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New Year's Morning.

NLY a night from old to new!
Only a night and so much wrought!
The old year's heart all weary grew,
But said: "The New Year rest has brought."
The Old Year's heart its hopes laid down,
As in a grave; but, trusting, said:
"The blossoms of the New Year's crown
Bloom from the ashes of the dead."
Only a night from old to new!
Never a night such changes wrought.
The Old Year had its work to do;
No New Year miracles are wrought.
Always a night from old to new!
Night and the healing balm of sleep!
Each morn is New Year's morn come true,
Morn of a festival to keep.
All nights are sacred nights to make
Confession and resolve and prayer;
All days are sacred days to wake
New gladness in the sunny air.
Only a night from old to new;
Only a sleep from night to morn.
The new is but the old come true;
Each sunrise sees a new year born.

—Helen Hunt.
in vain. It often is that our best efforts for others are rendered nugatory by the attitude they take toward our endeavors to do them good. The work of the world is made up of stranger failures, and most of us will find that indifference has been a prominent one. It is sometimes as difficult to tell why men are indifferent as it is impossible to avoid the sad results of indifference. No one can be indifferent to a question of duty who has not lost, in some degree, the sense of personal responsibility. Indifference is a double evil. It prevents right action and benefits the soul. It is an anesthetic, which produces pleasant at first, and struggles all better resolutions in the end. Indifference is like nightmare, and he who is conscious of its presence must make extraordinary effort to save himself from death. Often men are not clearly conscious of the reason which prevents right action, when indifference is the main cause. It is an insidious foe, and is not to be detected, but it is openly hostile. Some years ago, when the writer had preached a sermon upon "Spiritual Indolence," one of the hearers said, "That is my setting sin." Indifference is closely akin to spiritual indolence. Easy-going repentance at any time will not be a safeguard against future evil results to your life, through indifference. You must shake yourself vigorously, as to moral questions and spiritual experience, or the year 1902 will add a long list to the hurtful things you will bring upon yourself through indifference.

Another prominent cause of those results over which you must grieve is carelessness. This implies the idea that you are sometimes unable to do, and that, as your purposes and your life may approach the high standard which all should seek. The form of carelessness we have in mind comes, mainly, through momentary forgetfulness, or some of the sharper impulses that induce action quite opposed to better judgment. Such carelessness is a source of weakness, and yet suffer injury through a single careless step. Such carelessness may be less reprehensible than continued indifference, but its immediate results are quite as serious. In some respects, he who fails through carelessness is likely to do more harm than the man who is conscious of his own carelessness, because he has a keener sense of personal responsibility and higher standards of action. Nevertheless, carelessness is a serious fault, and many excellent people fall not only into evil through it, but cultivate forms of spiritual weakness, which increase the probability of frequent carelessness. Carelessness is closely allied to momentary temptation. Waves of emotion and gusts of passion are proudest causes of such carelessness. Absorption in other things at the moment, when one ought to be careful of his steps, is a fruitful source of carelessness. One ought to cultivate a wholesome and constant dread of carelessness, as the traveler, surrounded by unseen danger, is alert, through dread of unknown evils that may confront him at any moment. Biding your time against hasty actions is an excellent safeguard against carelessness.

Not least among those things which cause regret, as we review life, are the mistakes and evils which arise from ignorance. Ignorance may be a misfortune, rather than a sin, and we are never condemned by the All-Wise...
Father for not knowing that which we have had no chance to learn. The danger is that we do not avail ourselves of the opportunity to learn, and so fall into grievous errors. In that case we are not free to rely on the knowledge that we might know. Opportunity is in the duty of the matter of learning, as elsewhere, and he who is not alert constantly, that he may learn what God requires, may not offer himself for the opportunity. Opportunity is the belief that the knowledge is right comes through countless channels, and it is duty to see that no experience fails to leave some permanent teaching for good. It is not just to condemn yourself to-day for any failure through imperfect knowledge, if you have your best to secure the knowledge requisite to right judgment and right action. The important lesson to learn, under this head, is that the best lessons in life are never completely learned. However much you learned yesterday, however great the sum of your knowledge to-day, God has some further and better lessons waiting in to-morrow. If you are indifferent, or careless, concerning that lesson, the resulting ignorance must be charged against you.

**Final Indifference. Overcome Carelessness. Study Intensively and Constantly to Know God's Will.**

J. F. Hubbard, President.

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The Sabbath Recorder.
lately your Sabbath by their wrong Sunday. The fact is, we may be off time a little now, and your persistent observance of our 7th day be in consequence wrong. You strain at a gnat, etc. To which I reply:

Did it ever occur to you, my brother, that the numbers made in the number of days contained in the civil year could in any way change the order or number of days in the week? As you well know, in order to keep the length of the civil year approximately the same as that of the astronomical year, we add one day every fourth year (except on the centennial year), but we experience no disturbance in the number and order of the days of the week. Whether our year contains 365 days or 366 days, the week has seven days just as it always has had. On the same principle the dropping of any number of days from the year could not disturb the weekly order of days. Such an omission was made by the change from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar, or from Old Style to New Style, to which you refer. The New Style was adopted by different nations at different times, sometimes creating some confusion with reference to the order of days.

Dr. Eaton, late President of Beloit College, having investigated educational developments in the great German Universities, reports that higher education in the United States has improved much more rapidly than in Germany. Germany is the land of specialists, but it seems to be left to America to develop that high form of practical education which is to give the student a prominent characteristic of our times.

Forefathers’ Day—in memory of the landing of the Pilgrims, Dec. 22, 1620—has been observed with much prominence during the past week. At the Ninety-sixth Annual Dinner of the New England Society, in the City of New York, on the 23d of December, more than 500 guests sat down. The speeches and discussions were of a high class, giving evidence that the blood of the Puritans, and the principles which inspired their lives and deeds, are in high place in the best thought of our times.

During the past week Frederick G. Noby, a bacteriologist of high standing in connection with Michigan University, at Ann Arbor, has announced the discovery of a germicide, which will practically put an end to those virulent intestinal diseases, such as dysentery, cholera, etc. Time must demonstrate the value of these claims, but if they be sustained, even in a moderate degree, the result will mark an epoch in medical science. The fight, in words, over the Sunday law, which our Sunday law in New York goes vigorously. Some form of that issue is certain to be prominent during the approaching session of the Legislature.

The Navy Department has taken steps toward the adoption of wireless telegraphy as a means of communication with ships at sea.

As early as 1827, the Spaniards discovered coal on one of the Philippine Islands. Investigation lately made by our Government indicates that both the quality and quantity of the coal which may be secured will become an important feature of the mineral wealth of the islands.

The Zionist Congress was opened at Basel, Switzerland, on the 26th of December. Expressions made by the Sultan of Turkey during the past year indicate a favorable consideration of the movement for the colonization of the Jews in Palestine. The discussion at this Congress will be of more than passing interest.

During the week past the announcement has been made that the Methodist Episcopal church of the United States, through the votes of its local Conferences, has adopted the new constitution proposed by the last General Conference. The vote was 8,196 in favor and 2,513 against. The new constitution grants the right of women to sit as delegates in the General Conference, and increases the power of laymen to vote on constitutional questions.

The Creed Revision Committee of the Presbyterian church in the United States was in session at Washington, D.C., from Dec. 4 to Dec. 14. A general report of progress is made which indicates that the final steps in the revision movement will not be taken until the meeting of the General Assembly in 1903.

A CALL FROM THE GREAT SOUTH-WEST.

As the years go by, more and more importance is being attached to quartet work as an evangelizing force. Some one has said that the efforts bring more gratifying results than by year as the workers gain in experience. We are free to admit that experience is a great factor in the problem of success, but we notice that the lines are being filled by new workers who know nothing of the work by personal contact. To be sure the new ones may and do gain much by the experience of the older workers, but we believe God is working more mightily in the hearts of the people than ever before. The dark places are beginning to yearn for and reach out toward the light movement, and was almost an experiment. Now, it is a certainty, and consecrated workers are buoyant with the prospects of victory.

God’s grace, as a wonder-working leaven, is pouring into such hearts, and already three young sisters, well known to our leaders in the West, have offered themselves for the work in Arkansas. Why not introduce these to the field and work by a grand rally of quartets at Gentry for the next summer campaign? Our beloved secretary, O. U. Whithall, has a good deal to say about “categorization” by our people, and it is, indeed, too sadly true.

Much of this has been going on in the last year, but by the hand of God these restless ones have been led to cluster at Gentry. People from eight states are now located here, and the advancing movement on the quarter work in 1902 has been discussed here, both in public and at the fireside. We believe it to be the thing to do, and the hearts and homes of thirty-five families are wide open to welcome the laborers and assist in the work. Field missionaries are neutralizing a more promising field for an effort of this kind can not be found. Make Gentry the home of the quartets where they shall be cared for and charged, and sent out to different parts of the field. Let us hear from others on this subject.

C. C. Van Horn.

CHUCK FULL OF WORK.

A visitor to a farm was especially struck by the great crop production and strength of one of the stalwart harvest hands, and said to the farmer:

“THAT fellow ought to be chuck full of work.”

