-gatherer was one which imposed great burdens upon the people and was noted for its injustice and dishonesty. But Christ invited such a one to follow him, in spite of the prevailing prejudice. Christ sustains this attitude of invitation toward all men, whether they be sinners without efforts at obedience, or whether they be those who are striving to obey him. Whenever we think of our Father in heaven and of our relations to him, we should place this attitude of invitation and pleading in the foreground, never thinking of him as desiring to compel us by harsh commands, but as always seeking to lead us into higher life and closer fellowship.

The promptness with which Matthew followed Christ commends itself to us all as an example. Probably he lost money by accepting the invitation. He certainly faced great opposition and prejudice, if not abuse, from those who looked down upon him. But his obedience and fellowship with Christ have given him a lasting place in the world's history, and the words written by him through the guidance of the Holy Spirit have become a central feature in the blessed Word of God. To such heights are men lifted when they accept the invitation of Christ and follow him. Luke says "He left all and followed him," and yet leaving all from the earthly and business standpoint, he gained infinitely more than he left. So does everyone, who, like Matthew, heeds Christ's invitation. If it be said that such invitations are also commandments, their beauty is increased rather than lessened for they are the commandments of love, the compelling power of which surpasses all other motives.

Christ sustains this attitude of invitation, command and entreaty toward every person present in the meeting to-night. To those who are seeking to follow him, such invitations are a source of help and inspiration. To those who are waiting, while yet knowing their duty, this invitation comes with rebuke, chiding them with the gentleness of love, and yet urging them with the insistence of duty. If there be one who maintains an attitude of disloyalty, the invitation comes to him also, and when we associate it with other words of Christ, it changes from invitation and command to tenderest pleading. Blessed indeed are they, who, being called by the Master

from any place, to higher and holier duties, are ready to rise at once, leave all that needs to be left, and follow him in love and obedience.

OUR NEED OF RESPONSIVE LOVE.

WILLIAM L. CLARKE.

Wisely and well has the SABBATH RECORDER of late called our attention to certain fundamental principles of the Christian religion, urging that an earnest and thoughtful consideration be given them, in order that the best and most efficient conclusions may be attained, while we are specially considering vital questions relating to denominational prosperity and growth. Sympathizing fully with this sentiment, and believing that a prime cause of the inertia that retards our progress is the lack of a just appreciation of God's love for us, it seems well to seek a remedy that may help us to properly care for the advancement of his kingdom on earth. We must look within ourselves for the nature of the malady, and to the Word of God for the available remedy. Love seeks that only which is good, and bestows it upon the beloved one. God is love, and from him comes all that honors the name of Love. He has poured this in all its purity, upon us, in unstinted measure.

Because he has so loved us, it becomes our privilege, as well as duty, to love, serve and obey him. We tenderly regard those who wisely nurture and help us, even in material things. As spiritual blessings are more important than material favors, so much greater and more apparent should be our love for God, than for all else beside him. God so loved the world, while in rebellion against him, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have eternal life. He thus opened a way whereby all may escape condemnation, and return to him and live. Tenderly and faithfully, by precept and example, did Christ and his Apostles plead with man to accept this love. The Greeks had the maxim, "friendship begets friendship," and as assuredly true is it, that love begets love.

Responsive love is the best and most effective incentive to action that prompts the human heart, and the resultant service is acceptable to God. These promptings are in nowise selfish, but compel a loyalty to Christ that accepts him as the authorized and endowed representative and revelation of Jehovah, whose authority is absolute; whose commands are our highest law, and in whose service should be our greatest joy. We need this unflinching faith, together with a willing and cheerful obedience to the many commands he has given for our instruction and guidance. If our reverence and love to God, are right in his sight, the Holy Spirit will open wide doors of opportunity before us, until the cry of our hearts shall be "Who is sufficient for these things! Our days are as vanity in thy sight, and our strivings avail nothing before thee, unless by thy grace, dear Lord and Master thou dost sustain and guide us."

Christian gratitude should exceed that of any other worshipper, inasmuch as the light that Christ brought to earth excels in glory all that preceded it. The Psalmist said, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." The beloved disciple, having caught a gleam of the light of heaven during his companion-

ship with his loving Master, said, "God is love; and he that abideth in love abideth in God, and God abideth in him. There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear, because fear hath punishment, and he that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love him, because he first loved us."

Moses said to his people concerning certain of their enemies, "Thou shalt not seek their peace nor their prosperity all thy days forever." But when the greater than Solomon appeared, he said, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you." Thus did he ever, with a new and glorious light, reveal the riches, depth and power of the Word of God. Our best service belongs to him, and only through reverence and obedience, sanctified by love, can we best render it.

WAKEFULNESS AND WATCHFULNESS.

Epitome of a sermon preached by Wayland D. Wilcox, pastor of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Chicago, Ill., on Sabbath, Jan. 24, 1903, and requested for publication.
Text, I Thess. 5: 6. "Let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch."

A loving Master has left us a work to do and only enough time to do it in. We can not pay the debt of gratitude we owe if we are busy every minute. We have a mission to perform; to tell his wondrous love; to entreat sinners to repent and accept him.

What are you doing? Are you busily engaged in preaching the Gospel? Or are you idling—sleeping? Christ's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," comes down through the centuries to us all. Do we obey it? Do we seek to bring others to Christ? By our lives, our words, our actions, do we strive to show forth the excellence of his service? We each have a part and a share in the great work of preaching the Gospel. Opportunities for work come to each of us daily. We must needs speak of Christ to those about us. That was the spirit of the early disciples. Andrew went out and sought his brother. The command and the commission to preach the Gospel surely come to all who profess to follow Christ. Upon each one a personal responsibility is laid. We cannot discharge our duty by proxy. We cannot rest and enjoy ourselves while others work. Our duty is to preach; it does not end with personal enjoyment. Those Christians who sit beneath their own vine and fig tree of personal enjoyment, thinking their duty is simply to be thankful, to rest, and sleep, will find their vine produces no grapes and their fig trees no fruit. The law is, he who refuses to work shall not eat. We have each a work to do. We have been called to undertake a divine mission. That mission is to proclaim to the world a message of salvation. We are not all called to preach from the pulpit, but we are all to be preachers,—preaching this glorious Gospel of Christ. "Now, then, are we ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us; we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." All professed Christians ought thus to preach Christ and plead with sinners.

Christ never intended that ordained ministers and elders should do all the preaching. Business men can do what no clergyman, however eloquent, can possibly do. Do you say, "We can preach by our lives." Certainly; no sermon is more effective than a life well lived. But that is not all you are called upon to do. You should tell the story

of the redeeming love of Christ, and try to persuade men to believe on him. When you attempt to enlarge your business you are not content with simply living up to your profession; you go farther than that. You seek men out and tell them you have something which is to their interest to possess. Can you not do the same thing for the Master, in extending his kingdom? You should see to it that you strive daily to increase the kingdom of God as you strive to increase your business.

And you who are younger in life and in Christ's service, do you realize the opportunity you have for preaching the Gospel of salvation and working for the advancement of the Christian cause? You surely are wide awake and enthusiastic over such things as interest you. Be wide-awake Christians! We must be more than nominal Christians. We shall honor Christ only as we labor faithfully and well. We should be ingrates, surely, if we desired to receive all and give nothing in return; but the law of Christian compensation is, that he who gives most receives most. Give active, earnest and zealous service to the cause of Christ and you will receive rich blessings in reward.

Young Christians, be known as Christians wherever you are, and don't hesitate to speak of your religion. You have greater opportunity to work for Christ among your associates than any one else has. You have their sympathy. You know them, and can interest them as no clergyman could. You will have their respectful attention if you will approach them in your own way. Be frank and earnest and sincere. But be your own bright, wide-awake selves. We know that young people are not attracted by anything unless it is bright and interesting. Religion, to appeal to the young people, must be a wide-awake religion. So we, who are Christians and wish others to become such, must be wide-awake and make religion interesting.

Small wonder that young people should hesitate to identify themselves with the church and with religious societies when they are conducted in such a sleepy way as some are. But the church, the Sabbath-school or the Christian Endeavor Society are what the members make it. If the individual members are only half-awake, or worse yet, sound asleep, why a dull, dreamy, sleepy society results. "A chain is no stronger than its weakest link." Our churches and societies are strong and useful and their meetings are bright and attractive in true proportion with the zeal and enthusiasm of the individual members. This has always been true. It was true of this early church to which Paul was writing. It has been and is true of every church. "Therefore let us not sleep as do others; but let us watch."

To-day, thoughtful and conscientious Christians are realizing, as never before, the need of a mighty spiritual awakening of the Christian church—a return to the teaching and the preaching of Christ. This is an age of intellectuality and science, and these are growing to be the characteristics of modern religion; while faith, the prime essential of true worship is, by far, too many lost. This is an age when antagonistic creeds are drawing their adherents from the church, swelling the ranks of their followers with proselytes, gaining and growing as the church does not; and church leaders are everywhere lamenting the

fact, and why is it? Simply because the churches are sleeping. Why is it that church-members are the ones to whom the various modern "isms" appeal most strongly? Because there is a zeal and enthusiasm—a life—in them which is not found in the churches. Why is it that sinners are not convicted and converted, and the churches thus built up and strengthened? Because there is too little of the pure Gospel of Christ preached in the churches. Salvation through belief on Jesus Christ is not universally the theme of modern preaching. It ought to be. Why do Worldliness and Bohemianism allure so many from, and even creep within the churches? Because, alas! we have become so drowsy and dull that we sleep and are not watchful. The fault is with the individual Christian. "Therefore let us not sleep as do others; but let us watch." We are none of us so secure in our Christian character and safe from the allurements of evil that we may not grow careless and indulge in spiritual sloth and laziness in our Christian living.

Idleness in the service of Christ dulls our zeal for the right and makes us weak opponents of wrong. We cannot live even a conservative Christian life if we are not wakeful, and watchful, and constantly on guard against evil. It was because Paul knew that the Christian's adversary never sleeps that he cautioned the early Christians to be wakeful and watchful. Paul knew that his own religious welfare and his Christian character depended on his wakefulness and watchfulness, and he repeatedly speaks of his struggle to hold his own against the powers of evil. As he says, he had to keep constant watch "lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away."

Christians, there is no greater danger for the church to-day, no greater menace to the spiritual life of the individual, than the great and prevalent tendency to be self-satisfied, easy-going and sleepy. If the average Christian put forth no more effort to procure the necessities of life than he does to secure spiritual food for the maintenance of his religious life, he would starve to death. If he dozed and slumbered and dreamed in the service of his employer as he does in the Master's service he would soon lose his position. If the average Christian business man were as negligent in the administration of his business as he is careless of the interests of the kingdom of God, nothing could save him from bankruptcy.

Far too many Christians are asleep! They are dozing away precious hours, filled with golden opportunities. Yes. I think we may take the text home to our own lives. "Let us not sleep as do others; but let us watch."

Away with that false confidence which says, "All is well with me, now I will rest and take my ease!" He grows morally and spiritually weaker each day, who rests on past attainment. That man who thinks himself so secure should remember the wise admonition, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." In Christian living there should be incessant activity. We must not sleep until we enter upon the final sleep. Yet all about us we see Christians sleeping, just like those other careless ones who doze and dream away, unmindful of the present or the future. Something must be done to arouse modern Christians from their lethargy. Al-

though I blush to say it, our own denomination is in as sorry a plight as any. We ought to be the most spiritual, the most evangelistic, the most wide-awake of Christians. Is it our shame that such evidences of life do not characterize our people. As Seventh-day Baptists, we stand for the authority of the inspired Word of God, for the importance of the example and the teaching of Jesus Christ, and for the intrinsic worth of the "Faith once for all delivered to the saints" as do no other people. And it is the Sabbath of Jehovah, observed by Christ and the early Christian church, cherished by the founders and preservers of our faith, and descended to us, which distinguishes us from others. We ought to be known for this peculiarity. We ought to be wide-awake and enthusiastic in preaching this great truth. But, above all, we ought to be known as a thoroughly wide-awake, deeply spiritual, evangelistic people. Such a reputation we do not possess, because we do not deserve it. I heard recently that a certain church among our people, which I had always supposed was a bright and active one, is so very dull that my informant said it is dead. Let us hope not dead, but only sleeping. Then let us pray that something may arouse it from its slumber. There are other churches among us which are large enough and strong enough to do a mighty work, but I hear them spoken of as spiritually dead. Let us hope not dead, but only sleeping; and then let us pray that by some means a spiritual awakening, a revival of religious activity and energy, may come to these churches.

Do you know the greatest reason why our denomination barely holds its own numerically, is poor financially, and seems to accomplish so little in the spreading of the Gospel and the Sabbath truth? Because, as a denomination, we are too nearly asleep. It is time we were wide-awake. Certain movements are now on foot which indicate an awakening. But, as the life and the spirit of the church depend upon the life and spirit of the individual members, so the measure of evangelistic and Sabbath Reform spirit which our denomination shall possess will always depend on the attitude and spirit of the several churches.

It all comes back to you and me. Our spirit concerning evangelistic work and the spreading of the Gospel, our interest in missions and the spreading of the Sabbath truth, our attitude and thought concerning the problem of denominational readjustment just now before our people, will shape the life, spirit and polity of our own church; and our church with the sister churches will determine the life, spirit and polity of the denomination. Let us be wide-awake and keenly interested in the Christian work we each may do. Let us be wide-awake and in earnest in the work of our own church, which we can make what we will and in which we each have a share. We, as members of this church, must interest ourselves in the affairs, the government and the work of the denomination, of which our church is not an unimportant part. "Therefore let us not sleep as do others; but let us watch."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Venezuelan blockade was officially raised on the 15th of February. Great rejoicing followed the announcement. Diplomatic arrangements have also been completed by

which the final adjustment of the Venezuelan case goes to the Hague Tribunal.

