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Anxiety.

BY HARRIET MC EWEN KIMBALL.

Paint hearts, who toil and pary, but doubt
If God will grant!
Their is the harvest who in trust
Do sow and plant,
Nor ponder whether it will be
Or full or scant.

If once it fail, with diligence
They sow again;
Another year will surely bring
The needed rain,
The needed sun, to fill the fields
With fuller grain!

The Lord of love may hear as though
He heard us not,
But never yet the prayer of faith
Hath he forgot;
Some day his word will fruitful make
Each waiting spot.

We rise betimes, as if our zeal
Or soon
They pray, aright; their faith
Or late!
We rise betimes, as if our zeal
That word could speed;
We eat the bread of carefulness,
That cannot feed;
Delaying rest, we only add
Sore need to need.

Oh, happy they who quietly
Anticipate
The blessing he will shower down,
Or soon or late!
They toil, they pray, aright; their faith
His will can wait.

—The Independent.
Once and again has the writer watched the point of union between the River Rhone and the Lake Arve, where their waters join below Lake Geneva; the Rhone, clear, pure and blue, representing health, and the Arve colored like the “twany tiber.” The waters run side by side for a considerable distance, scarcely mingling, the larger portion of the river, and then coming together, by the Rhone, bordered on the left bank by the yellow Arve. It is easy to know the sources from whence these two widely dissimilar streams have come. Starting from the Rhone placher, the waters of the one have passed through the deep bosom of Lake Geneva; whatever of impurity may have been brought from its earlier home has been left buried in the depths of the lake, and it emerges clarified, sparkling and crystalline, purest of water. The source of the Arve is in the Rhone, clear and pure, while that of the Rhone, bordered on the left bank by the yellow Arve. That source is the see of the Rhone, and its waters are stained and polluted by contact with the earth, almost from the hour of its birth; hence the difference between the pelucid waters of the one, and the earth-stained waters of the other.

All this for sake of an illustration as to how the homes of our country send out streams of influence in the children cradled in them. From the homes where parent-hood, notably mother-hood, is very high up in the proportions of life and influences which bring blessings, like the pure waters of the Rhone. From the homes where the parent-hood is of the earth, earthy; where the aspirations, hopes and plans tend not toward the highest attainments; where daily tasks and daily choices are earth-born and groveling, go forth streams of influence, in the lives of the children, which are stained from birth and must continue to stain and decolor whatever they touch through the life-journey. Of all the great questions which constitute the civilization, none is greater than that pertaining to the health and purity of the home.

Do not be discouraged because the good you seek to gain comes slowly; most of all, do not despair because reforms champion do not hasten; perchance they are already hastening as fast as it is possible. We see so little of any great question that our judgment concerning its progress or its decline must be considerably moderated. Omnipotent Wisdom, which sees the whole picture, judges as we cannot judge. Be content to do your work, not lazily, but always well, and, if need be, impatiently, but leave final results and the measurement of whatever to the Wisdom, which is better than yours. Those were words of deep meaning uttered by the apostle when he said, “Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.” Seek for that completeness of development on your part, for which God has waited patiently. Patience has her perfect work. Be patient because God is great and wise, and truth is everlasting. God’s methods so far transcend all human methods that we can surely trust and wait in patience. Meanwhile, let it be remembered that patience on our part must not degenerate into indolence, nor the confidence that God is great cause us to relax into indulgence, thus bringing in spiritual laziness and failure to do our part in the great work of declaring the truth and uplifting men in righteousness.

Let us remember various illustrations drawn from an iron chain, touching weakness or strength of character. It is often said that “a chain is no stronger than its weakest link.” The connexion of the iron chains by the Rhone, bordered on the left bank by the yellow Arve is a familiar illustration of this principle, and purpose. There is, however, a compensating element, so far as our purposes and efforts are concerned, in which the better and stronger elements of one’s life help to strengthen, and, in a degree, to overcome the weaker purposes. Character has in it an element of growth which a chain has not. We remember a “cable chain” with which our hands were familiar in boyhood. It is strong and compact links surmised the links of any other chain upon the farm, or neighborhood, the other being made of long and slender links. To this chain my father always turned when great strength was required. It had been made in the early days and welded so as to insure greatest strength. A hook at one end of the chain bore the inscription “W.T., standing for Wisconsin Territory. Although often bearing the strain of a half-dozen yoke of oxen, that chain never gave way. It seemed to be unbreakable. The illustration is a homely one, but it shows the value of a character equally strong in every part. The same may be remembered in the lesson as taught in O. W. Holmes’ poem of the “Wonderful One-Horse Shay.” Our motive is to recall by these material symbols that greatest of truth, that when the divine element of strength is woven into the character and welded into the life, it produces permanent success; if that element be omitted, naught but disaster and failure can be anticipated.

The Evangelist, of New York, has undertaken to secure permanent religious services at the coming Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo. The purpose is to do such work as the late B. H. McAll did in connection with the Exposition of 1878 and 1893. The Evangelist is inviting the co-operation of a large number of religious workers, including a local committee in Buffalo, and a national committee of twenty-five or thirty well-known men. The work is to be more in the nature of permanent efforts, with daily sermons, than of revival work. The speakers will be men of national reputation, and will be chosen with a view to their ability to furnish important and instructive sermons, rather than that type of preaching ordinarily denominated evangelistic. This work is undertaken with the conviction that Christianity has there been a more universal call to consecration; and, second, that never has there been as quiet a response to that call. The Evangelist, for January 24, gives special attention to this proposition and to the work to be undertaken.

Sometimedefine “extemporaneous” preaching as preaching prepared beforehand by careful thinking. The real definition of extemporaneous oratory is found in the fact that the arrangement of words and sentences is the work of the moment, but the arrangement of ideas and theme is far different. There can be no successful extemporaneous speaking, where the speaker is not familiar with the thoughts to be presented, and thoroughly saturated with his theme before he begins to speak. No form of speaking requires so much previous preparation as the extemporaneous. The written address or sermon, having been once written, remains unchanging forever, and the speaker’s mind may be practically empty, except as he reads the words written down. Written sermons are far easier to prepare than the successful extemporaneous ones. The largest element in successful extemporaneous work is the power of the thoughts, the way of illustration or otherwise, which may come at the moment of delivery; herein lies the power of great orators. The true orator, being familiar with his theme, having both the theme and himself well in hand, is prepared to give place to new thought which often comes in the white heat of delivery, and which, in sermon-making, is the true door by which the Holy Spirit enters and adds power to the sermon. We commend the extemporaneous methods to our readers who stand in the tried desk; not only because it is the most powerful method, but because it is beyond all others the method by which the speaker places himself in such relation to the Holy Spirit as to secure that divine help without which all sermons must be weak and inefficient.

The story is told of a certain witicism which passed between Henry Ward Beecher and a friend when at Amherst College. A composition was being discussed in the class-room, which was the pretended as prose, and the paper, more or less connected to the introduction and the body of the article. Beecher said to his friend in a whisper, “The porch is too large for the house.” The story is in point so far as it is applicable to many sermons. The proper introduction to a sermon is of great moment, both as to its proportions and effectiveness. It is essentially the vestibule, or main entrance, by which the congregation is to be conducted into the larger and more important room represented by the sermon. Too many sermons do not take sufficient time to seize the interest of the hearers; indeed we do not show that the congregation have a feeling as of being left out in the cold; they go home experiencing the sensation that they have been cheated out of much they expected and which might have been of value had there been less porch and more house.

In our ordinary experiences, anticipation has much to do with faith. No life amounts to anything of worth which lives wholly in the present. Nothing of value is gained to the life of to-day, or not of value, awakening our highest aspirations, accomplishes this mainly through things hoped for. Few experiences are better for the devout soul than to live largely in the unattained, dwelling upon that which we hope to be, and being desirous of what we expect. When these expectations are not realized, as in the case of the “thousand-year kingdom” expected by the early Christians. In Hebrews we are told that faith is “the evidence of things not seen.” The highest type of proof is not that which the intellect puts into logic, but that which faith brings to the soul’s larger conception. How fruitful, how fruitful indeed is that life which rests upon the substance of things not seen and accepted, without question, the evidence of things hoped for. His faith in the glorious possibilities of the future
begets those traits of character which tend toward perfection in the richer experiences awaiting it. Measureless, all-comprehensive, as is the term, the word in Hebrew, it is a definition toward which the heart instinctively turns and on which, the soul rests. When we face the unknown with this definition of faith before the soul, the unknown, and we live to the deep while we cleave hands with Him who is invisible, and yet who is the most real of all the facts in the universe.

The Taft Commission in Manila has passed an educational bill, after lengthy discussion, forbidding all religious instruction in Philippine schools, even after school hours are over. For several weeks it seemed that the demands on the part of the Roman Catholics for some form of religious instruction would find acceptance in the newly arranged educational system for the islands. We are glad to note the position taken by our representatives in this matter, because we deem it important that at the outset the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands know that this government is set against every form of union of church and state. We trust that in the legislation which Congress shall make at a later date this principle will be fully sustained. The demand for firm and correct measures in this connection is probably an inevitable and desirable stage when, toward a final form of government and system of education are in process of formation. It is indeed of imperative importance that the foundations of religious liberty upon which our government rests should find expression in an emphatic way, thus placing the attitude of the government on these matters beyond the question of a doubt.

There is no short road to great spiritual attainments. Marked personal experiences may lift one to a height which he may be able to hold; but the full development of one's highest spiritual life is governed by the law of growth, as are the lower phases of life. However intense a given experience may be, it can serve little more than to mark a milestone in one's spiritual life. If it be an experience in which some temptation or weakness or wrong doing is conquered once and forever, it gives a permanent strength and vantage ground to the soul, and this point of vantage and added spiritual vigor will be of lasting good to the deity of God. But do not believe that the highest and richest attainments in spiritual life can come by any process except that of growth and pruning. The vines of summer, left to grow unpruned and untrained, bear little fruit; they wither and twist, and in the winter time gives abundant clusters. So our lives, through the processes of training and pruning, which the Father knows best how to give, may be made to yield rich and blessed harvests.

LAST OF THE SOUTHERN ABOLITIONISTS.

Had we more space it would be a pleasure to note at length the death of the Rev. John G. Fee, at Berea, Kentucky. Mr. Fee did an immense amount of work, beginning as early as 1840, staunchly upholding his principles when to be an abolitionist, even in the North, was to make one's self liable to mob violence and bitter denunciation. He was the son of a slave-holder, and in his early years was a student at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati. His religious convictions led him to take up the struggle in behalf of the black race with whom his life had been in constant touch. He said, 'The soul which lives by doctrine and right' was the key note of his convictions and the spring of his actions. "For a time I struggled between odium on one hand and manifest duty on the other. I saw that to em- body the name of Jesus Christ, the abolitionist was to cut myself off from relatives and friends, and, apparently, from all prospects of usefulness in the world. I had in the grove near the seminary a place to which I went every day for prayer. I saw that to have a name as an abolitionist would be to make the consecration, and I said, 'Lord, if needs be, make me an abolitionist.'"

From such a consecration, Mr. Fee began a work, wise, earnest and far-reaching, in behalf of the colored people and also in behalf of those who believed in slavery. He was a Presbyterian and was necessarily ex-communi-cated because of his views on the slavery question. When the war had settled the slavery issue, Mr. Fee continued his work along educational and other lines, the central purpose of his life and the founding of Berea College. His work continued until failing strength prohibited much active effort for the past few years. He died early in January of the present year, the New Year's Day. The last month of January in the college chapel. The characteristics of the man are expressed in a statement made a little time before his death, in which he said: "The Bible says be faithful—not until you are old or disabled—but, 'Be thou in the sweat of thy face.'"