“He is,” replied the farmer, “or he ought to be, because I haven’t never been able to get none out of him.”—Success.

You can no more filter your mind into purity than you can compress it into calmness; you must keep it pure if you would have it pure; and throw no stones into it if you would have quiet.—John Ruskin.
**THE SABBATH RECORDER.**

**MISSIONS.**

By G. O. Warrington, Cor. Secretary, Westery, R. I.

STEAMER "BATHURST."  

OCTOBER 26, 1901.

Re: O. Whitfield:

**Dear Brother:**—This morning, at about 10 o'clock, the tender left the pier at Riverside Station, Liverpool, for the Bathurst, which commenced to move at about 11 o'clock. The steamer Bathurst is not very large, about 600 tons. I do not know just accurately the number of passengers, but there are a fair number for the small accommodations. The steamer scheduled to sail to-day was the and, but the Bathurst takes her place.

The weather is fair, the sun was shining during the day, but it is getting foggy; the wind is blowing occasionally, making an agonizing noise. The ship is expected to arrive on the 29th of November at Salt Pond.

**OCTOBER 26, 1901.**

Yesterday I was not feeling well; I ate but little, and it did not digest itself. To-day—second day of the voyage—the weather is fair, and we may be thankful, considering the time of the year. We do not come close to the Spanish coast to see it; we are going right for the Canary Islands; we are to stop at Teneriffe and at Grand Canary, not Madeira.

**OCTOBER 31, 1901.**

So far I have written but little; I have been seasick, not seriously, but over a longer period than other times on the sea. Inside the Bay of Biscay, or perhaps just west of it, off the coast of Portugal, the swell of the waves was very heavy, compared with the smooth sea we had before. The water came on deck many times, occasionally even on the high promenade deck of the first-class. Yesterday I studied, as also some previous to the Thass (pronounced Chees) Grammar which I ordered from Basel, in Switzerland, because it could not be had any longer in London, being out of the trade; the dictionary is out of print, and could be had neither in London, nor from the Missionary Publishing House itself.

To-day the sea is calmer; we are rocker more gently, we see, when we look up, a good deal of the blue of the sky, though it is largely overcast with clouds. I have a good deal at the sea, thinking, considering, than second of the voyage they cleared another cabin; this took one passenger from our cabin, and another one who used to be a first mate on this African line of steamers, went to the captain's apartments, leaving the room all to myself, excepting that I have some letters, and that he comes in two or three times every day. This is, of course, much more comfortable than to be crowded.

While I am writing this, the sun just begins to shed its rays upon the deck; it is very enjoyable. Right near me sits a cultured negro, Dr. J. T. Williams, with whom I have had some pleasant conversation. He is a spiritual man and very sociable; he makes many acquaintances. He said he would introduce me to the agents of the Yates and Porterfield Trading Co., of New York, at Sierra Leone, where his destination is. An agent there is acquainted with a representative of the Yates and Porterfield Trading Co., who, I was assured, is a very fine man. I intend to get acquainted with the representatives of the company. I may have some dealings with them; as you know, the Yates and Porterfield Trading Co. dispatch vessels directly to the West coast of Africa from New York. Going by way of Liverpool the distance is, I think, half as much again to Sierra Leone; accordingly it seems much more preferable, if anything is to be sent from America, that it be sent through this American company, directly from New York City. I already mentioned this to the Committee before I left America.

When I was in Liverpool my luggage was put on board the Oron, instead of the Bathurst. The Oron left on Sixth-day, one day later than the Yates and Porterfield, that is, both trunks, both of iron, and a basket with books, etc., are on the other faster steamer, which does not stop at Salt Pond. It was partly my mistake not calling for my luggage sooner at the station, but directly of the emigrants; of the London and Northwestern Railway, who noticed the label, but read so superficially that they took the name of the ship for the destination, as they said, and besides the steamer Oron does not even stop at Bathurst, as they supposed. At first I was told by a gentleman in the offices of Messrs. Elder, Dempster & Co., it would cost me a seven (7$), because a cablegram to the Captain of the Oron, at Grand Canary, would be necessary, but after I had personally seen the manager at the Elder & Co. office, on Water Street, I was told by the same gentleman, "We will telegraph for you to Grand Canary," and he did not speak any more any expense to me. The Manager, it appeared, did not think it necessary to send a cablegram, as mail-matter, on faster steamers. The Manager said he would write to the steamer Oron before or at Cape Coast. He advised me to procure some necessary for use on the way. As it was Sabbath when I received this advice, I did not buy anything at Liverpool, but shall see things that I have in my bag. The New Yorker is quite good and I have received my luggage on the way, I hope to Grand Canary, which we are expected to reach at the end of this week. If I shall buy some things on the way in some port where we stop. The great hurry on the steamers accounts for the fact that the luggage was accepted on board the Oron.

The trip is enjoyable for me, because I am feeling well. If I had had more time, I could have gone more economically, by gaining complete information before planning. A fast mail steamer, which is to stop at Cape Coast, left the steamer when I arrived at Liverpool from America, but the accommodation was so crowded that they really refused to take one single passenger more. A good share of the passengers go now to the Canary Islands to enjoy the healthy climate. Two or eight of them go either to Teneriffe or to Grand Canary.

In the second-class are a musical troupe of one gentleman, with his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Keene, together with three young men. They have furnished a concert which has met the expectation and general approval of the passengers. The first named, Mr. and Mrs. Keene, have three children with them. Besides these there is only one other second class passenger and myself.

A fast mail steamer left within a week after my arrival at Liverpool. It was to stop at Cape Coast, but the accommodation was too crowded, so I could not get a place in it.

I owe you some explanation why I did not send a letter from Gran Canary. I had written about the voyage before arriving there, but that a matter that concerned me very much took my time and attention upon arrival to the neglect of the correspondence which was so desirable. When I was in Liverpool the last time, the employees of the London & Northwestern Railway put my luggage on the steamer Oron, which started one day before the Bathurst. This mistake cost me a great deal of time, first in Liverpool, some-inference on the voyage, and only a week before Gran Canary, where I landed on purpose and went from Porto de Luz to Las Palmas to the office of Elder, Dempster & Co. A matter about equally as serious as the other mistake was the fact that the cablegram which Elder, Dempster & Co. had kindly sent from Liverpool to Gran Canary, arrived 12 hours after the steamer Oron left there, owing to a disorder of connection between Teneriffe and Gran Canary, on account of which considerable time was lost. As it was the mistake of the employees of the London & Northwestern Railway, fully as much as the mistake of the employees at the steamer to accept it, I did not feel at liberty to require any further cablegram at their expense. Upon my desire they sent a letter instructing the Captain of the Oron to land the luggage at Cape Coast, being the nearest port to Salt Pond, where the Oron is to stop. I, myself, was to blame, insomuch as I did not call for my luggage as early as I was advised to do so by a porter. I was not the only passenger who had trouble with luggage, and I was told by the land agent that my baggage was altogether left behind. This steamer, stopping at Salt Pond, is slower than the Oron, which does not stop there and takes only passengers and mail for places this side of Lagos. The letter of introduction to the Captain of the Oron may not reach him before the steamer is homeward bound. A cablegram from Grand Canary to Sekondi, the first place where both the Bathurst and the Oron are to stop, costs a shilling six pence a word, as I understand. This was too expensive for me.

**NOVEMBER 6, 1901.**

It is nothing but natural that I should be much interested in the negroes, as I am about to work among them. The negro physician, Dr. Williams, of whom I made mention before, is Consul at Sierra Leone. Everybody knows whom I have spoken about him seems to respect or admire him. I will frankly say that I admire him. He is a daily Bible-reader, and I think he takes time to digest his spiritual food; he reads as a for a while, and then stops to think.

A young negro boy, from Sierra Leone, who has been told by the old negroes, and whom I have taught a little, would like very much to go with me to Ayan Maim. I think he would be a
very nice attendant and errand-boy, and the steward said he is a good cook. He is only fifteen years of age. His mother wanted him to go to-school, and he has learned a little. He can read short words, and he writes most letters plainly. But his father did not want his son to stay in school any longer, and made him go aboard a steamer of the African Line. This is his second trip, I think. He is quite anxious, if not determined, to go with me that he may go to school and be with me. I should have to profess a strong feeling of "chop"; he said he did not want money.

One of the other Kroo boys said: "Why don't the English send a teacher to us? They send missionaries everywhere on the coast except to the Kroo." When I told him I was sent from America, he said: "Why don't the Americans send teachers to the Kroo Coast? You know it is Liberia, it belongs to the Americans."

As they were anxious to have a spelling book, I gave one, and a reader, and to the surface of the water, and occasionally something could we desire? I have, therefore, the very £8, 10 nomenclature. There is a regular first-class passengers and us in any way on the tables. As far as our cabins are concerned, each of us has a cabin wholly to ourselves; what more could we desire? I have, therefore, the very best treatment on this steamer. I am not sorry so far that I have taken second-class instead of first; the difference in cost was £8, 10 shillings, about £40 or 100 guilders. The table is good and the improvement in fare above second-class is considerable. Breakfast is at 8.30, lunch at 1, and dinner at 6.30 o'clock; a light lunch is served at 4 o'clock. The menus are not printed, as on the "Cymric."