Lieutenant-General Miles, Commander of the United States Army, has returned from a trip around the world during the past week. He has been gone five months. He reports the trip as a pleasant one, but does not speak of its political features, nor of any other things which might ante-date his official report to the government. On February 9th, when his steamer was eighty miles from the Marconi station at Crook haven, he sent a message to King Edward of England, which was answered by cable when General Miles reached New York.

Considerable interest is being taken in the State of New York concerning the Jerome excise bill which is now before the legislature, which proposes to legalize the opening of saloons on Sunday afternoons in the State of New York. It is claimed that the passage of the bill will be in the interest of temperance and good order, because of the peculiar relation which the Raines hotels sustain to the saloons. The bill is being strongly opposed by representatives of temperance organizations, and of the churches. Meanwhile the execution of the Sunday law in various parts of the city has been more vigorous under the new police commissioner, General Greene. The law has been enforced upon Hebrews who keep the Sabbath, somewhat rigidly, but within a few days past that enforcement has been modified, and on Sunday, February 15th, most of the shops and places of business conducted by Jews on the East side, were open.

The past week has been one of severe storms and intense cold. On the 16th and 17th, storms of snow or rain occurred in every state in the Union, the cold wave reaching far into the South. In Colorado and other places in the West, the snow blockade was such as to endanger lives, of both people and cattle. Great loss of life ensued where animals were out of doors. During the latter part of the week the mercury reached 50 degrees below zero at some points in northern New England, and the cold was intense throughout the United States. February may well claim to have been the record breaking month of the year.

A sad accident occurred in North Carolina Sound on February 17th, in which the steamer, Olive, and eighteen persons were lost in a fierce gale. She was running between Franklin, Virginia, and Edenton, North Carolina. A cyclone struck the steamer, turning her over instantly. A still more terrible accident occurred on the 19th of February at Newark, N. J. A trolley car, heavily loaded with High school pupils, became unmanageable upon a down grade icy track, and was struck by an engine of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. Eight of the children were killed outright, and a large number were seriously injured. The point of crossing was near the High school building, and the car was one of a group of special cars which are run each morning to accommodate the pupils. The fault in the case, as it appears now is, that there was any grade crossing at all, and that the trolley car was overloaded so as to be more than ordinarily uncontrollable upon the down grade. Following so closely upon the terrible accident near Westfield, upon the Central Railroad, this catastrophe would seem to be the last necessary lesson against the existence of any grade crossing whatever.

On the 18th of February, Judge Grosscup, of the United States Circuit Court, overruled a temporary injunction, thus condemning the beef trust as an unlawful combination. The attorneys for the trust have until the 4th of March to discuss the matter, and they may appeal the case.

"His Eminence, James, Cardinal Gibbons, Primate of the Catholic church in the United States," was the guest of the Newman Club at the University of Pennsylvania, at a reception on the 19th of February. The gathering was a very large one; the line of guests who were presented to the Cardinal was two hours in passing him. "His Eminence was arrayed in the red robe of his high office." This incident is suggestive as a part of the program which is being followed year by year for increasing the political and social prestige of the Roman Catholic church in the United States.

It is said that 8,000 men were employed in removing the snow from the streets of New York during the late storm, and that the storm will cost that city \$300,000.

The week has been full of interest and of important action, or non-action upon the part of Congress. At the close of the week, considerable fear is expressed that the Panama Canal treaty may be so delayed as to complicate affairs, if not to pass the Canal into the hands of some other nation than the United States. This is said to be due to the violation of solemn pledges on the part of Senator Quay of Pennsylvania. He and Senator Morgan, of Alabama, have united in opposing the Canal Treaty in hope of forcing the Statehood bill through. It is a pity that personal prejudice and local and party politics play so large a part in the councils of the nation at Washington. Should they prevent action upon the bill before Congress closes on the 4th of March, the future of the treaty and of the canal question will be jeopardized. In view of the situation it was announced on the 19th of February that President Roosevelt declared emphatically "that he would call an extra session of the Senate soon after March 4th, unless both the Panama Canal treaty and the Cuban Reciprocity treaty are ratified by that date."

Members of the Masonic Lodge in Plainfield, N. J., go to the hospital and permit cuticle to be taken from their arms to ingraft upon the burnt body of one of their members who has been in a critical condition ever since the railroad accident at Westfield. It is hoped that in this way, the final recovery of the victim, Mr. Fredericks, who is chief clerk in the New York office of the United State Express Company, may be secured.

On the 16th of February, the Senate passed the Philippine Currency Bill, which has been advocated by the administration, and recommended by the Taft Commission. The bill provides that the unit of value in the Philippines shall be the gold peso, of 12.9 grains of gold, .9 fine, etc. The gold coins of the United States at the rate of \$1.00 for two pesos, are made legal tender in the Islands.

SARAH WILCOX POTTER.

Sarah Persetta, wife of Charles Potter, daughter of Martin and Mehitabel Wells Wilcox was born at Little York, Cortland County, N. Y., Feb. 25th, 1828. Her father, Dea. Wilcox, was one of the strong Seventh-day Baptists who came from Burlington, Conn., into central New York early in the 19th cent.

ury. In early life Sarah Wilcox accepted Christ as her Savior and united with the church at Scott, N. Y. Later her church-membership was removed to Westerly, R. I., and from there to Plainfield, N. J., where she has been a member since 1870.

On June 22nd, 1850, she was married to Charles Potter at Unadilla Forks, N. Y. Mr. Potter died on Dec. 2nd, 1899.

Into this family there came four daughters, Eva, the wife of Joseph M. Titsworth, who led the way to the Heavenly Home in 1883; Nettie, wife of David E. Titsworth; Florence, wife of Albert R. Sheppard, and Mabel, wife of William C. Hubbard. Three sisters of Mrs. Potter are still living, Mrs. Jonathan Maxson, of Westerly, R. I.; Mrs. Henry W. Stillman and Mrs. Thomas L. Stillman, both of Edgerton, Wis. Another sister, Mrs. L. Courtland Rogers was called from earth's sorrows in August of 1902.

Mrs. Potter had been in poor health for sometime, but her peaceful, painless death on Feb. 13 came as a surprise to all.

The farewell service was conducted by her pastor, Rev. George B. Shaw, on First-day afternoon and was made especially interesting and impressive by the words of tribute and comfort spoken by her former pastor and life-long friend, Dr. A. H. Lewis.

Mrs. Potter was an exceptionally good woman. As a devoted Christian, she always gave of her time and effort to the work of the church. In Westerly both she and her husband were members of the choir and when he was its conductor, she was its leading soprano singer. Throughout her long lifetime she has been an earnest, devoted laborer in all the lines of church activity. But Christianity meant much more to her than church service, and in her daily life, whether in the humbler home of her early married life or in the beautiful residence of her later years where she so graciously and royally dispensed true Christian hospitality, she was ever a living exponent of unselfish devotion to the Master and to His children. In the struggle of those early years when Charles Potter, the young inventor and machinist, was laying the foundation of his prosperous and successful business career his faithful wife was in every sense a true help-meet; and he never tired of ascribing much of his success to her devotion and helpfulness.

While her home was her especial kingdom, and the Seventh-day Baptist church the church she loved, yet no good cause, no appeal for sympathy or help that came within the range of her knowledge was ever unheeded.

Gentle, considerate, brave and unselfish she was not overwhelmed by adversity nor spoiled by prosperity. The very mention of her hospitality and generosity will recall pleasant memories to thousands and will be an inspiration to many to do likewise.

The influence of such a life cannot be told in words. A devoted Christian woman has gone Home, may God bless the memory of her unselfish life to all of us. A part of the Scripture lesson read at the farewell service was Prov. 31: 10-31, which seemed especially appropriate. "Her price is far above rubies." Her children rise up and call her blessed." "Let her own works praise her in the gate."

G. B. S.

By a patient and loving endurance of annoyances are we preparing ourselves gradually for the discipline of trials.—Dean Goulburn.

Missions.

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

OUR evangelistic work, as carried on by the Missionary Board, is one of the most important and fruitful lines of effort by our people. By it, through the blessing of the Lord, many are brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ and into the churches; church-members are revived and led into a more active service of Christ; love of the Saviour and of souls is increased and deepened, faith is enlarged and some are led to accept the Sabbath of Jehovah. The Missionary Board has now two evangelists out upon the fields laboring to save souls and extend the kingdom of Christ, and to bring men to Sabbath truth. Since Conference, Evangelist M. B. Kelly has labored at Hornellsville, N. Y., Rock River, Milton Junction, Albion, Wis., and is now holding meetings with the Milton church. Evangelist J. G. Burdick has conducted evangelistic meetings at Jackson Centre and Stokes, Ohio, Adams Centre and West Edmeston, N. Y., and is now laboring with Pastor I. L. Cottrell in the First Brookfield Seventh-day Baptist church, N. Y. These two evangelists have labored faithfully and hard, giving themselves no rest, day and night, to win souls to Jesus and the truth, and the Lord has wonderfully blessed their efforts. Let us pray for them and their work.

FOR the past ten years the Missionary Board has appropriated each year from \$2,000 to \$3,500 for evangelistic work. Evangelists and quartets and evangelistic pastors have been sent to various churches—small and large churches seeking help—also to many needy fields. Our cause has been extended and built up by these efforts. Churches as the result of these labors have been organized, many souls have been converted, many added to the churches, and quite a large number have been converted to the Sabbath within that time. Last summer three quartets with three evangelistic laborers were sent to labor at Gentry, Ark., and the neighboring communities. It was a sort of massing of what evangelistic forces we had in the Northwest at this one point. They were under the direction of Evangelist M. B. Kelly and Pastor J. H. Hurley. Earnest and faithful work was done by all, and although there were not as many conversions as were desired, or persons added to the church or converted to the Sabbath, yet impressions were made and influences exerted that will bear good fruit in the years to come. They know more in that section of country than they ever did before about Seventh-day Baptists, their spirit, their character, their views, and their methods of work.

LAST fall the Gentry church quartet was sent by the Evangelistic Committee to several places in Arkansas, led by General Missionary G. H. F. Randolph and Pastor J. H. Hurley. The quartet evangelistic work was something new to our people in Arkansas. The "boys" were enthusiastically received, and they and their leader did good work. There were some conversions and the little churches they visited were revived and strengthened. The plan was to put the most of the work into Fouke, making it the chief point of effort. After a little more than a week of meetings, which were growing in interest, Pastor Hurley was taken sick, very

bad, stormy weather set in, and the meetings were closed. This was very disappointing to the leader and the quartet, as they anticipated grand meetings at Fouke and expected a good harvest of souls and a coming of some to the Sabbath. It is hoped the effort may be tried again sometime.

THIS evangelistic work has brought to the Missionary Board added responsibility of caring for its results, which had to be followed up with pastoral effort to make them enduring and permanent. The new churches organized had to be helped in the support of missionary pastors, and some extra general missionary work had to be done. In order that evangelistic efforts and their results shall not be lost or frittered away, clinching work must be done by some good pastor or missionary. We have lost, in some instances sadly lost, because it was not done. We have always believed that if the evangelistic effort in Louisville, Ky., a few years ago, where now we have nothing to show for it, had been faithfully followed up by a Sabbath Reform campaign, and then pastoral care, we might to-day have a church there. We need to see the necessity of good after-work following evangelistic efforts and provide for it. This the Missionary Board has tried to do so far as means would allow.

FROM C. S. SAYRE.

I write to let you know of our state, and that though we are far away from any sister church, we are on the rise in true "heart religion." We are encouraged to see signs of growth about us, and that makes us want to do more and more as the needs of the field open to us. Our people are few and not "well to do." The system of tithing has been adopted among us, and people who once thought they had been giving liberally, are now surprised at the amount they can give. The people here are not so able now to raise the amount as they were before our appropriation was reduced. Some of the ablest are removing to the Isle of Pines, South of Cuba. Our people here are a nice people and help to make quite a man of a pastor.

HAMMOND, La., January, 1903.

FROM J. H. HURLEY.

I enclose report for quarter ending 1902. Have but little to report aside from what you received by way of evangelistic report. Only received one into the Gentry church during this quarter. Received four last Sabbath, Jan. 3; twelve or more expected to join before the close of the year, but on account of sickness, storm, etc., they have been hindered. There are at least twenty more here that ought to join soon. I think we have now 130 on the church roll. There has been a good degree of spiritual activity in our church work. Last Sabbath was communion. The hour was spent in general conference. It was an unusually deep, tender, spiritual feast.

GENTRY, Ark., January, 1903.

FROM L. F. SKAGGS.

Another quarter is past, so I will make my report. We held services at the Delaware church the first month and the last month in this quarter. In the second month in this quarter, at the time of our appointment, the M. E. church was engaged in a series of meetings, so we did not hold services. But being requested by the M. E. minister to help, I assisted in their series of meetings. They

had quite a revival; several converted, and a number of backsliders were restored. The members of our little church were greatly revived and encouraged.

BOAZ, Mo.

FROM D. C. LIPPINCOTT.

The quarter just closed has been crowded full of toil and anxiety, but not so much has been accomplished as was hoped. This is, perhaps, true of each passing quarter. The churches are in very much the same spiritual condition as has been reported in former times, and the appointments of the church as well attended as usual.

We secured the help of Bro. E. A. Witter, of Salem, to aid in a series of meetings at Middle Island. The services of Bro. Witter were highly appreciated by our people and others outside. His preaching was well received by all. While our hopes and expectations were not fully realized, still we know good was done and the church was strengthened. The results of the labor of our brother are hard to be estimated and are not always apparent, but through his untiring zeal surely some good will be manifest.