Mr. Fee must be written down as one of the benefactors of both the white and colored races.

THE STORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY JUSTIN B. McCArTHY, M. P.

The story of that century which in now at a close will, I venture to think, prove to be one of the most important volumes in the whole history of civilization. I do not say it will be one of the most important for, there may have been centuries which flashed a broader and brighter light over the world's fields of intellectual and moral darkness; centuries of more startling conquest, of more sudden change; centuries even of greater triumphs in human knowledge. But the nine­teenth century has been a time of growth and of development in all the paths of civilization such as the world's history has hardly ever seen rivaled, and in the application of science to the everyday needs of humanity has never seen equalled. When the century opened there seemed to be a vast, impassable, impenetrable region of darkness, a cloud-covered "No Man's Land," dividing the old civilization from the new. Asia and Africa appeared to have nothing to do with modern civilization except as a subject for the reader of history, or as an exploring ground for the traveler. Egypt was the land whither Europeans with a taste for antiquities went to study the pyramids and the sphinx. India was every inch a country to be conquered by which entering Englishmen went to make fortunes. China was thought of as a myste-rious old-fashioned region, peopled by countless millions of persons who wore pig-tails and were shut off by a great wall from the visits of intrusive foreigners. The real living world was commonly regarded by Europeans as only to be found in Europe itself, for the new world, as it was called, had not yet been counted as a part of the practical affairs of every-day life has, so far as the laws of man rule the world, been a great change. Of course there were great scientific discoveries made in the definition and the application of natural laws to human life at various periods, early and late, in the history of the world, which each generation has approved and extended. But what I wish to point out is that the practical science of the nineteenth century has made more change in the ordinary conditions of human life than was made by any century, or all the centuries, which went before it.

Men traveled in the days of Swift and John­son exactly as they had traveled in the days of Julius Caesar, and in the days when Troy was a city, and back to men's first journeys anywhere on this globe; that is to say, they traveled as well as horses or camels, as some say. But this century has seen the carriage and the ships propelled by steam, and more lately by electricity. The work of electricity is, indeed, even yet in only its early stage of development. Up to the present century men strove to send instantaneous news by electric lights on hilltops, by flag signals, and by semaphore. Now we have the telegraph wires on the land and beneath the ocean, enabling civilization to carry on instantaneous interchange of news, and we are already maturing developments and processes which are embracing the wire of the telegraph a superfluous piece of mechanism. In no department of human life has modern science been more successful and more beneficent than in all that relates to the mitigation of human suffering during some treatment. But what I wish to point out is that the practical science of the nineteenth century has made more change in the ordinary conditions of human life than was made by any century, or all the centuries, which went before it.

The century has undoubtedly been one of in­tellectual greatness. "Man's unconquerable mind," to adopt the language of Wordsworth, has had its victories and its triumphs in every field. There have been great states­men who were also great orators, like Can­ning and Peel, and Gladstone, like Thiers and Gambetta, and Castelar. There have been great statesmen who were not orators, like Cavour and Bismarck. In literature England has had two great epochs during the century. First came the time which is repre­sentated by Scott, Byron, Wordsworth and Lamb, and Sydney Smith, and the later times which we associate with the names of Dickens and Thackeray, of Ten­nyson and Browning, of Macaulay and Grote, Thomas Carlyle and John Stuart Mill, of Freeman, Froude, and Anthony Trollope, and George Eliot, of Matthew Arnold, Swinburne, Rossetti, Morris, and many oth­
The century has been gloriously endowed with soldiers and, indeed, heroes. In every field of human self-sacrifice, with missionaries and martyrs. It has been the century especially of organized and scientific exploring. The work of philanthropy, too, has been organized until it has become a recognized institution of civilization. Even the horrors of the battle-field have been mitigated by the spirit of the modern time, and the noble work of the Geneva Convention has done something to further the constructive business of modern military science on the battle-field. I have already called attention to the fact that an attempt has once again been made by one of the greatest European sovereigns, for the establishment of a tribunal before which disputing states might submit their controversy to peaceful arbitration. Nothing decisive has yet come of the recent congress held at The Hague for this purpose, but it is something, at least, to know that the rulers of the world are willing to entertain the idea, and united in expressing a hope that it may before long become a practical reality. The common intelligence of the world is undoubtedly tending in that way. The closing years of the century have seen the settlement of a dispute between England and the United States on what is known as the Venezuelan question, which, while, at an earlier date, had been referred by these two powers, as a matter of course, to the arbitration of war. It has to be confessed that civilization has two paths of progress—the path of conquest, and then the path of peace. War, so runs the argument, must first give us the obstacles and clear the way, in order that the new path may be opened along which peace is to be its one end, its mission. Without inquiring too closely into the general accuracy of this somewhat metaphorical declaration, it may reasonably be admitted that civilization has generally begun its way by conquest. Perhaps there is all the better reason to hope that the other part of the ordinary doctrine may also have its warrant of truth. If this be so we may, without indulging in any vain dreams, admit to our minds the confident hope that the nineteenth century, with its intellect and culture, its travel and its science, its economic philanthropy, and its better understanding of economic truths, must have done something to supersede the work of conquest and to open the way for the work of peace.—The Chicago Tribune.

YOUR NAME, PLEASE?

I have been much interested in the proposition for a "Pastors' Exchange" in the Sabbath Recorder. The deal has disinterestedly come to me, and I appointed that it should be an anonymous one, as would appear from an editorial in the issue of January 21. Am I mistaken in supposing that most readers do not find it always easy to become interested in articles that are of which is covered up by some such words as "One who is interested," "A Pastor," or some other phrase or letter equally obscure? Or am I a crank about this matter? If so, the reader may look at the bottom of this page. I wonder how early it will be that our old-fashioned crank is being turned. At the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York, last spring, I went into a church where a small man with a long, white beard was addressing a large audience in a monotonous and by no means pleasant voice. "Who is the speaker?" some one said. Another replied, "Why, that's the Rev. John G. Paton, for forty years missionary among the cannibals of the South Seas." I instantly said, "I've never invested with a new interest. Had we not read about him before? Now we are looking upon his form and listening to his words. Since that time whenever the name of the venerable hero of missionary work appears in the press, I pay attention to it. I've never read a careful reading of whatever it stands for. In like manner, when I read an article under which stands such a name as A. E. Main, or Geo. W. Hills, or L. C. Randolph, or L. C. Oettle, or any other familiar name, I see a familiar face and hear a familiar voice which adds to the pleasure of reading a good thing, the charm of personal address. It is next thing to the living presence of my friend. Of this I am deprived when I am obliged to read an anonymous communication. Not only so, but I can't quite shake off the feeling that the writer, by concealing his identity, is trying to avoid responsibility for what is being said, or that he is not quite sure that what he is writing is worth reading; why then should I read it? I am sure that in saying these things, I speak for a large number of Recorder readers. This then, is my first effort, a sort of preliminary effort, to make the "Pastors' Exchange" a face to face conference, as nearly as pen and ink can make us set as have the full benefit of the personal element at the very outset. Whose plan of work are we studying? Whose experience are we trying to enter into, as we read it in the Sabbath Recorder? Then, too, when we know who is writing, many of us know those people, and are familiar with his surroundings, which deepen our interest in his plans and enables us to enter sympathetically into them. What is your name, please? Mine is L. A. Platts.

MILTON, WIS.

S. E. AND D. A. First Coffee Crop.

Reports from Mr. Booth show the first crop from the plantation to be worth from $1,500 to $2,000. Of this, $1,500 has already been applied to reduce the indebtedness on the purchase price of the plantation. About one ton of the crop has been received at New York. It was received in the "parchment" (with the protecting skin still on the berry) and green. When it has been shelled and roasted we shall plan to distribute it so that all interested may have an opportunity to sample the crop.

The crop was small this year in consequence of the fact that the dies of the operation of the plantation when Mr. Booth took it, and to the fact that working single-handed amid such difficulties regarding labor, and from lack of funds, it was impossible to bring it to the highest condition.

If this difficulty seems settled for the present, if we can find money to pay for it. Mr. Booth says: "As far as the mission stations are concerned, the solution has come this way. Instead of paying a premium to the labor bureau, we have gone direct to the negro and invited his cooperation direct; he to send voluntarily all the suitable, workers in certain villages for certain specified months; we to pay the authorities in a lump sum the three shilling but tax
for said workers, paying them wages in full. Already we have all-secured that I can see the way to pay for, ample for the stations I am working on and can afford. One of them which to-day encourages hope of larger growth. Russia, the great Greek Catholic nation, is expanding rapidly in territory, population, wealth and power. But the Arabic-speaking Protestants in nations control more than four-fifths of the world’s railways and tonnage of ships, and possesses more than eighty per cent of the developed wealth in the world. They have practically taken under their care the slow moving peoples of Asia. It is the task in our day to follow the example of this twentieth century century will be to govern and bring to higher levels of manhood the hundreds of millions over whom they have assumed control.

The responsibilities which the new century brings to disciples of Christ are both challenging and inspiring. The doors of most non-Christian nations at the beginning of the last century were closed to the gospel. To-day, with hardly an exception, they are open. One hundred years ago the great majority of the Christian nations looked on the evangelization of the pagan nations as a regarded foreign missions as unexplored and impracticable. To-day the conviction prevails among even nominal Christians that the right love for mankind requires us to give the gospel to all the nations, as Christ commanded.

When we turn to India millions of voices uttering thanks to Christian givers for lives saved from starvation move us to gratitude that we can minister to them in Christ’s name, and to plan and invent means to save them from future famines. China, her hands reddened with the blood of Christians, helpless in the thrones of revolution, and in the grasp of allied Christian Powers, stirs us to demand mercy for her, and that those who rule her from without shall show her the spirit of Him whose name they bear. From every land come great questions which we, as followers of Christ, must help to solve. And greatest of all are the problems which press on us to purge our own land from sin, to make its life worthy the name of Christian that it may be a help instead of a hindrance to the nations.

Christianity enters on its twentieth century giving its name to the ruling forces in the world. It is for us to say whether or not these forces shall truly represent the spirit of Christ. This will be the prominent theme discussed, the moving power in prayer in the assemblies of Christians during these first weeks of the century. Is not its call insistant to every disciple to be present in those assemblies and to give utterance to his mind and heart? Congregationalist.

SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE.

Truth is conformity to reality. To speak the truth is to represent things as they really are. It is the duty of all Christians at all times to speak the truth. Trickery of speech, suggestion of what is untrue, attempts at deception with the lie is the law of Christian truthfulness. All statements of occurrences, all declarations concerning ourselves or others, should be the simple, unvarnished truth. Sincerity is a sterling virtue of Christian character. It is that part of the Christian’s preparation by which he is fitted for his work in truth without which all his armament is rendered useless. “Stand therefore,” says the apostle, “having your loins girt about you with truth.” No successful stand against the evil one without this. As a flowing unrighteous robe is to a warrior impregnated with the stamp of that ruin has on the race ever since in the natural likeness to the father of lies. Good men are more easily led astray by the inclination of the old nature in this respect. David felt it, and cried in an agony of repentance, “Remove far away from me, and be a lie.” Abraham succumbed to it. Peter, even after his fall and restoration, was guilty of dissimulation, and was reproved by Paul for it. We may yield to a “lying spirit” in our testimonies as Christians by exaggerations and additions to our experience. We may violate the truth in simple narration by remembering what would have been best to say or do and adding it as the thing actually said or done. We may color a statement in some degree and thus remote others. We may make covert insinuations or general representations which are not in accordance with facts, in distorted proportions, or we may suppress facts which are necessary to a knowledge of the whole truth. To be like our Master we must be transparent in word and deed. We must be able to say with Paul, “We have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty.” “Our rejoicing is this, the testimony of our conscience, that in simplicity and godly sincerity, not only our God, but the truth in Christ.

