Hope Thou in God.

BY MARY M. CAIR.

When life's billows o'er thee roll,
Hope in God.
When its sorrows press the soul,
Hope in God.
Jesus knows thy secret grief,
He will send thee sure relief;
Hope in God.

When thy heart is pressed with care,
Hope in God.
There are burdens none can share;
Hope in God.
Hope gives life its full completeness,
Hope gives rest its fullest sweetness;
Hope in God.

Should the wolf stand at the door,
Hope in God.
Cast on him thy smallest care,
He'll sustain thee, even there;
Hope in God.

When for thee the roses bloom,
Hope in God.
When the clouds are black with gloom,
Hope in God.
For the day—what'er it be—
Holds some blessing sweet for thee;
Hope in God.

Hope in God through light and darkness,
Hope in him through joy and pain;
Hope, as you learn life's lessons,
Nothing shall be learned in vain.
Hope thou in God.

—The Standard.
sunshine, and filled with the light which the consciousness of the Divine presence brings.

It was Bernard who said, "Nothing can work me damage except myself." That principle holds true in all our experiences. That which comes upon us from without may cause pain and entanglement; but the real suffering comes only when within ourselves we yield to outer influences, and so invite panic and desperation. The, if it is not norning, kept without the soul. As the iron steamship rides the waves of the Atlantic victorious, so the soul may pass above all temptations if it is fully stayed on God and resting in truth. Even our sorrows may be a blessing, if the eye of the soul can look beyond them, and through faith abide in the light and rest that Divine love has in waiting. Only the choice or the weakness of the heart can open the door to temptation, or to the permanent evils which come with adversity or trial. The great problem of life, therefore, is to meet all sorrows and temptations with a heart pure and sweet, full of faith, and hence full of peace. If, for a moment, that peace seems driven out, it will finally return, when the human weaknesses which mingle with all our experiences have had their day.

This international effort to prevent indiscriminate sale of whisky to the natives of Central Africa, will, it is said, be joined in by the United States. And yet it comes that in Samoa, at our harbor of Pago Pago, an American saloon is in process of building. The fact is reported by Mrs. Strong, the step-daughter of the late Robert Louis Stevenson: the story of the saloon is well known. Mrs. Strong speaks for the temperance society, and is she herself a total abstainer; but she believes that if Americans could realize what the influence of this saloon on the Samoans will be, they would protest against it. To those who understand the value of the interest in the moral welfare of the African, in whose land we have no control, and to permit on our own soil the corruption of a race far more susceptible to good and evil than the African, would be rank hypocrisy. At the same time it is relative a gentle and lovable savage. He lives chiefly on fruits, and touches no intoxicant except kava, a drink which has a sacred meaning to him, and which he uses only in a ceremony. One has but to look at the effect of American whisky on Hawaii to know the havoc it would work at Samoa.

THE EFFICACY OF REGULAR HABITS OF WORK.

Physicians-to-day lay great stress on the importance of regular habits, not only as a therapeutic measure, and doubtless wisely. The tired housewife comes back from a few days’ visit feeling like a different creature, and even the worried business man can safely rely on a little “change of scene” to give him new heart and new hope. Love and the world so large had he not expected men to move about on it occasionally. But it is a mistaken notion to think that such irregularities in habits of work is wholesome. Regular work, and equally regular recreation, daily exercise of the brain, and in short, a method of orderliness in the person of his daily work. The wonder is that he remained cheerful and charming throughout the whole period. He says:

My life of leisure included the twenty-four hours of the
A SERMON WITHOUT A TEXT.

Preserved January 5, 1901, by the Pastor of the New York church and requested for publication.

In speaking to-day on the subject of Seventh-day Baptists, I am fully aware that intellectual power and growth are not essential parts of the gospel. Spiritual truth is spiritually discerned, and any educated mind is very likely to result in a sad loss of spiritual life. And yet the time would hardly be well spent if I should pause to argue with this congregation in regard to the importance of education, or to define this subject at all.

The subject will be given this simple division: Seventh-day Baptists—past, present and future.

The most natural introduction to our educational history is a glance at the educational standing of our English Seventh-day Baptist forefathers. Time will not permit us to look with any detail into this interesting subject. The fact would not be difficult to prove that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the Sabbaths-keepers of England were remarkably well educated. This was the Western company, and they were always pitiably independent; but they were, for their time, well educated.

Nathan Bailey was the author of the best dictionary of his time. Chamberlain was physician to three kings of England, Thomas Bampfield was speaker of the House of Commons. Francis Bampfield was an Oxford man, and in fact a number of the leaders of the Sabbaths-keepers were from the best schools of England. It is surprising how difficult it is to get at the facts in this matter on account of the carelessness, if not the willfulness, of the men who write history. They, at least most of them, do not think it worth while to say that the hymn-writer Stennett, the physician Chamberlain, the author Bampfield, the lexicographer Bailey and many other scholars that could be named were Sabbaths-keepers.

One of the finest stories of the year 1900 was that by the Cornish writer, Quiller-Couch, called "The Ship of Stars." It is a book that any manly boy will be the manlier for reading. It tells of an imaginative, poetic child, of whom devout parents planned to make a scholar and preacher. The boy's father was a clergymen, who accepted a small living on a seaside estate, close to the shore of that perilous western coast, which even yet is most inadequately protected by lights. The owner of the living was a crabbed old squire, whose eccentricities at last became madness. He quarreled with the rector, and refused his aid in rebuilding the dilapidated church. The rector, himself a scholar, abandoned work on his great book, his commentary, and began to labor with his own hands at the building. The boy helped his father, and little by little, slowly and painfully, the two mastered the mason's, the blacksmith's, and the carpenter's arts. Meantime the boy prepared for Oxford by utilizing spare time, and finally went into residence. He was summoned home in a year by his father's death. He abandoned his dream of scholastic success; he finished the church; he ceased to be the dreamer and the scholar, and became an engineer. In memory of the man he loved, and for the sake of the church from his a small inn building lights for the deadly west coast.

What a paint gives to Christ in copper shall be returned to him in silver; yes, the only way to keep our crows on our heads is to cast them down at His feet.—William Seeker.
few weeks ago, Pres. Gardiner said that there was no money to pay the teachers. These teachers at Salem are not only good men and women, but they are strong men and women. They are making strong men and women. Last year six teachers taught one hundred and forty students. The total expense of running the college the entire year was about $5,000. We may honestly differ about making an effort to endow Salem College, but we could hardly disagree about the good work that we are doing for the present generation of young people in West Virginia, and the desirability of our giving it our support from year to year.

Milton College is in a different field and has altogether different conditions and problems to contend against. I do not speak without knowledge when I say that no other school has exercised greater influence over the schools of the state of Wisconsin than Milton College. For the last generation Milton College men have stood at the head of the school system of the state for more than half the time. The Milton College men are today at the head of a number of the best schools of the state. Milton has sent out an army of splendid teachers. But these were other days. Now the great State University is forty miles west; Whitewater Normal is twelve miles east; Beloit College is twenty-two miles south; Ripon College and Lawrence University are but a short distance north; splendid high schools are in every village. The school has lost, as would be expected, practically all its first-day students and most of its academic students. Young people from the village of Milton are at Beloit, Madison and at Whitewater. Milton has an endowment of about $85,000, which barely enables it to live. The students are a splendid band of young men, mostly from our different styles of civilization west of New York State. Most of them are poor, and while they work their way, do not bring much cash to the school or village. Last year ten teachers taught one hundred and forty-nine students. The cost of running the school is about $7,000. The school is still doing good work. Men and women are being trained who will be heard from. They are strong and clean and consecrated.

They came there with conscience and it is not being destroyed while culture is being added. But the school is passing through trying days. Pres. Whitford is growing old and is burdened with a multitude of cares that keep him from his classes most of the time. Prof. Albert Whitford, that magnificent silent man who has been the balance-wheel of the institution all these years, has reached the age of physical endurance and is resting in California. Prof. Whitford's son, Alfred E. Whitford, is teaching in his father's place. But like Salem College, Milton continues to do a good work that would otherwise not be done.

Year by year it sends out a few stalwart men with cultivated brains, with tender hearts and with backbone. But Milton is almost in despair. She must have money. Her endowment will not let her die, but she must more than not die. Milton is not a beggar. I sometimes wish she were. Her sons are not beggars. She teaches them not to be.

And now what of Alfred and her good work. Many of you know more of Alfred than I do; of her splendid situation and campus; of her large and growing group of well-appointed buildings; of her continually increasing debts. You know that the men and women of the faculty could not be duplicated for their pay. That the spirit of devotion and self-sacrifice is not dead. Her president and her trustees are sagacious and energetic. But like Salem, and yet, friends, if our schools keep up with the educational movements of the new century, they must have money. Buildings must be built, books and apparatus bought, and good teachers hired, who can have the opportunity to perfect themselves in the master of a specialty. This will take money. There are two things about getting money from people for any purpose. First, they must have the money; and second, they must be willing to part with it. Money is not the most important thing in our work as a people, but it is quite necessary, and not being a rich people, it will have to be earned. We cannot give away that which we do not possess. I ought to give with generosity and by system to all good enterprises, for my salary is generous and regular, but you would hardly expect me to endow a college, buy a mission station or publish a paper, any more than you would expect me to send my daughters to college before they are grown. Our people are not rich, and must next year be the beginning, day by day, to carry on their educational work, just as they do their Mission and Sabbath Reform work. Here the question at once arises whether we shall place our educational work on the same plan of missions and Sabbath Reform. I shall not answer for you, but let us see. It costs to run our schools five times as much as is received from tuitions. This proportion is sure to increase. What is to be done? Take Milton, for example. Are we right in saying that Milton must depend on its present endowment for its future? Is the Seventh-Day Baptists homes or the Seventh-Day Baptists homes of the Northwest? The good people up there think that they are loyal to their school, and so they are in a way. They generally send their sons and daughters there, if they are sent to school at all. But the donations to Milton College last year seem to have amounted to just $25,000, and I confess to surprise that so much has been given. With its entirely inefficient endowment, Milton is left to struggle on alone. When we talk of the good college, the good school, the educational system, and yet the attendance, like the circulation of the Sabbath Recorder, will more and more be limited to the number of our own people. Alfred has a decided advantage over Milton, at this point, for its geographical situation is such that it ought to win and hold for many years yet the young people of a large section of country. Milton has no local tributary territory. Students seldom come from neighboring towns.