The Y. P. S. C. E. at Middle Island, held in the evening after the Sabbath, is quite well attended and is a source of great help.

God bless the faithful few.
SUGAR CAMP, W. Va., Jan. 8, 1903.

A BRILLIANT PREACHER'S WIT.

OF all the brilliant preachers of modern times no one shone more resplendently in conversation than the eloquent Baptist minister, Robert Hall, says the Saturday Evening Post. It is remarkable that, while in his writings hardly a gleam of wit or humor is to be found, yet in the social circle he was distinguished by his terse and pungent sayings. All his life he was a martyr to an excruciating disease, and his wittiest sayings were uttered when he was writhing with sharp pain. A lady at a friend's house found him so lost in thought that she vainly essayed to engage him in conversation. At length, impatient of his reveries, she said flippantly, in allusion to a Miss Steel to whom he was engaged to be married:

"Ah, sir, if we had but polished steel here, we might secure some of your attention; but—"

"Madam," interrupted the now roused preacher, "make yourself easy; if you are not polished steel, you are at least polished brass!"

Hall had an intense abhorrence of religious cant, to which he gave expression sometimes in the most scorching terms. A young minister, who was visiting him, spent a day in sighing, ever and anon begging pardon for his suspirations, and saying that they were caused by grief that he had so hard a heart. When the lamentations, which Hall had borne patiently the first day, were resumed at breakfast on the second day, he said:

"Why, sir, don't be so cast down; remember the compensating principle, and be thankful and still."

"Compensating principle!" exclaimed the young man; "what can compensate for a hard heart?"

"Why, a soft head, to be sure!" replied Hall, who, if rude, had certainly great provocation.

MANY of the pretended friendships of youth are founded on capricious liking.—Blair.

Woman's Work.

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

THE "Listener" in the Boston Transcript, says: American shopwomen have little idea of the lives and the lot of English "shop-assistants," as salespeople are called on the other side. Compared with their treatment in America the English shopgirl is a veritable slave, and the only mitigating circumstance in her life is the outward semblance of gentility that her occupation permits, as distinguished from menial domestic employment. Most of the large shops board and lodge their assistants, and they are thus practically bound to their employers. The hours of work are long and exhausting, and they are not allowed to sit down, except for the brief allowance for lunch at noon, from the time they begin their work at early morning until the shop is closed at night, and the subsequent work of clearing up is finished. Then and then only are they allowed to rest, and most of them are too tired to do anything but creep off to bed in their ill-lighted and ill-ventilated lodgings. The board which they are provided with is meagre and ill-cooked. For breakfast they are given bread and jam and tea. Nothing else. Dinner consists of beef or mutton, the cheapest cuts, and potatoes. The only other variation of this fare is a concoction of scraps left from the meat during the week, which is most aptly dubbed "Resurrection Pie!" There is little of light or pleasure in their lives, and few of them are able to retain their health under the strain of it.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES AS MEDICINE.

"If people understood the medical values of foods they would use them more for physical ills, and doctors might have to go to something else for a living," says John A. Morris in "What to Eat." "For instance, spinach and dandelion are good for kidney troubles; celery is good for rheumatism, neuralgia, disease of the nerves and nervous dyspepsia; lettuce and cucumbers cool the system, and the former is good for insomnia. If you want to perspire freely to relieve the system of impurities just try asparagus. Tomatoes contain vegetable calomel and are good for liver troubles, and strawberries make a fine complexion.

"There is nothing, medicinally speaking, so useful in cases of nervous prostration as the poor and humble onions. They are almost the best nerve known, and may be used in coughs, colds and influenza, in consumption, scurvy and kindred diseases. White onions overcome sleeplessness, while red ones are an excellent diuretic. Eaten every day, they soon have a whitening effect upon the complexion.

"For malaria and erysipelas nothing is better than cranberries. Fresh carrots and yellow turnips are good for nervous disorders, gravel and scurvy; carrots for asthma; watermelon for epilepsy and yellow fever; watercress for scurvy; lemons for feverish thirst in sickness, biliousness, low fevers, rheumatism, coughs, colds and liver complaints.

"Honey is a fine dish to take, and is wholesome, strengthening, healing and nourishing. Eggs, beaten up raw with sugar, are used to clear and strengthen the voice, while with lemon juice and sugar the beaten white of egg may be used to relieve hoarseness."

A HOMELY SACRIFICE.

While Mrs. Thompson stood, one morning in late September, at the molding board in her tidy kitchen, she looked tired and discouraged.

The cause of her weariness of body and soul was not to be found in the fragrant loaves of bread, nor yet in the crisp, flaky pies, now cooling on the pantry shelves. The pucker between the kind old eyes and the anxious look on the wrinkled face were all caused by the thought of a dingy, threadbare, black dress, at that moment lying in state upon the blue-and-white quilt which adorns the company bed in the tiny front room upstairs.

This garment was undeniably, and all too plainly, worn out. It had been a very good dress in the past, but the day of its usefulness and beauty had gone by forever. It had been turned and made over more than once, and by no contriving could it be made to do duty again as a respectable gown, and Mrs. Thompson had at last been compelled to admit the unwelcome fact.

"I don't see whatever I'm going to do," she mused, as she busied herself about her morning's work. "I can't ask Solomon for any money this fall; for I know it'll take just ev'ry cent he can rake and scrape to pay the interest on the mortgage: and I can't save any money from the butter and eggs, for after the groceries are paid for there's nothing left to save. I'll just have to make up my mind to go without a new dress, and stay at home from church this winter. I presume some folks would call that a manifestation of sinful pride, and say I'd ought to go just the same; but I can't help it; I've always had good clothes to wear to meeting and now that I'm getting old I shant start wearing calico, and parade our poverty to all the country round about; and if that's sinful pride, I've got a good full share, and that's all about it."

You see, it was only a trifle, after all, to any sensible person. But, then, this dear, homely woman was not a sensible person. To this humble soul who had toiled early and late all her hard, narrow life for bare necessities, it seemed a cruel hardship to be shut out from the few social privileges which she might enjoy, just because she lacked the few coins necessary to the purchase of a decent dress.

Many and many a time had she thought over every possible chance of earning a few extra dollars, but each time she had ended her cogitations with a hopeless sigh; but at last an inspiration came to her at a moment when it was least expected.

Just as Mrs. Thompson was taking the last golden-brown loaf from the smoking oven, her husband drove through the yard on his way to the barn. As he passed the open window he tossed into his wife's hands the package of tea which she had charged him to bring from the village, and that week's issue of the county paper. The crisp, white pages looked so inviting to the weary woman that she said to herself, as she sank with a tired sigh into the roomy arms of the old-fashioned rocker, and settled her iron-bowed spectacles firmly astride her nose, "Well, there! The work's all done, and it's only ten o'clock, and I guess I'll just look through the paper a little mite. Dear me! I do wish Solomon'd quit taking it. Not but what I like it first rate, for I know Mr. Barnard's an awful nice man, and he prints a good paper, but I don't feel

that we can afford to take it any longer. I s'pose Solomon wouldn't know hardly how to live without it, though. He sets a dreadful sight of store by the news."

"Well, I do declare!" she exclaimed a moment later, as a long printed circular fluttered out from the folds of the sheet, "here's a supplement. I wonder what it's about; all got up on pink paper, fine as you please. Oh! The county fair, to be sure! Here's a list of all the premiums. 'Best specimen of fine needlework, \$5.' Mary Ann Lee took that last year, on her ocean-wave quilt. I heard she was piecing a red and yellow tulip pattern, in hopes to get it again this year.' And then giving her attention to the next item on the list, she continued reading aloud:

"Best loaf of home-made bread: First premium, plush photograph album; second premium, \$1. Mandy Porter, from over in Dorset, took first prize on bread last fall." As Mrs. Thompson's eyes took in the next item, they grew bright with interest, and a faint spot of pink crept into her taded cheeks.

"Well, well; here's something new I guess!" she said, with a thrill of excitement in her voice. "Parker and Trimmer, dry goods merchants, offer one black, all-wool dress pattern, with linings and trimmings complete, to the lady making and exhibiting the best loaf of old-fashioned election cake." I declare! I've half a mind to try for that myself. I used to be a master hand at making 'lection cake.

"I hadn't calculated on going to the fair this year, but if I could only get that dress, linings and trimmings complete, it says, I could afford to pay out fifty cents or so, I should think. I'll see what Solomon says about it, anyway.

"Let's see, my receipt's in the clock, I guess. I ain't made one since the donation for Elder Dutton, three years ago this fall. It's been a long time, but I'm pretty sure I ain't forgot how. To be sure, they're expensive, and if I shouldn't get the premium I'd wish I hadn't spent my money. Solomon always said, though, that there wasn't a woman anywhere around could beat me making 'lection cake, an' I most know he'll say I'd better try it."

And so it happened that two weeks later found Mrs. Thompson and her husband ensconced in their rickety old carriage, riding patiently along in the dust cast up by hundreds of rolling wheels as they kept their place in the slow moving procession, all bent on the same errand—a day's outing at the county fair.

"You're sure you entered my cake all right, are you, Solomon, and you didn't crack the frosting any, did you? You know if it was mussed just the least mite, it would spoil my chance of the prize." And there was an anxious look on the tired old face as she waited the answer to her question.

"Of course I tended to it all right, Hannah. Didn't I bring you the ticket they gave me? And the woman that took it said it looked so good she most knew it would take the prize. She was a real nice little woman, and she seemed to take lots of interest in your cake."

"Why didn't you tell me that before! I wonder if she really thought it would? Why didn't you tell me, Solomon?"

"Why, I forgot all about it 'till now. I knew it would take the premium, anyway, so it don't make any difference what any one else thinks."

"Well, I s'pose not. I'll soon know now,

anyway, for here we are at last. You'll have to get the tickets now, won't you? I wonder if we'll ever get through that jam at the gate. I declare it seems ev'ry year as if there's a bigger crowd than there was last."

It took a long time to make their way through the dense mass of people and vehicles, of every kind and description, which were packed so closely at the gates; but at last the task was accomplished and they found themselves a part of the gala scene behind the high board fence.

What a flutter of ribbons and drapery! What splashes of gaudy color against the white of the canvas tents! What a medley of noises! And amid the ceaseless hum of hundreds of voices, one heard the happy laughter of children and the shrill cries of importunate vendors. Somewhere in the distance came the sound of voices singing, and over and above all, was the monotonous music ground out by an enterprising merry-go-round.

White-winged tents dotted the grounds almost as far as the eye could reach, and loud-voiced attendants besought the people to buy their sweetmeats, or behold the marvelous sights of the "side-shows." And in front of one of these emporiums, a large, stout woman, with plenty of self-assurance, was giving a couple of attendants a free lecture on the use of language.

The shabby little woman stood still and listened. She watched it all for a few moments, and then some unforeseen force laid hold upon her and led her captive until she found herself pushing a way through the dense crowd of people which was surging through the great building known as Floral Hall, but in which, however, the floral exhibit was by no means the only attraction.

At last, in rather a breathless state, Mrs. Thompson reached a corner devoted to the display of the culinary skill of the ladies of Clinton County; and now to find her cake! Ah! Here it is! "Election Cake!" it says on the placard. There are only two, and this is hers. There are not cards on the cakes as yet. The judges have not yet made their rounds; but she knew in a moment that it will not be her cake to which they will award the premium.

There they stand; two perfect, light, sweet-smelling, snow-crowned cakes. It would be hard to tell from their looks which is the better; but the instinct of the experienced baker of cakes tells the careworn little woman that she has failed.

There is no longer any joy for her in the happy, noisy scene. She looks down at her rusty, threadbare dress, and remembers that it is very old, and that it is all she has; and she is old, too, she thinks. She feels out of place and alone in the happy, care-free throng, and she stands still and stares at the two smooth mounds of cake, with unseeing eyes, until a cheery voice calls back her wandering mind, and she sees her nearest neighbor smiling at her in a friendly way.

"Why, you look all tired out, Aunt Hannah!" said Mrs. Rogers, "and I'm sure I don't wonder at it. Wasn't there a crowd at the gates, and it's such a warm day, too, for this time of the year! Did you come to see the cakes? There's some real nice ones here, I wonder who made this? You? Well, I declare! This one's mine. I thought I'd bring it just for fun, and our two are the only ones

here, aren't they? I thought there'd be a lot that would try for that prize, it was such a good one. Well, one of us is sure of it, that's certain," and then she passed on, and Mrs. Thompson's weary eyes went back to the cake again.

So that was Sally's cake, she thought, with a sigh. Why, yes; to be sure! She might have known. She had taught her how herself; and Sally was always quick to learn. She would get the dress, of course; though she didn't need it at all; she had more dresses now than she could ever wear out. And then she thought of the money she had wasted, and the tired eyes filled with disappointed tears as she turned away.

She will go to some place and sit down, she thinks. There are so many people, and the noise hurts her head. And she goes away, alone, through the noisy, happy crowd; and Mrs. Rogers, watching her as she goes, sees the troubled eyes and the white, disappointed face, and guesses the whole pitiful story.

"Poor thing! She wanted that dress, I do believe, and goodness knows she needs it bad enough," she said, softly, as her eyes took in all the shabbiness and the threadbareness of the rusty gown, as it moved away through the well-dressed crowd.

Mrs. Rogers knew well the reason that the faded gown had been so long in wear, and she knew, too, that no other could be bought that fall, to take its place. She had often heard of the debt on the little farm, and of how hard it was to keep the interest paid; and that year, she knew, had been even worse than usual. Poor old Uncle Solomon is proverbially slow, she mused, and what few crops he has managed to put in the ground this year have obstinately refused to multiply and increase, and this fall he has scarcely more than the seed he sowed to show for his whole summer's toil, so of course there will be no money to spend on dresses.