Just now two brown fishes were seen close to the surface of the water, and occasionally jumping out of the water; it is a treat to see something like this, for it has not happened for many years. We see scarcely any ships, perhaps as many as one a day. We could see the coast the day before yesterday; it was the western extremity of the Great Sahara; it looked bare and rocky from the distance. The great desert is often thought of as an immense plain, but part of it are decidedly hilly, if not mountainous, and this extremity has certainly that appearance.

The steamer did not stop at Madeira; we were at Teneriffe on Sabbath-day. I did not buy there, nor leave the ship; I went ashore at Puerto de Luz, on Grand Canary, first to see about my luggage and to buy what seemed necessary. The shoes and wicker chair, which gives me much comfort now, I bought at Teneriffe. That and the hat I found in Madeira, where I could, since I could not buy in Madeira itself, as Dr. Daland advised me.

I have not yet found pro-Boers among the passengers. I found at least one in England, our Bro. Barber, who, with his wife, showed us the most consideration. There is a case made for those who don't use the English language over the writings of William Stead, editor of the Review of Reviews, a "little Englishman" as anti-imperialists in England are called. One of the passengers, Mr. Watthen, also in the second-class, as I mentioned, has served in the South African war; he is now going, for the English government, to Akassa, as a carpenter to instruct the natives. The progress which some negroes in America have made is a new revelation to him.

Among the passengers there is a young married couple at least this is the general conjecture—who are going to French territory, to Conakry, they do not speak English—there is scarcely any passenger but myself who ever speaks a word with them. I have never asked them whether the people guessed right. The gentleman is connected with the French Shipsteam Company, "Messagerie transatlantique." Every four months they despatch a steamer from Boston to the West Coast of Africa. Looking on the map of Africa, I am struck with the immense amount of territory which is marked or colored as French.

While I am sitting in the gentleman's room where the captain is sitting with some passengers at a table, a man of the crew just comes in and announces to the captain, "Nineen fathoms, sir! The captain says, playing on, "Just see how that comes in on the map." I am reading in "The Relief of Kumuie," by Captain Harold C. J. Bliss, published by Methuen & Co., 36 Essex Street, W. C., London, 1901, a very recent book according to the great campaign in the Gold Coast among the Ashantis, by a participant in the battles. November 8, 1901.

We are about ten degrees north of the equator. It is still delightful weather; it does not have to do heavy work it is really delightful on the sea in this part of the tropics, having the comforts weenjoy on this steamer. The canvas stretched out above the deck, also said to have the great advantage of diminishing the waves, but the specific weight of it, spreading over the sea, prevents the billows from breaking into foaming crests, and causes them to assume the harmless aspect of rollers, which pass under the ship instead of dashing over her.

The method usually adopted by mariners has been to break into pieces of oil, and permit the contents to leak out slowly in the wake of the vessel. This is a somewhat primitive way of accomplishing the purpose, and quite a number of Yankee inventors have tried to devise some better means for distributing the fluid. Two of the patents in this line are for oil-carrying projectiles, designed to be thrown out upon the water and to burst, scattering the oil broadcast.

Most of these shells are supposed to be exploded by gunpowder or chemicals—a plan somewhat objectionable, perhaps, in view of the danger of setting fire to the oil in the vessel's path. It is claimed that such a peril is entirely avoided by a new kind of projectile, just patented by a citizen of Germantown, Pennsylvania, and this device is also said to have the great advantage of distributing the oil gradually, instead of making a single violent scattering of its contents. In this contrivance the body of the shell is of cedar wood, wound with wire. On striking the water, the cover of the front end is broken, liberating the oil. But the specific gravity of the shell is such that it floats, mouth upward, and, tilting from side to side with the movement of the waves, gradually spills the oil. The water, entering to displace the oil, floats the latter toward the deck where the petrol is all gone. In this manner the utmost possible use is intended to be made of a given quantity of petroleum, with advantage both in economy and effectiveness.—Exchange.

In the march of life don't heed the order of "right about" when you know you are about right.—O. W. Holmes.
The Sabbath Recorder,
The Sabbath Recorder. [Vol. LVII, No. 52.]

CHRIST THE CENTRAL FIGURE IN THE BIBLE.

(Rev. K. B. Topper, to Brooklyn Eagle.)

Christ crucified is pre-eminent and gloriously a Bible theme. The whole word of God finds its central doctrine and reaches its most glorious manifestation in the person and work of an atoning Redeemer. It is a noted saying of the great French preacher, Massillon, that all the lines of past history converge in Jesus, and all the lines of history to come diverge from him. With equal truth we may say that the revelation of God gathers in and about the crucified Christ. All the older revelation points to him and centers in him; all the newer revelation proceeds from him.

The lines of God's eternal truth cross and recross in him. Here, emphatically, is arranged the illustration of that of which it is the revelation from the foundation of the world—Jesus, as well as tear out this heart from the center of a curious, antique setting.

And the grand climax of all this Christ teaching in the older Revelation is contained in the magnificent and wonderful language of the fifth evangelist: "He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities. His blood doth cleanse my sin." Believe me, friends, there is no peradventure, no calculation, the functions of life may be affected by nature to survive the struggle, and as the direct rays of the sun struck and dried up; then the eagle, its head would be lifted into all the newer revelation proceeds from him. With the French prophet, Boniface, realized this when told by Louis XIV that all the world was moved by his eloquence and learning, he humbly expressed the wish that all the human praise which his eloquence and learning evoked may be given to him as a garland on the cross of Calvary. The consecrated father of the early Christian church realized this when, full of the Spirit of God, he exclaimed: "Were the highest heaven my pulpit, and the whole host of the redeemed my audience, and eternity my day, Jesus alone would be my theme."

The message of the pulpit should be characteristically and invariably Christo-centric: Christ the God, Christ the man, Christ the God-man, the dying Christ, the risen Christ, the reigning Christ, Christ the end of the law to every one that looketh upon him. Often these themes that inspire human hearts and fire human lips, this alone is sufficient to magnify the name of God, exalt the divine Son, convict and convert human souls and transform a Paradise Lost, with all its blight and woe, into a life that shall know a celestial songs and eternal triumph. And prompted by this conviction—nay, held by it as you plant is held in its orbit by the law of gravity—each ambassador of Christ should with his face turned to his Master lift the prayer: "In offering thy salvation free Let all abasing thoughts of thee My mind and soul engross And when all hearts are moved and stirred Beneath the influences of Thy word o'er Thee, Christ! Christ! Not ethos nor moral philosophy, not astronomy nor geology, nor history, nor political economy, but Christ on Calvary's summit, the center of humanity's highest hopes, noblest aspirations and divinest life.

WILD ANIMALS IN WINTER.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK RUGNHE.

The devices of animal life to bridge over the winter season, and their ways and habits during this time, present an interesting, indeed fascinating, page of nature. Why certain forms should defy the elements and roam abroad, seeking a precarious livelihood, while others, much stronger and apparently better equipped by nature to survive the struggle, enter a strange and remarkable winter sleep, content in the shelter of their homes, and safe from the attacks of all the lines of past history converge in Jesus, and all the lines of history to come diverge from him. With equal truth we may say that the revelation of God gathers in and about the crucified Christ. All the older revelation points to him and centers in him; all the newer revelation proceeds from him.

The lines of God's eternal truth cross and recross in him. Here, emphatically, is arranged the illustration of that of which it is the revelation from the foundation of the world—Jesus, as well as tear out this heart from the center of a curious, antique setting.

And the grand climax of all this Christ teaching in the older Revelation is contained in the magnificent and wonderful language of the fifth evangelist: "He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities. His blood doth cleanse my sin." Believe me, friends, there is no peradventure, no calculation, the functions of life may be affected by nature to survive the struggle, and as the direct rays of the sun struck and dried up; then the eagle, its head would be lifted into all the newer revelation proceeds from him. With the French prophet, Boniface, realized this when told by Louis XIV that all the world was moved by his eloquence and learning, he humbly expressed the wish that all the human praise which his eloquence and learning evoked may be given to him as a garland on the cross of Calvary. The consecrated father of the early Christian church realized this when, full of the Spirit of God, he exclaimed: "Were the highest heaven my pulpit, and the whole host of the redeemed my audience, and eternity my day, Jesus alone would be my theme."

The message of the pulpit should be characteristically and invariably Christo-centric: Christ the God, Christ the man, Christ the God-man, the dying Christ, the risen Christ, the reigning Christ, Christ the end of the law to every one that looketh upon him. Often these themes that inspire human hearts and fire human lips, this alone is sufficient to magnify the name of God, exalt the divine Son, convict and convert human souls and transform a Paradise Lost, with all its blight and woe, into a life that shall know a celestial songs and eternal triumph. And prompted by this conviction—nay, held by it as you plant is held in its orbit by the law of gravity—each ambassador of Christ should with his face turned to his Master lift the prayer: "In offering thy salvation free Let all abasing thoughts of thee My mind and soul engross And when all hearts are moved and stirred Beneath the influences of Thy word o'er Thee, Christ! Christ! Not ethos nor moral philosophy, not astronomy nor geology, nor history, nor political economy, but Christ on Calvary's summit, the center of humanity's highest hopes, noblest aspirations and divinest life.