Seventh-Day Baptists have about one thousand young people. Very many of these are strong young men. It is not strange that 11 they never find the way open. There are less than one hundred of our young people taking a college course at the present time. What am I coming to? I am coming to the fact that thoughtful men are questioning in their minds the advisability of endowing three schools. How this matter will work out I do not see. Good work is being done at three points and ought not to be discontinued. But Milton is struggling against tremendous odds; Salem is as sure to lose her academic students as she is of success; and Alfred, notwithstanding her splendid showing, is going deeper and deeper in debt. Our educational leaders are either blind or they are concerned.

Let us not forget that education is not necessarily received in schools, and that the most important thing in education is a good person. Where will a thousand dollars be spent in education if it is not spent on a person? Where will a young man find better surroundings in which to develop his intellectual powers? Where will he come in daily contact with such men as teachers, as students and as townspeople? Not only so, but where will he get a better college education at any price? All educational institutions are in a precarious race in these days. Alfred, although badly handicapped by want of money and by denominational prejudice, is surprising and pleasing his friends by the showings which he makes of our natural limitations in numbers and in wealth. Seventh-day Baptists have reason to be proud, not only of our past, but of our present educational standing. But the future:

The first question to be decided is whether or not it is necessary or worth while to maintain denominational schools. This is a live question for Baptists, Congregationalists, and all other denominations. We think that the system of public schools is such, and the surroundings of our daily life such that we have been and are doing needed training them to the public school. Now the state is also providing good college training, and why put forth so much effort on the struggling denominational college? Here again we can not pause to argue, but will simply say that most thoughtful Christian men of every denomination agree that the Christian college is necessary. The state schools are irreligious at best and more often are practically infidel. The Christian college is held to be a necessity not only for the education of the young men but for the influence upon the state schools as well. Some of us would be glad if conditions were such as to allow us to have our children in Christian schools—schools of our own. But conditions are different when a young man or young woman is "sent away" to college where the influence of home is removed and the peculiar temptations of college life surround one. If it is in the realm of the possible, Seventh-day Baptists should maintain their own schools, and if it is necessary then it is possible. We will not be hurried. We are not always in a hurry, and we do not always understand the change. Most of the plans of the denominational schools are for the present time. These denominations are very similar in their educational systems.

THE SABBATH RECORDER. [Vol. LVII, No. 2.]
and how are we to educate unless we provide the means.

An 11-year-old application. A movement was set on foot at the late Conference and it seems to be coming all the way from Adams Centre on foot—to provide at Alfred University suitable theological instruction for our young men preparing for the ministry. This is a very important work, and it will not succeed unless it has the hearty cooperation and support of all. I hope the plan will be to ask for regular contributions from the individual for this definite purpose. Think in it, pray over it, plan for it, and see if you cannot help, even in a small way, to provide teachers for the young men and women who are to be our religious leaders.

I have not stated that a man educated in a state school is a heathen or a renege. I have not said that one cannot be educated unless he studies in college. I have not said that uneducated people are not as good as those who are educated. I have not said that education is a part of Christianity. Without education a man will not stand— that if Seventh-day Baptist education of the future compares well with that of the past, that the common people, many of whom are not directly interested, will have to put their shoulders to the wheel. There must be a large division of labor among us. Our own schools must be given support in the attendance of the young men and women from our homes, and must be given the support of a share of our daily wages as well.

The representation is that the above was hastily prepared for the people whom he serves, and with no thought of publication. The historical statements are from a borrowed copy of the "Jubilee Papers." If any reader can inform the writer how he can become the owner of this valuable book, he will do me a real service.

Mr. Booth Seriously Ill.

Recent advices bring the sad news that Mr. Booth has been critically ill. The labor problem and the difficulty in procuring grain to feed the laborers have presented difficulties that have made the year one of constant anxiety and ceaseless strain for Mr. Booth, in the midst of the world's greatest dista

The trip was too much for him in his exhausted condition and, although he was successful in securing the labor he sought, he returned a very sick man. He has now recovered somewhat and, with Mrs. Booth and Mary, was, at the last writing, on his way to Cape Town to give them a much-needed recreation. Meanwhile the plantation is under the care of Stephen Laway and William Samona, the two pillars of the native church, who are skilled plantation managers, with relays of laborers provided for each month.

On the 2nd of January, the 10th of the Sabbath-keeping Christian year, the Rev. William J. Smith, pastor of the church, died at age 65. The church in this vast and distant place, is left with the task of running the plantation and the school. Mr. Booth's illness emphasizes the need of sending this helper to him at the earliest possible moment. It also emphasizes the need of every friend of the cause to come forward with all the aid he can give that we may push the work to a success, and he can aid not only by his own personal contributions, but by using his words and influence to bring his friends also.

Mr. Jacob Bakker is all ready and anxious to go when the Association gives him the word; but that word depends upon the response we receive to our appeal for aid. To meet expenses and support, we need a substantial increase in our subscriptions, and have arranged for a wide-spread canvass for this purpose. Will not each one who reads this show his interest by contributing himself or getting a subscription from some friend. The directors of the Association have been pulling hard for months to carry the burden of our need; will you not come to our help promptly, now that we are in such great need of funds to send our brother to give Mr. Booth the assistance he so sorely needs?

D. E. TITTSWORTH,
President of S. E. and I. A.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The various interviews of the American Ambassador with foreign governments have not yet brought about any determination as to the proposed transfer of Chinese negotiations to a point outside Peking, and it is probable that some days will elapse before the American Secretary of State will be able to advise the American State Department definitely as to the attitude of the several Powers. The Chinese Emperor, it is said, has decided to return to Peking to address the government, and the Empress Dowager offers no opposition. It is asserted at Shanghai that Li Hung Chang is recovering, and has visited the German Legation in Peking.

"Five thousand Boers, supposed to be trekking west from Vryburg," says the Cape Times in its Saturday issue, and the Cape Times Daily Mail, "are now making their way into the heart of Cape Colony. The supposition is that they have captured several small garrisons on the way.

The Senate on Jan. 9 settled the fate of the army cantonment. The Army bill was discussed until late in the afternoon, when a vote was taken on laying the amendment reported by the Committee on the table, resulting 34 yeas, 15 nays. The effect of this section is to prohibit the sale of beer, wine or any intoxicating liquors in any post exchange, army transport, or premises used for military purposes. As passed by the House the canton section read: "The sale of or dealing in beer, wine or any intoxicating liquors by any person in any post exchange or canton, or army transport, or upon any premises used for military purposes by the United States, is hereby prohibited." The Senate Committee amended by striking out the word "beer" and substituting the words, "distilled spirits for the winter in intoxicating liquors, the object of the prohibition of the sale of beer only. The vote in the Senate settles the contention, as both bodies having concurred in the section prohibiting the sale of any intoxicating liquors, it will not be competent for the Conference Committee to reopen the question or to make any change whatever in the section agreed upon by the two Houses.

Mr. Booth's illness emphasizes the need of sending this helper to him at the earliest possible moment. It also emphasizes the need of ev
evangelist on this field is known as not "a fighting preacher," warranting on all the other denominations. His warm evangelistic preaching, his earnest appeal to sinners, his stand for a real salvation, a genuine regeneration, and a deep devotion and loyalty to the truth, are highly appreciated. His fine social nature and his ready adaptation to the people in their homes and social life bring him a hearty welcome by the people, and people of all sorts go out to hear him. Such preaching and personal work will win to Christ and the truth. There has been too much cold legalism on this field and not enough warm evangelism. The result has been repulsion. There is a change. There is already a coming of warm, melted hearts to Jesus and the truth as it is in him. More anon.

A NEW CENTURY FOR MISSIONS.

Already there have appeared numerous and valuable surveys of what has been accomplished in foreign missionary lines during the Nineteenth Century. Perhaps the best and certainly the fullest story of this work will be The Nineteenth Century Missionary Conference, held in New York in May last, yet the two huge volumes containing the papers and addresses at that Conference will give only sketches of what has been learned and what has been done in this modern war of missions. The statistical tables presented there will show the contrast between the fields occupied and the forces at work at the beginning and at the end of the century. The summary is inspiring, showing beyond question that the blessing of the Almighty has rested on this immense field. All lines has been marvelous: in the number of missionaries sent forth; in the number of fields occupied; in the converts won; in the native agents and agencies made ready and at work; in the work of translating the Scriptures; and in the contributions for this object, increasing from a few thousand dollars in 1800 to over seventeen millions in 1900. There has been a demonstration before the eyes of this generation that the fact is the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to all that believe, as well as of the cultural races. "What hath God wrought?" is the exclamation springing to the lips of a devout Christian as he reviews the missionary history of the Nineteenth Century.

While referring to the larger publications which treat of this history, we would here call attention to a single point of contrast between the beginning and the end of the century—namely, to the different attitudes of the Christian church in reference to the whole subject of foreign missions. It is difficult for those of the younger generation to comprehend the position of the large majority of professing Christians a hundred years ago. Indeed, to go further back, we can only marvel that the Apostles, and especially Peter, who had heard their ascending Lord bid them go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, should have hesitated about their duty, so that Peter required a new vision to convince him that it was right for him to preach the gospel to one another, and to his local ministry and the obligation of the Holy Ghost, soon learned the larger lesson, and they went everywhere preaching the Word. But the church in after years, save in a few cases, and at infrequent intervals, lost the vision of her Lord, and so of her own duty, and at the close of the Eighteenth Century, when a few earnest souls here and there began to feel the pressure of his last command, and to inquire as to their duty to the heathen world, their zeal met no response. It was said that it was impossible to carry the gospel to heathen nations; that they would not receive it; that until men were civilized there was no hope of reaching them; that it was superfluous to think of casting the pearls of Christian truth before the corrupt and ignorant heathen.