"There isn't the least doubt of my getting the premium," softly commured Mrs. Rogers with herself; "and I'm sure Aunt Hannah thought so, too. Well, I'll be fairly entitled to it, for I took lots of pains with that cake. I don't need the dress, to be sure, but it'll be something to have the name of taking the premium. If I'd known, though, that Aunt Hannah was going to try, I never would have brought my cake at all; but it's too late now; it's time the judges were here I should think."

"There, I believe that's them now. Yes, they're cutting a cake and tasting it. Poor Aunt Hannah! How disappointed she will be; she needs a new dress so much, and she taught me herself how to make that cake, and a great many other things besides—and she shall have that dress, too, if she wants it, or my name isn't Sally Ann Rogers," she ended with a mental jerk, as she hurried toward the long table, where, far down at the lower end, the judges were sampling the cakes, and here and there affixing the red and blue cards which were the proofs of their merit.

As she reached the table Mrs. Rogers raised the plate which held her own cherished cake, and a moment later it lay on the dusty floor amid the ruins of a gold-banded plate! And Mrs. Rogers was saying, with a careless smile, to the startled attendant, who happened forward to see what havoc had been wrought in her domain, "Oh, you needn't be frightened! There's nothing harmed but my election cake! I just thought I'd see if the frosting was

cracked any, and some way it slipped right out of my hands. I must have been a little careless, I guess. There won't be any question now as to who will take the prize, will there, seeing there's only one left?"

"Too bad mine was spoiled? Oh, I don't know; it's only a cake anyway, and likely as not it wouldn't have taken the prize, even if I hadn't dropped it. I am a little sorry about the plate, I'll admit. It was one of a set, but it can't be helped now, of course." And then Mrs. Rogers walked quietly away from the scene of the disaster, and no one even dreamed that it had all been done on purpose.

A few moments later Mrs. Thompson, sitting in the very darkest corner of the "rest for weary mothers," heard her friend's cheery voice as she called, "Why, Aunt Hannah, what are you moping here for? Just come and see your cake with the blue card on it. It looks nice, I can tell you; but not as nice, I don't suppose, as you will, when you wear that nice dress that you are going to get as a premium. Come on, let's go up there; I want you to see for yourself." And a little later Mrs. Thompson stood once more in front of the long table; but her face now looked almost young again, as the old eyes proudly viewed the blue card, which gleamed a bright bit of color on the snowy frosting which covered the spicy richness of the cake. In her joy it was quite a minute before she saw that one cake was missing, and then in surprise she questioned:

"Why, Sally, where's your cake? I don't see it at all. I felt sure that it would take the premium. Have you taken it away?"

"Why, no, Aunt Hannah! I took it up to look at the frosting, and some way I managed to drop it, so it was spoiled, of course. Now don't you feel bad a minute; I don't see how it could have taken the premium anyway, for the judges all said yours was the best cake they ever tasted, I heard them myself, and it isn't likely mine could have beat it!"

"Did they say that? Did they really, Sally?" returned the delighted old woman, in an excited tone.

"Yes, they did, really, Aunt Hannah. You'd better stop at the store when you go home and get your dress, hadn't you? And I'll help you make it up next week. I haven't much to do just now, and I'd as soon help you as not, if you want me to. There's a black dress now that's made up real neat and tasty; you might have yours made something like it, only I'd get silk instead of velvet to trim it in if I were you. And now that we've seen the prize cake, let's go and look at the poultry exhibit. They say it's real fine this year. Oh, yes, I want you to see what a funny sign they have got in the tent around the corner, where they seem to be selling some 'new fangled' kind of cheese. And we'll want to go down to the grandstand at noon and see the show; and then we'll find the men and go back to the grove and eat our dinners."

As the two moved away together it would have been hard to tell which was the happier heart, the one beneath the smart, new gown, or the one which beat so joyously beneath the rusty, time-worn dress, which, that day, was making its last forlorn appearance in public.—Everywhere.

MEN OF TALENT LIVE LONG.

It is a very common but erroneous belief that brain work is destructive of physical strength. The fact is that men of thought and mental force have always been dis-

tinguished for their age. Solon, Sophocles, Pindar, Anacreon and Xenophon were octogenarians; Kant, Buffon, Goethe, Fontenelle and Newton were over 80. Michael Angelo and Titian were 89 and 99, respectively. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, lived to be 80. Many men have done excellent work after they have passed 80 years. Landor wrote his "Imaginary Conversations" when 85. Izaak Walton wielded a ready pen at 90. Hahnemann married at 80, and was still working at 91. Michael Angelo was still painting his giant canvases at 89, and Titian at 90 worked with the vigor of his early years, says the Chicago Chronicle.

Fontenelle was as light hearted at 98 as at 40, and Newton at 83 worked as hard as he did in middle life. Cornaro was in far better health at 95 than at 30, and as happy as a sandboy. At Hanover Dr. Du Boisy was still practicing as a physician in 1897, going his daily rounds at the age of 103. William Reynolds Salmon, M. R. S., of Cambridge, Glamorganshire, died on March 11, 1897, at the age of 106. At the time of his death he was the oldest known individual of indisputably authenticated age, the oldest physician, the oldest member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, and the oldest Free Mason in the world.

IN MEMORY OF MISS EMILY T. RANDOLPH.

(Nortonville, Kansas.)

Whereas, God in his infinite wisdom has taken from our number, a dearly loved one—Miss Emily T. Randolph; therefore

Resolved, That in her death our Sabbath-school has lost a worthy, efficient and devoted member. For nearly thirty-nine years she was connected with the school as student or teacher. And at the time of her death was a member of the original Bible-class, which was the constituent class at the time of the organization of the school; never having changed her membership to any other class, and only leaving it for a time to serve as teacher in some other class. Her kindly interest and inspiring example will be cherished by hundreds who have been connected with this school.

Resolved, That while we sadly miss her from her accustomed place, and feel that in her death the Nortonville Seventh-day Baptist Sabbath-school has sustained irreparable loss, yet our hearts are comforted with the thought, that her lofty Christian character, her noble self-sacrifice, will be an inspiration to those who are left to carry on the work.

Resolved, That while we tender our heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved relatives, we rejoice with them in the assurance that her beautiful life ended here, has unfolded in glorified beauty in Paradise, beneath the resplendent light of God's eternal day.

Mrs. S. E. R. BARCOCK,
Mrs. ALMA MARIS,
DEA. B. O. BURDICK. } Com.

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

One does not realize the dangers that surround any undertaking until he has them set before him in some such graphic way as the following, reported by the Kansas City Journal.

"He crossed the Atlantic twenty-seven times and niver got drowned but wanst," Bridget assured her caller.

"Indade. An' which wan of his trips was it he was drowned on?"

"O'm not sure, but I think it was the twenty-seventh."

"He was lucky. Manny a man would have wint to the bottom on his first v'yage instead of waiting 'til the last."

"Right ye are. More people are drowned by water than by railroad wrecks."

"It's a fatal death, begorrah."

THINGS TO TAKE TO CHURCH.

1. Your Bible.
2. A friend, and be on time.
3. A quiet, prayerful, reverential spirit.
4. A longing for a personal blessing.
5. A desire to be a blessing as well as to receive one.
6. The love that "seeketh not her own."
7. The consciousness that you are going to worship God in the name of Christ, and the power of the Holy Spirit, and not to please yourself.

THINGS TO DO IN CHURCH.

1. Take your seat early.
2. Sit at the front, that late comers may be accommodated.
3. Cheerfully give seat or hymn book to strangers.
4. Pray for the pastor and worshipers.
5. Note down texts, Scripture references, striking sentences, and vivid illustrations. You may find use for them all.
6. Do promptly whatever is requested by the audience.
7. At the close give a kindly welcome to strangers.

THINGS TO BRING HOME FROM CHURCH.

1. Gratitude for the privilege of public worship.
2. Zeal for work with God in the salvation of men.
3. Greater love for the souls of the backsliders and impenitent.
4. A new sense of joy of fellowship.
5. An inspiration for the coming week.
6. A resolution to invite another to the next service.
7. A reverential spirit which will not stop to gossip or criticise, even in thought, either the preacher or his sermon.

THE NIEDERWALD MONUMENT.

One of the landmarks of the Rhine, which is eagerly watched for by passengers on the Rhine steamer, is the National Monument on the Niederwald.

The Niederwald is a wooded hill covered on one side with vineyards, which stands nearly opposite Bingen, at the point where the most beautiful of the Rhine scenery begins. In fact, just here there are so many interesting things to look at that it is almost impossible to do them all justice from the deck of a steamer. There is the famous "Mouse Tower," so called from the legend which tells how the cruel Bishop Hatte of Mainz was devoured by mice there, after refusing his corn to the starving people of his city. This stands on a rock in the middle of the river, and on one bank is the town of Bingen, which has won most of its fame from the "soldier of the legion" who "lay dying at Algiers," while on the other bank is the interesting ruined castle of Ehrenfels and the Niederwald Monument; so one must have eyes on all sides to give even a glance at them all as the steamer glides swiftly by them.

This monument was built in 1877, in commemoration of the foundation of the new German Empire in 1870-71. It is of very great size, the pedestal alone being 78 feet high, while the female figure, which represents Germania, is 33 feet. Germania holds a crown and a sword wreathed with laurel, symbolizing the unity and strength of the Empire.

There are three fine reliefs on the pedestal. The one, which faces the river, is "The Watch on the Rhine," and contains portraits, which may be easily recognized, of Emperor William I., his son and successor, Frederick, Bismarck, and other German princes and generals. Below are the words of the famous song, "Die Wacht am Rhein." The two figures below this are the allegorical representations of the Rhine and the Moselle, the guardians of the borders of the Empire, and those at either side of the relief are Peace and War.

The cost of this monument was \$275,000, and it was nearly six years before it was completed.

JAPANESE STREETS.

In Japan houses are not numbered according to their sequence, but according to the order of their erection, says the Pittsburg Gazette. That is to say, No. 73 may adjoin No. 1, with No. 102 on the opposite side. No. 2 is probably a mile down the street. The city of Tokio is made up of 1,330 streets, in which are 318,320 houses. These houses are divided up into fifteen wards. If a street passes through more than one ward the houses are numbered according to the wards in which they are—that is, a street passing through six wards will possess six number ones. It would be like hunting for a needle in a hay-stack for a stranger to try to find a number in Tokio, but a jinriksha driver knows the position and number of almost every one of the houses in Tokio. He is able to do this by having made this business the one study of his life.

WHO GOT THE COAL.

I was calling the other day in a tenement house on a humble woman who had been an invalid for some time. They were quite poor just keeping by the hardest work their heads above the waters of charity. It was a cold day, and the room had no fire. The woman explained that they were compelled to buy coal by the bucketful. It had been ordered, but the dealer found it hard to get coal.

Even while we were talking the man came with the coal; but when he opened the door, he said: "I have brought your coal, and if you say so, I will leave it here; but there is a family on the floor below where the baby is sick with membranous croup, and I shall have no more coal for them until night. Your order was in first, and I will do just what you say."

Without a moment's hesitation that cold little woman, sick herself, said in an animated voice, with a deep quiver of sympathy in it: "Take it down to them. The baby might die without it. I will manage to get along until night."

As I listened to her words, I thought about those words of Paul about thinking "on the things of others," and those other words about preferring another before ourselves.

I went away deeply moved, for it was a case where you could immediately do nothing but thank God for the woman's good heart. But I went away thinking how much happier a world it would be if the speculators who have tied up miles of cars and barges full of coal, waiting till they can squeeze a little more blood out of the freezing and starving poor, could only be inoculated with that woman's spirit.—C. E. World.

Young People's Work.

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

Question Box.—Employment for Seventh-day Baptists.

Why is there not an effort put forth to establish places of work, so that the young people can find employment and keep the Seventh-day as the Sabbath? I am offered a position in a dry goods store but if I accept, I shall be compelled to work on the Seventh-day. It is a good position; what shall I do? Others are standing where I am. Many have given up. Please answer.

NORTH-WESTERN ASSOCIATION CHAIN-LETTER.

Perhaps the Societies which have failed to respond to the request for a message for the Chain-Letter will be inspired to do so after reading these helpful letters from the Societies in the North-Western Association.

E. C. S.

MILTON, Wis., Dec. 4, 1902.

Our Gospel is a Gospel of Hope.

Dear Christian Endeavorers, Greeting.—As the Christmas time approaches, we are led to think of others outside of our immediate circle of Endeavorers. We wish we had some helpful suggestions to offer. Our Society seems to be moving in about the same way as usual. Our membership, though frequently changing, has about the same number of workers. However, we miss many faithful ones who have gone from us to other Societies, whose influence, wherever they are, we trust will be for the right.

With a prayer that every Christian Endeavorer may be a living witness for the beloved Master.

Yours for Christ,

A. CORA CLARKE, Cor. Sec.

WELTON, IOWA.

Do Something for Somebody that Needs Your Help.

Dear Christian Endeavorers.—Welton sends greetings and our best wishes for the work. We have no special work at present, but are striving to do more and better work, and in that way become stronger. In many of the Societies there are those laboring for the Master whose former home was in Welton. This gives an added interest in the work and workers.

In behalf of the Society,

MRS. HATTIE LOOFBORO, Cor. Sec.

ROCK RIVER.

Write a Letter to the RECORDER for the MIRROR.

Dear Christian Endeavor Societies.—The little Christian Endeavor Society of Rock River sends greeting to you; glad of this opportunity to enter your circle with a message—hoping for a better acquaintance. Our little Society of twenty members can do very little to help in the great work of the denomination, but our hearts love the work.