WILD ANIMALS IN WINTER.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK RUGNHE.

The devices of animal life to bridge over the winter season, and their ways and habits during this time, present an interesting, indeed fascinating, page of nature. Why certain forms should defy the elements and roam abroad, seeking a precarious livelihood, while others, much stronger and apparently better equipped by nature to survive the struggle, enter a strange and remarkable winter sleep, content in the shelter of their homes, and safe from the attacks of
CHOOSING TOYS WISELY.

[The subject of the following article from the Congressional Record is worthy of repeated study by parents and others. Playing and things used therewith have much to do with the characters and lives of children.—Ed.]

Play is the natural employment of children and should be properly directed. It is importunate in them, and requires the constant watch of those about them, to prevent the use of those toys which are quite unknown to the children themselves, and which it is well to bear in mind when selecting toys. Long ago Froebel perceived that through play the child is prepared for the life that is to come. The perception of this truth led him to the gift of a book, that children may be helped to see, and therefore to think clearly, while illustrating stories stimulates the child's inventiveness. A small black-board is a great delight to the little inmates of the nursery.

CHOOSING TOYS WISELY.

But this is not all, nor through play the childish life may not gain mental power and strength of character. He may learn to overcome difficulties, he can experience that "joy in being a cause" (that is, joy in doing or making something) which is so important an element of our human nature, and he can come to understand life and to learn to be a good member of Society. When we think then, of choosing toys or play materials, we want to keep in mind the uses of play, and to inquire what toys will really help our children.

Considering first their physical development—what toys will be useful in this? Evidently the ball suggests itself at once. From babyhood on, the child wants a ball of one kind or another, and it is, I think, the only playing that we do "put away" with our children, and so it is the one to be encouraged. But, I am afraid, we have given up other active games. Through play with the ball children exercise their muscles, and they also gain skill and precision, control over their movements and power of seeing accurately and of judging correctly what is being done. These are useful in much the same way are marbles, bean-bags, battledores and shuttlecocks, bows and arrows and target games, of which there are several—also the hoops for rolling.

But we must pass on to think of toys which help to satisfy the child's desire to be active. He must have something to play with. He must be interested in them. He must have something to do. And if there is no question of the child's being satisfied, there is no question of his being useful. The child is not alive until he is useful. Short of that he is not alive at all.

CHOOSING TOYS WISELY.

But here we may add that every child should be trained in the use of his body. He should learn how to move about, to control his movements and power of trains, and in what is popularly called the departure and return of the birds we contemplate a wonderful spectacle. With Froebel perceived that through play the child is prepared for the life that is to come. The perception of this truth led him to the gift of a book, that children may be helped to see, and therefore to think clearly, while illustrating stories stimulates the child's inventiveness. A small black-board is a great delight to the little inmates of the nursery.

CHOOSING TOYS WISELY.

By the way, there is a happy thing about the birds. The winter finds the trees, the leaf is withered, and the nesting places where the birds have made their homes deserted except for the few forms which have been left behind to wait for the spring, and in the deep snows of the woodlands, find in a precarious living until the spring comes, the wanderers return and all life takes on a new meaning.—Scientific American.

HOME READINGS FOR 1902.

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Quantity</th>
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<tr>
<td>100 copies</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
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<td>75 copies</td>
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Paper dolls and paper toys of various kinds, to be cut out and put together, give occupation and pleasure to children who are old enough to use scissors and paste, while for the little ones that are beginning to walk are handsomely colored, and colored papers for folding and pasting and for making paper chains. Drawing and painting materials must not be forgotten, for they fill with pleasure many an hour that might otherwise be spent in idleness or mischief, and free-hand drawing is a wonderful help to correct seeing, and therefore to clear thinking, while illustrating stories stimulates the child's inventiveness. A small black-board is a great delight to the little inmates of the nursery.

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Children's Page.

MAKE UP, OR SMOOTH OVER.

BY MRS. A. H. BRIDSON.

"Why, what is the matter with you, Ernest," said mamma, as he came into the house after school one day, and instead of his usual pleasant salutation and merry whistle, and the careful putting away of books, he threw them into the first chair, himself into another, and his cap into the further corner of the room, without a word of explanation.

"Oh, nothing much, mamma," he said at last, "only Joe and I have quarreled, and are never going to speak to each other again."

To this astonishing announcement Mrs. Barton made no reply, but kept on with the sewing she was doing when Ernest came in. After a time, it seemed like a week to the troubled boy, she asked: "And how are you going to get along without each other?"

"Oh, I guess we can manage; he can go his way, I mine, and—"

"But you both go the same way, not only to school, but to town, and the ball game another day?"

"I suppose it will," said Ernest, his color, which had been unusually high, cooling down, and his voice, which had been high and rasping, becoming almost gentle. "But, mamma, a fellow can't stand everything, you know, and—"

"Well," said mamma, after a pause, "well, what?"

"Oh, I don't know; I guess I was a little bit too hasty in saying 'never,' but not for so long. Joe's got to 'pologetize first.'"

"Sure of that?" said mamma, and as Ernest did not reply, she began singing; singing when her boy was so unhappy—why, it seemed crying to her; why didn't she enquire what Joe had said or done? But no, she just threaded her needle and sang. "There is a happy land, far, far away. Very far, indeed, it seemed to poor Ernest, sitting there, tired, hungry and so miserable. His mother's voice seemed to him, however, in this of its cruelty, and so after a few minutes he got up, picked up his cap and books and went to his room. There he sank down on the floor beside the open window and went to sleep.

It was not a long nap, for Mosey crept in and sat down beside him, purring so loudly that she woke him up. But he felt better, and putting his faithful friend, got up, just as the dinner-bell rang. Hastily basting his face and hands, and giving his disarranged hair a hasty brush, he took kitty in his arms and went down stairs. His father and mother and little sister Beatrice were at the table, and as he took his seat he felt somehow as if a partition were between himself and the rest of his family. His father was very polite, however, and asked, "And what will you have, my son?" And mamma looked him up and down and said, "I didn't know what you were like this jelly, Ernest?" Yet somehow the voice and the look did not seem like hers, and everything seemed to choke him.

He managed to get through the meal somehow, before the rest, quite unlike the usual custom, and asked to be excused. "Certainly," said mamma, very politely, but Ernest felt hurt by it. "She feels glad to have me go," he thought, "and didn't seem a bit worried 'cause I didn't want any dessert." He went out very unhappy, and sat down on the piazza steps. Always after dinner he and Joe used to meet on the open space near their houses, and there was Joe now sitting on the steps and looking as if he didn't know what to do with himself either.

When the buggy was driven up, his father, who was a doctor, came out and stepped in, and started the horse, but then stopped it, saying, "Want to take a ride, my son?" He felt so glad Ernest was to get away from his own thoughts and the sight of Joe, perhaps, but oh, dear, when they came near Joe's cottage, where he and his widowed mother lived, the doctor stopped his horse an instant, but then quickly started him again, saying, "Excuse me; I forgot."

They were both very quiet; there did not seem to be as much as usual to talk about. After the doctor's calls, only two, being second calls on very sick patients, they turned toward home. Just as they passed the post-office, Joe came out with the mail, and two big bundles. The mother was walking alongside him and talking out their income by taking in sewing. Ernest looked at his father, who did not seem to take any notice; he seemed to be looking way off somewhere.

"Papa," said Ernest, putting his hand on the reins as he spoke, "please stop. I can run home myself. But you know you can pick up Joe and his big bundles.

And in an instant he was out, running ahead at a good pace.

"Jump in, my boy," said the doctor kindly. Those bundles were too heavy for such small arms, and took up too much room.

"Oh, thank you, sir," said Joe, climbing back in; "I'm sorry though." "Oh, never mind that," said the doctor, laughing, "it won't hurt him to have a run." To himself he said: "The little rascal, he thinks he's doing something big, but I am glad that he has some conscience.

The doctor talked with Joe about his studies, and how his garden was coming on, for Joe was very anxious to help his mother and did a good deal of work for so young a boy; but not a word about the quarrel. When Ernest came in he found his mother alone, his father being in his office. "So you walked," she said, "I'm glad, for it was too far for Joe, with those heavy bundles."

"Yes, mamma; and besides I thought it would be a good way to smooth things over, you know."

"Oh, said mamma: "smooth over or make up; which is the best way, do you think?"

"Why, what is the difference, mamma?" said Ernest slowly. "What is it?"

"I will let you find out for yourself, my dear," said the woman. "I think that there is a great difference."

All the next day Ernest kept thinking about it. For his part he thought that Joe should be very grateful to him for getting out of the carriage and so letting him ride, and he expected his father at least to look a little more than if he felt so. But he did nothing of the kind; he kept right on at his work; even when Ernest came in and took his seat, he did not raise his eyes. At recess, though Ernest lingered a little, Joe was busy putting his desk in order, and then calling "Tim," a new boy just moved into town, they went out together and played ball. That night, feeling very sad, and as if he had been really abused by Joe, Ernest went to get into his nice little bed; throwing down the white spread as usual, he uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Why, mamma," he called, "just come here and see my bed! Mary must have forgotten to make it up!"