TRUTH AND LOVE are bound together as component parts of Christian character. Some translators render the words “speaking the truth in love” in this form, “living in truth and love.” The idea is the same. We cannot live in the truth unless we live in love, and we cannot live in love unless we live in truth. A man who loves his brother can never act untruthfully toward him. A man who lives in truth cannot do anything but seek his brother’s good in the spirit of love. And this is the hope of Christ’s servant in proclaiming the gospel to the lost. His one great object of success; God’s truth in his hand and in his life, and God’s love in his heart.—Mission Bulletin.

QUARTERLY MEETING REPORT.

The Quarterly Meeting of the Otsele, Linke, De Ruyter, Uylje Hill and Scott churches, met with the De Ruyter church Jan. 25 to 27, 1901.

Although the attendance was not so large as common, the meetings were very interesting and instructive, and we believe no one who was in attendance went home without feeling blessed. An effort is being made to add to the interest of the meetings by introducing a Young People’s Hour and an hour for the presentation and consideration of essays.

It was also voted to invite the Preston church to become a member of the Quarterly Meeting, and to send report and delegates to the next session, which will be held with the Scott church April 27—29, 1901.

A cordial invitation is extended to all to be present.

Ernest L. Barber, Sec. pro tem.

Sorrs, N. Y., Jan. 31, 1901.
Missions.

By O. U. Westford, Cor. Sec. Southern, Wersterly, R. I.

Evangelist J. G. Burdick writes from Sugar Camp, N. C., that there are lots of sickness about now. Roads bad, but the foot walking is pretty fair. Holding two meetings a day. One man, a backslider, has come out fine; and two of his children, which will make four in that one family to unite with the church. Our attendance has been as good as we have had bad going and the grip. It looks now that we shall have a blessing. If so, the house will be taxed to hold the crowds.

At this writing Mrs. M. G. Townsend is holding meetings at Cartwright, Wis. She has an average attendance of about thirty at the meetings. A number have expressed themselves as seeing the need of a settled pastor, who could hold matters steady and keep things moving onward and upward. She thinks a call will be made before long. A pen- telen who had been a member of New Auburn church, but had lately moved here with his family, has promised that he will give their letters to this church right away. It is hoped by all the friends of the Cartwright church that W. W. will secure a young and earnest pastor, and that the church will be united and built up in the Lord.

Rev. E. A. Witter, pastor of the North Loop church, N. C., is now with Pastor S. R. Wheeler, of the Boulder church, Col., holding a series of evangelistic meetings. Pastor F. E. Peterson of the Second Alfred church is assisting Pastor Randolph of the First Alfred church in a revival effort. Pastor J. T. Davis, of the second church, will assist Pastor Lewis, of the Verona churches in a series of meetings. There are other pastors no doubt engaged in a similar way. It is a work and method in a right direction. May the Great Head of the Church wonderfully bless these efforts.

A tree grows from the inside outward. From the heart of the tree come the outer circles showing its growth year after year, making large, vigorous and strong trunk, limb, bough, leaf and fruitage. If the heart is weak, decay sets in and the tree will die. So with a religious people or a church. There must be life in the heart for a people, or a church, to grow, be vigorous and strong. Men, money, and methods will not avail in the growth of any denomination unless there is in them and back of them all, spiritual life. The question is asked, "Why do we not grow as a people more rapidly?" We will grow larger every way, and more rapidly, when we have more spiritual life and power. Evangelism and Sabbath Reform work will never do it until, W. W. says, "they have rooted the tree deep in sanctifying, and expanding power of the Holy Spirit. We need more the all-controlling love of Christ in the individual life and in the church, an absorbing love of souls, righteous, sanctified living, a devoted service, liberal, complete and better. Also, we will see science both in faith and practice, a closer walk with God, for us to grow more rapidly as a people. Fine addresses, good reports, splendid sermons, soul inspiring quartet singing, and brus-full enthusiasm at Associations and Conferences, may help, but will never accomplish it. There must be spiritual life and devotion in our homes and in our churches, to accomplish it. The stream will rise no higher than its fountain. Our chief seeking to-day should not be so much men, money, and methods, as spiritual life and power.

We are living in an age of religious fads and fanaticism. Christian people and members of Christian churches are forsaking faith and confidence in Christ and his church, and are running after sciences, mysticism, science, eclecticism, holiness, Sanctificationism, Agnosticism, Dowieism, etc. Does Christ fail in giving soul-life, soul-growth, and soul-satisfaction? Is his kingdom on earth, his church, inadequate to meet the spiritual want, activities and needs of religious people? Do the good and grand old gospel of Jesus Christ that has done so much to save men and nations, and lift them up into the light and glory of Christian civilization, and is doing that work grandly to-day, of no good to these persons who are seeking their spiritual El Dorado in something else? Is the fault in Christ, his church, and the good old gospel, or is it in themselves? Is the spirit that possesses and runs some people, "something new?" Is it a restlessness and an itching for "something different, as we see in it social life and fashion?" Or are these persons like those described by Paul in Eph. 4: 14, "Children tossed and trod, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait." Or like those he describes in 2 Tim. 4: 3, 4, "For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine, ... and they shall turn away their ears from the truth and shall be turned unto fables." "Nay verily," they will say, "We do not belong to them. We are seekers after higher light and life, and have found them." Is there higher and truer light in Christian Science and Dowieism than in Christ? Is the Zion of Dowie higher and better than the church of Christ? While in Missouri lately, we met with Sanctificationists. They had received the second work of the Holy Spirit, namely, "immediate and entire sanctification." They tell all to around, "I am sanctified." The next step is, they go to the church of which they are members and wish to resign their membership, to be released from all obligations to the church, and "go on their own mission." That is a strange course for a sanctified person to take. Does not the church believe in the sanctifying power of the Holy Spirit and the Word of God, his truth? It may not teach it as they hold it. Does not the church need sanctified members, and is it not a field of God in which sanctified persons can use to their heart's desire their sanctified life and powers? Is the church ungenial to sanctified life and service? I think not. To sum it all up, is it not far better to rest in a solid, sure, Christ-center, than to run off on half truth, or tangent like run off on one truth of that gospel and get out of the circle of God's entire saving, soul-satisfying, and sanctifying truths of a complete redemption?

FROM R. S. WILSON.

Enclosed find report for the quarter ending Dec. 31, 1900. This has been rather a dull quarter, as it has raised so much that we have been disappointed with appointments; but bless the Lord, we have been permitted to preach some and to do a great deal of private talking and visiting. I have found some families in my traveling about that do not have the Word of God in their houses, who have been saved, and they say it is only carelessness on their part. If I can get them, I am going to carry some cheap Bibles and Testaments with me when I am traveling from now on, to sell. I could then call along the road and offer my Bibles for sale and have a tract at each house. By this way I could get our Sabbath literature in the hands and homes of a great many people.

Well, we do have good meetings at our own church at Attalla. I do not see that there is any interest or sign of Sabbath Reform among the First-day people around Attalla. It seems like a hard place. Of course people come to church, but they are only friendly to us, and we are glad to see it. But among the country people there is a great deal of talk about this Sabbath question. There are a number of people studying the question and some are almost persuaded to turn to the truth. There have been no new converts to the Sabbath here during the last quarter, but things look bright.

I spent the last part of the year in Cullman with the brethren there. I am still in good hopes of one family there coming to the Sabbath sometime. It may not be long and it may be a year, but I think they will come. I was gone eight days to Cullman, and visited all the Seventh-day Baptists and a great many First-day people, reading and holding prayer with them. Our trip there was an interesting one. I preached the night before I left there in a private house to about twenty-five people. It was in the house of First-day people, too, and they said they wanted me to come and preach there if I ever went to Cullman again.

I have not seen Bro. Bottoms this quarter, but his letters have been encouraging and he has preached some. My trip there was a pleasant and I hope a profitable one. Hope Bro. Bottoms can be put on the Cullman field this year. However, I will go there two or three times a year, and will make regular appointments. We enjoyed a short, but pleasant, visit from Rev. W. L. Burdick, of Independence, N. Y., on his way home from the South-Western Association, held at Hammond, La. Pray for us on this Alabama field.

ATTALLA, Ala., Jan. 10, 1901.

FROM GEO. W. LEWIS.

December 31, 1900, was surely a wonderful date, not only in closing the quarter and year with missionary pastors and others, but in closing the most wonderful century of which we see any of the Lord's people. To us at Verona it has been a quarter of joy mingled with sadness. Three times during the last two months, have we gathered at the church to pray our last respects to departed loved ones, two of whom were members of the church. We feel it is our duty to praise the Lord that so many have been spared to see the new year and the new century. We are laboring and praying that it may be
a year of spiritual advancement along all lines of Christian work. Our Sabbath-school gave an interesting musical and literary entertainment at the church on Christmas Eve, in connection with many presents for the children. Indeed the pastor's family was generously included as grateful recipients. A re-organization of the school took place Dec. 29, with E. S. Bennett as Superintendent for the ensuing year.

Although considerable sickness exists in the society just now, yet the appointments of both churches are fairly well attended, considering our scattered condition. We had hoped to hold a series of meetings in the near future, but the present outlook is rather discouraging. At the annual Society meeting yesterday, the card system for missions was recommended for the coming year.

We hope that the Lord may give us such an income of souls and earthly substances that we may do more along all lines of denominational work. To this end let us pray and work.

Vernon Hills, N. Y., Jan. 7, 1901.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

For the month of January, 1901.

Geo. H. Utter, Treasurer.

In account with

The Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society, Inc.

Balance in Treasury, Jan. 1, 1901. $1,682.42

Charities

Andrews, N. Y. 10.00

B. B., Green Bay, Wis. 2.00

Barrett, R. B., Brooklyn, N. Y. 9.00

Barrett, G. C., New York, N. Y. 9.00

Brookfield, Iowa 10.00

Brockdale, Ohio 10.00

Carroll, Iowa 10.00

Central Missionary Band, N. Y. 10.00

Chicago, Ill. 10.00

Crawford, Iowa 10.00

Danville, Ill. 10.00

Davidson, N. Y. 10.00

Edmonton, N. Y. 10.00

Emden, N. Y. 10.00

Evers, B. K., Brooklyn, N. Y. 10.00

Evanston, Ill. 10.00

Frederick, Iowa 10.00

Gore, Iowa 10.00

Greenfield, Mass. 10.00

Grover, Iowa 10.00

Hackett, Ohio 10.00

Hamplund, Charles S. 10.00

Harlan, Iowa 10.00

J. H. Incolli, from Woman's Missionary Aid Society, Brooklyn, N. Y., House Fund. 10.00

John A. T., Brooklyn, N. Y. 10.00

L. T. L., North Leum, Neb. 10.00

M. Evangeline Stillman, Sioux City, Iowa 10.00

Mayer, L. S., Southport, Conn. 10.00

Misses O. E. E. and J. E. A. Ayers' place, Philadelphia, Pa. 10.00

Miss H. C. Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y. 10.00

Morgan, C. H., from Miss B. R. Pickering, 10.00

Thayer, T. L., from Miss B. R. Pickering, 10.00

A. B. Rice, Pastor, New Milford, Conn. 10.00

Mrs. Wood and Mrs. G. M. Wood, Missionary Aid Society, Brooklyn, N. Y., Home Fund. 10.00

Income from Permanent Funds. 301.82

J. M. B., Brooklyn, N. Y. 10.00

J. S. Clarke, Milton, W. Va. 10.00

A. Foy, Clarion, Iowa 10.00

W. M. Hadley, Lansing, Mich. 10.00

Per Evangelistic Committee—collected on West Virginia Fall, 10.00

Ladies' Sabbath School, Pawcatuck church. 10.00

Earns. 1,060.77

Total Balance in Treasury, Jan. 31, 1901. 1,284.22

AMONG THE BIG TREES.