One of the most helpful things we have tried is to write a bright, cheerful letter to each absent member, telling all about our work, mixing in a little home news, asking each to send back a letter, to be read at the Birthday Anniversary of the Society. Nearly all responded with a loving, helpful message, telling how much good it did them, and glad to know that we had not forgotten them. This greatly encouraged us.

Why are not our Christian Endeavor Societies better represented in the Mirror? Let us surprise the Editor of the Young People's Page by sending in bright, helpful thoughts that come to us, thereby helping the Editor make that page the very best in the RECORDER. Our Society subscribes for one copy of the Christian Endeavor World, which gives many helpful hints for each committee, but mainly so the leader can study it through the week.

We need to take a more personal interest in others. For the want of a little more love and patience on the part of Christian friends, one life once possessing faith and peace, has been for ten years far from the Cross—a wreck physically, mentally and spiritually. Will you as a Society pray that this life may again find peace in the Saviour? We would gladly welcome a message from any Society.

Yours for Truth,

MAUD ROSE, Cor. Sec.

MILTON JUNCTION, Wis.

JACKSON CENTRE, Ohio, Nov. 30, 1902.

We Are Trying to Uphold the Truth of Christ.

We know of no new plans of work or helpful thoughts

that would be of any interest to others. We are small in numbers and isolated from other Christian Endeavor Societies. Although there are but few of us, we have a good Society, both Senior and Junior.

Praying that we may grow in grace and knowledge of Jesus Christ, and that souls may be saved,

Yours in C. E. work,

MRS. BERTHA SUTTON, Cor. Sec.

BOULDER, Colo., Dec. 13, 1902.

Do What You Have Been Doing and Do It Better.

We are so few in numbers at present our Christian Endeavor Society does not hold regular meetings; only a Junior of six or eight members which meets at my house for a little meeting each Sabbath afternoon. Our best Endeavorers are away in different parts of the state, teaching.

We feel rather discouraged at present at the fewness of our numbers and the indifference of some. Wish we might have a change for the better soon.

MRS. D. M. ANDREWS, Cor. Sec.

NORTH LOUP, Neb.

Our Motto for 1903:—Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business.

There is one remarkable thing about our work—it is that the interest remains at all times about the same. Our older members marry, stop attending for various reasons; but the younger ones take these vacant places, and the work goes on.

The workers in the Junior Society think, of course, it is due to the excellent work done by our boys and girls.

At our last State Christian Endeavor Convention, our Juniors carried off the State Banner for the best all-around Junior work; also the writer was chosen Field Secretary and Editor of our State paper—the Nebraska Endeavor News.

During the summer three of our members were at Gentry, Ark., assisting by singing in the special evangelistic meetings held there.

In October, our pastor, Rev. A. B. Prentice, and a male quartet from our Society went to Farnam, a small place about one hundred miles southwest of here, and helped the Farnam church for a few days in some extra meetings.

Just now we are planning to establish a free reading-room in town; but the future alone can tell the outcome.

May God bless you in your efforts.

Sincerely,

W. G. ROOD, Cor. Sec.

WALWORTH, Wis., Nov. 19, 1902.

Bulgarian Motto:—What Would Jesus Say to That?

We are striving to learn what it means to trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Our Christian Endeavor has revived its working forces since our pastor, Rev. M. G. Stillman and wife, have come to help us.

A Young Ladies' Quartet has been formed. Their music adds to the interest in our meetings. We are hoping our young men will do the same.

Our Missionary Committee has made the missionary meetings interesting by reading letters to us from different fields. Miss Fisher's letter was a great help to us.

We have the help of several that have been the workers in our Junior Society. Remember us in your prayers and we will you.

MISS JOSIE HIGBEE, Cor. Sec.

Did You Give Anything Towards the Student Evangelistic Work This Year? If Not, Why Not?

Farina, Ill.

The Farina Christian Endeavor Society is in good working condition. The meetings are well attended and the interest very good. Our Society was greatly benefited by a revival in our church last winter. We are hoping for another revival this winter.

MISS MARY ANDREWS, Cor. Sec.

NORTONVILLE, Kan., Dec. 20, 1902.

Give One-Tenth of Your Income This Year to the Lord's Work.

Our Society holds weekly prayer-meetings on Sabbath afternoons from 3.30 to 4.30. The attendance averages between twenty and thirty. A collection is taken each week, which usually averages from one to two dollars. Money is also raised by subscription.

Our Society is not as active as it might be; but we ask your prayers that we may become more earnest workers in the Master's vineyard.

Yours in Christian Endeavor work,

OLIVE RANDOLPH, Cor. Sec.

MILTON JUNCTION, Wis., Dec. 8, 1902.

Do the Duty Lying Nearest to Your Hand.

We are not dead, neither are we a very lively Society. We have not taken up any new lines of work, but are plodding along in the same old way. A few of our members are very much in earnest, and they do the most of the work that is done.

Our church is in the midst of a revival; fifteen converts baptized, and more will follow. Pray for us.

Sincerely yours in the work,

MRS. NETTIE M. WEST, Cor. Sec.

CHICAGO, Dec. 13, 1902.

Our Watchword for 1903:—More and Better Work Than Ever Before.

Dear Christian Comrades:—The Chicago workers freely send to you to-day their message of good-will, with a fervent prayer for God's blessing upon you and your work.

We were helped and encouraged last year by the earnest messages sent from Society to Society, from Association to Association. We feel that they have drawn us nearer together by the strongest ties in the world, those of Christian love and affection. We would draw even nearer to you, adding your faithfulness and strength to ours, with the all-powerful hand of God behind it all.

During the past year we have been striving to work and live as Christ, would wish us to. We realize that we have made many mistakes and failures; but the nearer we approach the Master the fewer will be our failures, the greater our success.

God has richly blessed, and has even greater blessings in store for us. Let us, God helping, make a fresh start in Christian work—our plans and our achievements becoming constantly larger and nobler. Let us make this our life motto:—Speak a shade more kindly than the year before, pray a little oftener, love a little more.

Yours for Christ,

MIZPAH Z. SHERBURNE.

OUR MIRROR.

DISTRIBUTING LITERATURE.—I had occasion to call at the milk factory early one morning and while I waited, a well-dressed pleasant-faced woman entered and laying down a paper quietly passed out. Speaking to the young foreman I inquired what she wanted. He replied, "She left this for me to read," handing the paper to me. I opened it thinking it must be of some importance, since she had taken pains to stop and leave it. "I suppose she thought it would help me," he continued with a smile. As I scanned its pages I felt rebuked. Why are we not doing more to further the Master's cause? Although living near Seventh-day Baptist churches this is the first time I ever knew of an individual distributing a single tract with the exception of a minister at the close of a series of revival meetings. Why is not more of such work done? Is it not true that pride keeps us from "peddling Tracts" or is it because we fear we will meet with the same result as a would-be preacher who stopped at the door of a shoe cobbler, inquiring meekly, "May I leave some Tracts here?" Looking up from his work the old cobbler thundered forth: "Yes, you can leave some tracts here, but they must be with the heels toward the house." Whatever may be the reason for our shrinking from a work that has resulted in bringing peace and happiness to others, let us no longer neglect it and let us all use our opportunities that come to us daily. How can we expect a harvest when we have not sown the seed? This I feel is one kind of seed we have neglected to sow but in His name let us scatter the seed in faith expecting to receive a blessing, for the Scripture has promised, "What-so-ever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Do we not realize that

"This is the seed time. God alone Beholds the end of what is sown; Beyond our vision weak and dim The harvest time is hid with Him."

"ETHEL G."

Children's Page.

KATE'S PIE.

This is the Pie that Kate made!

This is the Cook, with the apron white,

That heated the oven exactly right.

To bake the pie that Kate made.

This is the Rat that left its hole

To taste the cream in the china bowl,

And smelt the pie that Kate made.

This is the old but active Cat,

That caught the meddlesome, nimble rat,

That nibbled the pie that Kate made.

This is the Maid, so trim and tall,

That waited at table and swept the hall,

And carried the pie that Kate made.

This is the Dame, so short and fat,

That owned the old but active cat,

And carved the pie that Kate made.

And these are the hungry girls and boys,

Full of merriment, fun, and noise,

Who ate the pie that Kate made.

—Little Folks.

WHAT BUNNY COTTON DID.

"Is it a real live story, Uncle Jack?"

"Why yes, Midget, Bunny Cotton and I were intimate friends. The times we've played together!"

"O, my, what a funny, ridc'lous name—Bunny Cotton," cried Midget.

"Well, Bunny Cotton was a 'funny ridc'lous' little piece. She ought to have been named 'Funny Cotton!'" said Uncle Jack. "She had a 'funny, ridc'lous' way of wiggling her nose all the time. I never saw it still."

"Uncle Jack, why Uncle Jack!"

"Fact," insisted Uncle Jack, calmly. "It was a habit Bunny Cotton never got over as long as she lived. I never tried to break her of it. I rather liked it myself."

Midget had great respect for things that Uncle Jack "rather liked"; but "wiggling her nose all the time," my! She put up her little plump fingers and felt of her own nose carefully. It refused to wiggle without perpetual assistance.

"She was such a pretty little creature," went on Uncle Jack's voice, reflectively. "She always dressed in something snow-white and soft as down. Bunny Cotton had excellent taste in dress."

"Not when she played every day! She didn't wear white dresses then, is 'pose?"

"Always. I never saw her in anything else. And they didn't get soiled either; but that was because she washed them so often—every day, and sometimes twice a day."

"Washed 'em herself—twice a day? O, my, mercy me!"

Uncle Jack always laughed when Midget said, "O, my, mercy!" because such an astonished little face went with it.

"I've seen her washing them myself, once a year. She washed them on her, you know—"

"On her! Now Uncle Jack!"

"With her little pink tongue—"

"Her little pink tongue—O, Bunny Cotton! She was a bunny rabbit?"

"Yes, ma'am, now I have been introduced. She was a little Angora rabbit, with the longest, silkiest, softest hair. Her eyes were like little pink jewels, and her tail was just a tuft of cotton wool, that's all. Now I will tell you the story about her."

"O, goody, you haven't begun the story yet!" cried Midget in delight. She snuggled up comfortably against Uncle Jack and opened both her ears.

"Does it begin the nice way—once upon a time?"

"Yes; once upon a time, Bunny Cotton had some little pink babies, more like tiny little pigs than anything else."

"O, my! Go on, Uncle Jack."

"I think there were six, I counted, or else Bunny Cotton—one of us. She was very fond of them. The story is the beautiful thing she did for them."

"O yes, the beautiful thing. Please hurry, Uncle Jack."

"Well, you see, mother Bunnies always make little cozy nests for their babies, usually deep down in the hay, and when they leave them they draw a thin layer of hay across the top to shut them all in. That's the way they lock the door and put the key in their pocket. But poor little Bunny Cotton happened to be in a big empty room where there wasn't a wisp of hay—nothing but a pile of boards and a bare floor. What do you suppose the little mother did, Midget?"

"O I don't know, Uncle Jack; I just wonder."

"Well, when I found out, if I had been a little girl or a woman, I should have cried. It seemed such a dear, pitiful little thing to do. You see I went to see her one day, and O, such a Bunny Cotton! She was all shorn of her beautiful white dress. She was quite bare in spots, and torn and shaggy everywhere else, and there were tiny drops of blood here and there. She had pulled out her pretty, soft wool, bit by bit, to line her babies nest. It was a beautiful, soft, white nest for them, but O, what a Bunny Cotton was left?"

Midget burrowed her golden head in Uncle Jack's sleeve and kept quite still a moment. Then she sat up very straight.

"Dear little Bunny Cotton—I love her," she said softly.—S. S. Herald.

DISAPPEARING BIRDS.

Young birds, says the New York Tribune, have to be taught a great many things, but there are some feats which they know without instruction. In a large open air cage in the New York Zoological Park is a covey of six California partridges, about one-third grown, and their little bantam stepmother. She dozes at one end of the range or walks slowly about, pecking among the blades of grass. The small sextet keep close together, and if we watch them for several minutes, we will see some of the things which must have come to them as their feathers and little bills came—from the egg. Unlike the hen, they are suspicious of your every movement, but in a short time they forget that you are not a lifeless tree trunk or other harmless object near their cage. They select a sunny spot, always on the dead leaves, never on the green grass, and here, after much cuddling and pushing, but never a peep, they squat, usually in an irregular circle with heads outward. Unless there are dead leaves or some similarly colored surface in their cage, they never settle down contentedly for a sun bath.

We watch them nestle close to the ground and close their eyes; then some movement on the part of the hen may attract our attention for a moment, and, on looking back again, we are amazed to find the little birds have disappeared. It is a fact that if we lose sight of them even for a short time, the eye at first refuses to distinguish them from the dried leaves. Their little backs are dull, dark brown in color, broken by irregular fine white lines, very much like the mould lines on fallen

leaves, while the lighter sides of the head, instead of being at all conspicuous, are exactly like the lighter shades of some old leaves, the imitation being more perfect from the fact of the coloring being thus broken up. Even the little brush of upraised feathers in their heads—hints of the beautiful recurved helmets of the old birds—appear like small, frayed out pieces of grass or leaf.