"No," said mamma, coming into the room, "I told her that I would attend to it myself. It looked all right when I left it." Ernest stood quite still, regarding first her then the disordered bed. All at once it dawned upon him what she had intended him to the difference between smoothing over and making up.

"Oh, mamma," he sobbed, "I have been a real wicked boy. May I tell you all about it?"

"Certainly," said mamma, "I hoped that you would. Perhaps I can help you."

"You have, mamma, I see now, and I will begin 'making up' by telling you, though I'm ashamed to. You see it was in the spelling class, and little Tim, the new boy I told you about, he is an awful good speller, though he can't speak very plain, something is the matter with his mouth. It was his turn, he was at the head and I next, he spelled the word all right, Joe and I both heard him, but the master didn't, and called out 'next,' and I spelled it, just as Tim had only said out loud, you know, and so I got above him."

"Well, after school Joe looked real mad, and said what did you do that for, Ernest?"

"I did as master told me to," I said. "But," said Joe," you ought to have held your hand and explained to master how it was. I should. That made me mad, and I said, besides Joe to be considered, I should."

"Oh, mamma," said Ernest, putting his hand on her hand real kind, and said, "I spelled the word all right, Joe and I both heard him, but the master didn't, and called out 'next,' and I spelled it, just as Tim had only said out loud, you know, and so I got above him."

"Yes, mamma," I thought, "I have a friend who can take advantage of a poor boy like Tim."

"So I said, 'very well, you can take Tim for your friend, and we won't speak to each other any more.' All right," said he, and then he called to Tim and they went off together.

"And now," said mamma, very slowly, as if it hurt her, "what will you do about it?"

"Why, make up, I suppose," said Ernest, "tell Joe that he was right, and ask him to be friendly."

"Yes," said mamma, "but there are others besides Joe to be considered, I should think."

"Do you mean God, mamma?" said the boy, in a heavy, low voice.

"Yes, first, and then?"

"Oh, do you mean Tim, mamma?"

"Yes, and yet another."

"Teacher? Oh, mamma, seems as if I could not do that, and he would have to put me back in the class, and tell all the school, too."

"Just like making up a bed," said mamma, "everything must be taken off and put on right again."

The next day Ernest came home with a bright face. "Mamma," he said, "it was pretty hard, but I did it."
Tim up, and they talked awhile, and teacher is going to have him come to his house two or three times a week to show him how to talk straight, and so it's all come out first-rate. But," he added, "I guess it will be some time before I get into such a scrape again, it takes such a lot of making up afterwards."—The Standard.

SALEM'S AWFUL CALAMITY.

The friends whose eyes have been turned toward Salem for years will undoubtedly see the reports of the awful fire that swept away nearly fifty buildings, and wiped from the face of the earth nearly all the business portion of the town, and they will be anxious to know the particulars. First of all, the college and public school and all three churches escaped unharmed; and while many roomers in boarding houses, and families in tenements over stores, were burned out of home, there were but few dwelling houses burned.

Salem has had her most appalling conflagration every year for two or three years, and every available building spot had been made use of in the heart of the town, until the houses were packed together in solid blocks between the hills, and streets made on both sides for dwelling purposes as well as for business. The Salem of three days ago bore no resemblance to the Salem of three years ago.

About 10:30 o'clock on the evening after the Sabbath, Dec. 14, the fire was discovered in the printing office near the western end of the business portion of the town. There had been a deluge of rain all day long, which turned to snow at night-fall, as the first frosty breath of the famous blizzard struck the hills. The gale had increased from the north-west, which made certain that everything from the business portion of the town was doomed if the fire could not be confounded to the building in which it started. Desperate efforts were made for this, but the flood had filled the pump-pit at the mill so as to make it impossible to start the pumps. This necessitated pumping the water in storage. When the stream did start, the bursting of the hose delayed a few moments until the fire had gained immense headway, and it was then apparent to all that no human hands could stop it. So by all means, first of all, the three-story building on the west was saved, and the fire in that direction was stopped; but three rows of closely built block on both sides of Main street and across the railroad, two or three stories high, lay straight before the wind, and furnished fuel to the appalling conflagrations ever witnessed in West Virginia.

The roaring, crackling, booming fury of that mad ocean of fire was beyond the power of tongue or pen to describe. The buildings were of wood, excepting two, and many were built of pitch-pine, which burned like a tinder box. The awful fire on the north was to save the Baptist church and parsonage. If these caught fire then every home in the hillside east of them would be doomed.

With the seething sea of fire from ten to twelve stories high, it seemed ready to burst into flames, hope gave place to despair, and all hands were helpless. But just at this most critical moment the snow squall from the northwest veered a little to the northward and seemed for a little time to double its force. This blew the flames flat down and away from the church, whence they flew straight as an arrow for the Brewing Company's cold storage building, which was last one of the last one to go.

The next hard fight was to save the Furbee House, which was successful. Had this building burned, nothing could have saved the long row of dwellings stretching away to the Methodist and burial grounds. Here the fighting was most desperate, and the oil-well buildings saved the last two out of this long row across the street, which ensured the safety of the depot and cars on switch.

Across the railroad stood a solid row of houses, every one of which was burned, and the fire stopped for want of fuel near the depot.

From 10:30 until after 3 o'clock in the morning this fearful fire raged, destroying something over 50 places of business and offices. The loss has been estimated all the way up to $300,000. Several insurance policies had been cancelled by the companies, who refused to carry them longer at reasonable rates among so many saloons.

Added to the horrors of fire were the horrors of robbers and plunderers. Crowds of drunken men would go from house to house and beat the people on the floor, and thousands of dollars worth of goods were carried away, even while the owners pleaded and protested. With all this, no special police were appointed so far as we know, and the people were in the mercy of the plunderers. The seeds of Anarchy have been thoroughly sown and carefully cultivated in Salem for two years, and the incendiary's torch has been the harvest. The printing office had been purchased by a company of more than forty of Salem's best citizens, of all denominations, who proposed to form a stock company and run a clean newspaper that should no longer be a comfort to outlaws, but should have at heart all the good interests of our town. It was to be a paper every tendency of which should educate in favor of law and order. When this purchase was made by their manager, who had been engaged to edit it, became known, there was wrath among the outlaw element, and many hard threats were made. The manager was a stranger, and the connection of the Citizen Stock Company with the move- ment was not made public until the sale was contracted for. On the night in question, all papers were signed, and $2,500 including $100 previously paid, were handed over about 8 o'clock at night. Three hours later the plant was in ashes.

It was an excellent equipment, with a fine press nearly new. The next morning, early, two men were seen nailing up a square pen around a torch where the gas-pipe had been broken. Over this a tent was stretched, and by middle of the forenoon a speakeasy and gambling place was running on the smoldering embers. This hideous racket was quickly destroyed by the citizens. Now, as I write, two or three shanty speakeasies, built upon the ashes of the town they destroyed, are running, and the drayman, loaded with barrels of liquor from the ice-plant, is hustling his load along to fill them up. The Stock Company unanimously decided to go on with their paper, and to-morrow the first issue will appear one-half size, delivered from one of the Clarkeburg publishing houses. This plan will hold until they can secure a press and a room in which to use it. The bank's papers and books were uninjured in the ex- plosion, but it is well that, after 9:30 last night, the bank was ready for business. Several temporary stores are already built, and goods are going in to-morrow. It is enough to put new life into any man to see the hustling of these Salemites in their efforts to arise out of the ashes.

A call for public meeting is now being signed by many, for to-night, to make united effort for law and order.

THEO. L. GARDNER.

Dec. 18, 1901.

THE ANSWER.

"I wouldn't so much mind being poor if it wasn't so mighty inconvenient." And a lusty carrier from a publishing house in a Southern city wearisely set down his huge basket of unfolded sheets, taking them out by handfuls, hundred by hundred, and piled them on a small table before an invalid woman whose next duty was to turn these freshly printed pages of the then popular Semi-Tropical. "Place the upper right-hand corner squarely upon the upper left-hand corner—pages figures upon page figures," had been the rapid instructions given the day previous, and the toiler hastened to learn a new art to eke out the daily bread. As she worked she caught glimpses of the treasures she coveted. Yes, there was an article from the pen of Solon Robinson, whose well-filled Judy was a delight. The street was a feast to look upon through panes of glass, and from the shelves of which he had once handed her a translation of one of Fredrika Bremer's finest works. There, too, were accurate descriptions of the Yucca plant, one bloom of which had been known to fill a small barrel; and she, born lover of nature and of literature, must sit and turn these sheets and bear the pain of the remainder of that sultry summer day.

"Fresh and cool! Ice-cream. Ice-cream." The very words were refreshing, and the imaginary snow-white delicacy was quickly contrasted with the black wheeler of the old brown barrel, who was halting before the door, and, indeed, upon the veranda, saying in addition to his well-known proclamation, "Getting unacclimated, are you?" "Been here long?" When the over-salted "experiment" was laid aside, uncast, and this second fellow toiler passed on his way, the white folder on the wide, white margin moved no more rapidly than the thoughts of its wielder. "Impart, mighty once convenient!" and "Been here long?" rang themselves over and over again through a weary brain.