BY ARTHUR S. PHELPS.

The famous giant trees of California, often associated with the name of the Giant Redwood Valley, are found principally in the central-eastern part of the state. The three chief groves are the Calaveras, Merced and Mariposa, situated respectively in the northern, middle and southern portions of this district, and now United States reservations. While the forest trees and the redwoods bear the common name sequoia—in honor, it is said, of Sequoyah, the Cherokee Indian who invented letters for his people—yet they are distinctly distinguished as sequoia gigantea and sequoia sempervirens. In shape and size most of the trees are equal.

Returning from the Yosemite Valley by the Wawona route, after the last glorious picture from Inspiration Point fades from the sight to glow forever in the memory, our party of eight, safely stowed with camp accoutrement in the carryall, and prairie schooner, descends the excellent wagon road to the stage station, Wawona, twenty-seven miles. While the ladies prepare a most refreshing repast, we pitch our tents on the camping ground near the hotel, and are soon nestled under the wings of three of the finest specimens of "bright and early" the next morning we are still asleep, but by half past nine our four sturdy descendents of Pegasus stand in front of the big wagon, and we are off for the eighty-two-mile tour to the Mariposa grove. The keen air, at an elevation of 3,928 feet, makes us superior to the jouncing of the rough roads. Whirling along through the forest lands strew with cones from the sugar-pines as large as a (very) young baby, and glowing here and there with the rosy beauty of the western redwood, which are unhindered almost without preparation upon the threshold of the very temple of Jehovah. For who can but say, as he stands awe-stricken before the majesty of these towering monarchs of the forests of earth.

"Father, thy hand hath hewed these venerable columns, thou who art the First".

Bold in atheism would he whose heart could

"Resist the sacred influences, Which, from the slightest twilit of the place, And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven Mingled their life blood by a channel of their might. Of the invisible breath that.awaked at once All their gymnosperm, and bowed With his spirit with the thought of boundless power And inaccessible magnificence".

These trees are veritable mountains of wood, "druids of eld," whose hoary heads trace their youth to the days of Abraham and Moses. The chronicles of these kings of the forest tell us that they have worn their "green coronal of leaves" for more than five millennia of time. President Jordan, of Leland Stanford University, estimated their age at from 5,000 to 8,000 years. So mar-velous is their hold on life that though some be sapped under the blows of the tempest, and others have been martyrs to the flames, not one has died a natural death. Many forest fires have raged about their rugged sides, hollowng some of them so that their bases have been transformed into blackened precipices; yet the sentinels stand under the trees com-bustion, and phoenix-like spreads its branch- ing wings full of life athwart the sky.

"The century-living crown

Of birth unknown, and now dead and deld
Among their branches, till, at last, they stood,
As one vast hill of dark, Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker." More than 400 in number in this grove alone, they lift their towering forms to an altitude of from 250 to 325 feet. The Methu-selah of these generations of the mighty is produced in stature and in girth by the elements, still rears its proud head 272 feet in the air, boasts a periphery of ninety-three feet, and a diameter of thirty-three. This patriarch, "by whose immovable stem" (to quote again Bishop Colton, 1841) "the leaves and seem almost annihilated," bears on his gnarled bosom the scars of many a brave battle with the hoists of earth and sky. The tempests of centuries have wrestled in titanic combat with its gaunt and sinewy arms. He is a veritable patriarch of the region, and fall of Babylon, of Greece, of Rome. He had reached sturdy manhood when Pharaoh Necho trod the stage of human life. Mysteries of the ages wrapt in the stony silence of the spindrift, or locked by the keys of memory in the bowels of the pyramids, were new to the world after he had held his majority for scores of generations. Scions of his race enjoy an infancy of fifty years in English soil. Would all the world be known when they, too, are bowed with age?

One must look 200 feet up the trunk of this tree before he sees the first limb of eight feet in diameter and 100 feet long. We follow the winding road among the trees directly Wawona, whose width of twenty-eight feet above the opening affords abundant room for our four horses and covered wagon to pass with ease. "Look up as high as you can, and then look again," we are directed, and this we find necessary as we pass the double tree called "The Faithful Pair," whose sylvan union, like many in human kindred, is one on earth and two in heavenly relations, proudly indicated by its height, but the body proved jealous of the soul at noon-time, and the rest to both proved grateful under the protection of the shadow of a great tree in a weary land. "San Francisco" is one of the finest of the "city" trees, and of its proud ancestry in a forest of which my poor six feet of body with out-stretched arms, appear in photographic can- dlor like the teetotal antenna of a minute instrument.

We must pause for a brief half-hour at the "Falls Monarch," a ruler whose tenure of empire is marked inadequate to the tremendous nascent of some anarchic tempest, and fell with mighty crash across the acres. We met with its present successor by a chain of ten rounds, and I took sixty-eight good strides down the trunk, hardly passing the first branches. A photograph of the stump, taken from a neighboring fallen tree, does not reveal the covered wagon standing on the other side. A picture is exhibited of a wagon on this prostrate tree, hitched to six horses and carrying several dozen passengers. Apols has some one called it the "Cranie of Ronde!"

Delayed only by a mountain freight train, consisting of two huge wagons drawn by ten or more mules and horses, we were in control of the "jerky-line" in the hands of the driver of the wheel-horse, we reach our camp in an hour's drive. Very early the follow- ing day the studio of Hill, the landscape painter, with its most interesting animal and Indianteafeet, and pieces of bark, perhaps two feet thick, from the big trees; taking a look at the fish hatcheries, a draught from the de- licious"Poland spring; dropping some grass from Wawona and the Mariposa grove of big trees, which have driven their roots into our hearts and have their hearts in our souls bear- ing them aloft like Saint Christrophers.

"The giant trees in silent majesty,

Like pillars stand, 'neath wind and rain.

'Twould seem that, perched upon their topmost branch,

With unstretched ranger man might take the star."—The Standard.
Woman’s Work.

Mrs. Henry M. Maxon, Editor, Framingham, N. J.

NOT TO BE MINISTERED TO.

O Lord, I pray,

That for this day
I may not serve
By foot or hand;
From thy command—
Not to be served, but to serve.

This, too, I pray,

That for this day
I may not serve
In good or ill;
Not to be pleased, but to please.

And, if I may,

I’d have this day
Strength from above
To set my heart
In heavenly art
Not to be loved, but to love.

—Malvive B. Babcock.

Much has been written and said of late of the prevalence of vice in New York City. Just now there is an effort being made to do something as well as talk about it. That the women have become aroused to the situation, is evidenced by a meeting held in Tuxedo Hall in New York recently. Representives from nearly all the Woman’s Clubs in New York were present, and an Executive Committee of nine was appointed to make further arrangements. Dr. Anne Langworthy, formerly of Alfred, represented the Lanthrop Woman’s Club of that town. The Temperance Union of New York, and was made a member of the Executive Committee. They purpose to hold a mass meeting early in February to discuss ways and means for arousing the women of New York to protest against the legal protection of vice it upholds. We wish them God-speed in their efforts.

REPORT OF DELEGATES TO MISSIONARY CONFERENCE—CONTINUED.

To the Woman’s Executive Board:

Dear Sisters:—After crowding a good deal of work into the last morning’s meeting, the Conference of Woman’s Boards adjourned about nine o’clock on Friday. The attendance was good and interest unfailing to the close; indeed the papers for this last day were of special interest; “Settlement Work” by Mrs. Morse, Presbyterian, “New Educational Methods” by Miss Woods, Friends, and “World Missions and Women’s Work” by Mrs. Willmott, Methodist, being particularly fine. It is not easy to specify which papers have been best, as all were so good; and it goes without saying that much thought and selective diligence must have been expended in the preparation of so excellent a program.

In scanning the program critically, we find the Methodists, Presbyterian, Congregational, Reformed, Lutheran, Disciples, Friends, Episcopal—Methodist and Protestant, and United Presbyterians, each represented by essayists, while Baptists are conspicuous by lack of representation of that sort.

Mrs. Anderson’s paper, “Philanthropic Work,” began with Jesus Christ, the first great philanthropic teacher and example, upon whom all subsequent philanthropy has been modeled, and she questions whether churches have any part in this kind of work. If the church does her work faithfully, all humanity, sorrowing, sick, and sinning, she said, would turn to her for help, and secure above all the blessings of Christianity. Charitable institutions show the force and results of this work. Prisoners and their management to-day reflect the influence of the great Christian reformer, John Howard, who almost one hundred and fifty years ago consecrated his life and fortune to prison abuses. Coming to our own time, she ranked Frances Willard among the great philanthropists, and the tenets of the church were the most important of the present century. Our age being the age of organized effort, the endowment of institutions, schools, hospitals, and Christian societies, which are becoming so numerous, furnish an encouraging prospect upon a larger development. The paper following brought out many interesting points, notably that the first school for Deaf and Dumb in China was established by a former teacher from a school for Deaf and Dumb in Rochester, N. Y. That one institution for the Deaf is food for an entire day, so that the money otherwise used for provision might go to the India Famine relief; that Miss Talmage’s Baby Home in Amoy began by saving baby girls which had been thrown away. Under the head of “Settlement Work,” Miss Woods advocated giving up the old idea that Foreign Foreign foreign work and technical literature, and afterward to write them telling of our new methods in the home land. In the discussion an interdenominational bureau was again advocated, and urged as a most important factor for good.

Mrs. Willmott’s paper “Ourselves and our Work,” was like an outburst from a heart filled with the spirit of love and a desire to be guided by divine power. Opportunity, she thought, is God’s voice saying “I want you,” and since all mission work had its origin with God, he has given that work to us; and in proportion as our hearts respond spiritually will the work become a success. She felt there was greater need for spiritual warmth in the home churches than among the workers on foreign fields.

Mrs. Alice Gordon Gunlick was present and by special request upon her work in Spain, stating that its object is to train teachers, not alone for Spain, but for all Spanish speaking countries. She is hoping to raise $100,000 to build a college for girls in Madrid, more than half of which sum has already been raised.

Beginning upon the same day that the Woman’s Conference opened, the Eighth Conference of Foreign Mission Boards in the United States and Canada also opened in this city at the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church. From reports in the papers it would appear that these meetings much the same topics were discussed as those considered at the Woman’s Conference. Upon Thursday evening the men’s meeting was held at the Collegiate Church, and tickets were distributed to all of our delegates and visitors who desired to attend, admission being only by ticket. The subject selected for the address for the evening was based upon “The Church and its Opportunities in China,” and the speakers were Rev. W. A. P. Martin, LL. D., of the Imperial University of Peking, Hon. John Barrett, Foreign United States Minister to Spain, and Rev. William Asahme, D. D., of China. This meeting came so close to being a part of the Woman’s Conference that your delegates are glad to mention it, especially as our own Missionary Secretary, Mr. Whitford, was a delegate to that Conference and was present in all its meetings.