If we look toward them with half-closed eyes not a trace of the birds is visible. All appear sound asleep, and the little heads sag drowsily to one side, but at the slightest noise each black head of an eye is wide open, and six scurrying pairs of legs or rounded, whirring wings carry their owners to the further side of the cage, as if an unfelt wind had suddenly caught up some of the dead leaves before us and tossed them along the ground. It is all a beautiful bit of magic, which never becomes less wonderful, no matter how many times we witness it.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

He was a tiny little fellow, surely not more than five years old, and as he called his afternoon papers at the corner of Twelfth and Market streets, many people gazed at him with mingled amusement and pity. He had long, brown curls, wet with the drenching rain; and his shrill little voice had a baby lisp. A very stout, elderly woman, apparently weighing close to two hundred pounds, paused at the south side of Market street, and looked askance at the miniature river of slush and water and at the passing procession of wagons and trolley cars. The little newsboy was quick to size up the situation. Running up to her he exclaimed: "Don't be afraid, lady; I'll help you across." Reaching up his tiny little hand, he clutched her by the arm, and together the pair threaded their way to the opposite curb. Then the stout woman opened her purse, gravely handed the little fellow a coin, and disappeared into the Reading Terminal.—Philadelphia Record.

FLOWERS AND INSECTS.

There are many interesting things in nature that we can fully understand without having to bother with the dry problems that confront the scientists, and this is one of them: Flowers live by the insects and the insects live by the flowers. The nectar in the heart of the flowers is the insects' food, and the insects, to get at it, light on the flower and thrust the proboscis down into it for a sip. In doing this they bring to the flower on their legs and feet pollen gathered from other flowers. Without this pollen the flowers would be without the fertilization that they must have to continue their kind.

There are certain flowers that open at a certain time of the day, and others that open only at night. Now this is not the result of chance. These flowers depend upon certain insects for fertilization, and they open when those particular insects are on the wing. Flowers sometimes act as if they were endowed with human intelligence. Cut a spray of laurel from outside and put it into water in your house. Now, you will find that the flowers will last longer in the house than those on the bush from which you cut them. It seems almost incredible, but it is true that these flowers last because they are waiting for the insects on which they depend upon for fertilization, and from which they have been separated by your bringing them in the house. Some tropical orchids last longer in our hot-houses than they do in their native state for the same reason—they are waiting for natural fertilization.—Chicago Daily News.

Our Reading Room.

DE RUYTER, N. Y.—The DeRuyter church has been noted for the large number of aged people attending it. Many of these have passed on to their reward and the congregation is now composed mainly of middle-aged men and women, young people and a goodly company of children. Conspicuous among the old folks is Bro. Barton G. Stillman, now nearly ninety, who occasionally gets to church and is kindly cared for by his daughter Mrs. Marie S. Williams. Another one is Alonzo W. Crandall, nearly 85, who lives comfortably on his farm with his son Louis, and rarely gets away from home. Another is Rufus Kemp, nearly 85, who is quite active for his age, making his home with Dea. C. J. York. Eld. L. M. Cottrell is almost four-score and deeply interested in church matters, but his increasing infirmities keep him much at home. Many others are growing old but are still active and regular in their church attendance. And so God is sparing the old ones and raising up a goodly number to take their places. In the near future we are hoping that Rev. J. G. Burdick can be with us to lead in revival work. L. R. S.

SALEM, W. VA.—Thoughts from a sermon, by Rev. E. A. Witter, preached Feb. 7, 1903. Text, 1 John, 2: 15, and Jas. 5: 1. Dr. Chalmers says, "There are two ways in which a practical moralist may attempt to displace from the human heart its love of the world, either by so proving the world's vanity that the heart shall be constrained to withdraw its affections from so unworthy an object, or by setting forth another object more worthy of its attachment.

We are not to understand by our text to-day that God would have us to be without interest in or affection for this beautiful world of ours. No, no. But by this message God would have each to consider the importance of keeping the heart with its warmest affections and best service for him. How this heart with its taint of worldliness and sinful affections is to be transformed into harmony with God and truth and righteousness is the thought that is uppermost in many lives. Because of this taint of the world without the sanctifying presence of the Saviour in our lives, we are often playing seesaw with the experiences of life, not just knowing what will be well pleasing in the sight of God, and what will not. We note the rhythmic, graceful, and to some extent healthful, movements of the dance, the quiet thoughtful attitude of the one at cards, and say to ourselves there surely is no sin here. Oftentimes our anxious hearts are thus quieted while we engage in such things. When we have been transformed by the renewing of our "minds." When the light of God's holy love has so shone into our lives as to cause the scales to fall from our spiritual vision, that we may discern the tendency and influence of worldly amusements and companionships. When this transformation has been so wrought that the deepest affections of our lives are for Christ, how quickly then we cease our seesawing and are prepared to crucify the world that Christ may reign within us, the hope of Glory.

Your spiritual activity not only brings help and encouragement to others, but its reflex influence causes to burn brighter the fires upon the altar of our own heart. E. A. W.

ALBION, Wis.—As a result of the series of meetings conducted by Brother M. B. Kelly this winter, 12 have been added to the church by baptism, and two by verbal testimony, and the awakening to new life and energy, many others. Bro. Kelly is an earnest exponent of the gospel, clear and forcible in its presentation, wise and tactful in methods, a zealous worker, and insists upon an entire surrender to God and a thorough work of grace in the heart and life of the believer. Meetings began the 12th of December and continued with intervals of a few days for needed rest, until January 22. Bro. Kelly is now laboring with the Milton church, continuing the meetings from and after the very excellent Quarterly meeting held at that place, January 30 to February 1.

Thus far our winter has been exceedingly fine. Not extremely cold nor warm enough at any time to thaw out and get muddy. Had a snowstorm the night of December 3, and with additions from time to time, furnished good sleighing until into the last week in January. Had another fall of snow a few days ago sufficient to have made good sleighing again, but it was accompanied with such high wind that the snow is piled up in some places, leaving the roads bare in others, so that it is neither sleighing nor wheeling in the best sense of the word. Weather fine at this writing.

Scarlet fever and measles have been "plying their trade," and the battle is still in vogue. Nothing alarming however, has yet occurred from either. There has been but one case of the former, and that in a mild form. Just now there are several cases of sickness from other causes, otherwise it has been, and is a general time of health and prosperity, material and spiritual. S. H. B.

ALBION, Wis., Feb. 9, 1903.

HORNELLVILLE, N. Y.—A Hornellville correspondent speaks of the Wardner-Whittam wedding as follows:

The bride is one of Hornellville's most prominent and popular young ladies, and the groom is a young man, prominent in both business and social circles of Friendship, N. Y., where he has held the position of assistant Postmaster for several years. He is the youngest son of Mrs. S. L. Wardner, of Plainfield, N. J. They were attended by Miss Helen Whittam, sister of the bride, and Dr. J. F. Wardner, brother of the groom. The young couple left the same evening for a short trip after which they will reside in Friendship where Mr. Wardner has prepared a very pleasant home for his bride.

MILTON, WISCONSIN.—A letter is just at hand from Milton, Wis., announcing a fire on the morning of February 16th, by which the house occupied by Mrs. M. G. Townsend was injured, although not wholly destroyed. Her household effects were saved, although some were badly damaged. The weather was six degrees below zero, and the excitement and exposure incident to the fire gave Mrs. Townsend such a shock that she is necessarily laid aside for rest and recovery. The letter adds "She and her family have the sympathy and assistance of the good people of Milton." The RECORDER hastens to join in that sympathy.

By the same letter we are glad to learn that the meetings which are in progress with the church at Milton, under the direction of Rev.

M. B. Kelly, are growing in power, and are abundant in blessing. Baptism was attended on the evening of the 17th, and an all-day meeting was to be held on the 18th, the day to be spent in fasting and prayer. The writer of the letter adds:

"I have been wondering why it would not be a good thing to set apart a day for fasting and prayer, to be generally observed throughout our denomination, which time let all the faithful gather in their respective churches early in the morning, and spend the day together before God. The Lord knows we need it.

From the Bolivar Breeze we learn that the Seventh-day Baptist meeting-house at Richburg, N. Y., is being re-modeled and will be re-dedicated at an early day. We shall be glad of a full report from our Richburg correspondent when the house is dedicated.

THE UNCONQUERABLE HABIT.

THEODORE T. MUNGER

The finest line in Emerson's greatest poem, "The Problem" is, "Himself from God he could not free." In itself it has no poetic merit, but it is the key-word that solves the problem which ever vexes the mind of man until it is referred to God. Emerson, in these oft-quoted lines, sets forth the greatest achievements of man and of nature as well, and explains their wonder by putting each one in some relation to the world of the spirit. The scope, the splendor, the insight of the poem are immense. It vindicates what we have called the unconquerable habit of prayer. Whatever great thing is done is done through God.

In order to put the same truth in like relation to personal life, we place beside it a once familiar hymn by Mrs. Phoebe Brown:

I love to steal a while away
From every cumbering care.

It is infinitely below Emerson's great lines in poetic value, but far above them in meeting conscious human necessity. Its meaning is lost in its homely simplicity and the very depth of its humility. Emerson's central thought is overwhelmed by the splendor of the entire poem. Together they cover the two sides of prayer—one, the unconquerable sense of God; the other, the unappeasable desire to commune with God.

Nothing is more deeply wrought into us than the instinct of prayer. No matter what first prompts it; let the theories go, and trust the fact; pray man always has, and pray he always will. Some astonished reader who has not breathed or thought a prayer since childhood may quote himself as the refutation of this assertion. Nevertheless, there will come a time when he will pray, even if in some extreme moment it be but "the upward glancing of an eye." Still, it must be confessed that man is so wonderfully wrought that he can turn upon himself and extirpate his highest faculty or put it to a sleep that seems death; nature has room for monstrosity. The habit of prayer is a part of the contents of human nature. We may toss it out of the window of science or of metaphysics, but it will come back. We may let it lie, a forgotten thing, in some corner of our house; or set it down as a superstition and quote as proof its prevalence among the benighted the world over—as if universality were not the infallible sign of a truth; all this may be, still from God our-

selves we cannot free, even if we never steal away from our cumbering cares to commune with him. Prayer has fuller expression among the untaught because there is a simpler play of nature; instinct more freely asserts itself—like the motions of the babe at its mother's breast; but these instincts are the roots of our strongest passion. The immense variety of its forms is the pledge of its reality. What is universal is absolute. It may sink to such a depth as prayer-wheels and numbering rosaries, or rise to the ecstasy of St. Agnes as she sends her breath to heaven on her frosty eve; it may run into all sorts of vagaries; but one simple fact is clear all the way through—man will pray, and will not suffer himself to be kept from it. If it is sometimes gross; if it misses the idea of opportunity, and lapses into thinking that it will be heard for much speaking, or that if simultaneous it has special power; or if it clothes itself in ritual robes that seem to smother its breath, still its central character is not lost; it is still humanity bowing before its Creator, and turning to its eternal and infinite Friend.

It is a poor question to ask, Is prayer for gain, or does it gain anything? Does it spring out of weakness or fear? Poor questions, because they overlook the poverty and weakness of humanity as it turns to its only possible helper. Prayer is as natural and simple as the cry of young ravens to God for their food. The correlation of prayer to humanity, rising out of simple and unmeaning forms and growing rational as man advances toward his ideal, until at last he cries, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee," is a fact which we must settle before turning it over to mere piety, or dropping it out of our lives.

It is strange that the beauty of prayer is so overlooked by present-day thought. The poet never misses it. In the long run the poets win the great human verdicts. What they bind remains fast. They know that the beautiful is the true. In all ages and the world over, the bowed head, the bended figure, the folded hands, the upturned eyes, have not only commanded reverence but stirred a sense of mingled charm and awe as if some mystery were unfolding. The artist studies the picture long, for he is never deceived by a fiction, nor does he stop to admire unreality. When one chances—as may happen in other lands—to pass a wayside shrine where a poor woman has bowed to pray for her sick child, or an old man stops to rest both body and soul, one's heart joins in the prayers, whatever the head may think of it—from God ourselves we cannot free. The prayers make the ground holy where we stand, and the trees glow with indwelling Deity.

There is a verse in the New Testament that one cannot read—if we will pause a moment upon it—without a sense first of wonder and then of awe: "He went out into a mountain to pray, and continued all night in prayer to God." We are accustomed to-day to think of Christ as a divine humanist. Whatever else we may believe, we are agreed upon this: he was humanity itself at work with every faculty—no mystic, no debater in the schools, but a servant of humanity down to the last detail of service, the busiest and the most practical of men, always among the people, and apparently with no thought but for

them. Not wholly so, however. Service was his passion; but he had another passion—a passion for God. The calm ecstasy of a vision of God was upon him, and he could not break it until day dawned, when—full of God—he went down to his work again. We are here, not in the region of miracle, nor even of religion as we name it, but of pure and perfect humanity—doing the thing most natural and most necessary to itself. To pray is natural. To fail in it is to fall short of humanity—not utterly, perhaps, but to miss its glory and its strength.—Outlook.

MANDY'S WOMAN'S CLUB.

Since Mandy joined the Woman's Club, land sakes, how she has changed!

And everything about the house has all been re-arranged.

And all that Mandy says and does now means a whole lot more

Than simple commonplace affairs have ever meant before.

She talks of science, politics, of chemistry and art; Each ology and ism, O, she has 'em all by heart;

For lecturers on every theme address her club, you see, And straightway Mandy hurries home to try their talk on me.

Yes, Mandy's taught me how to breathe; I never knew before,

Although I've tried it day and night for forty years and more;

And now she's learning how to think, and says that maybe I

Could sometime learn to do as much as I would only try.

She's also learning how to eat, and what and when and where;

Our foods are tried and tested, weighed and measured out with care.

It frightens me to think that once we ate just common stuff,

Yes, ate it and kept eating till we thought we had enough.

And Mandy says that harmony is what the spirit craves;

Health, beauty, wisdom, all are brought on vibratory waves.

When these are as they ought to be, the cares of life are gone.