Twenty years before, the same words and tones might have been heeded, if not understood. Twenty years before, the "experi­ menting" street vendor would not have been recognized. But now, was not the whole world akin? Was not this path of burden and of pain the path of a long line that she had clearly and yet so dimly seen in those far-off days? And had she not even in the time of enjoyment, been led the All-Father to give her some share in doing his will among the needy of his world? And was this a part of the answer? A.

Don't blame others for not seeing in the dark.—Anon.
Our Reading Room.

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us be work­ers together with God, knowing how to answer all, but especially towards the family of the faith."—Gal. 6:10. "But to do good and to communicate, forget not."—2 Tim. 1:16.

New Market, N. J.—Once a department in the "Sabbath Recorder" was headed "Home News," and many times, readers would wait a long time for something to occur that might properly come under that heading; but that necessity no longer exists. Since people generally are glad to hear from the different churches it would be well if items of interest were more frequently written.

We are glad to welcome to our church and society the family of Mr. Isens F. Randolph, formerly of New Milton, West Virginia, but for fifteen years a resident of Ohio, near Jackson Centre. There is still room for others who wish to avail themselves of the advantages our locality offers for business, schools, churches, good markets, etc.

We are glad to read the Editor's promise to publish weekly topics for the prayer-meeting seasons. This is, in this plan, an opportunity for infusing new life into that important part of Christian work and worship.

The "Week of Prayer" will soon be here, and we are looking forward to that time with hope that it may bring to all of our churches occasions of special awakening. Our people will appreciate the First-day Lay Institute this service for the week commencing January 5. This has long been our custom, and many precious and profitable sessions have been enjoyed.

Many of the friends of Dr. M. J. Whifford, of our church, will be glad to know of his increasing popularity, not only as a physician, but also as a citizen. At the November election he was chosen, by a very complimentary vote, as a member of the New Jersey Legislature, which will convene in January.

December 22, 1901.

Shiloh, N. J.—On the night of Nov. 28 we commenced holding evening meetings at Shiloh. The Weekly Meeting at Mariboro closed the night before. Though storms prevented many from attending, and only two minis­ters (Hepp and Shaw) from other churches could be with us, that was a great meeting. Bro. Shaw remained with us three nights. The old Shiloh church was well filled and the interest was good. On Thanksgiving morning I stood trying to keep the tears back from my eyes while Bro. Shaw mounted the stage for home. I had not long to grieve, for we were to have a Thanksgiving dinner, carrying our baskets full of good things to the church. Before the dinner came a Thanksgiving sermon; this was too rare done. By 3 o'clock in the afternoon both the dinner and the sermon were digested, and a wed­ding was in progress. That night, at 7 o'clock a good congregation gathered for a gospel meeting, and when the invita­tion was given to arise for prayers many started forward," and after two weeks the interest has grown steadily. On last Sabbath evening, fifteen made their offering to the church and were baptized. More are waiting baptism next Sabbath evening. We have been praying and talking and preaching of "love" for two years, but no sermons are like the love itself, which we now see manifested. We have been trying to ex­

plain what faith is, but now we see what it is. It is wonderfully on the increase. We are thankings God for answers to prayer. We hope every member, resident and non-resident, of the Shiloh church will receive a shock of love and faith 20,000 volts strong. Pray for us at Shiloh, and we will remember others of our churches where special meetings are in progress.

E. B. Saunders.

SALEM, W. VA.—Since no one else has done it, we want to tell you that our new church building is now ready for occupancy. The furnace keeps us warm, the gas light dispels the darkness, and the portiere partition gives a beautiful, though soft and refined, tone to the comfortable and pleasant audience room. Our meetings are all well attended despite the wet and unpleasnt weather we have been having. The pastor held some extra meet­ings at Buckeye, in which he was greatly en­couraged because of the growing interest. Conditions not being favorable, only six meet­ings were held. The college started in the winter term, and the professor's sermon on that of any winter term during its history.

The college is an honor to the town, and a conservator of true manhood and woman­hood to the young people of a large section of the surrounding country. We believe the founders were moved by the Divine hand in the accomplishment of that work which means so much to this place, now and in the future. Our interest in all parts of our beloved Zion is not diminished. We rejoice in every favor­able report and lift our hearts in grateful praise to God who has said he will be with us even to the end.

After writing the above, our town was vis­ited by the fire fiend, and sixty six places of busi­ness, with some dwellings, were burned to ashes. Now, Dec. 16, new places of business are rising from the ruins.

E. A. Witter.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.—On last Sabbath the ordination of baptism was administered by the pastor of the Cumberland church to the two young men mentioned by Dr. Whifford in the Record for the 2nd inst. Fifteen persons witnessed the immersion. The day was rainy, with light gusts of wind, but the air was warm and pleasant.

The recent visit of Dr. Whifford to us was encouraging, and his excellent sermons were helpful and instructive. Leaving aside learned and high-sounding words and phrases, he reached the love of God and the faith of Jesus in language easy to be understood. He leaves a warm place in our hearts, and our love, prayers and good wishes follow him in all of his toilsome labors. We thank the Lord, and all of the friends who have thus contrib­uted to our consolation and encouragement.

D. N. Newton.

ALFRED, N. Y.—The first course of lectures under the auspices of our Theological Semi­nary, by the Rev. Dr. Wilbor, of Hornellsville, has fulfilled our highest expectations. The lectures have been practical, scholarly, edify­ing, and inspiring. The deliverance of the sacred and splendid general theme, The English Bible. In the first lecture, "The Story of the English Bible," we were given a history and description of English transla­tions and told the story of the self-sacrificing labors of learned and pious men to place the Bible within reach of the common people.

The Bible in Education" it was shown how Bible history, biography, geography, lan­guage and literature, oratory, ethics, and re­ligion, deserve a place in the curricula of our schools, at least by the side of similar sub­jects from heathen sources. In the third lect­ure, it was taught the nature, need, and profit of careful and systematic Bible-reading and study. By description, illustrative ex­amples, and many witnesses, the speaker set forth "The Literary Charms of the Bible." In "The Bible-school as an Educational In­stitution" it was taught the nature, need, and some advantages in organization, management, and instruction were placed before us, which if observed, would more and more make this leading department of church work a real school of a high order. More appropriate subjects could not have been chosen for the first lectures; and a fresh impetus to Bible-study and teaching cannot but be among the results; for they have been well attended by appreciative audiences of students, teachers, and people from the village.

It is of course expected that most of our lecturers will be persons of our own denomina­tion, and it is hoped that they will render this service without charge excepting for ex­penses; not because they will not deserve re­numeration, but because the Seminary has, as yet, no funds with which to pay.

For the results; for they have been

three of the leading pastors of the city of Hornellsville, not of our denomination, should voluntarily offer to fall into line with such a movement, is an act of generous and Chris­tian courtesy worthy of this public and grate­ful mention.

That the first lecturers are Sunday men is simply due to the fact that, months ago, one of them worked up the plan, and on behalf of all made the offer to President Davis, who could not and did not wish to do otherwise than accept it as cordially as it was made; and to the added fact that another of them was prepared to begin his lectures at once.

A. E. MAINE.

December 24, 1901.

PETTICOAD, New Brunswick, Canada.—Rev. George Seeley, Manager of the Canadian Branch of the American Sabbath Tract Soci­ety, sent out some sheets of his work as a representative of Sabbath truth. A copy of the Queen's County Gazette, of Gagetown, New Brunswick, contains an article in which one Silas S. Clark—not a Seventh-day Bap­tist—voluntarily defends Mr. Seeley from the words of a correspondent of that paper who wrote of him as a Seventh-day Baptist. Of the conclusions drawn by Mr. Seeley who wrote of him as a Seventh-day Adventist, and condemned his efforts to spread Sabbath truth. Mr. Clark says: The Rev. Mr. Seeley is not a Seventh-day Advent, but a Seventh-day Baptist. He withdrew from the Baptist church. He has not joined the Seventh-day Baptists. Any one who will take the trouble to inform himself will find that the Seventh-day Baptists are an old Christian denomination, who were taught the nature, need, and importance of the Sabbath many two hundred and thirty years since they were established. Their doctrine and views are much the same as the Calvanist Baptists; with the exception of keeping the Sabbath, differ in the Advent, and the Church is the Church of God, not he, the Adventist Church. It is a common thing for those who oppose truth, and who ought to be well-informed before speaking, to misrepresent the position of those who preach the truth, thus hoping to awaken prejudice which is a more potent force than argument in closing the eyes of the pub­lic against the truth presented. Our readers know Mr. Seeley too well to believe that his.
from this field nearly three months. The first of April Bro. A. B. Prentice of the Adams Centre church takes up the pastorate here.