The attitude of the great mass of Christians at the earlier period may be learned from the deliverance of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland in 1796. This was just subsequent to Carey's ringing call to British Christians to awake to their duty—a call which led many devout souls to an altogether new conception of their responsibility. But the church as a whole was not to be moved. For seventy years the Assembly of the Church of Scotland was forced to consider the matter, by reason of two overtures from local bodies, one of which asked that the Assembly recommend the taking of a collection in the various congregations for the gospel in foreign parts, a heated debate arose. The proposition was denounced as romance and visionary, and the most eloquent of the ministerial members declared, "I cannot otherwise consider the enthusiasm on this subject as the effect of infatuation. But the church, lay and clerical, took a similar position. And the holy indignation of Dr. John Erskine, which found vent in his reading from the Bible, the reiterated command to preach the gospel to every creature, did not avail to prevent the Assembly by a large majority from peremptorily dismissing the overtures, thus virtually declaring that Christians are under no obligations to care for the unevangelized.

Can we imagine the taking of similar action in an assembly of a church of any Christian denomination to-day? Something quite similar in speech was heard at the General Association in Massachusetts at Bradford in 1810, when Dr. Parkman and Mr. Willard asked council and aid as to their purpose to go in person to the heathen. There were then many who doubted, and some who thought the proposal savored of infatuation. But the Association, as a whole, looked kindly upon the young men, and organized the Board which sent them forth. That was ten years after the century began, and the decade marked a great advance in the thought of Christians of that day. And the decades which have since come and gone have witnessed still further advance, so that as the century closes, the fact is recognized, in some good degree, that the missionary enterprise is a fundamental part of the work of the Christian church. And the fact is that the professing of Christ's followers have taken deeply to heart their proper relations to this work. There are still some who are a little confused in this matter, and there are others who have by no means apprehended their personal duty, their obligation which is resting upon Christ's followers to give his gospel to all men. Still, as the Nineteenth Century opens, we recognize a wonderful advance in the Christian church as a whole.

We speak, and well we may, of the remark
WOMAN'S WORK.

Mrs. Henry M. Maxson, Editor, Plainfield, N. J.

LOVE COUNCITHT NOT THE COST.

There is an ancient story, simply told,
As ever were the holy things of old,
Of one who answered the lifelong call;
To earn at last the joy he held most dear;
A weary term, to others never sweet.
What manner it? Love counselt not the cost.

Yet not alone beneath the Eastern skies
The balmy sun his nibling frosty pride;
Whenever hearts beat high and brave hopes swell
The soul, yearns ever the well;
For her the load is borne, the desert crossed;
What matters it? Love counselt not the cost.

This then of mine—and what dear Lord, of Thee,
Bowed in the midnight of the heavens—
Consider freely, with infinite peace;
To buy with such a poor world's price?
Why voice descends, through age's tepose-
"What matters it? Love counselt not the cost."
—Woman's Tribune.

We are glad to report that the Thank-offerings have this week reached $100. Surely this was worth trying for, and we all feel a sense of gratitude toward the Lone Sabbath keeper who first suggested the plan. For the benefit of those who may not know, we will say that these offerings have been made in thankfulness for blessings received during the past year. The amount is to be divided equally between the two Boards in charge of the African missions. May a double blessing follow this gift, a blessing to those who give and to those who receive.

The communication from the Treasurer of the Woman's Board this week is worthy of the most careful and prayerful consideration. The plan of creating a fund for the education of young women who wish to become missionaries, is a good one, and it seems as if our women would be able to raise three hundred dollars for this purpose during the coming year. The Board wish particularly to call attention to the last paragraph of the article. All funds, subscribed through the Woman's Board, in which Board the fund originated, and which holds it, primarily, in charge.

Mrs. L. A. Platts, Treasurer of Woman's Board.

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

Advice to Mothers in the Matter of Training Daughters.

First, I would make sure that my little girl was a good, healthy animal before I put her at school anywhere. A stock of physical vitality is a far richer possession for your child than any early stimulated brain. Let her live close to nature as you possibly can manage, even if you have to move into the country to do it. Let her "run wild" as far as safety and good sense will permit.

Don't begin to teach her "her letters" in the mistaken idea that you are helping her to read. Teach her to use her eyes to see things —to see what Burroughs calls the "fine print" in nature. Do your utmost to keep her close to nature by keeping there yourself. Help her to fall in love with everything beautiful about her and to believe that every object in nature is worth learning about. Make every tree, every blossom and every bird note a joy to her.

Stories? Yes, lots of them. Not too many fairy stories, nor too many myths, but pure and wholesome daycare, incidentally and faithfully related. If this claim is true, it is a burden upon us, to put within reach of our young people the best culture we can give them, or, conversely, to put our young people within reach of the culture offered in our own schools, even a clearer, stronger claim?

How are our Missionary and Tract Societies and their important work to be perpetuated? How, if not by having ready—when the hands that now carry these sacred interests are folded away—strong, efficient, trained hands into which we may confidently commit them.

A very vital, practical question this has become to us just now, when our beloved Dr. Swinney has been so recently called home. Dr. Palmberg, her co-laborer, is compelled, because of ill health, to return to his country, our prosperous Medical Mission is left unoccupied; except for the present distracted state of China, a condition of things greatly to be regretted. Who knows how many of our bright, capable girls have looked to that work, longing for the opportunity to fill this, or if such work or a similar kind will send needed, and who might now be ready to take it up, had help and encouragement been given at the right time.

Some funds are coming into the hands of the Board, each year, to be applied upon the education of young ladies who need help in getting an education. This year the Board is trying to raise one hundred dollars for each of our schools for this purpose. Will not our ladies generally take this matter to heart and work with us to help liberal application upon this fund, designating to which school their gifts shall go, that there may be no doubt to the purpose and wish of the donors.

One word concerning the fund raised under the auspices of the Woman's Board for the maintenance and schooling of girls in our African Mission. It will save trouble to the Treasurer of the Sabbath Evangelizing and Industrial Association, and of the Woman's Board, and possibly some confusion of accounts if each donor who sends this fund shall send directly to the Treasurer of the Woman's Board, in which Board the fund originated, and which holds it, primarily, in charge.

In behalf of our girls.

In the minds of some of the Woman's Board, there is no line of work undertaken by our women of more direct and definite value than the raising of a fund for assisting in the education of our girls; earnest, Christian girls, worthy ambitions to procure a thorough education, and a year's force of circumstances, utterly unable to do so, unaided.

We cheerfully, gratefully recognize and accept the claims of our Missionary and Tract Societies, and endeavor, conscientiously and faithfully, to carry out this charge. As our work is upon us, to put within reach of our young people the best culture we can give them, or, conversely, to put our young people within reach of the culture offered in our own schools, even a clearer, stronger claim?

How are our Missionary and Tract Societies and their important work to be perpetuated? How, if not by having ready—when the hands that now carry these sacred...
kind? Then, my dear woman's club, it is your duty, as an organized body of earnest, intelligent mothers, to agitate the matter until they are.

But, a warning. Don't take a word of hearsay as to the lack of worth in these teachers. Go to the schools yourself and find out. Go with a clear conscience and hope to be just and helpful to a sister woman.

When this little girl reaches the age of twelve or thirteen years, give her your most careful consideration. Is she tired, restless, nervous, capricious and inexplicable to herself? Take her from school. Give her over to freedom and nature again.

But if my daughter wishes to follow one of the learned professions? Then she must take her place side by side with men in co-educational institutions and forfeit the benefit of a separate woman's college. But I would not have her enter upon the technical training of a profession under twenty years of age, and only then if health were sound, principles firm and temperament fitted to stand alone.

I speak from a close personal observation of a large popular co-education university when I say that the dormitory life there for four years is injurious to the average girl. Entering at the unformed age of seventeen, she at once becomes a law unto herself and independent. Her days are spent over a standard course, her men and women friends, her way of spending evenings, her attendance upon receptions, dances and theatres, and as much a guide to herself as if she were steering a craft alone on the broad ocean. She can neglect all law, and ruin her health through late hours, night "spreads" and eternal "fudge." A chafing dish is a college idol. Do you ask why this regime? What is the reason for permitting such unwise freedom? Why, there is no government and no developing "self-reliance." Yes, at a price, that no young girl should be allowed to pay. Some wisdom costs too much. They tell us that this is a woman's age, that it is the era of her emancipation. In our attempts to enlarge her opportunities, let us never forget that a woman is not a man. Let us teach our girls that to be a broad, cultured, woman-only woman is the highest goal for which they need to strive. —P. H. E.

The SABBATH RECORD.

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THE VALUE OF EDUCATION.

By Henry W. Maxwell.

A talk given at the Early Meeting of the New Jersey and New York City churches, at New York City, November, 1906.

In his wisdom, our Creator provided that such one should work out his own destiny. Now, man's work lies in two fields: the field of material things—that which pertains to dollars and cents; and the field of immaterial things—that which pertains to the spirit and the mind; and the latter naturally divides itself into two classes, one for others and one for self. I shall try my subject, therefore, from three standpoints; first, the bread-and-butter standpoint; second, the social standpoints, and third, the standpoints of character. In my talk I shall view education as a college and the difference between the education of the college and that of the high school or the primary is one of amount rather than of kind, and whatever results we may find accruing from a college education, we may safely infer will accrue only in a lesser degree from an education more limited in its extent.

The BREAD-AND-BUTTER STANDPOINT.