The Woman’s Conference next year will be held at Toronto, Canada.

Very cordially yours,

E. L. B. Delegates.

P. J. B. W.

January 21, 1901.

HOW HE PROVED IT.

You may have seen the story related of the famous artist, Gustave Dore. He was traveling from one country to another on the continent of Europe, and had lost the passport which was required to be shown by every wanderer. He was exceedingly anxious to cross the border that day. So he said to the police:

“I am very sorry, but I have lost my passport. I hope you will let me pass without it. All I can say is that I am the artist Dore.”

“Oh,” was the reply, “you cannot deceive us. We have a great many persons trying to pass on the claim that they are some distinguished characters.”

But the artist entreated and insisted, and so the officer finally said: “Well, we will very soon see whether you are Dore or not. Take this pencil and paper, and sketch that group of peasants standing there.”

It took but a few moments for the artist to make the picture, and in such a masterly manner was it done that the official was at once convinced.

So to-day, when men profess to be Christ-like, and claim to stand on the Word of God, are we to see whether you are or not? What do ye more than others? By your fruits we shall know you.”

—Selected.

THE NEGRO AND HIS FUTURE.

In almost every one of the many reviews of the nineteenth century which we have seen, the appraiser of the century has included in his list of supreme events the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, which thirty-eight years ago, Jan. 1, was formally issued and became operative. This year, as always, Negroes have been celebrating the event which meant so much to them and their fathers, and while here and there the note struck has been one of cynicism and bitterness, in the main the comment upon the present state of the race has been healthy and hopeful. The spirit of progress and freedom has been reflected in speeches made in Boston recently. Bishop Hood, of the African Methodist Episcopal church claimed that the financial betterment and intellectual growth of the race since emancipation were so great as to be surprising. He said that this was no time to draw gloomy pictures of the future or laudant over present conditions. A deaf ear must be
turned to criticism, slander and ridicule, and solid work take the place of boasting.

The same day Mr. Archibald Grinke, ex-
United States Consul to the San Domingo
In his public assembly, de-
nounced bitterly the attitude of the whites to
the Negro, present as well as past, in the
North as well as in the South. "We," he
said, are to be an alien race, allowed to live
here in strict subordinate and subjection
to the race who are our political party will do
more for you than another. On
the race question a white man is a white
man. . . . Let us have a care lest we be
eaten, for, verily, we are in this land like
a flock of sheep surrounded by a pack of
dogs. Mr. Grinke refrained from
countenancing violence or anything but
patient endurance of obloquy and the slow
but sure conquest of a place through efficient
industry, purity of life and constant display
of patriotism whenever the chance affords.

The place of the Negro, as the opinion of
the whites of the country, as the new century
opens is, we are convinced, much higher than
that conceived of by Mr. Grinke. It is true
doubtless—as the action of the House of
Representatives recently on the matter of
reapportionment of Southern representation
proves indirectly—that the political status
of the Negro now is not what it was even a
decade ago, and recent judicial decrees seem
to deny him a social status also. In
addition to this, there is a disposition in some
quarters to lower his educational opportuni-
ties, or at least to divert him from higher
towards lower forms of education conceived of
as better adapted for his moral training and
economic and civic usefulness. Lynch law also
summarily puts out of the world an ever
increasing number of his black brothers.

On the other hand, it is doubtful whether
there was ever a time when the white man
North or South, was more willing to judge
the "race by the best it can produce, and not
by the worst; by those in the school-room
rather than by those in the penitentiaries; by
those who pay the taxes rather than those
in idleness on the streets; by those who have
not fallen rather than those who have fallen
and are in the gutter"—to quote Booker T. Wash-
ington, who, after nineteen years residence in
the black section of the South and a recent
thorough tour of inspection in the South, says
that the twelfth century opens with signs of pro-
gress and promise for his race that are "tan-
gible, visible and indisputable."

Rev. Dr. C. J. Rider, Secretary of the Ameri-
can Missionary Association, is reported in
the Brooklyn Eagle as looking for some
changes in theory respecting the edu-
cation and betterment of the Negro during
this century. Apparently he thinks that too
much of the religious and educational work
among Negroes is now done by whites, that
rather little attention has been paid in the past
to essential racial differences; that hereafter
Negroes will wish to be by themselves more
and to have their own teachers and preachers
more than they have in the past; and that
philanthropic and educational agencies
will have to be improved. . . .

We wealched home last evening about 9
o'clock, having been detained by the wreck
of a coal train this side of Wilkes-Barre.
We left Buffalo about 8 o'clock the evening before. Mrs. Lewis stood the jour-
ney well. Mr. Kimball met us at South
Plainfield with the ambulance, and the entire
journey was accomplished without mishap.

Physically, Mrs. Lewis remains about the
same. The right side is helpless, and beyond a few monosyllables she does not speak as so
as to be understood; however she tries to talk
much more than she did. She understands
what we say, and can listen to a regular conver-
sation without trouble. I wish all her friends
to know that when it seemed that a very
few days would close her life on earth,
the downward course was checked at a
time when almost every mail brought
us the assurance that a constant current of
sympathy and prayer was turned toward us
at Battle Creek, from Plainfield, and from
many other places. We brought unceasingly
as we were able, but we feel that it is God's
blessing which has made it possible for her
to rest at home again, a fact which makes
this Sabbath morning doubly sweet. The
friends and physicians at the Saturiun were
unceasing in their care, and her special "day-
state" came and will remain with her.
I wanted to say this much to the congregation
this morning.

Sincerely yours,
A. H. Lewis

SPECIFIC PRAYER.

There was once a colored woman who used
to sit in one corner of the gallery on the Sab-
bath, and single out some young man as he
came in at the door, and pray for him till she
saw him come forward to join the church;
then she dropped him, and singled out anoth-
er, and prayed for him in like manner, till she
witnessed a similar result; then she dropped
him and took a third; and so on, till, at the
end of twenty years, she had seen twenty
young men join themselves to the Lord in
a perpetual covenant—young men with whom
she had no personal acquaintance whatever.
This fact was disclosed to her pastor on her
death-bed.—The Standard.

A HUMBLE MAN is a joyous man. There is
no worship where there is no joy. For wor-
ship is something more than either the fear
of God or the love of Him. It is delight in
him.—F. W. Faber.
Young People's Work.

The C. E. Society of North Loup is thoroughly alive, though it is not often heard from. Two meetings are well attended and the interest is usually good, though there are times when the enthusiasm is not so great as at others. Contrary to the usual custom, sunrise prayer-meeting, Jan. 1, was not held this year, because we were in the midst of a small plague.

Our Junior Society reached its tenth milestone on the 17th of January, but the event was not commemorated as was planned because of the quarantine. Appropriate exercises will be held soon, however. Our Junior Society has the distinction of being the oldest in the denomination. Eleven of its early members are at Milton this year attending school. The recent election of officers resulted as follows: Superintendent, W. G. Rood; Assistant Superintendent, Lena Dodds; President, Leslie Green; Secretary, Minnie Davis; Treasurer, Fern Barber; Chairman Lookout Committee, Edna Green; Music, Georgia Black; Social, Marianne Rood; Flower, Stella Clement; Missionary, Ella Witter; Sunshine, Lora Black; Book, Lita Lauph.

The newly elected officers and chairmen of committees of the C. E. are: President, Marion Lenape; Vice President, Esther Reed; Secretary, Ella Witter; Treasurer, Sarah Homer; Lookout Committee, Morris Green; Prayer-meeting, Sitas Lauph; Social, Ora Crandall; Missionary, Sylvia Lauph; Music, Louisa Barber; Relief, Edith Green; Junior, W. G. Ross, Good Literature, Myra Hutchins. We have adopted the plan of choosing only the chairman of the various committees and allowing them to choose the other members, and we find the plan works admirably.

After serving as Corresponding Secretary for a long time, and doing excellent service, Hattie Clement tendered her resignation the first of the year, and W. G. Rood was chosen to succeed her.

W.

D. L. MOODY AND HIS MONUMENT.

It is now a little more than a year since the death of D. L. Moody, the well-known Evangelist and Christian worker, and throughout the country there has been not a little comment regarding what would be done to continue the various lines of work in which he was engaged. There has also been considerable discussion among his friends as to what would be the best plan for a memorial for him. The man was so generally loved, had influenced the lives, and enjoyed the confidence of so many people, all over the world, that the question of some expression of this kind seems unquestioned. It has been generally agreed among those who are best acquainted with him and his work that the most appropriate plan in which this sympathy could be expressed would be to form an endowment fund to build and care for the schools which he was established and which were through his efforts largely supported.

Mr. Moody's work was peculiar to himself, and the institutions which he established are unique in character. They consist of the Northfield Seminary and Training School for young men, the Chicago Bible Institute and the Northfield Institute. The Northfield Seminary accommodates about 400 young women. The buildings include nine dormitories, gymnasium, library, recreation hall, auditorium and other building functions.

The Mt. Hermon School cares for about 425 young men, and is also well equipped with buildings and other facilities for carrying on its work.

The Institute at Chicago is especially for training Christian workers in the study of the English Bible and methods of Christian work. It has an annual enrollment of 200 students, and during the past ten years sent out about 3,000 to engage in evangelistic, missionary and Christian work.

For some time past Mr. Moody's work has been largely confined to the care and interests of these schools and of the many summer conferences and gatherings which were held at Northfield. He evidently believed in this plan of setting others at work rather than trying to accomplish everything himself. He had implicit faith in the work of these institutions. In describing their purpose he said:

"The object of the Northfield schools is to help young men and women of very little means to get an education such as would have done me good when I was their age."

"I want to help them into lives which will help them most for the cause of Christ;" and again he said, "We want promising girls and boys, the poorer the better."

In 1890 he wrote a friend, "My school work will not tell much until the century closes, but when I am gone I shall leave some good works and men behind." Mr. Moody was very successful in raising funds for the support of these schools as well as in securing influential friends for them and the best business men as trustees to look after their interests.

As a result the work in all of these institutions is being carried on upon the lines which he laid down and without loss of interest or enthusiasm.

There will no doubt be a prompt and liberal response to the effort now being put forth toward securing a fund that will permanently support these schools, and thus build for Mr. Moody an enduring monument.

The Treasurer of the fund is Mr. D. W. McWilliams, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City, a well-known business man, and one who was for many years a close friend of Mr. Moody. Mr. McWilliams will be glad to receive contributions of any amount, large or small, from all who wish to have a part in honoring Mr. Moody's memory and desire to perpetuate the work he so much loved.

THE FUTURE OF ELECTRICITY.

BY THOMAS A. EDISON.

Whatever may be said in favor of electricity, one statement must stand paramount in its behalf: It has never failed in its purpose when properly applied. Its uses are as many as the uses to which it may be put. It has suffered from the hands of those of who thought they were acquainted with it, but has also found friends of long standing, to advance its cause and increase its popularity. Time was, when it was feared as an enemy,—looked upon as a cunning monster which mankind would never be able to control and keep under. To-day it is the friend, the benefactor of humanity. I have been asked to say just what electricity will accomplish during the coming fifty years. It will do fully as much as it has accomplished during the past fifty years. It is not for me to say in what direct lines it will perform its function, but rather to predict or dream the great things it will accomplish as it goes along its magic way. It is not for me, either, to present any pictures of massive electrical affairs that will appal the world—but rather to remain a plodder in the electrical vineyard, to keep plowing for the end that others may see in their dreams.