The religious interest in the North Loup church is fairly well maintained. With the exception of the Sabbath school session in the morning, there were 25 or more in attendance at the Friday evening prayer-meeting, and at least 75 present at church service Sabbath morning, and when the weather is pleasant our large and commodious church room is pretty well filled up. Miss the attendance and helpfulness of the young people who have gone to Milton College and the families that have gone to Wisconsin and Arkansas to live. Their going, however, should make us who remain to feel added responsibility and spur us to double diligence in the Master's service.

We are looking forward to the coming of the new pastor with prayerful hearts. Brethren, send up a prayer for the North Loup church, that it may faithfully hold up the gospel banner on these far Western prairies.

Dec. 15, 1904.

NORTONVILLE, KAN.—We have been enjoying a very interesting and profitable series of gospel meetings. They began November 16 and closed December 16. The pastor conducted them for three weeks, then Brother A. H. Kelly, of Chicago, came to our assistance by invitation. His spiritual earnestness and his power from the Lord made his work very telling, and a good climax to the meetings was enjoyed.

The church has been greatly refreshed from the Lord, wanderers have returned to their Father's house,' and to his loving service, and souls have been born into the heavenly kingdom. We are to have baptism soon. Verily God has richly blessed us.

We had hoped that still others would be reached and touched with the finger of God's saving love; but still there are fathers and mothers who are weighed down with heavy burdens of heart for dear ones that are unsaved. The pastor still has longings of heart for others who, have had rich opportunities and have failed. That pastor can feel free from such longings while there are those in his society who seem so near to the kingdom, and yet are so far from it as to be unsaved.

On the day that Brother Kelly returned to his home, Sister Rosa Palmberg came to spend a couple of days with us. Her brief call was greatly enjoyed, indeed. On the afternoon of December 18, an informal reception was given her at the parsonage; in the evening was one at the church, which was more largely attended and filled with us. There was during our term of zero weather, which hindered some from meeting her who otherwise would. She went on her way to her work in China with our prayers and most hearty good wishes.

We are having delightful weather at present.

Gio. W. Hille.

TONY T. HUNGRY IN A GIGANTIC BEEHIVE.

Texas is a state of such magnitude and of so many wonders, that one is scarcely surprised to read in St. Nicholas of a natural beehive there, in which thousands of honey is stored. One of the most wonderful spots in the world, in its way, says Dr. Eugene Murray-Aaron, is the famous "Devil's Punch Bowl," as the natives prefer to call it, in Val Verde County, Texas, which borders on the Rio Grande. Its discoverers noticed, as they came within a couple of miles of it, what appeared to be a cloud of smoke constantly rising into the air. They found a large opening in the side of the mountain, and when they came nearer they heard a rushing sound as of a great waterfall. It proved to be nothing more or less than a gigantic beehive, a hole in the ground forty feet in diameter, from which were rising and into which were descending innumerable swarms of bees. This, then, was the cause of the distant appearing of rising smoke, accompanied by the loud hum of countless insects' wings.

Those who have ventured to visit this curious cave since its discovery, protecting themselves from the stings of the bees by mosquito-netting, or otherwise, as they look down into the yawning cavern, observe, clinging to its sides, great festoons of honeycomb. Opening into the large cavity can be seen many smaller ones which it is reasonable to suppose contain additional stores of honey in their dark recesses, for bees love darkness. If a method could be devised to secure the contents of this great treasure house of honey, several tons of the sweet product of the profession of man would be the probable outcome. Many small, rather smafer ones which it is reasonable to suppose contain additional stores of honey in their dark recesses, for bees love darkness. In that far southern latitude the winters are so mild that the bees can gather honey through the whole year. In the summer they obtain it from the endless variety of flowers which bloom in those fertile valleys, and in the winter from sweet cactus pears and berries of many sorts. The bees store the honey thus gathered in hollow trees and small clefts of rock, but chiefly in caves, some of which are easily accessible, while others can be reached only by means of ropes let down from heights above. The country is so rough that the hunter must leave his pack pony or burro at a long distance, and must find his way on foot. When he has obtained what he hopes to obtain his honey. For this and other reasons, our bee farmers will have little cause to fear competition from the wild honey of that wonderful region, at least for many years to come. It might be supposed that catchers of the Rio Grande could cease from their toil and feast themselves and their grubs on the stores collected in former years. But a blind instinct prompts them to continue their labor as steadily as if they were entirely destitute. How much in this respect they resemble men, who, after a long period of time, having long after they have laid by enough to support themselves and their families in comfort. So, though no fable, our story ends with a moral.—Exchange.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is almost always the result of an inflammation of the mucous cavities at the bottom of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets infected, the clogging occurs, and we obtain the condition of the ear. When it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless some means can be devised to open the tube and restore it to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed beyond hope. As a case out of the many heard by them, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We have One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's OTC Cure.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.
Popular Science.

Sabbath School. CONDUCTED BY SABBATH-SCHOOL BOARD.

POWER OF TERRITORIAL HEAT

Professor Mendehall estimated that the stored energy of the heat of the earth's interior is beyond the power of calculation, and a few not entirely unsuccessful attempts to utilize this power have already been made.

From a short distance below the surface, the temperature increases downward at an average rate which indicates that at a depth of fifty miles it is not less than 5,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and there is abundant reason for believing that the earth is an intensely hot body, having only a thin layer of poorly-conducting matter as an outside crust.

These are the essential conditions of a heat engine of enormous capacity: and, as in many parts of the world comparatively high temperatures are found very near the surface, the interior heat of the earth—which has aged three thousand times more than the sun—is worthy of most serious consideration as a possible and reasonable source of power.

The importance of this power will be greatly enhanced when we are able to transform heat energy directly into electricity, on a large scale and with economy, avoiding this great waste which necessarily accompanies the use of the steam engine; this, we think, will soon be brought about. We are constantly looking for strange things to happen.

Do Good Work.—It is said that Napoleon once ordered the execution of a difficult and important work in bridging the canal of Languedoc. When the Emperor inspected the completed work, he found it admirably done, but the engineer answered his many questions in such a confusing and hesitating manner that he seemed surprised at the result; and Napoleon returned without directly informing the bridge was not made by that man. Such a work is beyond his capacity."

The power of territorial heat, from a distance of one mile from the surface, is quickly transformed by the heat which the earth radiates to the atmosphere, and which is absorbed by the earth's crust, allowing the heat to be stored within the earth. This stored energy is not easily accessible to humans, but it is estimated to be vast.

Power of Calculation

The importance of power lies not only in the energy it can provide, but also in the potential for transforming heat energy into other forms of energy, such as electricity. The ability to harness this energy is crucial for the development of sustainable and efficient energy systems.

The power of territorial heat is estimated to be vast, with the potential to revolutionize energy production and delivery. However, the technology required to harness and utilize this energy is still in its early stages.

INTRODUCTION

The disciples had not long to wait before our Saviour made his promise a reality before them. After ten days spent in prayer, the Holy Spirit came upon them. They were inspired and equipped for the great work before them.

When the disciples were staying in one place under the leadership of Peter, one of their number, the place of Judas, and thus to fill the twelfth place, on the fiftieth day after the Ascension, November 15th, he was, according to the rule, to be a selected one from among the people, and thus to fulfill the twelfth place except Peter and John.

TIME.—Upon the day of Pentecost, fifty days after the Ascension, and later, on the fiftieth day in May of the year 30, probably a Sabbath-day.

PLACE.—In a private house in Jerusalem, possibly the place of meeting as mentioned in ch. 1, 13, as afterwards a more public place—perhaps in the streets, and possibly in the courts of the temple.

PERSONS.—The disciples and the multitudes.

OUTLINE:

1. The Coming of the Holy Spirit with sound as of fire. Outward 'testimony to this

2. The Wonder of the Multitudes. v. 5-11.

NOTES.

1. The day of Pentecost. The word translated "day of Pentecost" is used symbolically to designate the Feast of First-fruits, or Feast of Weeks, which occurred on the fiftieth day after the Passover and was the occasion of the gifts of the first fruits of the Jews. From its character as a feast of thanksgiving for the first-fruits of the earliest harvest, it was a most appropriate occasion for Gift of the Holy Spirit. Was really "with sound as of fire." Better as in the Revised Version, "there came a sound as of a rushing wind out of heaven, and filled all the house where they were sitting."

2. A sound from heaven, etc. The common Greek version, used in the Revised Edition, is probably right in suggesting that some of the disciples had been temporarily residing in Rome, but they may have been Roman Jews temporarily resident abroad, who, in the midst of their own mother tongues. It is possible that this elucidation simply refers to the Romans, but more likely to the Jews who were temporary residents in Rome.

3. Cloven tongues, like as of fire. The word for tongues is not used as of fire, but as a metaphor for the gift of tongues, as in the case of the tongues of fire which the Jews received. The word, however, is used of the sound made by the wind and as a description of the sound which filled the house.

4. And they were all filled with Holy Ghost power. Holy Ghost power was not only a power of speech but also a power of service. The gift of tongues was not to be misunderstood as a power of speaking to others. It was a power of service, and the disciples were filled with the power of the Holy Ghost to serve others.

5. And there were dwelling, etc. Better as in the Revised Version, "Now there were dwelling at Jerusalem, etc."

6. Strangers of Rome. The Revised Version is probably right in suggesting that some of the disciples had been temporarily residing in Rome, but they may have been Roman Jews temporarily resident abroad, who, in the midst of their own mother tongues.