What is the effect of education on one's ability to earn money, to win power, to obtain possession and influence—what the world calls success? Unquestionably, in all these lines, a college education means increased power, a multiplying of one's chances to obtain that which the world desires. To some it is given to know from the start the work that they can best perform in life, the lines in which they can make the most of themselves; but to many more this question is one of doubt; and the great service of an education is to reveal the young man to himself; to show the powers and capacities with which he is endowed; to develop the capacities which he possesses and open up to him the way for his advancement. It wakens his powers and enables him to use them most effectively in whatever lines of work he may be called to follow; that is, the college education serves as a kind of general preparation for his calling; a foundation on which to build the special education which shall perfect him in the line that he has chosen.

The fashion in some quarters to sneer at a college education as a preparation for winning what the world calls success. This, however, is the error of unformed minds. It used to be the fashion to hold up before the mind of every boy the possibility of becoming President of the United States. Of course that cannot all be Presidents, but it is interesting to know that a study of the lives of our Presidents shows that a boy with a college education has 1,300 times as much chance of becoming President as one without such education. If he cannot be President, it is desirable, perhaps, to be a Senator, and the same kind of study of facts shows that a

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college education increases one's chance of becoming Senator 540 times. It increases his chance to become a member of the House of Representatives 550 times.

A study of the names in Appleton's Encyclopedia of American Biography shows that the college graduates in a country's history have furnished 400 times their proportion of men eminent in our national life; but this Biography includes names through all our history, including the early years when a college education was less common than it is now. In 1890 there was issued a list of men at that time prominent in the United States, and a study of the history of these men shows that to-day a college education increases a boy's chance of becoming eminent more than a thousand times over the chance of the boy without such education.

Andrew Carnegie, the millionaire who is sprinkling our land with libraries, has publicly expressed his contempt for college education as a means of winning dollars and cents. Carnegie had studied the lives of his fellow millionaires, and he would have found that a college education multiplies the boy's chance of owning millions 440 times.

But no doubt the girls will ask, "Where do we come in?" The matter of fact is it yearly grows more necessary to collect statistics to a large extent of eminent women who have had a college education, but such statistics as have been collected show that the college woman has a distinctly better chance of living a long life, and one of health and strength. It also shows that they improve very much their prospects of marrying well in life. If it is objected that this is viewing the matter solely from a college standpoint, the commercial value of an education may be cause in taking a college course, one forms a just idea of the proportion of the population furnishing services of a higher order than that which is furnished by the ignorant and illiterate per cent.

If a college education has been of value in the past, much more valuable will it be in the future of our country. In the past, with our undeveloped resources, there have been infinite possibilities of wrestling success from the soil. But the past is past. The last census shows that the center of our population has not moved westward so much as heretofore. This indicates that our virgin territory has been pretty well taken possession of, and he who wins success in the future must win it amid fiercer and fiercer competitions. There is every need, therefore, for one who would stand high, to make the complete possible preparation for that struggle. Chancellor MacCracken, of New York University, says that the college will furnish such preparation because it "will make the boy 'the best possible mind for whatever work of life he may turn his attention to.'"

President Butler, of Colby, says, "It has been well said that an educated man has a sharp axe in his hand and the uneducated a dull one. I should say that the purpose of a college education is to sharpen an axe to its keenest edge." President Harper says that a college education is valuable "for the reason that it improves the capacity for winning gold. The higher part of man's work is that which results from the leading of duty in working for the social betterment of mankind."

The Social Standpoint.

Whatever a man's success in the material world, he will come far short of true success unless he is also successful in his work in the immaterial world. The young man and the young woman should have a higher aim in life than mere money-getting, or so-called success, and in forming this higher aim, President Patton, of Princeton, says a college is the best school "that can be found for the valuable purpose of making the most of himself and gives him the power to accomplish it."

The great subject that interests all social workers of to-day is that of good citizenship; but, in fact, the futurity of our country depends upon the way in which that subject shall be worked out. Good citizenship is not simply casting one's vote at the polls; it is doing right all the time and working right to build up the institutions of our country in the right spirit. In this work intelligent leaders are always needed to conduct the work aright, and President Adams, of the University of Wisconsin, says that the college is efficient in producing such leaders "because in taking a college course, one forms an acquaintance with which, learns how to deal with them, and is, for that reason, more likely to succeed." President Stryker, of Hamilton, says that the college work is valuable in the same way, "because it will make the student more than an average man in intellectual capacity, mental horizon, and practical effectiveness," thereby making him more able to work with people for the elevation of life about him.

It is the study of every Christian how to lessen crime because crime is the culmination of sinful tendencies. With the exception of religion itself, there is no force so powerful for reducing crime as education, even that small degree of education covered by reading and writing. A study of statistics in our own country shows that 1,000 illiterate persons will furnish 8 times as many occupants for our jails as a thousand persons who can read and write. The records of Detroit jail for 25 years show that in that time 40,000 persons were confined there, of whom 11,600 were illiterate, but in the total population in the state of Michigan at that time there were less than 5 per cent who were illiterate; that is, 5 per cent of the population furnished nearly 30 per cent of the criminals.

In England and Wales, in 1870, which is about the time of the establishment of the common schools, there were 128 but a hundred thousand in jail. In 1890, there were only 68 persons in a hundred thousand in jail. In 1870, there were 80,000 thieves known to the police in England and Wales. In 1895 there were about 30,000, although the population had meantime increased from 23,000,000 to 30,000,000,—that is, under the influence of education, although it increased nearly a third in population, it decreased more than a half in the number of those who committed crimes.

The Standpoint of Character.

After all, the fundamental standpoint from which to view education is that of character, for a man's character practically decides what work he shall do for the world in a material and, also, in a social line, and it is the work of building up the man's inner self that the college education is especially effective.

As compared with all other creatures, man had a long period of immaturity. The beasts of the field, the birds of the air, have but a brief period between birth and maturity. They need but a brief period of training, because the scope of their matured life is narrow. The childhood of man extend over many years, since his matured life is so broad that it requires many years of preparation to use it aright; the fuller and larger you make the preparation, the better will it be for all the man's future; and the great aim of education is to give this fullness and largeness to the preparation for life. Education enables one to get a broader view of the future, to form higher aims of life, to fix and establish habits that will make that after-life effective. It develops one's faculties and leads him to look upon the higher service as the truest service.

Finally, however long one may live, wherever he may go, he is sure of one companion, that is himself. The whole of his life is to be spent in his own company, and the highest and best company that one can have is that of an educated man. Therefore, if one seeks for the best companionship, in all the years that are to come, he must educate himself, and, only as he educates himself, is he best trained to help himself and therefore to help others.

Our Reading Room.

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us be work- ing what is good, towards all, but especially towards the establishment of the faith, "...do good and to communicate, forget not." —Heb. 13: 16.

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—The wisdom of establishing meetings in the large cities, to call together the increasing number of Sabbath-keepers, is more and more apparent. Our people and seeking the good positions in the cities, and if we would hold them and increase our power, we must have Sabbath services for them.

We have been looking up the Sabbath- keepers in Syracuse, and find new ones that we had not expected. They are not all members of our churches, but very kindly disposed and helpful. Dr. E. S. Maxson leads the Sabbath-school very faithfully and successfully, and deserves much credit.

L. R. S.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.—Since Bro. W. D. Wilcox closed his efficient labor at Lünciken and Otsego, these two small churches have had no regular Sabbath services, but we are glad to hear that the Preston church has been favored with a visit from Bro. T. J. Van- horn, pastor at Brookfield.

L. R. S.

It does not matter how many, but how good, books you have.—Seneca.
CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS, NOTICE.

Hitherto we have been using the Home Readings prepared by the United Society, they granting us the privilege of re-arranging the days of the week to conform to our belief. This privilege was reluctantly given last year, they wanting us to pay for it, which was perhaps all right; but this year the Permanent Committee secured the ready-meriting topics, and from them, at the expense of much labor and great care, have prepared our own Home Readings. We hope that all our Societies will use these Topical Cards. Send in your orders to our Publishing House at once, and we will make the first of January. The following prices will prevail:

| 100 copies | $1.50 |
| 75 copies  | $1.00 |
| 50 copies  | $0.75 |
| 25 copies  | $0.50 |

(Postage Prepaid.)


A SUMMER POTTERY SCHOOL.

(The following is extracted from the Keramic Studio, a monthly journal, dealing with the interest of china decoration, and standing in the front rank of the art magazines of the country.)

We announced last month that a movement was in contemplation to open a summer school for Keramic artists at Alfred, N. Y., and we are now able to give further details.

A question that will rise to the lips of many of our readers is, "Why at Alfred?" It is not generally known that in the village of Alfred, Allegany County, New York, there is an ancient college, not competing, as a course, in antiquity, with the hoary age of Oxford or Dublin, but still quite old for America. The University of Alfred has recently been selected as the place to which the State School of Keramics should be affiliated.

Alfred has secured as Director of the State School Professor Charles F. Binns, who has been well known to Keramic workers since the World's Fair in 1893, where, in the Keramic Congress, his speeches and criticisms attracted so much notice. It is to Professor Binns that the idea of the Summer School is due. The work is to be quite distinct from the State School as an institution. The College term ends with the month of June, the Summer School is to open on July 3.

The Director considers that he is pledged to afford to Keramic artists an opportunity for working in clay and underglaze with his assistance. During the winter of 1897, when he was lecturing and advising in New York City, the question of more advanced work was often discussed, and as was then advanced that if ever the opportunity presented itself, the mineral painters should have a chance of measuring their enthusiasm and their powers against the discouragements and difficulties of high-temperature work. The Professor has been better than his word, for he has given the opportunity.

Alfred is a country village in the hills of Allegany County, 1,800 feet above the sea level, and surrounded by well-wooded hills. The climate is desirable, the nights, even in the height of summer, are so soft.