And all a mortal has to do is just live on and on.

It saddens my poor heart to know my great-grandparents died

When they were only ninety odd; it cannot be denied

That, if those poor old simple souls had found a way to get

The worlds of wisdom Mandy has, they'd all be living yet.

—Nixon Waterman in the Christian Endeavor World.

THE FAITH OF MAN AND THE INSTINCT OF BIRDS.

Some minds delight in partial analogies. In these the poet deals, and by means of them helps many a trembling spirit.

The following credited to Victor Hugo, is an instance in point:

THE BIRD'S FAITH.

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

We read it and felt a pleasing impulse: Just at that moment a bird lighted upon a branch near the window at which we were reading, and gave a perfect illustration, for as he seemed to be "gayly swinging" he sang lustily. But, we thought, does the bird know that he has wings? Is not the whole process with him devoid of reflection? The circulation of his blood, the air that he breathes, his vital force make him go. His whole nature makes him as easy in the air as on the bough or on the earth. To be as unconscious as the bird our hearts must be inspired by the divine Spirit and our minds supported by the promises of God. Then like the bird we

shall hardly know that we have wings, but use them all the time. Without such aid we must test every bough and find the last too frail.—Christian Advocate, (N. Y.)

"TOO GOOD TO KEEP."

A phrase this, found in all languages, and one which does genuine credit to the human heart! No stinging fellow ever originated it, with its whole souled, hospitable ring. Good things, it asserts, like ruddy blood, were meant to be kept in brisk circulation, and soon congest and stagnate in any system that does not with strong, pulsing heart send them coursing through every artery, vein and capillary. Thus came it to pass that the same merry or touching stories are lighted on in every age and in every region of the globe—in China, India, Persia, Europe, America, and, most likely, Patagonia. They were too good to keep—that tells the whole tale. The sailor on the Chinese junk told them to the East Indian pearl diver, and he to the Persian trader, and the Persian trader to the Arab date merchant, the Arab date merchant to the Greek ballad singer. Wherever donkey and camel drivers or elephant mahouts hobnobbed with one another, around camp fires or in swarming bazars, there they "swapped stories." That was all.—Boston Herald.

ONE OF THE RAREST BIBLES.

PLYMOUTH, Mass., Jan. 3. — A copy of Breeches' edition of the Bradford Bible, which is said to be, with one exception, the most valuable book in the state of Massachusetts, came to light to-day when it was presented to the Pilgrim Society by William L. Davis, of this town.

Since 1845, when the Bible was known to be in existence by Mr. Davis, the whereabouts of the book has been kept secret. The rare volume is now locked in a safe in a bank here. Very soon a special safe will be used for it, and it will be placed on exhibition in Pilgrim Hall, just as the Bradford manuscript is kept at the State House.

The Bradford Bible was printed in London in 1592. It contains genealogy of the Bradford family for several generations.—N. Y. Tribune.

Employment Bureau Notes.

WANTS.

1. A Seventh-day Baptist moulder wanted in Leonardsville, N. Y.
2. We have an application from South Dakota for a man and wife, or a brother and sister, to assist on a South Dakota farm. Any one wishing such a position, please correspond with us at once.
3. A farm hand the year round, near Walworth, Wis.
4. A farm hand at Adams Centre, N. Y., for seven or eight months. Must know how to milk and handle team. Would employ a young man, from 17 to 20 years old, the year round.
5. Can you assist us to find some loyal Sabbath-keeping family who would rent or in some way take our farm and assist us to keep up an interest in Sabbath and Gospel truths in this vicinity between the visits of Eld. Crandall and other Christian workers.

A BROTHER AND SISTER.

GLENBEULAH, Sheboygan county, Wis.
Give us your ideas as how to accomplish the most good with the Bureau. Send the secretary short articles for publication—your ideas along employment lines for Seventh-day Baptists. Notify us when a "want ad" should cease.

If you want employment in a Seventh-day Baptist community, write us. If you want Seventh-day Baptist employes, let us know. Inclose stamp. Address,
W. M. DAVIS, Sec.,
No. 511 West 63d Street,
Chicago, Ill.

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1903

Table with columns for date, lesson title, and scripture reference. Includes lessons for Jan. 8, 10, 17, 24, Feb. 7, 14, 21, 28, Mar. 7, 14, 21, 28.

PAUL AT EPHESUS.

LESSON TEXT—Acts 19: 13-20.

For Sabbath-day, March 7, 1903.

Golden Text.—The name of the Lord Jesus was magnified.—Acts 19: 17.

INTRODUCTION.

Our passage for study for this week follows immediately upon that for last week. Paul is now in the great commercial city of Asia Minor. It is probable that his own judgment directed him toward this city when in his second missionary journey he was "forbidden of the Holy Spirit to speak the word in Asia."

It is common to speak of Paul as at this time engaged upon his third missionary journey; but his stay at Ephesus is more of the nature of a permanent residence than of a brief visit, as an incident in a journey.

During his stay of three years at Ephesus, Paul supported himself by laboring at his trade of tent-making. His converts were very likely able and willing to supply his wants, but Paul wished to be above the suspicion of interested motives in proclaiming the Gospel.

TIME.—Paul's stay in Ephesus was probably from 54 to 57.

PLACE.—Ephesus.

PERSONS.—Paul and the people of Ephesus. The sons of Sceva are particularly mentioned and the demoniac whom they attempted to help. Timothy and Sosthenes are not mentioned, but they were undoubtedly helpers of Paul during his labors in Ephesus.

OUTLINE:

- 1. The Exorcists are Overcome. v. 13-16.
2. The Gospel Triumphs. v. 17-20.

NOTES.

8. And spake boldly for the space of three months. For this comparatively long time the Jews listened to his teaching without serious opposition, although Paul spoke out what he knew to be the truth.

9. The way. That is, the Christian belief and manner of life. Comp. ch. 9: 2 and 19: 23. Separated the disciples. We infer that before this time the believers in Christ worshipped with their Jewish brethren in the synagogue, and were to all practical intents Jews, differing from the majority only by certain beliefs about the Messiah.

10. Two years. It may be that this period, added to the three months mentioned above, includes the whole time of Paul's stay in Ephesus. In this case the "three years" of ch. 20: 31 is to be taken as a round number or as meaning parts of three years; but there is no insuperable objection to supposing that for some reason, unknown to us, Paul had some other place as his head-

quarters after awhile, and that he stayed three whole years in Ephesus. All they that dwell in Asia. The whole province was evangelized. Doubtless much of the work was done by the early converts rather than by Paul himself. In writing to the Christians at Colosse, Paul addresses them as if they had never seen his face. The seven churches referred to in the Book of Revelation were probably founded during this period.

11. And God wrought special miracles. The word translated "special" means not the ordinary. The divine power, manifest in the healings was a special manifestation of God's approval of the work of Paul and his companions.

12. Unto the sick were carried away from his body handkerchiefs, etc. The miraculous influence operated through handkerchiefs or garments that had been in contact with Paul's person. Compare the miracles wrought by Peter's shadow, ch. 5: 15. And the evil spirits went out. Here, as in the Gospels, a careful distinction is maintained between disease and demoniacal possessions.

13. Strolling Jews, exorcists. Exorcists are those who by magical formulas of conjuration pretend to drive out demons. In this age there were many Jews claiming a knowledge of magical formulas derived from Solomon. The word translated "vagabond" by King James' Version is better rendered "strolling" as in the Revised Version; for although they probably deserved that designation the Greek word does not contain the meaning assigned to the word "vagabond" as used in modern times.

21. And there were seven sons of one Sceva, a Jew. We know nothing of Sceva beyond what is mentioned here. Some have wondered that we should have the number "seven" given here, while below in verse 16 only two are implied. It seems probable that although many had determined to use the same words as Paul only two were engaged in the incident mentioned in our lesson.

15. And the evil spirit answered. The evil spirit spoke through the man which he dominated. He could not but recognize the power of Jesus Christ, and the authority of Paul to exercise that power; but the power and authority of those who spoke to him was entirely another matter.

16. Leaped upon them, and mastered both of them. The disregard of the evil spirit of these who pretended to have power over them is shown more forcibly than by mere words. They not only lacked superhuman power, but did not begin to compare in physical strength.

17. And this became known, etc. The utter rout of the exorcists was a notable event, and the news of it spread throughout the city. It could have but one effect, namely, to show the powerlessness of those who pretended to have magical mastery of all evil spirits. It thereby served to bring into greater prominence the good work of the missionaries, and to exalt the name of Jesus. Fear fell upon them all. Perhaps some of them before had almost believed in their own powers, but now they not only realized their own inability, but also the danger that there was in pretending, since there was a real superhuman power which was manifest in their midst.

18. Many of them that had believed, etc. Many of those who had come to believe in Christ had continued to believe in various kinds of magic. These now came to Paul making a full confession of their practices that were inconsistent with the Christian profession. When we stop to realize what a hold the current heathen beliefs had upon the minds of the people we are not surprised that many nominal Christians should continue to believe in the magical arts.

19. Magical arts. Jugglery, necromancy, exorcism, etc. The books would contain formulas for charms and other material for the assistance of those who would practice upon the credulity of the people. Ephesus was noted for the manufacture of charms composed of magic words to be worn as amulets to ward off danger or misfortune. It is possible that some of these magicians were already Christians in name. They show the sincerity of their repentance by bringing their books and burning them. This public burning must have attracted

a considerable attention. Fifty thousand pieces of silver. The piece of silver referred to is probably the drachma. The whole sum would therefore be about nine thousand dollars. The great value of these books is to be explained by the fact that the possessors of them could make a good deal of money by their use.

20. So mightily grew the word of the Lord and prevailed. This verse serves as general conclusion to all that has preceded from the beginning of the chapter. In spite of all opposition the word of Jesus attracted an immense number of followers who became not only nominal believers, but were indeed transformed by its power. The church had within it a germ of growth which nothing could resist. The superstitions of centuries had to give way before the truth of the Gospel.

A LEAD PENCIL TEST.

"Judge a man's character by lead pencils?" repeated a drummer in an uptown hotel this morning, "that's a new standard, go on."

"By lead pencils," continued an elderly gentleman, with a benevolent countenance and evidently a plethoric bank account.

"I am the head of one of the largest retail houses in Chicago," he resumed. "I was formerly manager of the concern, and I hired all of its employees. I soon became used to sizing up men, young and old, for what I say does does not apply to women, because they don't carry pencils."

"Human nature, I soon found, runs in regular channels, and the man who catches on to the courses of those channels is not going to be so very much fooled by his fellow-men, even though the latter may conceal their characteristics artfully or innocently.

"One day while an applicant for a place stood before me I asked him to lend me his pencil. He produced one so neatly sharpened at both ends that I gave him a second glance and saw that his appearance, though his clothing was not new, accorded with the exactness shown in the neat sharp pencil. I engaged him, and to-day he is the assistant manager of our store.

"That gave me a new idea. I would ask applicants to lend me a pencil. Men who carried scrappy bits of pencil, dull and unsharpened or bitten off at the ends, as a rule I found to show other external evidences of possessing characteristics which negated their engagement. I found that men who kept about them well sharpened pencils, were as a rule, good mathematicians, were handy with their pen, wrote a good hand, were neat in their habits and were otherwise superior to their fellows.

"I won't say that the lead pencil test of a man's nature proves anything definite as regards his honesty, but it will show a good line on his characteristics, and this class of men are usually more honest and certainly more scrupulous and exact than the chaps who carry pencils that can't be used until you go through the tiresome process of getting out your own knife and putting a point yourself upon the lead."—Washington Star.

HOW OUR LANGUAGE GROWS.

In his article on "The Coinage of Words," in Harper's, Prof. Kittredge tells of the real origin of some of the suffixes by which the language is constantly increased:

"The ending 'ly,' says Prof. Kittredge, 'is an abraded form of the Anglo-Saxon lic, our like (compare manly with menlike, godly with godlike). So dom (in kingdom, martyrdom, etc.) is the Anglo-Saxon dom, our doom; here the complete word has survived in a special sense, but is no longer associated with the suffix dom in our linguistic con-

THE OLD RELIABLE



ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE

sciousness. The ending hood (in childhood, widowhood, etc.) has, of course, nothing to do with the noun hood; it is an old had (later hod), meaning 'character,' 'position,' 'station,' and the like, which has long been obsolete as an independent noun. These three suffixes, ly, dom and hood, old as they are, are traceable, step by step, in the history of our language, so they afford us an excellent opportunity of observing the process by which an independent work may sink from the position of the second member of a compound to that of a mere derivative ending. To King Alfred clid-had was a compound word, for both parts were still in use separately as simple nouns. To us, however, childhood is no longer a compound, but a mere derivative of child, made by means of the abstract suffix hood. Historically considered, then, derivation by means of suffixes is a form of composition, and we should expect to find the same freedom existing in the coinage of new derivatives that we have already observed in the compounding of nouns."

A NEW DAY.

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Through the wide-open portals of the morning's splendid gates, Across the silvery hilltops where the dawn-glory waits, O'er valleys scarred with pearly mists and meadows flowery gay, Comes with its guardian of dear hopes a beautiful new day.

A day that's all unwritten yet, a day that is to be, Made what we will to make of it, comes now to you and me, A promise and a happiness are dawning for us here, Born of God's love and kindness to all His children dear.

Now we may banish from our hearts the pain of yesterday; Its fears, mistakes and failures may all be put away, For here's a new beginning and here's a world made new, With tender, helpful words to speak and loving deeds to do.

Let's fill its page with gracious thoughts and write a record fair Of brave endeavor, kindly acts, and hope and faith and prayer, And thus when sunset splendor fades to twilight deep and gray, We'll win the blessing that it brings, this beautiful new day.