7. Galileans. The word is used as a term of endearment, and shows that the disciples were thus filled with Holy Spirit. The word is used as a term of endearment, and shows that the disciples were thus filled with Holy Spirit.

8. Wherein we were born. Although they were born in various parts of the world and spoke the languages of the peoples among whom they lived, they were filled with the power of the Holy Ghost and spoke in their own mother tongues.

9. Our author mentions fifteen countries following in general a geographical order:

- Parthia, Media, Abam, and Mesopotamia in the East; Cappadocia, Armenia, and Phrygia, in the West; Egypt, and Libya in Africa; Rome in the West; and the Middle East, including the whole of the Jewish land.

- There is no mention of the tongue-in-cheek comments or the implications of the passage of time that is referred to in 1 Corinthians 12:28-31, which speaks of the "manifestation of the gift of prophecy in tongues, with understanding." The Revised Version is probably right in suggesting that some of the disciples had been temporarily residing in Rome, but they may have been Roman Jews temporarily resident abroad, who, in the midst of their own mother tongues.

- The word for tongues is not used as of fire, but as a metaphor for the gift of tongues, as in the case of the tongues of fire which the Jews received. The word, however, is used of the sound made by the wind and as a description of the sound which filled the house.

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MARRIAGES.

DAVIS—DAVIS,—at the house of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. A. Bond Davis, Nov. 28, 1901, by Rev. E. B. Saunders, Fred Davis and Ida F. Davis, both of Sibbald, N. Y.

DEATHS.

Now upon us comes the solemn angels Of the funeral anthem to a glad-eroused grave. God calls our loved ones, but we lose not wholly.

They lived in purity, health and death as well as life has been.-W. H. Libbey.

RANNELD.—Edicy J., daughter of Reuben D. and Dru­silla Button was born in Dodginode, W. Va., near Wheeling, July 28, 1879, and died in Wea­ting, W. Va., Dec. 7, 1901.

She was converted and united with the Salem Seventh-day Baptist church, March 6, 1895. She was married to James F. Randolph, April 15, 1870. Nine children were born to this sister, four of whom are left with the husband and father to mourn their loss. Sister Randolph has always retained her membership in the Salem, W. Va. church. Burial was had at Green Briar, conducted by the writer, to.

JOHN.

W. A. W.

PERRY.—Mrs. Phoebe Potter Perry, wife of John G. Perry, was born in Alfred, N. Y., Feb. 9, 1828, and died at her home in Old Westbury, N. Y., Dec. 4, 1901.

She was the daughter of Weeden and Phoebe Johnson Potter. On the 24th day of September, 1846, she was united in marriage with John G. Perry. There were born to them four sons, Namely, D. H. Perry, of Shil­hing House, Pa., and J. Fones Perry, of Alfred Station, survivor her. Mr. and Mrs. Perry have shared together the most of the life boat through more than fifty-five years. When about sixteen years of age, she be­came a sincere believer in Christ, was baptized by Eld. J. B. Wood, of the Seventh-day Baptist Church of Alfred, N. Y. After the organization of the Seventh-day Baptist church of Andover, N. Y., she trans­ferred her membership to that church, which she has ever continued a worthy member until removed by death. He was quiet, sober, and social. His marks of character and conduct are the best evidence of his good life for more than twenty years. He was an industrious farmer and a faithful church member.

J. R.

Seventh-day Baptists.

Sabbath School Leader.-Mr. and Mrs. Elnora Wil­liams, of the Baptist church, of Fremont, N. B., were called to their reward January 16, 1879. A woman of decided piety, of marked character and a devoted disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. Perhaps no better expression of her religious life and joyful sense of peace and quietness could be given than the following passage of Scripture which she herself selected to be used in connection with her funeral service.

Ps. 116:14, 15.

GREENE.—Andrew J. Greene, son of Paris and Polly Sweet Greene, was born in Alfred, N. Y., Oct. 15, 1820, and died in his residence in the same town, Dec. 16, 1901.

He was united in marriage with Catherine A. Witter, Jan. 18, 1842, who is the mother of four children of whom Mrs. Eliza L. Matthews of Alfred, Mrs. Ida F. Williams of Andover, and Mr. Melvin A. Green of Hornellsville, survive him. In early life, 1842, he accepted the Lord Jesus as his Redeemer, and united with the Second Seventh-day Baptist church of Alfred, and continued in covenanted relations with that church as a constant member until removed by death. He was quiet, thoughtful, just, upright and kind in his relations to his fellowmen. As a husband, father and friend he was considerate, helpful and loving, and will be sincerely mourned by those with whom his life has been so inti­mately associated. In his religious experience and meth­ods of life, he thought and felt more than he expressed in words, and was never self-assertive or contentious, and always seemed to walk humbly before God. He left in his friends and family hopes that through death he has passed into the rest and inheritance of God's redeemed people.

S. B.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Familiar Studies of Great Europeans.

In the January McClure's, Mr. George Washburn Smith of New York, has given us a series of studies of portraits of some of the great men and women of Europe. Mr. Smalley speaks with the authority of close acquaintance, and there is the charm of his personal nature in his commentary. He is the voice of a man who has been in close touch with the lives of the men who are making British history—Lord Rose­bery, Arthur Sullivan, Sir Edward Grey, H. H. Asquith—men whose names we see almost every day in the papers, but of whose personal and social qualities we know very little. Mr. Smalley shows them to us as they appear to their own countrymen; he shows them to us as men of rare personal charm and popularity, in­dependent of politics. McClure's offers a fine list of cash prizes to individuals for essays. 141-143 East 22nd Street, New York City.

A Diplomatic Game for an Empire

Commenting editorially on the articles by Senator Beveridge, now appearing in The Saturday Evening Post, the December Review of Reviews says:

"Any American who has not read what the Russians are doing in Manchuria, and to grasp the mat­ter so firmly and understandingly that he can shut his eyes to its results and see it all by his own eyes. The pen of Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, now appearing in The Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia. Mr. Be­veridge, the first in his party, is an original writer, upon several months of travel and study on the ground, has now been spending the half-year since Congress adjourned in revising the far East, going this time by way of Europe, and crossing Siberia and Manchuria under circumstances which gave him an intimate ac­quaintance with the newest aspects of the expansion movements of the Russian Empire. Hardly any other man in public life has Mr. Beveridge's power of vivid statement."

Senator Beveridge's next article in this series, A Di­plomatic Game for an Empire, is an inside chapter of inter­national negotiations, and tells how Russia outwitted England, in the war with Turkey, and took from Japan the fruits of her victory over China.

The International Monthly for December contains a number of essays that combine a sufficient lightness of touch with genuine interest and power. "The Middle East," by S. K. Anderson, is a valuable book for the student of the University of Wisconsin, is a comprehensive study of the main features in the development of the vast area under disc­ussion; the incident of settlement, the two currents of nationality. The author sees this region through the eyes of the Romans, in the light of the great empires of Rome and Byzantium, and brings the picture clearly before the student, and with a skill that we can rarely see the current of the scale. What will it be a hundred years hence, if the earth lasts? Severino E. Payne, of Auburn, N. Y., contributes an essay on "Tarswell and the Troops," which also has a distinctly home flavor, and is thoroughly optimistic in its tone. Mr. Payne is not in the least afraid of the Truths. "The immediate danger from them," he declares, "is to the holders of the stock which they have issued." Much more is noticed here makes the International Monthly solid, instructive and interesting. Butting, Vt.

TOO STRICKT WITH THE CHILDREN.

"You are too strict with your children," said a good Christian woman whose bright­eyed, active little boy was playing about the streets to another mother who held her own mischievous son under strict, yet kind, control, and would not allow him to associate with rough boys, or enjoy the advantages of the street school.

Twenty years have passed away. The boy whose mother was too strict with him is in college,—sober, temperate and respected; the other exchanged his parents' property, constructed gambling huts, became an inmate of a prison, and at last has gone to an untimely grave, though not, we trust, without penitence or hope.

You are too strict with your daughter.

Young folks may not understand," said a kind mother. But the daughter that was guarded and watched over has grown up into a good Christian girl, who had the liberty brought bitter sorrow to their mother's heart.

Where love temper authors, there is lit­tle danger of being "too strict." The world is very evil. Times are pernicious; snare is around us; the individual is responsible for the training of children; and, "a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." Prov. 29: 15.—The Christian.
The origin of the name Manila.

Manila, formerly and incorrectly spelled Manilla, as a Spanish city dates from the foundation by Legazpi, in 1571, or half a century after the discovery of Magellan. But it was not until much later that the name was applied to a certain portion of the country about what is now called the Bay of Manila, and sultans of Manilla are often mentioned in the old Spanish records. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the name is of Filipino origin, and its etymology must be sought out in the native tongues of the country. . . . According to this etymology, which seems the correct one, Manilla is derived from nila, the name of the indigo tree of the East Indies (indigofera tinctoria), and the prefix ma, the whole word signifying "place of nila," where there are indigo trees."—The American Antiquarian.

If Robinson Crusoe

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