On the Erie road, Alfred is reached in twelve hours from New York, and within ninety miles of Buffalo, offering a prospect of Pan-American visits. The school is to remain open for six weeks from July 1, and opportunity will be given to practice every branch of Keramic art. The firing equipment of a pottery is available. Modeling and molding rooms, a potters' wheel, lathe and jigger, with facilities for clay-making, glaze-making, casting, pressing, and every conceivable manufacturing process. Add to this, a quarter of a mile from the school, the temperature kilns for bisque and glaze-firing, and spacious studios for the practice of art work, and it would seem as if a paradise for potters were open. It must not be imagined that any who are skilled in overglaze can walk in, and, without preparation, create a success of the more complicated problems of body, glaze and color at the hard fire.

Keramic artists are hard to beat, however, and we shall be surprised if some important works are not put forth as the first result of this school.

Professor Binns, whose address is at Alfred, N. Y., will be glad to mail detailed prospectus terms to any applicant, and for ourselves we wish the venture every success.

SUGGESTIONS FOR BIBLE STUDY.

Pascal said: "Other books must be known in order to be loved; but the Bible must be loved in order to be known."

The Bible, indeed, should be studied, should be put into, as one puts a treasure, but it must be loved in order that it may be understood. In an address to the students at one of our colleges a distinguished man urged them to have as their motto in after life, "One hour a day to study and literature." One hour a day given to the study of the Bible will, in the course of a few years, enable any one to have a knowledge of it, and enable him to speak aptly and wisely concerning it. Give one-half an hour; give a quarter of an hour; give ten minutes every day to the reading of God's Book, and by next rally day you will have read the entire Bible. How many will begin at once?

What is necessary to make a teacher efficient in teaching the Bible?

He must know God as his Father; Christ as his Saviour and Judge; the Holy Ghost as Father, Helper, and Comforter; his own work of salvation; the plan of salvation for his own family; the names of the books of the Bible in their order; how many could write a sketch of the life, virtues, and works of the Prophet, the Apostle, the Evangelist, the Lord Jesus Christ? And when we come to the important things of doctrine, 'how very, very little do we know of the wonderful plans of God in order that it may be lived in order that it may be known."

One of the first requirements of a teacher is that he should have a thorough knowledge of the subject he is to teach. As Sabbath-school teachers, we teach the Bible—the Word of God. We cannot teach what we do not know ourselves; if we are to teach the Bible, we must know it. How many of us know it? How many have a fair knowledge of it? How many could read a list of 150 names of the books of the Bible in their order? How many could give the leading events of Old Testament history? How many could write a sketch of the life of Christ? And when we come to the more important things of doctrine, how few do we know, how few can they appreciate? How do we live? Do we know, how much depends on our careful and faithful study of the Bible, with Christ as our Teacher! And what stronger motive could we give for it than that it is his word we teach—his own work that we are doing?—Marie E. Stair, in St. Mark's Quarterly.

JOYS—are our wings; sorrows are our spurs.

Jean Paul Richter.
Children’s Page.

HOW MARJORIE LEARNED CONTENTMENT.

Marjorie Lewis was slowly walking down the shaded road that led to the pretty cottage where she was spending the vacation with her aunt. It was a beautiful day in early September, but Marjorie’s face bore no reflection of the beauty and peace all about her.

“I do not believe any girl ever had to live such a dull life before,” she was saying bitterly to herself. She had just been to the post-office, and had been reading a letter that had come from her friend, a girl at the sea-shore. It seemed the outcome of a gay party that did nothing but carry out plans that had been laid for their amusement. “Here am I, after my year of hard study at school, shut up in this quiet place, where there is absolutely no excitement greater than that of going down to the post-office for the mail, with poor auntie to wait upon and look after, and not the least bit of gayety that all the other girls are enjoying. Of course, I am willing to take care of auntie and I know it is harder to be an invalid than it is to be one, but still I must confess I should like to have some of the good things of life fall to my share instead of only the hard ones.”

She walked slowly, and was so absorbed in her own thoughts that she did not notice that the blue sky was becoming overcast, and that a heavy shower seemed impending. It was not until the first drops pattered down upon her parasol that she looked up and saw that she was going to be caught in the rain, and she must seek some shelter. A small white cottage stood back from the road, and having made up her mind to seek there, she reached it before the rain began to fall in earnest, and received a cordial welcome from the kind woman, with a plump baby in her arms, who answered her knock.

“Come in,” she said, throwing the door wide open. “It would have been a pity if you had got caught in it where you couldn’t find a house to go into.”

Such a small and really plain home it was, and yet how rich! As Marjorie sat by the window, and then glanced out at the rain and the baby, she began to look about her and wonder at the cheery face of the mother and the happiness of the children. What had they to make them happy? she wondered. Could she ever be content to live in this tiny house among the hills, with none of the advantages of life and of its pleasures?

The tea-kettle was singing upon the fire, and the mother excused herself for going on with her work, saying it was near the children’s supper-time, and she always liked them to be in bed at an early hour.

She made a potful of corn-meal mush, and then when a neat white cloth had been spread on the table, and the dish of golden pudding set in the center, the children gathered about it as happily as if they were bidden to a feast.

“I am sorry I have nothing better than this for your supper,” said the mother, and to her guest, after a moment of shy hesitation.

“You are welcome to share what we have if you will.”

“Thank you,” Marjorie answered. “I think I had better wait until I can go home, though, for my aunt will be lonely if she has to eat supper all alone.”

It was a beautiful picture, and one which long lingered in her memory, when the mother gathering the baby in her arms, and with the ray-checked hand and lashes beside her, pulled upon them with her face radiant with love and content. The children folded their hands; little bare-footed Greta, watching the baby put his dimples flasts together with sisterly pride, and Nan, her elder, bending her head, uttered a few words of prayer in the simple fare, with a hearty thanksgiving for all the mercies God bestowed upon them. Marjorie had been so absorbed in her own thoughts and in watching the mother and the bright, eager children, that she had not noticed that the rain had stopped as suddenly as it began, and the setting sun, throwing its slanting beams through the window, flooded the room with a golden glory.

The children ate heartily, with so much thought apparently that their food was the plainest, and the sweet picture of content drove away the unhappy thought which had brought a fretful frown to Marjorie’s face.

She lingered awhile, chatting pleasantly, and learned a little of the circumstances of the family who so kindly received her as their guest. The father had died the year before, and the mother often had hard work to make both ends meet and to keep her little ones about her; but she had succeeded thus far, and was so grateful that she seemed to have no other thought than that of gratification to God for his blessings. And yet Marjorie, with every want supplied, had been feeling as if she had so little to be thankful for because a quiet life with an invalid did not give her the diversion that some other young people could find.

All unconsciously the simple faith and brave thankfulness of this humble woman taught Marjorie a lesson she might not have learned in any other way, and when she bade the children and their mother goodbye, and started home, a feeling of content and gratitude had taken the place of unhappiness, and she did not soon forget her chance visit to the little cottage among the hills.—Christian Observer.

THE INFORMATION CIRCLE.

“Aunt Lucy always comes with a reticule of plans,” remarked Harriet Kelso, joyfully, the evening before her youngest sister was to be married. “There were three bits of information I wanted to give you.”

“Why,” exclaimed Nan enthusiastically. “Only,” she hastened to add, “we can’t think of good questions!”

“For search them, then,” replied Aunt Lucy. “That’s a part of the plan.”

Not only the questions but the answers were given out, the one by the president first—of course Aunt Lucy was president—followed by Harriet’s and Nan’s.

“We state, now one of the United States, was once an independent republic and so recognized by our government?” asked Aunt Lucy.

“How would one address the ruler of England if she were not a queen?” was next asked.

“Just Victoria,” thought Nan, and then it was her turn. “When occurred the ‘scrub days’ for the President in the United States, and why so called?”

Those questions will give us something to think of,” said Mr. Kelso, interested. I think, though, I can answer Nan’s.”

The next evening Tom was sure of having two of them correct, while Mrs. Kelso wasn’t positive that she could answer more than one.

“I imagine father has them all,” declared Harriet, as Mr. Kelso tried to look unconcerned.

“Well, Tom?” inquired the president.

“Texas for the first one, and 1824 for the third, and so called because there were so many candidates for the office. I’m at a loss on the second.”

“That’s one I can answer,” smiled Mrs. Kelso. “She might be called Mrs. Wettin, or just the widow Wettin.”

“Very, I had them all,” nodded Mr. Kelso to Nan’s look of inquiry. “Now the questions for to-morrow!”

“What European sovereign had a brother who married an American girl?” asked Mrs. Kelso, who was very much interested in royalty.

“We state, now one of the United States, does our government find the right to go into a letter carrier’s bag? and Mr. Kelso smiled as though he felt his question would need some looking up.”

“I was Napoleon so anxious to sell Louisiana?” when Tom’s turn came. “And when the commissioners went to France, was it their purpose to purchase the whole territory?”

“I never supposed there were so many interesting things to know, that we could find out about for ourselves,” said Tom, when the circle was five weeks old.

“I feel that I’m quite a modern Solomon!” laughed Nan, proud of her lately acquired wisdom.

“And not half has yet been told.” It was her mother who spoke. “I’ve a splendid question for to-morrow.”—Forward.
THE VISIBLE SOUL.

Mr. Samuel Greene, the leading lumber merchant in a large Western city, was known as one of the most prosperous men in his section of the state. He had acquired his wealth by hard work and close strangling. Few people could get ahead of him; and though it was his frequent remark that every dollar he owned was "honestly made in trade," his customers and his tenants knew him as a hard man, not unscrupulous, but disposed to exact the last dime. At home or in church (to which he went occasionally), his thoughts were too much occupied with schemes of money-making to afford any spare room for affection or religious feeling. His business acquaintances rather envied him, as one who had conquered the secret of success.

The lumber merchant sat in his little office at the close of an October day. It had been a day full of business and its aggravations. He was thinking of going home, when there suddenly came a rat-tat at the door.

"Come in," called Mr. Greene, gruffly. "Oh, it's you, Simmons. Well, now, what's wanted?"