Still, it is not too much to expect decided improvements in many industrial appliances, now operated by methods other than electrical. I believe that the railway train will not be over-operated, though I have never considered to any great extent this particular phase of electrical power. It is more advantageous to the science, I find, to perfect one thing at a time, than to try to effect a score at once. Patience and deliberation, uniting energy are needed to broaden the usefulness of the electrical world.

THE FARMER'S TASK WILL BE LIGHTENED.

How can it be applied to farming machinery? Very readily and advantageously. This is a field in which it can be made to work wonders, in the next fifty years. The farmer needs to have his oppressive work made more measureable, for he is, indeed, an important factor in the world's great sphere of usefulness, and his absence from that sphere would be more marked than all the wonders that electricity has created. The electrical plow, the electrical thrashing, and electrical agricultural implements are not things that only fill the fancy of dreamers; I believe that in fifty years will find them recorded in the realm of fact.

Already electricity has made a notable advance in the mining industry, and its application in the separation of metals from ores shows that in this respect it has not been misapplied. Indeed, it has done some marvelous work. So it may be with farming implements, and with other machinery. As a manifestation of energy it will stand supreme. As it unfolds its wonders it will do more and more to be the great motive power of nature. Perhaps, in years to come, it will be shown that all the planets are controlled and kept in their orbits by electricity.

THERE WILL BE HEALING IN ITS TOUCH.

Not only as a motive power for massive enterprises will electricity find uses during the coming half century, but it will also be applied to the "gentler sciences," if it may use the term. By this I mean surgery, optics, and astronomy, but greater minds than mine must dwell upon this particular branch of electrical usage. Already we have surgical instruments that are being operated by electricity with gratifying success; indeed, they have gone beyond the experimental stage. There is a large production of manufacturing machinery, as the Niagara Falls plant shows, and it may even extend to the ship, but still electricity is not yet the one all-important vital force in the land, until these uses have been exhausted.

Electricity as a science should be made one of the several studies in every school in the land. It should rank with spelling and arithmetic; for, more than it, this science becomes significant in all of the world's general affairs, and its value, in connection with practical business and business affairs cannot be given too prominent a place in America's future.—SUCCESS.
Children's Page.

THE RAILROAD TRAIN.

By BASKET J. MCELLENN.

Last week I took a long, long ride
Upon the railroad train.
I wore my new blue-bottled coat,
And it was truly nice.
The engine made a lot of noise,
And whistled, "O, so loud!"
All the while the red light smoke
Went up and made a clout.
The wheels played funny little tones,
And we felt the fact we were.
That I could hardly see the flowers
This time above the ground.
We went by trees, trees and barns,
And church, now and then,
And bedrock windows, rooms,
And lots and lots of men.
And when the boys and girls saw me
As I was looking out,
They waved their hands, and so did I;
And once I had to shout.
We rode until it was quite dark,
And stars began to peer.
And when we got to Grandma's house,
They said I'd been."

—Kindergarten Review.

PICO COYOTE AND SWIVEL-EARS.

By DAVE COULDS.

Old Pico the Coyote was lying against the cool side of a dry wash on the edge of the Santa Ana river-bottom in Southern California, and trying to sleep until evening. But the fleas insisted upon running across his empty stomach and he got sand in his ear trying to scratch without getting up, and at last, losing all patience, he jumped to his feet whimpering.

When Pico was young they called him Swiffer, for when he grew up they changed his name to Pico, for "pico" means shrew in the country in which he lived, and his nose grew long and sharp like the bill of the mudhen that lived in the tule patches below. Like some other sharp-nosed people, Pico was of a peevish and praying disposition, and, being a coyote, he was born unlucky. And he had seen so many square meals disappear into sudden holes that life, as he looked back upon it, seemed a waste of cactus spines and gopher-holes. Conceals of all this, and of his growing pain, Old Pico Coyote sat up and scratched the fleas viciously, and whimpered to himself:

"I can't sleep and I can't rest. The fleas eat me up and I starve to death on cactuses and these disgusting kangaroo-rats that eat wormwood bark and spoil the flavor of their hind legs. And here I am, with my skin sticking to my neck, and the fleas running up and down between them. I wish I could find a mouse nest or some young birds or a good long-tailed lizard or a rabbit! Now, if I just could catch a big rabbit and eat him all—and bury his head and feet to chew when I woke up—is it really true? But I'll get hide-bound pretty soon if I don't stretch my skin more. By my nose, I'll try old Swivel-Ears again; maybe I can catch him asleep now, while it is hot. I should have got him that last time if he hadn't run down the badger-hole; but I shan't say any more and I'm tired of thorns and badger-holes." So he grumbled to himself as he sneaked up the high hill and looked out over the sage-brush mesa to the mountains, where the sun was going to set pretty soon.

The cold dry wind puffed into his open mouth as he dropped panting under a rock and gassed out on the plain below. He choked and stopped panting.

"Mr. muff," he sniffed; "I smell him. He is near. He must be on the hill. MF. If I can only make him run down hill!" and he started down a slight incline to the scent and walking easy on his padded feet so he would not break any sticks. The scent grew strong; he caught his breath with joy; there he was, under the wild buckwheat bush, sleeping, sleeping—Hah! Now he would nab him, easy and easy—behind the bushes, clover and corn, and then— But old Swivel-Ears sat with his head against the wild buckwheat and his long ears dropped back, while his little split nose worked up and down, breathing the warm air that smelled of sagebrush and allllaria and cottonwood and dry things; and his eyes were closed. But Pico the Coyote saw his gray rump and black tail, and he walked very carefully in the sticks, while his eyes changed from green to yellow. And all the time Swivel-Ears slept in the shade.

Then Pico Coyote forgot and began to breathe hard, "I'm old, hah, hah, hah," and Swivel-Ears the Jack-Rabbit swung his long ear on a pivot and said to himself in his sleep, "What do I hear?" And then he worked his nose.

"Miff, what do I smell?" He opened his big eyes and stared them out.

"Cheee-ee! What! Coyote, coyote," and he jumped through the bush just as Pico Coyote landed on top of it with his long jaws open, and the shining white teeth snapped like a steel trap behind him.

Now jack-rabbits do not think very much, but Swivel-Ears, "woof, woof, woof," His back was brindled and his ears were frayed along the tender edge, and he knew Pico mighty well. He had just awakened, though, and he had forgotten where he was when he went to sleep; so when he jumped he fell right into the gulf, and then he did not know where he was. He plunged right under the heavy sage-brush at the bottom and crouched down trembling, with his eyes bulging away out and his ears shaking—and then old Pico dived in after him.

At the last instant of his shot Swivel-Ears shot out from the thick brush and ran with mighty jumps down the mountain side, slalling over the sage-brush and rocks and dropping, jumping out into the air and dropping, with Pico jumping further and jumping faster close behind him. Every time Swivel-Ears hit the ground it hurt his little forefoot, but Coyote had big forelegs that did not get hurt, and he gained at every jump. Now, Swivel-Ears was still half asleep when he started down the mountain, but every time he sailed through the air and heard Pico breaking the brush behind him he took a good look and jumped harder with his hind legs. But the first thing he knew Pico lit right behind him, panting hoarsely and snapping his teeth together. Swivel-Ears made one wild jump into a bush to one side, while Pico plowed through the brush trying to stop.

Then Swivel-Ears buckled his big ears back and ran as fast as he could out over the open plain. And every time he jumped he woke up some more, and his feet seemed to bounce like rubber when he struck the ground, and he ran for the high mountain to the west, where the sun was going to set. Old Pico Coyote ran after him barking and making a dust; but when Swivel-Ears started to run up the mountain he stopped, because he knew that he could not catch him up hill.

So old Pico sat down at the foot of the mountain and breathed hard through his mouth, while Swivel-Ears jumped and jumped up the mountain until he got tired and stopped. And Swivel-Ears breathed very hard, too, through his little split nose, and he trembled as he looked down to where Pico the Coyote was limping away, for he remembered how he had snapped his white teeth when they ran down the hill.

As the sun set behind the great mountain old Pico stopped on a little mound and looked back, and then he began to whimper and cry to himself.

"Wicks, wicks, woo, my feet are sore; wicks, wicks, woo-oo, I've got cactus in my feet; wv, yy, woo, woo, I wish I had some thing to eat; woo, woo, wuh, wuh, I wish I had caught old Swivel-Ears." And he howled so loud that all the other coyotes on the plains and hills joined in, and they all howled together.

Then Pico the Coyote sat down and tried to bite the cactus thorns out from between his toes, and all the time he whimpered and whined because his feet were sore, and he was hungry, and he wanted old Swivel-Ears to eat.—The Independent.

JUDGE NOT.

"Oh mamma!" cried Jack, running into the sitting-room where his mother was sewing. "Sidney is breaking a commandment, he is—Thou shalt not steal,—and I should think he would be ashamed of himself.

"Why, Jack," said his mother in surprise, "what can you mean?"

"He is, truly, mamma," said Jack, hopping about one foot, and seeming rather to enjoy the fact. "I saw him getting sugar out of the sugar-bowl, and you know you told us not to.

"O-h," said mamma, in a tone of relief, "that's it, is it? Come here, Jack," and taking little boy's hand she drew him to her side. "Do you think it such a dreadful thing to break a commandment, dear?"

"Why, yes, mamma, of course," answered Jack, astonished that his mother should ask such a question. "You would not do it, would you, mamma?"

"No, indeed, mamma."

"Then you think you are very much better than Sidney?"

Jack hung his head at that question, but did not say so.

"Now, Jack, I want you to see how mistaken you are. You think you would not break a commandment, but because you are so able to believe vile of your brother, you are really breaking the command which says, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.' Do you think you are better without Sidney?"

"Yes, mamma, you said it meant saying what was not true about any one, but Sidney was stealing, for I saw him."

"He was taking sugar, Jack, but are you sure he was stealing?"

"Yes," answered Jack, "and now I suppose he's going away to reprove his sins."

At that moment the door opened and Sidney came into the room, his bright, manly face looking at all as though he were ashamed of himself.

"Here is the sugar for Dickie, mamma," he said, slipping the lump between the wires and the cage, "and he begged me to give some for you. I saw the postman coming and waited a minute for him."

"Thank you, dear," said mamma, smiling at him, and then turned and looked at Jack.

—Sunbeam.
Our Reading Room.

"Hence then as we have opportunity, let us be working what is good, towards all, but especially towards them that are of the household of faith." (Gal. 6:10.) "He that do good and to communicate, forget not."—Heb. 13:16.

LEONARDSVILLE, N. Y.—Since last June, when our pastor began his labors with us, no news has been sent to the columns of the Record, for we are aware of the occasion of the death of our lamented brother, Den. J. D. Rogers, in October, 1900. "Dr. Dunlap's return to this country and to this church, with which he formerly labored, has been marked by many expressions of appreciation of his work, and especially helpful, and his leadership in matters spiritual and social is a source of inspiration.

Our services have continued without interruption, with good attendance. Sabbath mornings Dr. Dunlap has preached regularly, except when absent at the General Conference, and on December 29, when an exchange of pulpits was effected with the Rev. T. J. Van-Horn, of Brookfield, whom we were glad to hear. His presence, especially at the Men's Meeting in the afternoon, was a source of bless by all. January 10, was a big day for us, when the Elder was ill, and the Rev. M. E. Duesler of the Methodist Episcopal church of this village preached in his place.