MARRIAGES.

- WARDNER-WHITTAM.—Married in Hornellsville, N. Y., Feb. 11th, at five o'clock, by the Rev. F. J. Naughten, Miss Jessie E. Whittam to Mr. Thomas B. Wardner.
MARSHALL-JONES.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., Dec. 22, 1902, by Rev. L. R. Swinney, Mr. Adelbert E. Marshall, of Oswego Falls, and Miss Lottie E. Jones, of Errieville.
SAMSON-WALRAD.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., Dec. 29, 1902, by Rev. L. R. Swinney, Mr. John S. Samson and Miss Cora Walrad, both of Cortland.

RYAN-BOYNTON.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., Dec., 30, 1902, by Rev. L. R. Swinney, Mr. Walter B. Ryan and Miss Etta B. Boynton, both of Syracuse.

LARKIN-CHASE.—In DeRuyter, N. Y., Feb. 14, 1903, by Rev. L. R. Swinney, Mr. William Larkin and Miss Minnie A. Chase, both of Delhi.

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.

EAGLESFIELD.—Celestia Aenath Newell Eaglesfield, was born November 14, 1855, at Elk Creek, Erie county, Pa., and fell asleep in Jesus at her home in Gentry, Arkansas, Feb. 3, 1903.

A loving, thoughtful wife; a kind, faithful mother, and a quiet but devoted Christian has passed to her reward. J. H. H.

POTTER.—At Plainfield, N. J., Feb. 13th, 1903, Sarah Wilcox Potter, wife of the late Charles Potter, in the 75th year of her age.

A more extended notice appears in another column. G. B. S.

NYE.—Mrs. Cornelia P. Sweet Nye, widow of Eli S. Nye, was born in Alfred, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1833, and died in Milton Junction, Wis., Feb. 12, 1903.

Sister Nye made a public profession of faith in Jesus Christ, in the ordinance of baptism, in April, 1863, during an extensive revival of religion in the church at Rock River, Wis., but did not unite with any church until last April, when she became a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church, of Milton Junction, Wisconsin. Her Christian life has been one of good works, and she died trusting only in the merits of her Savior. She was married to Mr. Nye, Dec. 23, 1852, and they spent the greater part of their married life in Wisconsin and Minnesota. G. J. C.

STITES.—Rachel Camel Stites, widow of the late Albert Stites, was born in Clark county, Indiana, in 1825, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. George Welch, in Nooksack, Washington, January 20, 1903, in the 78th year of her age.

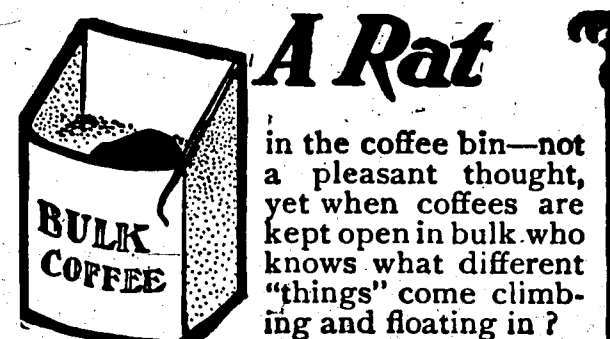
She was a member of the Seventh-day Baptist church in Kansas, and a reader of the SABBATH RECORDER. She selected the text for her funeral service from 2 Tim. 4: 6-8. She was a constant attendant upon public worship, and abounded in good works until compelled by ill health, during the later years of life, to remain at home. Even then, at her request, religious services were frequently held at her home. Although suffering much from physical disease during the last months on earth, her faith was unwavering, and her confidence in Christ unshaken. The funeral sermon was preached by the writer. M. E. B.

SPICER.—Harriet Davis, daughter of Pandors and Olive Davis, and wife of George H. Spicer, was born January 31, 1826, died February 6, 1903.

Mrs. Spicer was born in the town of Hopkinton, R. I., in which town she resided all her life. She was married to George H. Spicer, of Hopkinton City, R. I., November 9, 1845, and they have lived continuously in Hopkinton City for more than fifty-seven years. In early life she joined the Second Hopkinton Seventh-day Baptist church of which she remained an esteemed and useful member until death. A husband, two daughters, a sister and a brother, Oliver Davis, of Nortonville, Kansas, and many relatives and friends are left to mourn the departure of one worthy of the kindest love. Brief funeral services were held at the house on Third day, February 10, conducted by her pastor, assisted by Rev. E. P. Matthews, of the Baptist church, in the presence of a large concourse of friends. It was a beautiful day and as the sun was going down her body was laid to rest in Oak Grove cemetery, Ashaway, R. I. L. F. R.

BURDICK.—Sarah Burdick, daughter of Samuel P. and Polly Stillman Burdick, and widow of Daniel R. Burdick, was born in Brookfield, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1820, and died in Albion, Wis., Feb. 5, 1903.

At the age of sixteen, she, with her fathers family moved to DeRuyter, N. Y., where, for a time, she attended DeRuyter Institute, and where on the 8th of Aug., 1839, she was married to Daniel E. Burdick. Sometime in the year 1834 they came to Wisconsin, and in the following year settled on the farm in Albion where Mr. Burdick died Nov. 14, 1867, and where Mrs. Burdick spent the remainder of her days. To them were born six children, one son and five daughters, all of whom except the third and youngest died when quite young. Those, two, Mrs. J. S. Green, of Fordland, Mo., and Mrs. B. I. Jeffrey, who with her husband have lived with and tenderly cared for her during the last years of



A Rat in the coffee bin—not a pleasant thought, yet when coffees are kept open in bulk who knows what different "things" come climbing and floating in? Lion Coffee put up in sealed packages insures cleanliness, uniform quality, freshness and delicious flavor.

her life, and two brothers, Rowland S. of Janesville, Wis., in his 88th year, and Ethan L., of Farina, Ill., in his 75th year, still survives her. Rev. M. G. Stillman, pastor of the Walworth Seventh-day Baptist church and well-known to the readers of the SABBATH RECORDER, came to live in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Burdick when but a child and by them was reared to manhood, and from them received his early home training. Jan. 19, 1850, Mrs. Burdick, with her husband, united with the Albion Seventh-day Baptist church, of which she remained an acceptable member until her death. She was always deeply interested in the work of the church, and was an active member in the Women's Missionary and Benevolent Society until old age rendered her unable to attend the meetings. Funeral Sabbath P. M., Feb. 7. Sermon by pastor from John 14: 2, last clause. S. H. B.

Special Notices.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS in Syracuse and others who may be in the city over the Sabbath are cordially invited to attend the Bible Class, held every Sabbath afternoon at 4 o'clock, with some one of the resident Sabbath-keepers.

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

SABBATH-KEEPERS in Utica, N. Y., meet the third Sabbath in each month at 2 P. M., at the home of Dr. S. C. Maxson, 22 Grant St. Other Sabbaths, the Bible-class alternates with the various Sabbath-keepers in the city. All are cordially invited.

THE Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist church, Washington Square South and Thompson Street. The Sabbath-school meets at 10 45 A. M. Preaching service at 11 30 A. M. A cordial welcome is extended to all visitors. E. F. LOOFBORO, Acting Pastor, 326 W. 33d Street.

SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST SERVICES are held, regularly, in Rochester, N. Y., every Sabbath, at 3 P. M., at the residence of Mr. Irving Saunders, 516 Monroe Avenue. All Sabbath-keepers, and others, visiting in the city, are cordially invited to these services.

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

THE Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. W. D. WILCOX, Pastor, 516 W. Monroe St.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucus surfaces.

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PRAYING by most men is of a kind where an "e" is used instead of an "a."

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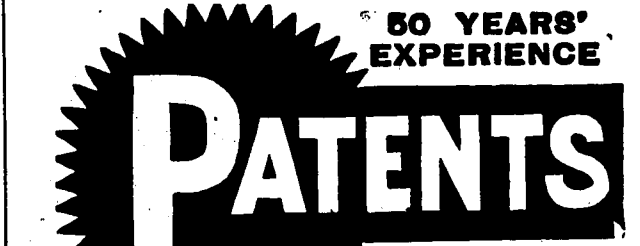
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MARCH 2, 1903.

WHOLE No. 3027.

WE TWO.
We two make home of any place we go;
We two find joy in any kind of weather;
Or if the earth is clothed in bloom or snow.
If summer days invite, or bleak wind blow.
What matters it, if we two are together?
We two, we two, we make our world, our weather.
We two find youth renewed with every dawn;
Each day holds something of an unknown glory
We waste no thought on grief or pleasure gone;
Tricked out upon his harp new song or story.
We two, we two, we find the paths of glory.
We two make heaven here on this little earth;
We do not need to wait for realms eternal.
We know the use of tears, know sorrow's worth,
And pain for us is always love's rebirth.
Our paths lead closely by the paths supernatural
We two, we two, we live in love eternal.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Gathering Home.
Indeed, several weeks past have given abundant evidence that we are always living along the border land of the next life. Several of those mentioned in this week's paper who have gone home, like many others whose names have appeared during the present winter, had passed well on toward the natural end of earth life. Seen from one side, therefore, the time of their departure had come; their work was practically finished, and they were sitting in the last rays of the earthly sunset. Whether it is well to say that our sorrow ought to be less when such ones go, than it is when men and women are called out from the prime of life, one can hardly tell, because our knowledge of life and its work, and especially of the time when our work is completed, is too limited for any final conclusions. But it is true that our sorrow is softened by our recognition of the triumph which these attain who go hence believing in Christ. There is also a sense of gratitude to the Father above, and to those who have lived thus long, for the good they have done us, and the work they have accomplished, or, having well begun, have left to our hands, and the benediction which their lives give to those who remain. Rightly appreciated, the death of the aged is the connecting link between the ordinary course of human life on earth, and life in Heaven. We usually speak of their going down into the shadows, but such language does not fit the better conception of our Christian faith. They do pass out of sight, so far as earthly vision is concerned, but they pass into light and blessedness, rather than into shadows. As we consider what they have been and done, we see how much of value men and women of God leave behind them. It is not well to call their work "unfinished," except as we may speak of a tree half-developed as unfinished, or of blossoms just unfolded, as incomplete. Those who have wrought well in

the kingdom of Christ for sixty or eighty years, and passed on to the larger life, are related to the unfolding Kingdom of Christ as the developing flowers and fruits of earth are related to harvest time. It is not, therefore, unmeaning but rather in keeping with our blessed faith, that the death of God's aged people should be a time of sweet satisfaction, rather than of bitter sorrow. The loneliness they must feel who are left cannot be denied, but it is lifted into a diviner light when we think of what they enter upon, of the eternal glories which surround them henceforth, and of the few days our loneliness will continue. The writer is glad indeed that larger views of death, and better conceptions of it as the doorway to Eternal Life, have come to Christian hearts. It is high time that we banish from our farewell services the Pagan-born conceptions of grief that have been so prominent a feature in the funeral services which have marked past centuries. For example: the wearing of black as a token of mourning, in many instances, has degenerated to a social custom, merely. We have ceased, in a good degree at least, to place upon the monuments reared for our dead ones, the inverted torch, which came from the symbolism of pagan Rome, or the broken shaft which tells of untimely death. In the largest light, no Christian can die untimely, even though his going hence may seem, to our earthly interests, most untimely.

To all our readers, and most of all to those who mourn so recently, we send words of comfort. Christ said, at the most trying period of his earth life, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many rooms; I go to prepare a place for you, etc." The tomb is the open door leading to the home of many rooms, the house not built with hands, eternal in the Heavens; and though our friends are called away, and their personal presence in the flesh is felt less as the years go by, the larger influence of their lives, the sweeter memory of their words, and the thousand nameless proofs of their love for us and for Christ, blossom into richer experiences. Our failures and their mistakes drift out of memory. The divine love still shines on our pathway. The benedictions which their lives leave grow richer and the inspiration to high and holy endeavor sinks deeper into our lives, because those whom we call our dead, have lived and labored, and loved both us and the Master. When you have read the story contained in this issue, of the sainted and aged ones, you will be better

prepared to understand the beautiful stanzas with which Robert Browning opens and closes "Rabbi Ben Ezra."
Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith, "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid!"
So, take and use Thy work,
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain 'o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

A letter bearing date from a New England town, comes to the RECORDER, thanking it because, in one way and another it teaches "unfaltering faith in the ultimate triumph of righteousness as revealed in the Word of God, over sin and evil and all the disloyal devices of man." The writer declares that because the RECORDER thus teaches, it has been for many years, "an inspiration and a help." Another letter, bearing date of a town in the far west, says that the writer has had it in mind many times to tell the RECORDER how much the writer enjoys its teaching because each week "It seems to find something that just fits me, and gives me great strength. I feel as though I should be a very poor Seventh-day Baptist if I did not keep posted on denominational work. To me, our work as Sabbath-keepers seems greater than all else, and every reverse or unsuccessful attempt to forward the cause of truth, brings a pang of pain. Why God has kept us alive, seems to me a great wonder. He certainly has something special for us to do, something which has not been accomplished up to this time. I believe our greatest need is not more converts, but more genuine Christian living on our part. The time seems ripe for teaching Christian people of other faiths concerning Sabbath truth. The teaching of such vital truth ought to give us courage and power." We repeat these words that the comfort and encouragement they suggest may be spread far and wide among our readers, begetting kindred hopes and awakening like aspirations in the hearts of all. No one can measure the worth of a single brave and trustful soul, or the noble utterance of even one in a company of believers. The reader will recall the story of a starving group of Scotch soldiers, at the Siege of Lucknow. The fighting men were exhausted, and the women and children connected with the fort were dying, or dead from hunger and thirst.