"Mr. Greene," said the new-comer, a sturdily-built, honest-looking man of middle age. "I've come to see if you won't let me have another bill of lumber—some Michigan pine. I need it for that contract I have on the east side.

"No, Simmons, you can't have another foot of lumber from my yard, that's flat," said Mr. Greene, harshly. "As soon as you pay up what you owe, you can get more; not till then."

"But, Mr. Greene," protested Simmons, "this is a serious matter to me. Why, I've paid you hundreds and hundreds of dollars, good money, for your lumber; and as soon as this job is through you will be the first to get your money. You don't surely mean to say you refuse?"

"That's just what I do mean," snapped Greene. "But I've no time to talk about it. You take your choice; pay up your last bill, or go without.

"Now, that means ruin, that's what it does," said the man advancing into the room. "Why, Mr. Greene, you cannot mean what you say! It would be the meanest—"

"Get out," thundered the lumber merchant, advancing toward him, his huge bulk now quivering with anger. "Out of here, I say! you shall never get a foot of lumber from me as long as I live."

Simmons retreated a step or two, then, still with hat in hand, he turned toward the excited man. "Mr. Greene," he said, in deep tones, "may the Lord forgive me for saying it, but I think you have the meanest soul that ever he permitted to enter into man, and if you could only see it—"

But his talk was suddenly cut short by a threatening movement of Mr. Greene, who pushed him out of the office and slammed the door violently.

"Confounded impudence, I call it!" said the lumber merchant on regaining his seat. "Why, hang the fellow, I trusted him and treated him fairly sick of his whining talk and poverty-stricken ways. To insult me by referring to my soul. What does he know about it, anyway?" and he rose and paced the floor of the little office. "He said I had the meanest soul," he mused. "But who ever heard of anyone seeing a soul?" And then he sat down again, and rubbed his chin meditatively. He rested his head upon his hands. Somehow, those words burrowed and buzzed in his brain. The world of business seemed to slip away into shadow and silence.

"My soul—well, I wish I could see it. I am sure that fellow is wrong. Anyhow, he knows nothing about it. I wish—"

"Here I am," piped up a little, thin voice, somewhere on the floor behind him.

"What—that's what?" he asked, quickly. "Here I am," repeated the thin voice.

"Who? Where?"

"Right here behind you."

The lumber merchant turned in astonishment, and looked in the direction indicated. There, in a corner, and in the shadow of the leather-covered couch, was a little-impish, dwarf-looking figure, like a shriveled Filipino. The merchant shrank back in amazement.

"Who are you, anyway?" he gasped.

"I am your soul," piped the black-looking little imp in the corner.

"My soul!" He shook himself together as if disbeliefing his senses. "Utter nonsense. Why, 'tain't much of this button I can summon a policeman—"

"Still, I'm your soul," said the little black one. "Yours, and nobody else's."

"How did you come into my office?" in terrogated the merchant.

"I was permitted to come, as you wished," said the thing, "and I must stay until the time of my permission ends."

"Confound it!" persisted Mr. Greene. "You don't mean to say that you are going to stick right here, in my office?"

"Wherever you go, I go," piped the voice. "I am a part of you, and you cannot be without me."

"But," stammered the merchant, with an inward shudder, "how am I ever to get along with you sitting around?" He went over fearfully toward the door and slipped the spring lock on it, this is ridiculous. Everybody who meets me remarks."

"No eye but yours can see me," was the reply from the corner.

"Well, that's one consolation," said Greene, drawing a long breath. "My soul! Mine! This is the first time anybody ever heard of such a thing."

He touched a bell to summon his foreman. "Haff!," he said, "I'm going home. Everything, all right?"

"Yes, sir," replied the foreman.

"Well, then, get me a carriage, will you?"

"Certainly, sir."

It was with a strange trepidation that Mr. Greene buttoned up his coat and closed the door of his office that evening. He felt somehow that the coach-lamps were unlit. Looking down he saw, moving lightly by his side, the dark, little impish figure. He opened the coach door and stepped inside to give the Soul the right of way. Then he entered.

"How shall I ever be able to meet Mary and the girls in this fix?" he said. "It's awful awful! Something must have happened to my brain," and he turned again toward the little figure whose presence and appearance seemed to put the question of hallucination beyond all doubt.

On reaching home, he stepped quickly to the door, opened it with his own private key and let himself into the hall unobserved. He closed the stairs to his room noiselessly. Once safe within, he locked the door and sank down, exhausted, in a large easy-chair.

"He said I had the meanest soul the Lord ever permitted to be in a man—that's what he said. I remember every word distinctly," and he looked around once more at the dwarfish creature who sat on a chair almost opposite. "And you are the soul that came in obedience to some strange summons! Now," said the merchant, "I want to think about this. Let us ask what is the cause of that dingy color—that elfish blackness?"

"I am what you have made me," said the Soul. "I was not always so dark."

"The meanest soul," repeated Greene, the words lingering in his brain like the refrain of a song. "The meanest soul! Well, if I have blackened my soul, I pray God to help me, for no one else can."

A tap at the door interrupted his thoughts. He turned sharply to the little figure.

"You are sure no one can see you?"

"One by one," was the reply.

He opened the door.

"Sam! Sam!" said the gentle voice of his wife. "What's the matter? We saw you go up, and we haven't heard from you since you came home. She nervously grasped his hands in her own, which were trembling.

"Nothing, Mary," said the lumber merchant, hurriedly. "Nothing's the matter, only I wish you would send me a cup of tea—a cup of good strong tea. I want to take it here in my room. I have something on my mind; nothing to trouble you, Mary, but I must be here alone for a little while."

With something between a gasp and a sob, the wife went downstairs. Presently she returned with the cup of tea.

"Thank you, Mary," he said in a tone so kindly that his wife looked at him in surprise. "I thought I was going back. Now, dear, I shall be all right. Won't you please get Tom to hitch up and drive around to Simmons, the carpenter, and tell him I want to see him immediately? In fact, tell him to bring Simmons with him." He pulled out his watch, "I must have him here within the next half hour."

Five minutes later, he could hear the sound of the departing coach, showing that the coachman had sped upon his errand. Mr. Greene again touched the bell, and one of his daughters responded.

"Edith, I want to send down to the widow Grogan's. You know the lady who used to be one of my tenants. Can't one of you girls go down and bring her up? It's only ten minutes' walk, and I must see her this evening."

"Why, papa," said the daughter, "and so late?"

"Oh," said the merchant, "it's only seven o'clock. You go, Edith, and I will make it up to you. You can take the street-car and be down there in a twinkling. And to her astonishment, he kissed her. Such a thing had hardly happened since the girls were brought up."

It was well within the half hour when Tom drove up before the door, and Carpenter Simmons mounted the steps. He was shown up to the merchant's room.
Mrs. Grogan was gnawed by a strange smile on her face; as I did was too mean for anything, and I declare I did. It was a cruel thing."

"Now, Molly," said Mrs. Grogan," I declare I did. It was a cruel thing."

"Oh, Mrs. Grogan," said the carpenter, "don't try to make me say it!"

"But I insist," said Greene stoutly. "If a man acts like a hog, he must apologize: he has no right to act so. You said that I had the meanest soul—"

"Mr. Greene," cried the carpenter nervously, "I regretted it the moment I said it. I declare I did. It was a cruel thing."

"It was true," said Greene, "every word. I know it. I have the meanest soul, and you told the truth. Sit down."

The visitor sat down in amazement.

"Now, here is an order," continued Greene, "and that's what stood in the corner of the room. "Huff will give you whatever lumber you want. Hereafter you can have that privilege. You are an honest man."

"You don't mean it! You don't mean it, Mr. Greene," cried the carpenter, starting up. "Why, it's like picking me out of the gutter. I was ruined if I didn't get that lumber. You've saved me. You've saved my business."

"Not another word," said Mr. Greene. "Here, Simons, here's the order. Good night, and whenever you want any more lumber come and see me."

Still muttering his thanks, and greatly astonished at the turn affairs had taken, the carpenter withdrew.

The lumber merchant stood for a minute with a strange smile on his face. As he heard the footsteps die away, his eye fell upon the little figure in its nook, and it seemed to him—not that there had been only imagination—that it had grown a shade whiter.

A little later the widow Grogan was brought in by Edith. The widow, who was accompanied by her little daughter of seven, showed a tear-stained face. She had evidently been anticipating some new misfortune as the result of this summons from her landlord.

"Now," said Edith reassuringly, "you just step right in, and papa will see you."

"Ah, Mrs. Grogan," said the merchant, "I am glad you've come."

"Mr. Greene," began the widow in piteous tones, "it's the rent, I told the agent that I would try to have it for him next month. I've done the best I could; but it's the hard times we've had."

"Has that rascally agent of mine been bothering you, Mrs. Grogan?"

"Indade the only man you wanted your rent, sor, an' I told him—"

"Never mind what you told him, Mrs. Grogan. So this is Molly, is it? Little Molly. How old is she?"

"Seven, sor. Speak to the jnteleman, Molly dear."

"Now Molly," and he produced a silver coin from his pocket, "I am going to give this to your mother, and she is going to buy you the biggest red apple you ever saw. Mind you do it, Mrs. Grogan. Now about that rent. How long have you been living in that house of mine?"

"Eleven years, sor."

"Why, it seems to me that you have been a pretty steady tenant."

"I got this notice day before yesterdary, sor," and she handed him a notice of dis-possession.

The lumber merchant seewed. "And this," he muttered, "is done in my name. All the hardships that are inflicted upon these poor souls, who have paid rent for eleven years, I have to stand sponsor for."

"Now, Mrs. Grogan," said he, turning to the widow, "we are going to give you a note to the agent, which will fix you all right, so far as the next quarter's rent is concerned, and I'll see you before then. You've had pretty hard lines since Patrick died?"

"Indade, very hard, sor. Many's the meal-house there's neither biter nor sup in the house."