The prayer-meetings on the eve of each Sabbath are attended by devoted members, and are marked by earnest prayers and testimonies fervent and sincere. It is only a matter of regret that the attendance is not larger. Lately our pastor has given a series of suggestive talks on the lives of the friends of the Apostle Paul, taking one for each of the different meetings of the church and each of the different names of the household of faith.

The meetings of the Christian Endeavor Society are held regularly on Tuesday evenings, and while the attendance has suffered on account of the absence of many of our young people, who are away at school or engaged in various occupations in other places, the interest is kept up and the prospect is that we shall find more interest in the meetings during the year on which we have entered. The Junior C. E. Society holds its meetings on Sabbath afternoons, and is in a prosperous condition. The Men's Meeting, on Sabbath afternoons, is a source of great spiritual power to the men of the congregation. It is a continual encouragement to the pastor in his work.

The Women's Benevolent Society meets regularly for work, and has been able to give a generous support to the work of our people. The Society holds quarterly teas, which are very pleasantly attended. This year, a series of entertainments in charge of special committees, is being given. One of these, a sale of fancy and useful articles, held in December, was a decided financial success, netting the Society nearly $100. Another entertainment in the series was a concert given at the Church, which was very well attended both socially and musically, as it was of such a character as to benefit all who attended. It was indirectly the means of the organization of a Music Club in our village, which gives promise of being a permanent society for the cultivation of the talent of the young ladies.

It is not a society of our own people, but takes in all whom it can benefit regardless of religion. Regular chorus rehearsals are held each week, and every month a musical program is presented in which the members take part. A concert will doubtless be given at the close of the season, and it is hoped a hall will be found for the purpose. These names will live while the Brookfield church remains.

The Week of Prayer was observed by union meetings, held part of the time in our church and part of the time in the Methodist church, the two ministers preaching alternate evenings.

On the evening of January 10, a donation party was given for the benefit of the pastor, in the village hall. It was attended by a large number of our people and many friends of the pastor and his wife from other villages and other religious societies. The result was very gratifying, both in the way and in the amount which the committee was able to hand to the pastor to help him on his way.

On Sabbath-day, January 26, and the afternoon and evening preceding, a series of very interesting services were held. This was the occasion of our annual roll-call covenant meeting and communion service. At the covenant meeting, held at two o'clock on the 25th, a large number of the members of the church assembled to take part in the meeting and bear the messages of good cheer from the absent ones, more than half of whom were represented. Messages of the covenant meeting were continued in the evening for the benefit of those who were unable to come in the afternoon, and on Sabbath morning opportunity was given before the celebration of the Lord's Supper for all who had not done so to unite in renewing their vows.

The occasion will long remain in our memories as that of a true family reunion of a household of faith.

Last Sabbath, February 2, the pastor presented the claims of Seventh-day Baptists education in a masterly sermon. This was in line with the special effort of our Educational Society for the re-enforcing of Alfred Theological Seminary, and was a strong argument and forcible appeal for the support of the movement.

BROOKFIELD, N. Y.—The passing of the century ceremony is now upon our little town. A union watch-meeting at the Methodist church was attended with interest, and the old year's death was marked by a few strokes of the tolling bell.

The week of prayer was observed by three churches in union services, in which the three pastors shared equally the leadership. So good an interest was shown that the meetings where continued another week. Much sickness and the demands of Regent's examinations made it seem advisable to close the meetings for the present.

As one glances over the history of the denomination, in the last quarter of a century, we are inclined to be impressed with the part which Brookfield has borne and the illustrious names which have stood upon her roll. For seventy-six years she has maintained her walk and pointed men to the saving power of her Lord. Her pastors, a scant half dozen of whom have amply served her through this long three centuries of a century, have been men of strong personality, deep piety and wise counsel, whose godly lives have left their mark upon all the region around. Elder Eli S. Bailey was the first pastor. Elder Samuel Cranford supplied the society for twenty years. Ed. Joshua Clark of printed name, Ed. Julius M. Todd who gave to the church thirty years of his best work and still dwells among them

with a benediction in each line of his mantle face, Eld. Clayton Burdick who closed a half century of successful service. These names will live while the Brookfield church remains. Darwin E. Maxson and James Bailey, familiar denominational names, appear on the church roll early in the second quarter of the last century. A pleasant letter written by a benefactor, W. W. Grigg, two years ago, in which he expressed his inculgence, conveys the interesting fact that he used to trudge over Beaver Hill to the old Brookfield Academy in his early quest for learning. Thus Brookfield has linked itself inseparably with the educational interests of its people.

Another item of interest is the fact that not one of the names on the church list in 1820, and remaining there for eleven years, allies the Second Brookfield church with our earliest foreign missionary enterprise. It is the name of Lucy M. Clark. Riding with our venerable Brother Todd, who was to officiate at the funeral of one of the oldest residents of the place, he pointed out to me the birthplace of this wife of our first foreign missionary, Ed. Solomon Carpenter. Her aged brother and sister, Willet Clark, and Mrs. Esther Green, are still with us. They yet hold as a dear possession the presence which tells of that perilous voyage in Chinese waters just before the founding of our mission in Shanghai. But this letter does not design to exhaust the names of those who have gone out from this church to do valiant service for her Lord. Many of them have the history of the home which even now are in the front ranks of denominational life. They have gone out from the old home church, and are living their strong, helpful lives amid other scenes and people. At the annual roll-call forty of our members sent messages from the sick room or the distant school. We love to linger over the bright days of the past and grieve a little that the future holds less of promise than we wish. Of a membership of more than two hundred, 25 per cent have passed their three score years, and almost another 25 per cent are non-resident. Our young people find it hard to employ ment under the protecting wing of the old home church, and young manhood and womanhood have found much more promising fields. But, even if we must part with our young people who might build up the old church, we have been so "nurtured and grounded in the faith that the shock and whirl of the world's temptations shall find them firm, the old mother church will not have lived in vain.

A movement which promises a good degree of helpfulness is the recent organization of the ministers of the three neighboring churches, Leonardsville, Brookfield and West Estleton, into a ministers' meeting. The membership includes the wives of the clergy- men, and the gatherings will be held monthly. On January 27, a very pleasant and profitable gathering of this nature was held at the house of Elder Smith, of whose deeds and mutual interest were informally discussed. The March meeting will be with the pastor at Leonardsville.

Deafness cannot be Curd

by local application or cannot reach the diseased part of the ear. There have been claims to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is due to either disease or an injury to the lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed it is the beginning of all that follows, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and the otoscopy as a cure is simply the return of the nostrum to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, and that is the reason why there is no success.

The One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Ear Drops. Send for the bottle. 75c.

F. J. CHEENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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

BY H. H. BAKER.

Food Fishes of the Sea.

An effort is being made by several governments to obtain more extensive and definite information concerning the habits, customs, and migrations of the food fishes of the sea.

Some years ago, an experiment was tried at a station on a tributary of the Columbia River upon a class of fishes whose home was in the ocean, but which ascended the river to spawn. These are known as salmon, and they are regarded as the finest food fish of the sea. It is well known that when a fish is hatched in a particular river, and is to make its future home in the ocean, the little fellows are careful to make observations about that particular river, especially where it connects with the ocean. They stow away this information in their memories so that in years after, when they wish to return, they will make no mistake, and can find the identical place where they were born. It is said they rarely ever forget, and fail to find it.

At the station alluded to, when the little fishes were on their way to their future home, they were made to halt here, when, with a zootechnological hand, the small, soft dorsal fin shaved off, and then they were allowed to proceed. It was three years after before any were found returning; but when caught, their average weight was found to be twenty pounds.

By this experiment it was shown that for every one thousand of those fishes that survived, when captured we would furnish two thousand pounds for the market in three years.

The United States Fish Commission has been doing a noble work for a number of years, in artificially hatch- ing fishes, and caring for them while in infancy, also selecting for them proper homes until their lakes, ponds, streams and rivers are quite well supplied.

Last year, the Commission undertook the task of replenishing the ocean, or at least a portion of it, inhabited by such fishes as were sought for food, as they were evidently decreasing in numbers, and becoming scarce. To accomplish this, they established a station at Wood's Holl, Mass., and selected the codfish as the one which would become most useful. When a vessel came along with a fare of fish in the well, the Commission purchased what they needed, selecting females for obtaining spawn for the hatcheries.

During the last season the Commission hatched, cared for and distributed in New England waters two hundred and fifty thousand (250,000,000) of young cod fishes. Out of this immense number they marked, numbered, and registered one thousand five hundred (1,500) in order that they might learn as to time and frequency of spawning, and also the time required for their coming to maturity, in growth and weight. Each little fish not only left at the station a record of his age, weight, and day and place of liberation, but took with it a transcript so that if ever captured and known it would enable the Commission to refer to that identical fish, and thus gather the desired information.

The record for the fish taken along was abbrevi- ated, and stamped with a small square piece of copper which was as rapidly fastened to the fish by a wire passing through behind a spire of a back fin close to the body. This appeared to not inconvenience the little fellows in the least.

The Commission also distributed circulars all along the New England coast, giving information as to the manner of catching the fishes, and requesting that if any of those marked were caught, the person catching them should carefully remove the copper tag, keep a record of the date and place of capture, the weight before dressing, also of its length, and its physical condition, and send it with the piece of copper to the Commission at their headquarters in Boston, Mass. In this way much information may be obtained as to the best method of procedure in the future, and the condition of that particular river and its fishes.
Father Jesus found rest and peace, and was ready for his last act on earth. But the coming day. Luke tells of the bloody sweat as showing the extremity of his anguish, and of the angel that appeared and strengthened him.

45. Sleep on now and take your rest. They are not keeping the character of the following day. Some have imagined that Jesus was annoyed that they were asleep the third time, and had done nothing; but that view hardly seems compatible with the character of our Saviour, and especially with the experience of Bethbath. The hour is at hand. While he is saying, “Sleep on,” be sure you are taking those who are seeking his life. According to the view of some, an interval of some time is to be reckoned between the following. And the reference to the hour being at hand is to be understood as a little indefinite. But surely such a declaration would be to sacrifice sleep even to those who were very sleepy.

46. Rise, let us be going. That is, from their eyes, and the time. Hopkins has had that he was seeking the mission to draft a new charter for Baltimore, and was born at New York. He was a native of Connecticut; was born on July 6, 1831; graduated at Yale; continued his studies at New Haven and Berlin; was librarian and secretary of the Sheffield Scientific school, Professor of Geography in Yale, President of the University of California, and then became President of Johns Hopkins University.

He was made Doctor of Laws by numerous colleges and universities, and he probably belongs to as many scientific societies as any American. Although so closely approaching seventy years, no one thinks of calling Doctor Gilman. His nervous system seems to be a pace that younger men find difficulty in meeting. The Americanism of President Gilman is one of his strongest characteristics. Returning, recently, from a tour through Europe, he strongly expressed himself as believing that all signs are vastly more favorable for America and its progress than for Europe.

In addition to being President of a great university, he was, four years ago, one of the most active members of the United States Commission for the International Exhibition at Buenos Aires, Venezuela and British Guiana, and a member of the commission to draft a new charter for Baltimore, and was also connected with several important movements of the day. A group of professional men were discussing Dr. Gilman’s numerous employments, and one of them said: “It is simply amazing; it is a new meaning work for him.” His capacity for work exceeds anything I have ever heard of. He has his capacity for making other people work,” added one of the members of the faculty of the Johns Hopkins University. That does not detract from his success as the builder of the most complete university in America. He has worked hard himself, but members of the faculty assert that his energy and influence have made them work even harder.—Saturday Evening Post.