"Too bad! Too bad! But we must try to help you in some way. I will get my wife to come down and see you, Mrs. Grogan, and see if we cannot make it easier for you and little Molly. Eh, Molly?"

The child smiled in his face, but still clung to his coat, locked the door and threw it."

"That's good, Mrs. Grogan, you'll get your money, I'll see you at Christmas time."

"Have you been my business. If there's neither biter nor sup in the house, you've saved me. You've saved my business."

"Not another word," said Mr. Greene. "Here, Simons, here's the order. Good night, and whenever you want any more lumber come and see me."

"Oh, indade, we'll walk," she said, smiling, while the tears still dropped. "I feel like flyin'."

"He heard their steps going down stairs, the patter of the child keeping accompani­ment to the heavier footfall of the mother. Both were smiling with joy and happiness."

With his own eyes strongly moist with the suspicion of tears, he turned from the window and looked toward the shadowed corner of the room. The soul seemed to smile at him with a gentle expression, which he had not observed before.

The hours that followed were eventful ones to the lumber merchant. Long he sat, and, at intervals, conversed with his strange companion. The complete record of his career unrolled itself before him. He saw in a new and unfamiliar light many of the events which he had recorded as triumphs; he recalled a thousand instances where he had been harsh, where he had repressed noble impulses, and sacrificed love and affection in order that he might be unhampered in his struggle for wealth; where he had driven hard bargains and been guilty of what now seemed monstrous injustices, though the world called it ability. And in this reflection, he looked again at his dark and diminutive visitor.

"You forgot that these men were your brothers," said the voice from the corner, answering his unspoken thoughts. "You showed them no mercy; you made no allowances; you took the full measure of your 'rights' as you understood them and gave no quarter. Their broken fortunes and blighted hopes you made stepping-stones to your own success. You have trodden all the hearts, even your own dear ones. You have given me—your Soul—no opportunity for growth, but have made me, as you see, a thing to be loathed and despised."

And it bowed itself in its corner with a gesture of sorrow.

With a zeal that was almost feverish, hetet about, as far as man could do, to rectify the wrongs, the injustices, the injuries and sharp trading of years. It took time and no little grace and moral courage to make amends, and to do such other things as he could, but he persevered. And, of all he found, presently a keen and satisfying pleasure in his new line of action. In business and social affairs, abroad and at home, he grew gracious and liberal. Mary and the girls at home found him companionable and affectionate. At the yard became familiar with his smile and kind words.

He did not forget his promise to the widow Grogan, and both she and little Molly profited by the change in affairs, as also did many others.

Before many months had passed, the business community, at first incredulous, had wholly revised its former estimate of the lumber merchant. He was no longer "the meanest man," and the hardest at a bargain. In losing the reputation for such qualities he had, all unconsciously, gained one for qualities much more desirable. He loved to help those who found themselves in "tight places."

To the poor of his neighborhood he was a constant benefactor.

The year neared the close. The Soul had grown to be a dear comrade, fair and well proportioned, such as the merchant would have loved the whole world to see. And when the moment of parting came, he gazed upon the being who stood beside him and marveled; for, as it smiled upon him, he knew that it was noble and beautiful, dazzling in brightness any in stature like the angels.

The lumber merchant awoke with a start. He rubbed his eyes, looked at his watch, and then sat thoughtfully for a little space. He had not altogether forgotten his twenty minutes, but he had lived a year and learned the lesson of a lifetime. A shade of regret passed over his face as he looked into the corner where had appeared the visitor of his dream and found it empty. Then he put on his overcoat and locked the door and left.

And the dream came true—Christian Her­ald and Signs of Our Times.

** NOTICE **

The Treasurer of the General Conference would respectfully call the attention of certain churches to pages 49 and 50 of the Minutes recently published.

WILLIAM C. WHITFORD.

ALFRED, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1900.
Popular Science.

An Old, Dried-up Ocean.

A remarkable discovery has lately been made by Dr. Hedin, a Swedish explorer, who has just reported from St. Petersburg. During his journeys in Eastern Turkistan, Thibet and Mongolia, he visited the great sheet of water called Lob Nor. This body of water he found to differ materially from the description and the maps of previous explorers. It is situated over two thousand feet above the level of the sea. It is fed by the river Tarim, and has no outlet. The inflow is used up by evaporation. The fact that this sheet of water has an inflowing river, and no outflow, led Dr. Hedin to conclude that these results are similar to those of the Dead Sea; but on examination they found they were fresh, which showed conclusively that the lake could not have been long in existence; that it was not a permanent body of water like Lake Balkhash, but was shifting its position by being filled up with sand from the desert, thus forming in new places.

Dr. Hedin also made the discovery that the body of water formerly known and mapped by observers has now disappeared entirely and in its dry bed are found plenty of shell remains and other evidences of life which formerly lived in its waters. A new system of lakes having been formed just like unto old ones, whereon once the body of water flourished. The lake was once the site of a city.

The following bodies of water are lowering at least a foot every five years: the Syr Daria, the Amu Daria, the Aral Sea, and the great Caspian Sea that has several large streams emptying into it and no visible outlet, is slowly, but surely, drying up.

The old ocean in drying up left the Caspian Sea, the Aral Sea, and many salt lakes in the deep hollows of the great ocean, which now only incorporated the Mediteranean, but stretched out into the northern part of Asia. There are banks of dead sea shells, whereon once the waves of the great ocean were breaking, and there are many elevations where once the herbage was green, and large forests flourished.

The fact concerning these great changes is certain, but the cause remains obscure, it not unknown.

As we stated in a recent article in the Recorder, the climate must have been for a long time changing to produce this remarkable result. This ocean in its fulness must have extended from Northern Africa to the eastern end of the great desert of China.

On this Western Continent we have a duplicate of the Eastern. There was once a vast ocean which covered much of our Western prairies and discharged its waters by a river into the Pacific Ocean. The only remnant left is the Great Salt Lake of Utah, a duplicate of the Dead Sea of the East. There is good evidence that very great changes are taking place in the crust of the earth in certain zones; while some places are becoming elevated, others are being depressed. Here in New Jersey geologists tell us we are sinking slowly, but surely, going down, yet like the people of Sodom we pay very little heed to the warnings of the Atlantic once rolled over much of Jersey, and why may not the cycles of time and motion produce the like again?

REMEmBER that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day. The thing that the Saviour has always done is to long for is the goodness, not the glory.—F. W. Farrar.

Sabbath School.

CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

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

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS, 1901.

First Quarter.


LESSON IV.—CHRIST SILENCES THE PHARISEES.

For Sabbath-day, Jan. 26, 1901.


INTRODUCTION.

The day and place of our present lesson are the same that of last week. The occasion is probably that Christ's question to the Pharisees precedes the coming of the Greeks. Compare the introduction last week for the Greek word lex, or law.

We are sometimes inclined to make excuses for the leaders of the Jews, and say that they could not have been expected to adhere to the teachings of Jesus, since he spoke in opposition to many of the doctrines which they had received from their pious ancestors. How could they know that he was right and that they were wrong? Our present lesson is an answer to the question. Jesus had often before shown them that they were mistaken in the teaching of the law. When they asked, "What authority dost thou these things?" when they found fault with him for the saying of the prophet or of the law, they showed that they had a hypocritical reverence for the letter of the law, while doing violence to the spirit of it. Thus when he was speaking of them when he taught by the means of the parable of the Wicked Husbandmen.

TIME.—Same as last week's lesson; according to the tradition upon Tuesday of Passion Week.

PLACES.—Jerusalem; probably in the courts of the temple.

PERSONS.—Jesus and the Pharisees.

OUTLINE:

1. The Pharisees' Question, v. 31-36.


NOTES.

34. But when the Pharisees had heard that he had put the Sabbath to silence, the Pharisees had already, the day, been defeated once by our Saviour. Compare v. 15 ff. They came forward now, after Jesus had shown that the question of the Sabbath was a foolish one, to make another trial.

35. Then one of them which was a lawyer, that is, one versed in the Old Testament law, not an advocate, tempting him, or trying him. Their purpose was not to avenge the defeat of the Sabbath; nor, to show that they were better than their religious rivals; but rather to see if they could not entangle Jesus in his talk, so that he might say something that would bring him into disrepute with the people. From the parallel passage in Mark's Gospel we may infer that the lawyer himself had an intention of getting the question out of the way, but was a sinner insinquo whom the Pharisees put forward for their purpose.

36. Literally, teacher—a respectful form of an address. Which is the great commandment in the law? According to our idiom, it would be more natural to say "greatest" instead of "great." The word translated, "which means of what sort." Their question was not to request that the great commandment might be pointed out, but rather in regard to the particular character or quality which makes a commandment great. By "the law" the question meant the law of Moses. This question was one often discussed among the religious leaders of the Jews. The Pharisees expected Jesus to single out some particular precept, and hoped to be able successfully to assail his position and discredit him before the people.

37. It is to be noted that Jesus answers this question directly, and that the answer is such that they cannot take any exception to it. Compare the answer of the Lord to the young man: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength." The quotation of the Lord from the Septuagint in the parallel passage in Mark's Gospel we have the additional phrase, "with all the multitude of the words of the Lord." The meaning is that we should love God supremely, and with all the faculties of the nature wherewith he has endowed us. The terms, heart, soul and mind are not necessarily included one another. They all refer to the spiritual, real, life of a man; but in different aspects. By the word heart we are led to think of the inner life of the man, his emotions and purposes. The word soul represents the individuality; the word mind refers to the intellectual ability.

38. This is the first and great commandment. The order of the adjectives is the reverse: read rather, "This is the great and first commandment, which is a commandment of the law and the prophets." First is a legal word, meaning time as in reference to rank and importance.

39. And the second is like unto it. Better, "A second is like unto it." This is certainly a very remarkable expression. There is also a command second in rank to the first, but so like in character that it is isodolously joined with it. Thus "the Lord is thy neighbor as thyself." This is quoted from Lev. 19:18. The word translated "love" refers to the higher and nobler passion. It is not the love of mere feeling, which cannot be commanded.

40. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets. These are the fundamental principles of the requirements of the Old Testament, whatever of the legal precepts of the Pentateuch were added by the prophets. (The expression "the law and the prophets," is probably used here to include all the Old Testament, the New Testament, and the whole Bible.)

41. While the Pharisees where gathered together.

The Pharisees had evidently drawn near to bear the answer to the question of the lawyer. Jesus takes this opportunity to ask them a question, and thus to show that far from being able to entrap him, they themselves were not able to answer a question of the questioner.

42. What think ye of Christ? whose son is he? The second question is more specific than the preceding one, which is the same. The Greek word Christ is equivalent to the Hebrew word Messiah. It is here used as a title rather than as a proper name. The son of David. They could answer very glibly in accordance with the repeated words of the prophets.

43. How then doth David in spirit call him Lord? To the Oriental mind a son is always in inferior to his father; at least officially so. The question presented was, therefore, to their minds, unanswerable. By the word Christ is meant, speaking under the influence of the Holy Spirit.

44. The Lord said unto my Lord, etc. A quotation from the 110th Psalm, which is undoubtedly Messianic in its application. Many modern commentators have declared that it was written by David, and that its purpose was to justify the Messiah; but if it should be different, we may take it as the knowledge of an illustration of his humanity, and not at all derogatory of his divinity. At all events this Psalm was unquestionably accepted as Davidic in our Lord's time. The first word Lord comes as a small word in the Heb., the second, to the Messiah. Sit thou upon my right hand.

The Messianic King is represented as riding on the right hand of God. The one who sits at the right hand of a king is next to him in honor and authority. Till I make thine enemies thy footstool. Jehovah is then given the power to destroy the kings and the Messiah. Compare Peter's use of this same quotation in Acts 2:35, 36. If David then call him Lord, how is he son? The answer to the question is in fact that we Saviour was both human and divin
the God-man. He was both son of David and Son of God. If he had been no more than descendant of David, David's Lord would have been all right. So it was not the judgment
.. No man was able to answer him a word. They saw that they must be mistaken in the person and the character of Messiah; they were unable to admit their error. Neither dared any man from that day forth ask him any more questions. Their confidence in their own ability as dialecticians was lost. They expected to be defeated in argument if they undertook to question him. It was very likely also that the fear ed Jesus should make it even more plainly manifest to the people that he was the Messiah, concerning which he spoke, David's Son and David's Lord.

MARRIAGES.

DENNIS-MILLER-In Independence, N. Y., Jan. 1, 1901, by Rev. J. Creasy, at his home, Owen D. Clemens and Miss Maybe Miller, all of Allegheny Township, Pa.

VAUGHN-FOLLY-In New Auburn, Minn., Dec. 27, 1900, by Rev. E. H. Bowell, Mr. Vernon E. Vaughn and Miss Ada New Auburn, and Mrs. Zoé Folly, of Arlington, Minn.

WILSON-McALONY-At the parsonage, in Alfred Station, N. Y., Dec. 6, 1900, by Rev. F. F. Perdue, Rev. J. Martin and Miss Lydia Mahler, all of Beebe, N. Y.

GREGG-COOK-In Alfred, N. Y., Dec. 24, 1900, by the Rev. F. E. Petersen, Melvin H. Green and Miss Carrie A. Cook.

WHIPPLE-HAMILTON.-At Alfred, N. Y., Dec. 31, 1900, by the Rev. F. E. Petersen, Herbert G. Whipple, of New York City, and Miss Edith L. Hamilton, of Alfred.

DEATHS.

Not upon us or over the solemn angels
Their starry way the form of death
The ancient earth is laid evangel. God calls our loved ones but we lose not wholly. They live on earth is thought and deed as truly As to the heavens.- 

CRUM.-In Georgetown, N. Y., Aug. 16, 1900, Andrew Crum, aged 80 years.

He was a devout member of the Delaware church, having been baptized by Eld. Joshua Clarke when 60 years of age.

CRUM.-At Shells Corners, N. Y., Aug 28, 1900, Welcome Crum, youngest and last brother of the above, aged 60 years.

DENNIS-In Cayug, N. Y., Oct. 21, 1900, infant son of John G. Dennis.

NEWTON-In Delafield, N. Y., Oct. 22, 1900, Elisa W., wife of Rev. J. T. Newett, aged 72 years, a noble woman and a patient Christian.

CRANDALL-In Cortland, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1900, Mary E., only daughter of W. Mason and Elizabeth Cook, and wife of Henry M. Crandall, aged 40 years.

The above is a true record of the death of a beloved member of the church held at the Delafield church the following Sabbath, where she was a devoted and highly respected member.

CRANDALL-In DeKalb, N. Y., Dec. 9, 1900, Marco P. Crandall, aged 26.

BUTLER-In Delafield, N. Y., Dec. 9, 1900, George Butler, aged 57 years.

BARKER-In Georgetown, N. Y., Dec. 10, 1900, Mrs. Luther Whaley, aged 20 years.

HELPING ONE'S SELF.

An eminent author has published a book on "Self-Help." The theme is interesting and the treatment fascinating. The most that men do is intended to help themselves. Some live for this alone. But the course by which they seek to benefit themselves often proves vain. Instead of furthering their own ends and promoting their own comfort and happiness, they are working against their own interest. This is true not only of vice and crime, but also of a large part of the more serious work of life.

The best way to help one's self is to help others. This is not the view worldly men take. They imagine that the more they do for others the less they have left for themselves; they say you can give as little as possible, and keep all they can. They do not give to help the poor, to build great institutions for educational and charitable uses, because they believe that giving will diminish their store and weaken themselves. When they give at all they try to do so in such a way that all men will know it, in order to make it work for their own good, after all. They give for themselves, and not for others.

How difficult it is to keep self from having too prominent a part is it easy for the preacher to keep self out of his sermon? for the singer to keep self out of his song? for the worshiper to keep self out of the prayer? Nature damns for all. While the spirit seeks after God, and the good of others, the flesh still pushes self to the front.

If we could only understand, and have courage to trust, the philosophy of the Gospel, we should have little trouble about self. The science of Christianity reverses nearly all the maxims of the world and all the wisdom of the sages. It says that he who can save his life shall lose it, and he that will lose his life for the sake of righteousness shall save it. He that will be the greatest must be obedient of all. He that will be richest must give all he has. He shall have a hundredfold in this world, and in the world to come everlasting life.

No man shall ever find happiness while seeking for it itself. The self centered man cannot be happy. He may find gold, he may acquire knowledge, he may achieve fame, he may have power over the world, but all these cannot pour one ray of genuine bliss into a heart. He that seeks a after God, and the good of others, the sway of others, and his own sorrow will be turned into joy. Let the burdened soul do what he can to relieve the sorrows of others, and his own sorrow will be turned into joy. Let the burdened soul do what he can to ease the burdens of others, and his own burdens shall become lighter. Let him whose life is bitter begin to do what he can to sweeten the lives of others, and his own life will become sweeter still. Let him whose life is narrow do what he can to enlarge the lives of others, and his own life will become broad and rich.

When life's utmost verge shall be reached, and we shall look back on the journey, the only part that will afford us any comfort and satisfaction will be that which we have devoted to helping others. Then shall we see and know that all we have done for self alone is nothing but wood, hay, and stubble, which, like a chipped scroll, shall shrivel up and turn to dead ashes in the flames of the judgment of God, while all that we have done for the benefit of others is gol o gold, silver and precious stones, built into the kingdom of God, to endure forever. -Christen Advocate.

ART AND PHILOSOPHY IN A CALENDAR.

That helpful and interesting monthly Everlastingly at it brings Success ' - is again suggested by the receipt of the 1901 Calendar from N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia. These gentlemen conduct the world's greatest business house in newspapers, magazines and billboards—but as responsibilities increase they seem to grow more energetic while their work grows brighter and better. The 1901 Calendar is an evidence of taste and originality. It is mounted on a striking design in clay modeling executed in two delicate tones, with the famous Ayer motto passing at a moment's notice. The figures are large enough to be easily distinguished quite a distance, while the spaces are occupied by reproductions, in colors, of a number of striking modern post cards, and by advertising philosophy as well. The cost of production and the demand for this calendar are so great that Mowers, Ayer & Son have found it necessary to place their order many months ago. Those wanting a copy of this very serviceable and highly ornamental work should send at once before the edition is exhausted. In previous years, it has been quickly bought up, and it is more than likely late application now will prove disappointing.

New's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh or Cyst which cannot be cured by ordinary means.

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We, the undersigned, having thoroughly studied the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price $1 per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's family Pills are the best.

Special Notices.

North-Western Tract Depository.

A full supply of the publications of the American Sabbath School Society can be obtained by writing to the office of Wm. B. West & Son, at Milton Junction, Wis.

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

The Seventh-day Baptist church of New York City holds regular Sabbath services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square South and Thompson Street. The church meets at 9 o'clock in the morning; Sabbath service is at 11:30 A.M. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services.

Geo. R. Spence, Secretary.
1293 Union Avenue.

The Mill Yard Seventh-day Baptist church holds regular Sabbath services in the Baptist chapel, Eldon St., London, E. C., a few steps from the Broad St. Livery Stables. Services at 11 o'clock in the morning. Church Secretary, C. B. Barber, 46 Velmor Road, Dan terror Hill, London. B. E. Sabbath-keepers and others visiting London will be cordially welcomed.

The Seventh-day Baptist Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the Le Moyne Building, on Randolph street between State street and Wabash avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address, Rev. M. B. Kelly, 5455 Monroe Ave.

WANTED!

A young woman able and willing to get to work; willing to be a "servant" when that is needed; and who, outside of that, would like to be treated as "one of the family." Address, Sabbath Ba throoms.

WANTED!

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