**Food Flies of the Sea.** (Continued from page 86.)

### SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA LETTER.

There are usually two sides to every question, and it is certainly true that in the replies to the question, that all the great names, number tens of thousands thrown into the greatest consternation in a moment, by the arrival of a shark in their midst, and the greatest possible effort made by every one to save its life by flight.

Can it be possible that all this murder among the birds, and the strangeness of the same source, and is pursued by the same motives, as those which impel the human family to commit deeds of destruction?

### REFERENCE LIBRARIES.

The following list of books is recommended to Pastors and people who have a desire for a thorough and systematic study of the Sabbath question. These books are offered on a cost price basis.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title of Book</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Price</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Psalms Surviving in Christianity</td>
<td>1875</td>
<td>$1.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Critical History of the Sabbath</td>
<td>1871</td>
<td>$1.55</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Sabbath and the Sunday</td>
<td>1876</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
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<tr>
<td>Sabbath Reporter</td>
<td>1878</td>
<td>$0.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Swift Decadece of Sunday</td>
<td>1880</td>
<td>$0.75</td>
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<tr>
<td>The Reform in Its Sabbath Day</td>
<td>1881</td>
<td>$0.55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thoughts on Gilgal</td>
<td>1882</td>
<td>$0.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Findings of the Village Council</td>
<td>1883</td>
<td>$0.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Catholicization of Protestantism on the Sabbath</td>
<td>1884</td>
<td>$0.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sabbath and Sunday Reform</td>
<td>1885</td>
<td>$0.75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life and Sermons of Jonathan Allen</td>
<td>1886</td>
<td>$0.50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Total list price: $11.40

Proposed price, f. o. b. Plainfield, N. J.: $8.00

Address: American Sabbath Tract Society, Plainfield, N. J.

**WANTED!**

Five dollars will be paid for bound volume of "The Seventh-day Baptist Memorial." Condition of binding intact if content is entire.

Address, "Record," care of the Sabbath Recorder.
MARRIAGES.

THOMPSON—MARSH.—At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Marsh, in Farina, Ill., Jan. 30, 1901, by Rev. D. D. Hunger, Mr. Stewart Thompson and Miss Pearl Marsh.

LOWE—MILLER.—At Pilot Knob, Wis., June 12, 1900, by Rev. W. P. Poebe of Coloma, Wis., and Faith Miller, of Pilot Knob, Wis.

DEATHS.

NOT UPON US or over the solemn sash of
Bread and water.

The funeral anthem is a glad exultation
and not a lifeless death-song.

God bless our loved ones, but we lose not wholly
They are not out in earth and died as truly
As the rose by the violet.

McIntyre—On Nov. 14, 1900, at the home of his parents, Everett McIntyre, in the 34th year of his age.

Funeral services were conducted at the home of his sister, Mrs. Brayton Larrabee, by the writer, assisted by the Rev. Henry Eaves of the Methodist Church. He was laid to rest in the Brookfield Rural Cemetery, by the side of his companion, who preceded him to the other world.

Two young children are thus left without father and mother.

T. J. V.

McHenry.—In the town of Milton, Wis., Jan. 26, 1901, of paralysis of the throat, Mrs. Sarah McHenry, widow of Geo. F. McHenry, the 70th year of her age.

Mrs. McHenry was a native of Danville, Ill., and her parents and father were members of the McHenry family in Almond, Allegany Co. They were married in 1857, and came to Milton soon after. One child, a daughter, was born to them Oct. 9, 1857; Mr. McHenry died in 1895. Thus this branch of the family becomes extinct.

They were members of the Baptist church in Danville.

L. P.

Crandall.—At her home, in the village of Brookfield, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1901, Mrs. Lodovica Covey Crandall, in the 85th year of her age.

She was born in Berlin, Conn., April 8, 1816. When six years old, she came with her parents to Plainfield, Oneida County, N. Y. In 1848 she was married to John Crandall, and they settled in Northville, N. Y. Two daughters were the result of this union—Mrs. E. D. Comstock, who died in Lebanonville in 1885, and Miss Corins, who has exercised loving care over her invalid sister since her father's death. Dr. Calvin C. Crandall, of Nortonville, Kan., and the Rev. Geo. J. Crandall, pastor of the Milton Junction church, received from her a mother's deep affection and a witness of her love and concern for the welfare of all who were near and dear to her. They were invited to the residence of her sister, Miss Corins, to spend two weeks in 1893, and attended school at Albion Academy. While yet young, she accepted Christ, and through love of the observance of the Sabbath, she was baptized by Elid. Thomas E. Tabbask, and received into the Milton Seventh-day Baptist church, and has ever since remained true to her convictions, proving a worthy and efficient member until called to her rest. For a number of years she served the church as chorister, and the faithful manner in which she discharged her duties in this capacity made her an important factor in the life and growth of the church. She was a Choir leader and instructor of vocal music of more than ordinary ability, and frequently called to assist at concerts, musical conventions, entertainments, funerals, etc. In the year 1888 he was called and ordained to the office of deacon, and in 1889 he was elected as assistant pastor, in which capacity he served the church as town-counselor, usually chosen with little or no opposition by the voters of the township. In each and all of these positions he maintained the integrity and faithfulness which have won him the confidence of all; and of him it can be truly said, "A good man has gone."

Can. 37:37.

S. B. B.

Literary Notes.

THE INTERNATIONAL MONTHLY.

The International Monthly for February contains a carefully prepared and interesting account of "American Interests in the Orient," by Charles S. Covent. The editor's article on the East is of special interest to those who have worked in the Far East, and is worthy of careful study. The account of "Mountain Structure and its Origins," by the eminent Scottish geologist, James Glick, is concluded in this number. The many easy the reader a vivid insight into the wonderful transformations this earth of ours has undergone. Most interesting essays are by Camille Mauclair, the

French critic, on "Auguste Rodin and his Decorative Sculpture," and by William B. the great English literary and dramatic critic, on "The Real Iwen." Mr. Archer is undoubtedly the greatest authority on Iwen, and his conclusions on the nature of this mysterious thinker and scholar, written on "Nietzsche and Darwinism." All together this number is most attractive. Certainly for exhaustive, scholarly discussions of subjects of international importance, no magazine, English or American, surpasses the International Monthly. The publishers offer a sample copy free. Published at Burlington, Vt., at $4 a year. Single numbers, 30 cents.

Special Notices.

North-Western Tract Depository.

A full supply of the publications of the American Sab- Stath Tract Society can be found at the office of Wm. B West & Son, at Milton Junction, Wis.

Sabbath-day Baptised Church, London.

Address of Church Secretary, 40 Valmar Road, Denham Hill, London, S. E.

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 afternoon at 2 o'clock, with one of the resident Sabbath-keepers.

Sabbath-day Baptised Church of Chicago holds regular Sabbath services in the building, on Randolph street between State street and Waabah avenue, at 2 o'clock P. M. Strangers are most cordially welcomed. Pastor's address, Rev. M. B. Kiley, 5455 Chicago Ave.

Sabbath-keepers in Utica, N. Y., meet the third Sabbath in each month at 2 P.M., at the home of Dr. C. S. Maxson. 22 Grant St. Preaching by Rev. G. W. Ives. Verona Mills, Other Sabbath-keepers, the Bible-class alternates with the various Sabbath-keepers in the city. All are cordially invited.

Sabbath-day Baptised Church are held, regularly, in Rochester, N. Y., every Sabbath, at 3 P.M., at the residence of Rev. Dr. W. F. Wood, 415 S. Water Street. The services are conducted by Rev. S. S. Powell, whose address is 4 Syrcamo Street. All Sabbath-keepers, and others, visiting in the city, are cordially invited to these services.

The Seventh-day Baptised Church of New York City holds services at the Memorial Baptist Church, Washington Square South and Thompson Street. The preaching service is at 11.30 A.M. Visiting Sabbath-keepers in the city are cordially invited to attend these services.

Geo. B. Halsey, Pastor.

The next session of the Ministerial Conference of the Seventh-day Baptist churches of Southern Wisconsin and Chicago will be held with the Rock River church, Feb. 22, 1901, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.

To what extent should the church be a leader in social reform? Rev. L. A. Platt.

What claims have society upon Christians? Rev. S. L. Maxson.

What is the cause of national weakness? Rev. S. H. Halsey.

To what extent should a pastor antagonize evil in a community? E. D. Van Horn.

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A young woman able and willing to do housework; 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, BARNES EMOSSA, Plainfield, N. J.

WANTED!

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EDUCATION SOCIETY—1851, 1852, 1857.
Send to SABBATH RECORDER.

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One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund.

Alfred University will celebrate its Centennial in 1896. The Trustees expect that its Endowment and Property will reach $1,000,000 before that time. To aid in securing this result, a One Hundred Thousand Dollar Centennial Fund is hereby started. It is a popular subscription to be made up of many small gifts, so that every friend of the Institution may be kept in the secret, and only the interest used by the University to meet the interest on each subscription. One dollar or more a certificate will be confirmed on, with the names and addresses of the subscribers, by the President and Treasurer of the University, certifying that the person is a contributor to the fund. Gifts of $100 and upwards will be published in this column from week to week, as the subscriptions are received by W. H. Crandall, Trustee, Alfred, N. Y.

Every friend of Higher Education and of Alfred University should have his name appear as a contributor to this fund.

Proposed Centennial Fund

Amount needed, June 1, 1896

$100,000

Amount received, June 1, 1896

$12,000

So the first contribution is made.

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Situated in the charming town of Salem, 14 miles north of Ogdensburg, N. Y. This school takes front rank among Western Vermont schools, and its graduates stand among the foremost teachers of the state. SOCIAL and MORAL INFLUENCES prevail. Three College Courses, besides the Regular State Normal Courses, Special Teachers' Review Classes each spring taught by the regular class work. The College Courses. No better advantage in this respect found in the state. Part-time work not large but students receive all personal attention needed from the instructors. Expenses a marvel to champions. Two new libraries, one public, one free, full to students, and plenty of apparatus with no extra charges for the use. STATE CERTIFICATES to graduates on same terms. Career so open, definite as those required of students from the State Normal Schools. EIGHT COUNTIES and THREE STATES are represented among the student body.

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The Sabbath Recorder.

Published Weekly under the auspices of the Sabbath-school Board.

ALFRED, NEW YORK.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1895.

The Way to be Popular.

The depreciation of kindness in private life is one of the features of our day is very largely due to the fashion of intellectualism; but yet human nature below the surface of crazes and fashions remains the same, and his fellows still judge a man by his heart rather than by his head. When the jury foreman, but from the market place, the person who is kind will ever be preferred to the person who is clever and "thoughtful." To use a cant word of our day, is still less than warm-hearted. Without tact and Dickens will ever have a larger hold upon the people than Hardy and Meredith, not because their art is finer, but because their spirit is kindlier. An affectionate child is more welcome than those monstrous precocities who furnish their foolish parents with "sayings for quotidian use," and which work out all healthy sensations at the age of ten. The girl who is honest, unselfish, considerate, good natured, still receives the prize of respect and of love. No young man is better liked than he who has a genuine interest in the aged and in little children, in poor lads and in weak people.

"Ian Maclaren," is stated, not from a corner, but from the front and back, as a Christian Endeavor World.

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